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# Chambers's Journal

SEVENTH SERIES

VOL. VIII

*December 1917 to November 1918*



LONDON: 38 SOHO SQUARE, W.1

**W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED**

EDINBURGH: 339 HIGH STREET

1918

Edinburgh:  
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.

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# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

HUGE clouds of dust—red, as of pulverised copper—surged forward into the level gold shafts of a low-hanging sun, while, like fresh battalions eager for an equal share of glory, rolled other dense masses in the wake of Charlie's 'outfit.' From the lantern, filthily streaked and oily, that rocked at the tail of the swaying wagon with its spidery frame and light canvas top, to the tawny backs of the mule wheelers and the ears of the ill-matched leaders, every square inch, crack, and cranny was dredged with an all-pervading smother kicked up by eight pairs of struggling hoofs and the heavy boots of the man plodding beside his sweltering team. In his right hand, loosely held, was a double set of long lines begrimed with mingled dust and sweat; while with the other he constantly laid hold of a trace, or gave a short, stiff shove to a wheel as it slowly revolved, shedding from tire and spokes a small Niagara of the same terribly clinging powder. Dust—dust—everywhere dust, from the crown of the man's broad felt hat and the square shoulders of his thick-set figure, clad in jacket and overalls of blue holland, to the toes of the great leather boots into which his nether garments were firmly tucked. Dust, too, in his dark curly beard, in the wrinkles around the kindly blue eyes; dust even on the curved wooden stem of a china pipe which dangled between tightly clenched teeth, emitting an odour with which not the combined essences of all the pines and balsams on Tunnel Hill could compete. Yet from the grimy face of the smoker neither dust nor sweat could obliterate a dominant cheerfulness, nor weary miles travelled, and still to travel, check the flow of his talk, as in English, fluent, but strongly punctuated with foreign accent, and constantly interrupted by expostulations and exhortations to his team, he gossiped with the two or three dust-covered passengers in his wagon.

'Oh yah!' he said, addressing two young men who, enveloped in dust-coats, were seated among an amazing collection of boxes, bags, sacks, guns, fishing-rods, water-melons, peaches, and onions stowed away in the body of the vehicle—'oh yah, dere plenty big fish in de lake; six—eight pound.—Ged ap, dere, "Baby"!—Mister Conner,

he got near forty pound in one afternoon. Came back de-lighted.—"Billy," you good-for-nuthin' mule, I'll tak' de whip to you if you don't do your share of de pullin'!—An' de creek is full of splendid trout, too—de best I've seen in several yeahs. Where is de creek? Why, just close to de station. You can jump out of your bett, t'row your line into de water, and catch fresh fish for breakfast,' he concluded, laughing heartily at his own wit.

'That sounds all right,' remarked one of the young men, turning to the other; then went on: 'But, see here, is there much more of this hill? For if so, Kenneth, we had better get out and stretch our legs; no use these poor beasts dragging *us* up! Good Lord! did you ever see such dust?'

So saying, he stood up, the accumulated dust falling like the aftermath of an avalanche from his coat, of which divesting himself, he appeared in the well-cut, well-fitting clothes that at once bespoke him not a native of the great forest-land through which he was travelling.

His companion, a tall, slightly built man with pale, intellectual face and short-sighted glasses, followed his example, and the two prepared to leap from the wagon, as Charlie, shoving a stone under a back-wheel, called to his panting team to 'whoa!'

'Awful dusty,' he exclaimed cheerfully, slapping his breeches and making futile efforts to brush his jacket. 'But when de rains begin de mud is worse. Last winter I got late comin' out of de woods, an' de mud was up to de axles of de wheels. "Buck"—dat's de off-mule—he got sick, an' lay down in de road; an' "Baby"—dat's de white mare—she was so tired, she couldn't pull no more; an' I t'ought we'd have to spend all night on de road! Awful, it was. But we came t'ru. You can trust "Baby" to get you home *some* hour of de night. Never saw such a horse!' and he ploughed forward a few paces to pat the sides of an old mare, whose own dam could not have recognised in the brown-stained, raw-boned beast the milk-white foal which long years before had galloped beside her in the succulent meadows of Onion Valley. 'But come, come!' he exclaimed; 'we must git

along, else we won't make de station before dark—an' it gits dark *awful* quick in de woods. If you gen'lemens like to start ahead a leetle way, you can tak' a short cut t'ru de bush to de left, an' not git so much of dis blame dust.—P'raps de young lady'd like to walk too? Shall I help you out, Mees Lalonne?

The two men, who had already started forward, hesitated for an instant, as though uncertain what might be expected of them; but as the girl, swathed in a dust-sheet that Charlie had put around her shoulders, and squeezed on the driver's seat between a bulky mail-bag and a roll of blankets, made no reply, they moved on, first, however, whistling to a red-brown setter, who, reluctantly uncurling himself from a heap of sacks at the girl's feet, jumped out and followed them.

'Fraid you're awful tired, Mees Lalonne,' said Charlie kindly; 'but dis is de worst of de road—dis hill an' de desert. Den we git into de big timber, an' it's awful nice. You can smell de balsam *dere*, right enough. Want to git down?'

'No, I guess not, thank you,' replied the girl in a crude but pleasantly modulated voice, glancing down at her shoes, of diminutive size, patent-leather, and high-heeled.

Charlie's blue eyes followed the direction of hers, and as he gathered up the lines for a fresh start and kicked away the stone from the wheel, his genial laugh broke out as he said, 'You want to keep dem fine shoes clean till you see your young man, eh? He's a nice young feller, Mees Lalonne. Everybody likes Dave—ain't a better boy in de National Reserve dan Dave Hardy. Goin' to git married soon?' he questioned.

The girl reddened beneath the shade of a hat, dainty and becoming, but too smart for such a journey as the one on which she was embarked.

'I guess so,' she replied. 'Dave says he don't want to wait any longer, but I'd just as soon teach school another year. There ain't any hurry—and I don't think I shall like living in these dark woods. Must be dreadfully lonesome,' she added, glancing, with a little shiver, at the thick-standing trees enclosing them on every side. 'Still,' she went on, as Charlie, sucking hard at his pipe, looked thoughtful, 'of course it's lonesome for David *too*, living 'way off there. You ever seen where he lives, Mr Axel?'

'Yah, yah—lots of times. 'Tain't more than twenty—twenty-five miles beyond de station. Awful pretty up *dere*—*awful* pretty. De country is more open—not so much big timber, tho' *dere* lots of trees; an' de lakes—Goose Lake an' Laughin' Lake, an' de rest—are just bootiful. Oh, you'll soon git to like it, Mees Lalonne, w'en you're Misses Hardy, eh?' he rallied her with easy but unoffensive badinage.

The girl, however, not answering, Charlie

addressed himself to his team, urging this one with word and whip, encouraging another with kindly praise, until, after a final scramble, the wheels bumping violently over severed roots and obtruding stones, the animals gained the crest of the long, wooded hill, and came to a halt.

'Now where are dose young gen'lemens?' queried Charlie, looking about and uttering a far-carrying 'Coo-ee!'

Came an answering call, and then, preceded by the red-brown dog, the young men appeared, one of them carrying a branch of dogwood, its snowy cross of petals still touched with the faint green of their birth.

'Oh, ain't those lovely?' exclaimed the girl, her large dark eyes dwelling delightedly on the flowers. 'My! don't they make you feel *dirty*?' she went on, addressing the men with easy freedom. 'Shall I hold them till you get in? They haven't any smell? No; but they feel cool and nice,' she continued, laying the white flowers caressingly against the clear olive of her own cheek, a gesture and a contrast that did not escape the eyes of the young man, who, resuming his dust-coat and adjusting his long legs again among the various traps, announced he was ready.

'Where's that dog of mine? Oh, *there* you are, you lazy rascal!' he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the dog's curly hide, already re-established at the girl's feet. 'Isn't he in your way?' he asked civilly, adding, as she held out to him the bough of dogwood, 'Oh, keep the flowers if you care for them,' and at once began further questioning of their communicative host as to the prospects of sport.

For a while Anita Lalonne listened to their conversation, striving to piece together any fragments that might throw light upon the new, strange life, nearer to which every revolution of the dusty wheels was bringing her, until at length her thoughts outran the slow-dragging vehicle and busied themselves with the longed-for end of the wearisome journey. Would David be there to meet her? Would he look much altered? He had written her that he was as brown as an Indian, and that she must not be frightened if his head resembled that of a buffalo, as he had had no chance to get his hair cut. *That* would not matter, she thought; she rather liked his curls, although David himself despised them.

Would he find *her* changed—prettier, perhaps, with her hair done in the latest fashion? Then presently she caught sight of her shoes, and she reflected that Charlie Axel had regarded them with a rather disapproving air. However, high heels could not matter, because David had said there would be no need for her to walk much, as he had a second horse, and would teach her to ride. Twenty-five miles to where he lived! It seemed a terribly long distance in

this sort of country—nearly as far again as they had already come with this dreadful wagon, in which she had been sitting for hours and hours. Her back was beginning to ache. If only the tall, pale man sitting behind her had been David! She straightened herself with a jerk, fearful of dropping to sleep and falling against the stranger. Him she could not see; but his friend (evidently the owner of the nice dog), seated immediately behind the driver, she could readily observe without appearing to do so. Presently she fell to studying his face—profile, three-quarters, occasionally full, as the wagon jolted, shifting all their relative positions. English, of course; and, to judge from his clothing and luggage, probably rich, and travelling for pleasure. Travelling! The word caught at some particle of gray matter restlessly stirring in her brain. That was it! She had seen this man's face before, just as it looked this moment—the fine profile, with the beautifully straight nose, short upper lip, and round chin; not the square-moulded chin so typical of her own countrymen. His eyes too, when she chanced to see them full—great, grave, gray eyes; not American eyes, like David's—brown, quick, and sparkling. Yes, of course she had seen him before; but where—where? The insistent question hammering in her brain, together with the regular creak and laboured straining of the wagon, gradually overcame her efforts to keep awake, and she dozed uncomfortably; while Charlie's hard-wrought team, having done their last bit of collar-work, broke into an irregular, lolloping gallop, their raw-boned, ill-assorted carcasses heaving up and down, odds and ends of old harness flapping, streams of mud-coloured sweat pouring down their panting sides, and weary hoofs forging—click-click, click-click—as the poor creatures, encouraged by at last striking the level stretch of so-called 'desert,' pressed eagerly forward to their Eden of stable and straw, of crushed barley, and sweet, cold water from the fathoms-deep well at the Grizzly Station; for, though he drove hard and accomplished more miles in his three-day round, in and out of the mountains, than my lady's pair would have covered in a month, Charlie was nevertheless a kind master, and ingenuously proud of his 'four-in-hand,' albeit to the *unprejudiced* eye a veritable rag-market of old hides.

With their owner as with his team, the prospect of the journey's end, even though another five miles of strain and dirt lay before them, acted like a stimulant. He talked and joked incessantly, cracked his long whip, alternately praised and chided his animals, the while pointing out and explaining the strange piece of country through which they were passing, known as the 'desert.' This, however, is not the desert of alkali and sage-brush familiar to travellers across the mid-American continent, but a flat, dust-laden tableland, curiously suggestive of the

tropics in the denseness of its natural growth—manzanita, buck-brush, grease-wood, wild plum, with here and there a stunted pine or a live-oak; while the 'inverted bowl' of unfathomable blue so merges in the ragged horizon as to foster an illusion that here indeed one has reached the 'rim of the world.' Yet even here, on this raw edge, beset with thorny and unlovely things, Nature has prepared one of her choice surprises for the wanderer in her waste places, for, lifting on tall slender stems blossom after blossom of exquisite fairness and fragility, a species of beautiful lily, with silver sceptre, queens it right royally over the heads of a coarse proletariat of plant life.

'Makes one feel like moralising,' half-seriously remarked the young man whom his friend addressed as Kenneth, and whom Charlie spoke of as 'the doctor,' pointing to a sheet of lilies shining through the veil of drifting dust.

His companion merely nodded; but presently, as the team slowed down before rushing the sudden rise where the desert breaks on the limits of the big timber, he sprang lightly over the wagon-wheels, shortly returned with a great bunch of lilies, and laid them beside the girl now sleeping soundly, her head resting uncomfortably against the canvas-top upright, and one hand grasping the bough of languishing dog-wood.

Gavin Barrie—such was his name—whose grave gray eyes missed nothing, took note of the girl's hand, white and absurdly small, but the fingers too short and the nails over-manicured; in some indefinable way they prepared him for the high-heeled, patent-leather shoes gleaming among the ruddy waves of his dog's coat. A moment later he resumed his seat, quietly, so as not to disturb the weary sleeper.

But Charlie, too well used to the slumbrous effects on his passengers of the long, hot journey to hesitate at rousing them, shoved the flowers towards her, exclaiming in his loud, cheery voice, and causing her to waken with a little cry of alarm, 'See, Mees Lalonne! Some one has been pickin' you a bootiful weddin' bookay while you've bin sleepin'. Ain't them lilies awful nice? Just de t'ing for a *bride*!' he continued, laughing and winking broadly at his male passengers. 'Mees Lalonne won't tell me when de *day* is to be,' he went on, 'but I say her young man had best look sharp wid dese two nice young gen'lemens about—eh, Mister Barrie?' Then, adding abruptly, 'Guess she's awful tired,' he took out his long whip, and snapping it loudly over his team, said to the girl, with kindly encouragement, 'Only another half-mile to de station, an' den likely you'll see Dave.'

At this the colour flew to the girl's pale cheeks, and she sat up, patting her hair, dexterously squeezing the flimsy hat into shape, and striving to shake the dust from her skirt. In another

few moments, with a rush and a rattle, a sharp cracking of the whip, and echoing click-click of iron-shod hoofs, Charlie's outfit swept down a steeply graded bit of road thickly carpeted with pine-needles, and, 'mid a wild barking of dogs and neighing of horses tethered to tree and feeding-trough, pulled up before a low log house on the edge of a small clearing.

Darkness with swift, slippered feet had already invaded the forest, and was wrapping in folds of velvet blackness every bole and building, man and beast, save where, in a receding aisle of giant pines, the canvas of several tents took on ghostly forms of dusky gray. At the sound, however, of the approaching wagon, yellow fingers of light from hurriedly kindled lamps shot suddenly through the small-paned windows of the cabin; while instantly at the door appeared a blonde-haired Swede, sleeves rolled to the elbow, an apron tied over the inevitable overalls, his face wet and shining from the heat of a wood fire, over which, to judge from the aroma that clung to his person, he had been engaged in frying ham. Close behind him toddled a stout little woman, with smoothly parted gray hair, a crochet-hook and reel of cotton in her hands. These two, speaking with the same strong accent that marked Charlie Axel's speech, and without preliminary greeting of any sort, proceeded to bombard the poor man's ears with questions in short, anxious staccato.

'Did you remember de bakin'-powder, Charlie?'

'Dere isn't a speck o' lard in de house, Charlie. I hope you don't forget *dot*.'

'Where is de golden syrup? Charlie, did you forget de golden syrup? Dere ain't a drop for de hot cakes.'

'Yah—yah!' shouted Charlie in tones reassuring and wholly untinged by the irritation which ordinary mortals must have displayed. 'I t'ink I got eberyt'ing. You just wait a minute. I got sweet-potatoes and green corn and peaches—*awful* nice peaches— But here's a young leddy, momma,' he broke off, addressing the woman still busily crocheting—'Mees Lalonne—Dave Hardy's young leddy;' and, with smiles illuminating his dust-begrimed countenance, he held up his hands to the girl, who, standing up in the wagon and clutching her sheaf of lilies, strove with great, anxious eyes to pierce the gloom where a group of men, lanterns in hand, were distributing hay to a row of tethered animals.

'Dave! Where's Dave?' she asked with quivering lips, and making no motion to descend from the wagon.

'Oh, he ain't come yet, likely,' answered Charlie in his cheeriest tones. 'But here's momma waitin' to show you your room after you git some supper. So come along. *Dot's* de way!' he ejaculated heartily, and in his strong arms lifted the timid girl clear over the high wheels. 'Now you go 'long with momma. I

must see to all dis stuff an' help wid de horses.— You got eberyt'ing of yours an' de doctor's, Mister Barrie?' he asked, as the young men, hands loaded with their various belongings, walked about, shaking the dust from their clothes and stretching their stiff legs.

'You pleece come right in to supper, Mees Lalonne,' said the old woman, starting for the door, and apparently not hearing Anita's plaintive exclamation.

'But I'm so dirty. Can't I wash first?'

A sense of great dreariness swept over her, and half-unconsciously her eyes turned to seek her fellow-passenger—the man with the grave gray eyes who had gathered flowers for her. But he was at some distance, already extricating his red-brown dog from a first passage of arms with a hybrid platoon of belligerent canines; so the girl, from sheer terror of the strange surroundings and the blackness of the forest, hurriedly found her way through the door, which opened into a long, brightly lighted room, where a table was set with rows of cups and plates, piles of bread, hot biscuits, butter, and fruit. These were quickly reinforced by steaming coffee and huge dishes of ham and eggs; but to the old woman's exhortation that she should sit down and take her supper, 'wid-out waitin' for de menfolks,' Miss Lalonne only shook her head.

'I don't want anything to eat, thank you; I'm too tired. May I go to my room, please—that is, if you don't think there's any chance of David Hardy getting here to-night?' and she turned a pair of pleading dark eyes upon the old woman standing before her with a large cup of coffee.

'To-night—in *dis* blackness!' she retorted half-impatiently. 'You want him to fall into de cañon!' Then, seeing how white and weary the girl looked, she said more kindly, 'Dere now; he'll come to-morrow if he knows you're on de road. Better drink dis cup o' coffee, an' den I'll get some water an' take you to your bett. Guess you'd rather be in one of de huts dan in a tent, wouldn't you?'

'Oh yes, please,' cried Anita, endeavouring to swallow the coffee. 'I'd be frightened to death to sleep in a tent; it seems so dreadfully lonesome here.'

'Dere ain't nuthin' to be 'fraid of,' replied her hostess. 'De bears don't come very close no more. Too many folks trappin' 'em. Dere was a mountain-lion in de corral de udder night, but dey only follow de goats; dey don't come round de houses.' So saying, with candle streaming in the night air, she led the girl a short distance from the main cabin to a small frame-house, perched upon short posts, and divided into several rooms, each one with its own door and flight of steps.

'Here's your room,' said her hostess. 'I sleep in de hut opposite, an' de menfolks are in de

tents close by; so you needn't be scared of nuthin'. Gute-night;' and she toddled away, the retreating candle seeming to leave an inky blackness in its wake.

Trembling and miserable, the girl, with feverish haste, closed and locked the door, and dragged a chair against it; then, drawing across the windows the flimsy bits of pink cambric which answered for curtains, and lighting a candle, flung herself on the lumpy-looking bed and burst into a passion of tears. What a dreadful place! Why had not David met her? How—ah! *how*—could she marry him and live—actually *live*—in these fearful forests, with nothing but rough-looking men and—and mountain-lions? At the thought of them, and fancied sounds among the trees, she sat up, her hands clenched in terror, and her eyes fell upon the bunch of lilies lying in a disordered heap, where some one had carelessly thrown them down upon the dusty pieces of luggage.

'Oh, you poor, lovely things!' cried the girl, instantly forgetting herself and her woes. 'Not a drop of water, and you're all drooping!' and with a gesture of contrition she laid them against her breast and lips; then, nothing else being available, stuck the long stems into the coarse water-jug. The light from her candle turned the blossoms into silver, caught the pink of the curtains, and struck into bright colour-notes a crude patchwork quilt crumpled on the bed. Anita Lalonne's eyes, huge and dark in her white face, feasted on the varied touches of colour; her tears dried, and presently catching a glimpse of her own face in a diminutive mirror hung against the white cheese-cloth-covered walls, she broke into a little laugh, mingled with disapproval.

'My lands, Anita Lalonne,' she said, addressing her own reflection, 'what a fright you do look! Guess maybe it's just as well Dave Hardy *didn't* come to meet you!' and hastily filling a basin with the water, now lukewarm, that the old woman had left, she bathed her tear-stained face.

Then, searching among her things for brush and comb, she pulled the pins from her black hair, which, thus released from the hideous torture of snail-like rosettes into which it had been twisted above her ears, flowed in soft, lustrous waves about her shoulders. Catching a few of the strands in her fingers, she wove them to and fro, after the manner of all young women trying different styles of hair-dressing, saying aloud, 'I wonder whether Dave'd like my hair done like *this*'—and she paused, turning her small head this way and that before the glass—'or the way I wore it to-day; it don't look so thick in those rosettes, but it's fashionable. My goodness, what a dirty "waist"!' she went on, critically inspecting her dainty but creased white blouse. 'Guess I sha'n't wear

white clothes much longer,' and she wrinkled her nose pettishly; 'but, anyway, I'll look decent while I *can*. I'll put on the flowered-muslin waist to-morrow, and wear one of those lilies. Yes, they're picking up all right,' she added, darting across to the jug of flowers.

Presently, with a muffled cry of alarm and a smothered laugh, she huddled down in a corner, exclaiming below her breath, 'Heavens! I wonder if those men can see in!' Then, peeping cautiously through the curtain, 'It's the two Englishmen and Mr Axel. I guess they're going to one of the tents. Yes, this next one! And there's the dog! Well, I'm kind of glad they'll be so near; 'tain't half so lonesome.'

Still apprehensive of being seen, she puffed out the candle, pulled off her clothes, and was soon settling herself in the strange, bulky bed. A curious feeling of comfort and security stole over the weary girl when she saw that the light from the neighbouring tent shone through her small window, making white patches on the wall-covering and waking the lilies into a sort of ghost-life.

The men had not yet dispersed; she could hear the soft, dry rustle of pine-needles beneath their feet as they moved about in front of the tent, lanterns in hand, which, when shifted, threw sudden, distorted shadows on the wall of her room—now the thick-set figure of Charlie Axel, whose loud, cheery voice was readily distinguishable, still fluent and enthusiastic over the topics of fishing, hunting, and the like; now the tall, slight forms of the younger men, curiously elongated and misshapen, like comic silhouettes. At length there was an interchange of 'Good-nights;' she heard the Englishmen speaking in low tones as they parted for their respective tents, while a muffled thud-dud-dud on the flooring of the one next her room announced to the girl's quick intuition that 'Bob,' the red-brown setter, with untroubled conscience as to venison out of season, was punishing his booty in the shape of a huge bone.

Presently there mingled with the pine-scented breeze that stirred her curtains a whiff of tobacco, nutty and sweet, and as it reached the girl's nostrils the effect was strange indeed. Red rushed the colour to her cheeks, and the dark eyes grew brilliant with excitement, as she exclaimed in a forced whisper, 'Now I know! That is who he is. How could I have forgotten?'

Wide awake, she stared at the white-patched walls and the ghostly lilies, a flood of memories racing through her brain. Then suddenly the tent light was extinguished—darkness—sough-sough of swaying pines—thud-dud-dud of a dog and his bone—Anita Lalonne slept.

(Continued on page 19.)

## CURTAINS.

By MARIAN BROOMFIELD.

I SUPPOSE that even in these days of qualified statements it would be safe to assert that there is no one—literally no one—so superior to his fellows as to possess no weaknesses, no conceits of any kind. And I think it would be almost equally safe to say that most people have one conceit in common—a conviction that they are good character-readers. No doubt it is a delusion and a snare, but we cherish the belief no less. We go even further, and have our own particular way, or method, of character-reading. I know, for example, a gentleman who judges every one by his boots. Introduce a new acquaintance to him, and his eyes will travel downwards to his boots immediately. If they are neat, well laced up—aristocrats in the world of boots, so to speak—well and good; but let them be down-at-heel, with shabby laces or having the tabs hanging out, and the wearer is doomed by my friend to be cast into the outer darkness. For myself, I place no reliance in boots; my own special character test is curtains. They seem to me to reveal much. Walk through the suburbs of any town; here is a row of villas alike in every detail excepting for the curtains. And of these no two pairs are the same. Here are a pair of bright yellow lace, frankly ugly, yet not repellent. I imagine the owner to be large and plain, with what we are wont to call 'a good heart.' Next to them, perhaps, will be a flimsy, gaudy pair, obviously destined not to outlive the first wash. They were chosen and put up, I feel sure, by a woman to whom the same remark might apply—a woman somewhat shallow, if perhaps fair of face. Then in a long row of ordinary houses with windows discreetly veiled by nondescript curtains—with like owners—one may sometimes see a pair no less ordinary, perhaps, but distinguishable, by their dainty spotlessness and by the precise folds in which they hang behind the window, as belonging to some home-lover who, bestowing much affection on those around her, yet has some to lavish on the inanimate household objects which have a place in the heart of every woman who cherishes her home, who is a lover of places.

Then there are the curtains of the artist, of the lover of the beautiful, of the miser, of the cheerful, colour-loving people; the curtains that hang crookedly, the curtains that are set straight. We might enumerate them indefinitely; they are all suggestive; they all tell a story for those whose interest gives them eyes.

And, indeed, I sometimes wonder if curtains do not do more than merely indicate the characters of the owners; I wonder if the curtains we hang in our houses do not bear a marked

resemblance to those we hang before our minds our inner personalities, our souls, if you will. All the curtains of the world, from the gorgeous Eastern tapestries to the tent-flap of the Red Indian, do not show a greater range or more variety than these mind-curtains which every human being hangs before a certain chamber door. They are of every texture and of every conceivable colouring. There is the curtain of flippancy, flimsy-looking enough, in all truth; and yet its gauzy folds and soft meshes prove a more effective barrier than many an iron gate. Then there is another brightly coloured curtain that we see in many of the houses of our friends, to which we give the name of wit, repartee, mental brilliance, which in some intangible way makes people unapproachable, and which, like a bright yet invisible sword, wards people off—and rightly so, since this is its owner's protection against curious eyes. The pity is, however, that we should sometimes close and lock the windows too, and so keep out God's fresh air and sunshine. Then, also, we have all seen and remarked the heavy brocade curtain of dignity and reserve; a useful curtain this, and one which differs from most of its kind in that, instead of wearing out with the passing years, it becomes thicker and more effective. Again, one might enumerate indefinitely, as one may study endlessly, these curtains in the lives of those around us. Study them? Yes. But lift them! Ah, almost never! The 'never' is qualified, I think, because for every one there is or has been some one who has the right and the power to enter his inner chamber. Some of the more fortunate have friends, dear friends, who may lift the corner of the curtain and look in upon them from between its folds; but even for these there is but one who may lift it, and, entering, see and understand the hopes, the aspirations, the ambitions, the ideals that lie hidden there. It is fitting that it should be so. And yet sometimes I wonder if we do not neglect a duty, or, to put it on a higher plane, miss a joy, in not trying to understand each other a little better. We might escape the crime of self-absorption more often, perhaps, if we cared just a little more. Sympathy and charity can see through the smallest rent in the curtain, a rent which indifference or dislike would never even know to be there. It is the old fable of the sun and the wind; sunshine will unfasten the cloak which the utmost fury of the wind only causes the traveller to wrap more closely around him. We may not enter in, but we might raise the corner of the curtain more often than we do. And, indeed, there are a few people who, by virtue of a commanding love for humanity,

a greater sympathy with it, a brighter spark of the divine fire, have the right of way to every heart. It is my very great privilege to know one such—one who is the recipient of the troubles of every one, who shares in their highest thoughts and deepest woes.

For the rest, our inner chamber is sacred to ourselves. We may let the dust gather

there, we may harbour noisome things and evil, we may store in it things of unfading beauty, and no man's hand shall stay us. It is ours, and ours alone, until that great time when the curtains, our cherished curtains, shall be flung wide, and all we have and all we are shall stand revealed in the light of the eternal day.

## THE 'MARINER'S' RETURN.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin*, *O.D.*; *Carry On!* *Stand By!* &c.

### CHAPTER I.

FOR the past four-and-twenty hours the air had been full of garbled rumours of a great naval battle in the North Sea. They had started, like most other rumours, in London, but had gradually filtered through the country in some mysterious manner until their veracity or otherwise was discussed even in the peaceful village of Caxton, nestling in the midst of its woods, its meadows, and its ripening corn-fields in the heart of rural England.

The little place lay two miles from the nearest railway station, and the news of the battle, if it were really news, had emanated in the first instance from Mrs Ruff, the talkative wife of the stationmaster. She had come in to do her shopping during the afternoon, and, having heard the story from her husband, who had been told it by the guard of the train passing through from London at 11.47, imparted it in turn to the vicar; to Mr Bent, the schoolmaster and organist; to Mr Fairchild, the grocer; not to mention all her lady friends and acquaintances. The story lost nothing in its narration, and by the end of the afternoon the habitués of the 'Flying Swan,' were telling each other that Mrs Ruff had said that one or other of the opposing fleets had been utterly demolished, though she was not quite certain which.

But the good people of Caxton were not disturbed in their minds. They had heard so many other rumours of battles at sea, of hordes of Russians passing through England on their way to the Western front, and of successive captures of Paris by the Germans, all of which had subsequently proved to be untrue, that they were frankly sceptical. The old vicar, indeed, who had known Emily Ruff since childhood, even went so far as to chide her in a friendly way for an idle, loose-tongued gossip.

Caxton was by no means unpatriotic. On the contrary, it took a great interest in the war, and practically all the younger men had hastened to join the army when the call went forth for volunteers. Those who did not hasten of their own accord, moreover, those young fellows who were looked upon as shirkers, had their lives made a misery and a burden by the efforts of

an organised gang of maidens, who whiled away the monotony of the evenings by singing outside their cottages a song containing the praiseworthy remark, 'We don't want to lose you; but we think you ought to go.'

Caxton also had its own force of eight special constables, who patrolled the neighbourhood when Zeppelins were in the vicinity, and afforded some amusement to the juvenile population when they occasionally marched to church on Sundays with their batons and armlets. The juvenile population—and small blame to them—were very anxious to know if the specials were really proper policemen; and it was only when young Tommy Tucker was apprehended by one of them for lighting a bonfire in his father's garden after dark, was haled before the magistrates, and, though threatened with the violent application of a birch rod to the seat of his trousers, was tearfully released with a caution, that they were really convinced.

Nailed up inside the porch of the church, too, was a 'Roll of Honour' of those men belonging to the village who were serving their country; while another sheet of black-edged foolscap, headed, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*,' contained the names of nine who would never return.

But the people of Caxton, living so far inland, knew little of the navy, and less of what it did. Few of them had even seen the sea, and so far as they were concerned the war was primarily a khaki war, for they saw their fair share of the prevailing colour when its wearers came home on short leave from the front or from the training-camps. Then it was that they heard, with a wealth of lurid detail, what the army thought of the Hun and all his works.

The blue uniform of a sailor, however, was a rarity. In fact, the only naval man in the village was William, the eldest son of Reuben Martin and Mary, his wife. Mr Martin was Farmer Standing's right-hand man; but his son, for some reason best known to himself, had elected to join the Royal Navy, and was now serving as an ordinary seaman on board the

*Mariner*, which vessel, as his mother proudly said, was 'one of them there torpeder-deestroyers.'

Even Reuben Martin was rather hazy as to what a 'torpeder-deestroyer' really was, and sometimes, after looking at the illustrated papers in the Working Men's Club, pictured his son and heir sitting inside a small, steel, cigar-shaped object which dashed through the waves at an incredible speed, and was the terror of all the Huns afloat. But, of course, Mr Martin was not a naval expert. He had only been to the seaside twice, and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion had been on board Lord Nelson's *Victory* in Portsmouth Harbour. In consequence he rather imagined that all modern battleships were like the old three-decker, though he was aware that they were driven by engines and boilers instead of by sails.

So the Martin *ménage* was the only one in the village which thought twice about the rumours of an action at sea, and Mrs Martin herself was rather anxious.

'Reuben,' she said to her husband at supper that evening, 'have you heard what Emily Ruff's bin sayin' about a battle?'

'Ay, mother,' nodded the man, munching stolidly at his bread and cheese. 'There's bin a deal o' talk flyin' round, but it's nothin' to go gettin' worrit about.' As a matter of fact, he was feeling vaguely anxious himself, but it would never do to show it to his wife.

Mrs Martin gazed fondly at the photograph of her son in his bluejacket's uniform propped up in its place of honour on the mantelpiece.

'So you think there's no truth in what they say?' she persisted.

The man wiped his lips before replying. 'I dunno, mother,' he said slowly, averting his eyes. 'Maybe there's bin a bit of a flare up.'

'But our Bill,' she returned with misty eyes and trouble in her heart. 'Suppose he's'—

'Cheer up, lass,' he answered, leaving his chair and going across to pat her affectionately on the shoulder. 'There's no call to get worrit, I tells you.'

'But I never wanted him to go to sea, Reuben!'

'He'd 'a' bin in the trenches by now if he hadn't, my gal,' the husband replied, filling his pipe. 'I wouldn't 'a' kept him back.'

'No more would I, Reuben! No more would Bill himself; he's that proud, bless his heart! Don't you reckoner what he says to you when we was talkin' o' makin' him a farmer along o' you? Don't you remember how he says he must see the world? It was them adventure books he'd been readin' what did it,' she added with a sigh.

'Ay,' her husband nodded, 'I remembers; an' I reckons he did the right thing, too, lookin' at it all ways. I likes a lad who knows his own mind an' wants to do things, 'stead o' bein' stuck in a li'l place like this all his life.'

Mrs Martin looked up quickly. 'What's the matter now, Reuben?' she inquired. 'I thought you was satisfied?'

'So I am, lass,' he grunted. 'But I'm gettin' old. I've turned fifty, an' when I was Bill's age things wasn't what they is now. If I was a lad agen I'd do like Bill did. I'd'—— He hesitated.

'You'd do what?'

'I'd go out an' do things, 'stead o' stickin' at home here like a turnip,' he went on heatedly. 'This life's all right so far as it goes, but if I was young agen I'd go an' help smash this Kayser feller they all talks about. If it comes to that, I believes I'd go an' do it now if they'd let me.'

'But they won't, Reuben, will they?' she asked anxiously. 'What'd I do wi' both o' you to the war?'

'You'd do what other men's gals is doin',' Martin said proudly, drawing himself up and expanding his deep chest. 'You'd be proud o' thinkin' I'd gone.'

'Y-yes, I'd surely be that,' she admitted. 'But there's no chance o' their takin' you, Reuben, is there?' She looked at him with troubled eyes.

'No, wuss luck!' he growled, shaking his gray head. 'Even if I said I wus twenty year younger, they'd not take me to the army. 'Sides, there's my rheumatiz an' they varyose veins in me legs.'

'Thank God for them, Reuben!' said his wife huskily, making an unnecessary clatter with the plates as she cleared away the supper.

Martin grunted and lit his pipe. To tell the truth, he was jealous of his son. And not only that. In common with a number of the older men, he was envious of all the young fellows who came swaggering about the village in their khaki, and told their true but quite incredible tales of what they had seen and what they had done. They were doing their country's work, while he—well, he was merely a stay-at-home, a village turnip.

But the rumours were only too true, for next morning the papers came out in glaring head-lines. 'GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN THE NORTH SEA,' 'HEAVY BRITISH LOSSES,' 'GERMAN FLEET DRIVEN BACK,' they said.

Her husband was away at his work when the news came, but Mrs Martin bowed her face on the table and wept.

'Bill!' she murmured brokenly. 'Oh Bill! Come back safe!'

Albert, her younger son, aged six and three-quarters, gazed at her in speechless astonishment. He had never seen his mother weep before.

'What are yer cryin' about, murver?' he inquired with childish curiosity.

The woman raised her head from her arms and regarded him with tear-dimmed eyes.

'Halbert!' she said, choking back a sob, 'if you don't hurry you'll be late for school. You'll have to run as it is. Go along, now!'

Albert, utterly mystified, gathered up his slate and books, and ran.

#### CHAPTER II.

The dawn came out of the east in a glare of sulphurous yellow. The sun, blood-red, gigantic, and menacing, overtopped the horizon, and sailed off into space over a thin, translucent film of purple vapour, while the heavens and the wind-flecked ocean were dyed a transient crimson. Then, as the great orb slid slowly upwards and disappeared behind the pall of the upper clouds, sea and sky together took on their customary daylight colouring of dull, monotonous gray.

The sea was the North Sea, and the date June 1, 1916. The battle of Jutland had been fought all through the previous afternoon and night, and that purple and that gray were fitting mourning colours for the brave souls of those who had striven and died for their country. The momentary blaze of scarlet on the sea seemed to be symbolical of their blood.

Save for two small ships punching their way slowly to the westward in the teeth of the rapidly freshening breeze and the rising sea, the ocean, or what there was of it in sight, was untenanted. The cohorts of battleships, the squadrons of battle-cruisers and light cruisers, and the ubiquitous destroyer flotillas of the afternoon before had vanished. A few, with their gallant crews, had gone to their long last sleep in the smoke, flame, and thunder of a hard-fought action; the others, battle-scarred but triumphant, were still somewhere over the rim of the horizon to the eastward, searching the sea for the enemy—an enemy who dared not face the issue of the morn and had retreated from the field of battle. There was not even a friendly feather of smoke on the horizon, nothing but those two badly battered destroyers slowly limping their way home like lamed hounds.

But they, too, were veterans of the fight. Both had taken part in the fierce night attacks on the enemy's fleet—attacks which, delivered at high speed, were at all times desperate, blindfold nightmares in the blackness of the night, and often an appalling, ear-shattering medley of search-lights, spitting gun-flashes, spouting shell, and the awful crash and roar of detonations. They had been amply blooded, and had paid the penalty in damage and casualties; but the ship's company of each of them had experienced the supreme exaltation of knowing that they had played their part in the greatest naval battle the world had ever known. And no mean part either. They had heard the dull, thudding explosion of their torpedoes against the hostile hulls. What more could seamen wish for?

It was nothing short of a miracle that either ship was still afloat to tell the tale, for both had endured a veritable hail of shell from the enemy's guns. The *Mariner*, indeed, the sternmost ship of the two, was little better than a wreck. There were holes in her deck and sides where high-explosive shell and splinters had burst and penetrated. The forecastle plating was mangled and twisted out of all recognition; while the foremost gun, killing, mangling, and crushing as it went, had been hurled from its mounting. The boats were charred, splintered, and useless; while the topmast, taking with it the aerial of the wireless telegraphy, had been shot bodily overboard. The three funnels were torn and perforated by flying slivers until they resembled huge nutmeg-graters, while the stumpy mizzenmast had been shorn off close to the deck. Thanks to hits on and near the water-line, moreover, and to two jagged holes which had opened the wardroom and one mess-deck to the sea, her stern was perilously low in the water and she leant wearily over to starboard.

But, by some merciful intervention of Providence, the *Mariner* had escaped from the inferno without vital damage, and, by the greatest miracle of all, could still steam. All through the night the men of her engine-room department, sometimes working up to their waists in water, had laboured doggedly in plugging leaks and shot-holes, and in effecting temporary repairs to the damaged boilers and machinery. Every other soul on board had worked unremittingly in shoring up threatened bulkheads with planks, mess-stools, and what spars they had, and in doing everything that human skill, knowledge, and ingenuity could suggest. The net result was that their little ship, with her pumps and ejectors working at full pressure to keep down the flow of water, was still tolerably water-tight.

The efficacy of the arrangements made for her safety still remained to be tested. The wind and sea were rising momentarily; the barometer was falling fast, and from the look of the sky there was every prospect of a hard blow from the westward, the very direction in which they were steaming. If they managed to weather it, or to reach shelter before the worst came, well and good; but if the sea became really bad, the *Mariner* and her damaged consort might quite well succumb to their injuries and go to the bottom like perforated kettles.

It was no joyful prospect. The coast of England was fully two hundred miles distant, and no expert, even by the greatest stretch of his imagination, could have passed either the *Mariner* or the *Minx* as seaworthy. But the pair of them had worked together for nearly two years. They were in the same flotilla, had always been in the same subdivision, and were 'chummy ships.' Their officers and men knew each other as friends, and those on board either

vessel derived a certain feeling of companionship and security from the presence of the other. They were comrades in misfortune, and every man knew in his heart that, whatever might happen, their mate would not desert them. If the worst came to the worst, they would all go under together.

So now, their task over, the dawn, which few of those on board had ever expected to see, found the sorry little couple steaming slowly home. They were travelling at little over ten knots, and were supremely thankful that they were moving at all. But two hundred miles at ten knots meant twenty hours' steaming, twenty interminable hours with badly damaged ships in weather which promised to be bad, before they reached the comparative safety of the coast.

The *Mariner* had paid the price. Peter Wooten, her lieutenant-commander, had been wounded in the left arm and grazed across the forehead by flying shell-splinters, though neither of his hurts was serious enough to incapacitate him for duty. MacDonald, the first-lieutenant, was confined to his cabin with more serious injuries; while the wounded—and there were plenty of them—were lying in their hammocks on the mess-decks.

The surgeon-probationer had been busy all night attending to them. He had performed various operations, and the confined space reeked of iodoform. But those men with minor hurts were surprisingly cheerful. It did not seem to occur to their minds that they had been mercifully delivered from the very jaws of death, and they sat up in their hammocks admiring their own and their neighbours' bandages. They smoked innumerable cigarettes, drank cocoa, made fun of their messmates, and asked eager questions as to the results of the battle, what time the ship was expected to arrive in harbour, what would happen to them when she arrived, and how much sick-leave they could reasonably expect out of 'this 'ere.'

They seemed callous in their suffering, and not even the gruesome sight of their own mangled bodies and limbs, or the proximity of badly wounded shipmates sleeping peacefully in their hammocks under the influence of morphia, seemed to depress them. They reminded one, somehow, of what one has read of the aristocrats of the French Revolution, who walked to the scaffold with jests on their lips. They were wonderful.

But your British bluejacket is always wonderful. If somebody drops an empty coal-bag within a few inches of his head and does him no damage whatsoever beyond knocking off his cap, he anathematises loudly and lengthily. If, on the other hand, he is hurt really severely, he hardly opens his mouth, and there was not a man on board the *Mariner* who had uttered a sound while the painful operation of dressing

his wounds was in progress. Only the clenched teeth, the tight lips, and the involuntary opening and closing of the fingers showed the pain they felt. Most of them exhibited a child-like curiosity over their own wounds, and many implored the doctor, with altogether unnecessary insistence, to be quite certain not to lose any shell-fragments he might extract from their bodies. They wanted them as keepsakes. Each one of them, moreover, before having his hurts seen to, begged permission to smoke the inevitable 'fag'—which simple request the doctor, in the kindness of his heart, could hardly refuse.

'Gawd!' an A.B. had remarked, puffing out a cloud of tobacco-smoke as he watched pieces of skin and flesh being trimmed off the badly mutilated fingers of his right hand—'Gawd! it don't 'urt much, some'ow, but when I gets 'ome on a bit o' leaf I'll 'ave to get me li'l sister to feed me. I sha'n't be able to write no more letters to me young lady, neither!'

'Orl right, Ginger,' laughed his next-door neighbour, whose left foot would probably have to be amputated. 'We're townies,\* ain't we? I'll write yer love-letters, if you fetches my beer from the public!'

'Can't 'elp your beer, Nutty,' came the immediate reply. 'My young lady ain't the sort o' gal to carry on wi' the likes of a bloke like you! She's very pertic'lar, she is!'

'Ho! is she?' the other chuckled. 'An' wot abart them other little bits o' fluff that me an' you took to the pictures last time we was ashore together? You didn't tell yer pertic'lar young lady abart them, did yer?'

'Bits o' fluff! Can't a man'—'

'If you two men don't stop talking I'll give you both morphia!' the doctor interjected severely, looking up, scalpel in hand.

'Sorry, sir,' the patient apologised. 'I didn't mean no 'arm.'

The surgeon-probationer grunted. He had little time for unnecessary conversation, and had been working at full pressure all through the night. Except for a cup of strong coffee and a few sandwiches at 3 A.M., he had had neither bite nor sup since luncheon the day before, and had not seen his bed for thirty-six hours. He could hardly keep his eyes open for exhaustion, and longed for a breath of fresh air on deck, but there were still many hours' work before him ere he finished with his wounded.

Presently, as the day wore on, the sub-lieutenant came on to the bridge.

'Shall I get the hands aft now, sir?' he asked his commanding officer. 'Everything's ready.'

Wooten nodded. 'Yes,' he said. 'I'll be down in a minute.'

\* 'Townies'—i.e. living in the same place.

## THE WAR AND THE KIEL CANAL

By G. E. THOMSON, Author of *Prussia's Land of Promise*, &c.

ONE of the determining factors, undoubtedly, in the fixing of the date on which Germany was to precipitate the war which she had made up her mind to provoke was the completion of the alterations in the Kiel Canal, alterations rendered necessary by the universal adoption of the Dreadnought type of warships.

It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the part played in Germany's schemes by the canal, and it is hard to understand how the authorities failed to recognise it as the menace to Britain which it was intended to be.

Like most of Germany's great ideas for the grasping of power, the plan of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal originated in the mind of Prince Bismarck. As early as 1873 he proposed the cutting of the channel from the Baltic to the North Sea, and the cession of Heligoland by Great Britain. At that time the suggestion was opposed by Moltke and the military party; but it met with more favour when renewed in 1884. Bismarck had a more wholesome respect for the powers of his opponents than his successors have shown; but he had also a keen sense of the gullibility of the British nation, and of the fatuous benevolence of the Gladstone administration. He dressed his suggestion in philanthropic trappings. 'Heligoland,' he insinuated, 'was useless to Britain as it was, and it would entail senseless expense to make it valuable to her; but it would be of considerable use to Germany, and she was quite prepared to go to the expense of transforming it into a harbour of refuge, which would be of the greatest convenience to Britain in particular, but also to the whole of the world.' The benefit was by no means to be all Germany's. He proposed, he added casually, 'to cut a canal into the Baltic, which would be of inestimable value to Great Britain as the greatest maritime Power of the world, but to that Heligoland was the necessary key.' The transaction, he concluded with his tongue in his cheek, 'would strengthen the good feeling of Germany towards Britain in an extraordinary degree.'

For once he imposed too much upon the credulity of over-confiding statesmen. Lord Granville remarked dryly that 'doubtless the cession of Gibraltar to Spain would strengthen the good feelings of that country also towards us in an extraordinary degree.'

Again the matter was not pressed; but in 1890, when, after many moments of friction, successfully avoided, during the negotiations for the 'partition of Africa,' the Kaiser once more suggested the cession of Heligoland to Germany in return for concessions in Africa, the proposal at length was favourably received. Possibly this was the result of private interference by the

Crown, but there were several weighty reasons which may have influenced the Government. Germany was quarrelsome, and it was essential to avoid bloodshed, if possible, by some small concession, and Heligoland seemed to the Salisbury Government then in power a possession of little value. It was considered inevitable that the island would disappear if left as it was, and the enormous cost deemed essential to save and fortify it would certainly be refused by Parliament; whereas, if Germany thought it worth her while to expend the estimated two million pounds on a mud-bank, it was her affair. The construction of the canal would be of great commercial value to us. Subsequent events proved the cession of Heligoland to be an enormous blunder, and Germany's eagerness might have put the keen-witted on their guard.

The Kaiser lost no time in pushing on the cutting of the Kiel Canal—one of Bismarck's schemes which fell in so superbly with his dreams of vast maritime power that the Kaiser called the canal by his own name. He pulled Bismarck's veil of benevolence even more closely over his plans. The opening ceremony on 18th June 1895 was described by a German writer as 'a magnificent demonstration in favour of peace.' But the Kaiser's own reference to the battle squadrons of the Great Powers that were present as 'a symbol of peace' leaves considerable doubt in the mind as to his exact intentions with regard to the canal, and also his ideas of the constituents of peace—doubt which subsequent events have done nothing to dispel.

It must have been obvious that, whether with peaceful intentions or not, the opening of the canal doubled the efficiency of the German fleet. It also made Germany independent of the Russian Alliance, since she had her own private gateway between the Baltic and the North Sea; so that with insolent indifference she watched the French and Russian fleets steam together into Kiel Harbour for the opening ceremony. Britain was awake now, and aware of the weapon which she had put into her probable enemy's hand. The friction at the time of the Boer war, and our consequent increase in naval construction, imposed a temporary improvement in her tone towards us; but Germany's insolence was mounting steadily, and she also began to build very fast, so that in time Britain came in for her share of it. A certain semblance of cordiality was retained, and in June 1904 a section of the British fleet visited Kiel to witness a regatta arranged by the Kaiser in emulation of the many occasions of the sort on which he had been entertained at Cowes. The visit was not a conspicuous success, and the visitors were subjected to innumerable petty insults.

I quote from a letter received at the time :

'We arrived at Kiel yesterday. You already know my private opinion of the Teuton, and our reception did nothing to improve it. The royal yacht, with the King [Edward VII.] on board, was not subjected to any delay owing to the "locks" not being open ; but the men-o'-war acting as escort were kept waiting several times, and this waiting in narrow waters in a new channel where the soundings are practically unknown requires good seamanship, I can tell you. There can be no doubt that it was done on purpose, because when we arrived at Kiel every Teuton I spoke to made "friendly" inquiries as to whether any ship had bumped. Even their womenfolk were all out, standing on top of the closed locks, and with the most eager interest watching the British ships moving their rudders to keep in the centre of the canal.'

'We're here, you know, ostensibly to watch a regatta, in return for the innumerable shows which the All-Highest has seen at Cowes, but I wouldn't mind staking a month's pay that it is merely to let the natives of the Fatherland have a good look at us at close quarters. As usual, in the presence of royalty all the ships are illuminated at night by means of festoons of electric lamps arranged in various fancy patterns.'

'For various reasons this has not been sent off, and now must wait till we reach port.'

'My impressions of the last four days must even wait until I see you again ; but they are not satisfactory. These people seem out to insult us as much as possible in a pin-pricking fashion. Even the *matelots*, who don't generally worry, have noticed it. For instance, on the night we left Kiel all illuminations which had been ordered to be extinguished at 11 p.m. were put out promptly at that time, although the personal farewells of the sovereigns had been drawn out so much that the *Victoria and Albert* was long after the time given for weighing. The consequence was that the British ships left in darkness to feel their way through the canal, and without a single cheer from the "hosts" with whom they had been "fraternising" for the last four days. It's not "friendly," my friend. There were dinners in the *Victoria and Albert* and the *Hohenzollern*, at which the captains were present, and German ships were told off to look after British ships ; but "fraternising"

was limited to the barest requirements of official etiquette. The privilege of being decorated with the "Pink Crow," otherwise known as the All-Highest's "Order of the Red Eagle," was rather discounted by our skipper's hearing himself and ship's company described as "D—d Englishmen" during the ceremony.'

Small incidents these, but significant.

In 1905 Germany was compelled to begin to widen and deepen the canal to make possible the passage of the new type of warships, whose size had so far outstripped the estimated possibilities of the days when the canal was cut. The first German Dreadnought was launched in 1908.

The insults directed against Britain were not only private and muttered. Military writers in high places were allowed to embellish them without rebuke. Bernhardt disparaged our navy, and in his book *Unsere Zukunft* (1912) frankly acknowledged the purpose of the enlarged canal. 'The Baltic and North Sea Canal will soon be finished,' he says, 'and its completion will yield considerable *military* advantages to Germany.' The fiction of its being mainly of international and commercial use was at length abandoned.

In 1910 Germany had moved her large warships from Kiel to Wilhelmshaven, perceiving that, in an emergency not unlikely to arise, Britain would be a greater menace than Russia. The emergency nearly arose in 1911 ; but the other Powers were reasonable and generous, and Germany, for a sufficient reward in French Congo, proved malleable. Among the several reasons which made her reluctant to force war then, undoubtedly the unfinished state of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal was first.

The enlarged canal was originally expected to be completed in 1915, when Germany calculated that she would have eighteen Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts practically ready for sea ; but when other circumstances pointed to 1914 as the favourable year for her to provoke war, the construction of the canal was pushed on with great exertion and additional expense, and was finally completed at midsummer of that year. On naval grounds it had been desirable for Germany to postpone war until then ; naval experts were aware of it, even if politicians insisted on wearing blinkers. At midsummer 1914 she was prepared at all points, and only sought a *casus belli*. On 28th June the Archduke Franz Ferdinand was assassinated.

## PIONEER RAILWAYS IN CHILE.

By J. M. M. CUNNINGHAM.

ITS appearance on the map should be enough in itself to arouse interest in Chile, for in shape it is the most singular of countries. It looks like the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*, 'rearing itself up to its full height ;' only,

Chile, measured from one end to the other, is not, like the caterpillar, 'exactly three inches,' but over two thousand six hundred miles (from about parallel 17° to parallel 56° south latitude). A land of mountains, hemmed between the

higher Andes and the sea, Chile has problems in the way of her development very different from anything encountered in the wide plains of neighbouring Argentina. Yet Chile claims to possess the first railway ever built in South America.

There is a fascination about the history of these early railways in a country like Chile, which has been described as 'at the back of the west wind.' Who first thought of them, and why? Whose hopes or fears were centred upon their success or failure?

However careful may be the survey—and surveys in those early days amid such conditions were unhappily vague—a pioneer railway has always to reckon with the unforeseen. Consequently the history of some of these lines has not been in accord with the original design. We find on the one hand unrealised ambitious projects represented by some small railway of only local importance, and on the other hand modest beginnings which have developed far beyond their original aim, and become part of an international system. Chile has about sixty cross-country railroads. Some are still in course of construction; one, the subject of many years' contention, is abandoned and buried in sand; while three have crossed the mountain barrier of the Andes, one of these three linking up with Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, while the other two have direct connection with La Paz, Bolivia's chief city.

A pioneer railway presents in many ways a parallel to human life. 'Can this be So-and-so?' we exclaim, seeing a friend fulfilling some unexpected destiny. 'Who would have thought'—Well, had we known all, perhaps we might have thought, and learned an interesting lesson. See a railway under construction in a difficult country; see hazardous bridges being built, and the rack-rail employed to surmount steep gradients. The character of the line seems conditioned altogether by its environment. But visit it twenty years later, and what a change! By industry and population the whole face of the country has been altered. Environment has been modified, controlled. Mind, and not matter, has become the master.

From its great length, Chile has varied climatic conditions, and, as a result, sharply defined zones of industry. Every one knows that the great source of Chile's revenue is her nitrate, and this is found in the arid north. The climate in the nitrate area is reputed to be delightful. It had need to be! For existence under conditions where nothing grows, and where even water has to be imported, requires amelioration. Darwin described northern Chile as 'the only true desert in the world,' and it is certainly a strange reflection that in the place where nitrate—which is sent all over the world as a fertilising agent—is indigenous, one can grow nothing—absolutely nothing. It follows that the up-traffic on such

railways as serve the nitrate zone has to include all the necessities of life.

The most interesting of Chile's nitrate lines is called 'the Nitrate Railway,' and serves the two ports of Iquique and Pisagua. In the first sixteen miles from the port of Pisagua the line ascends about three thousand feet. Unlike most Chilean railways, which adopt narrow-gauge for mountain-climbing, this line is of the English standard—four feet eight and a half inches. Without a single tunnel, this wonderful little railway doubles and twists over the barren waterless hills, serving some sixty nitrate *oficinas*. It passed into the hands of the present English company in 1882. Originally the concession for the line was held by two Peruvians, for previous to the 'War of the Pacific' (1879–82) the province of Tarapacá was in Peruvian territory. Then indeed the Nitrate Railway had its day, not of financial prosperity, but of the romance of war. During the struggle it inevitably assumed strategic importance, and it is recorded how more than once, to those looking down to the sea from the heights traversed by the line, the shore appeared covered with white sea-birds; and these seeming birds were the dead bodies of men, clad in the white uniform of the Bolivian soldiery.

Looking farther down the map of Chile, one finds, still in the barren nitrate region, the port of Antofagasta, which was at one time a possession of land-locked Bolivia, and which is to-day the starting-point of one of Chile's international lines, the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway. Some day, when the war is over, and the Panamá Canal does its share in bringing Chile, and, through it, Bolivia, out of isolation, this railway may be known to tourists as it deserves to be. Imagine a line (which for the first twenty years or more of its existence was of only two feet six inches gauge) climbing from the shores of the Pacific to a height of twelve thousand feet, and then running at that altitude across the plateau of the Andes, surrounded by snow-capped volcanic mountains which rise twenty thousand feet, and itself touching levels from which one could look down upon Mont Blanc! Here, surely, is a railway to romance about! Vast wealth lies in the copper and other mines of this region, and by means of a new branch on the Bolivia Railway, the Antofagasta line is now linked with Bolivia's once famous city Potosí, that fabulous treasure-house of the Andes. Here, before the dawn of our civilisation, tribes that have left no written record learned to be miners and artificers. Up and down its mountain of silver for centuries that patient, absurd-looking animal the llama has acted as sole carrier, picking its way cautiously under the loads which enriched ancient Spain. Except for its associations with tin and rubber, Bolivia is an unknown country to most of us. But it may be noted in passing, for the gratification of Scottish readers, that an American

tourist, visiting a strange Bolivian town, was delighted to make the acquaintance of a leading resident in the shape of a Scottish doctor who had been there for many years; and when desiring to go from one remote part of Bolivia to another, he found an easy means of transit in the excellent *diligence* service which a Scotsman maintained there.

The first railway to be built in Chile (and, indeed, in South America, though the Lima Railway contests the distinction) was a line of about fifty miles in length, running from the small port of Caldera to the mining centre of Copiapó, the capital of the province of Atacama. It was begun in March 1850, and formally opened to traffic in January 1852. The scheme had been proposed in 1845 by Juan Mouat, a Chilean, whose name rather suggests Scottish ancestry; but he lacked capital to begin construction, and the credit for building this pioneer railway rests with William Wheelwright, an American engineer, who was also the originator of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the capital for which he obtained in London about 1840. Wheelwright was a railroad enthusiast—the name has a singular appropriateness—and was concerned in many construction schemes in other South American countries besides Chile. He had a great project for a Trans-Andine railway which would unite the Pacific and Atlantic oceans by running from the coast of Chile to the coast of Argentina. Long afterwards—in 1910—this project had fulfilment in the completion of the system joining Valparaíso with Buenos Aires. Owing, however, to difficulties with snowfalls on the Chilean Trans-Andine section, through-traffic has been frequently interrupted.

Like the Nitrate Railway, the Copiapó line is of English standard gauge. The track was originally laid with rails from England; the locomotives and rolling-stock were brought from the United States. Of the ten locomotives purchased, one was still in use in 1910; while the engine used on the trial trip, after covering ultimately over seventy-five thousand miles, is now in the National Museum at Santiago.

The immediate objective of this first of South American railways was the exploitation of copper-mines. There were also silver-mines not far off, at Chañarcillo (discovered accidentally by a wood-cutter, Juan Godoy, in 1832), besides low-grade gold, calcium borate, and cobalt. But Wheelwright's aims did not stop short at mining centres. He wanted to build a railway northward from Piquios to Tinogasta, in the Argentine, and the Copiapó Railway Company did actually obtain a concession for such a line in 1874. That it has not been built is scarcely surprising, seeing that it would cross the Andes at an altitude of about fifteen thousand feet. In 1854 the Copiapó Railway, profiting by the copper industry, paid a dividend of 18 per cent. How great was its early prosperity may

be judged from the fact that from 1852 to 1861 the average percentage of expenses to receipts was under 34 per cent.; but in later years expenses rose, while traffic greatly declined, the mining industry languishing. Finally, in 1911, the company sold the railway to the Chilean Government for two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds, and the line is now incorporated in the State railway system.

We have seen that in the Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway, one branch of which reaches an altitude of fifteen thousand eight hundred and nine feet above sea-level, Chile possesses one of the highest railways in the world. The Republic has also the distinction of possessing the most southerly railway in the world—a little line of five miles in length, running from the town of Punta Arenas, on the northern shore of the Strait of Magellan, to some neighbouring coal-mines. It was built in 1869 to assist the exploitation of the mines; but, as for some years they were not worked, it fell into disuse. It is now again in operation, under the ownership, we understand, of a gentleman of the name of Ross. Do we not again find a suggestion of Scottish ancestry?

One of the busiest lines in Chile to-day is the Valparaíso-Santiago Railway, which connects with the Buenos Aires and Pacific system, through the Trans-Andine sections before mentioned. It is now part of the State system, but was originally worked by a company, and, like the Copiapó Railway, it owed its inception to William Wheelwright. As early as 1841 Wheelwright aimed at constructing rail communications between Santiago, the capital, lying on its inland plateau, seventeen hundred feet above the sea, and the port of Valparaíso, not far distant as the crow flies, but separated from the capital by a confused mass of inhospitable hills. Work on the line was begun in 1852, the year of the opening of the Copiapó Railway. It was finally completed, not by Wheelwright, but by another American engineer, Henry Meiggs, whose name is best known in connection with the Central Railway of Peru. Meiggs also built the first few miles of the railway southward from Santiago. The Valparaíso-Santiago line was so dubious a project when first mooted that an enterprising traveller, Madame Pfeiffer, who was in Chile about 1850, thus expressed herself about it: 'I was not a little astonished on hearing that in this country, where there is yet no post, or any regular means of conveyance from one place to another, a railway was about to be constructed from here to Santiago. The work has been undertaken by an English company, and the necessary measurements have already been begun. As the localities are very mountainous, this will occasion an enormous outlay, quite out of proportion to the present state of trade or the amount of passenger traffic. . . . If by chance ten or fifteen passengers come from Santiago to Valparaíso,

the thing is talked of over the whole town. This has given rise to the belief that the construction of a railroad has merely been seized on as an excuse, in order to enable those concerned to search about the country undisturbed for gold and silver.' To have been accused of such aims would have been painful to a man of Wheelwright's temper, for he seems to have infused into his labours something of a missionary spirit, if we may judge by an incident recorded by Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition. On visiting Quillota, now a point on the Valparaíso Railway, Wilkes heard that a great bonfire in the market-place had been composed of Bibles which had been distributed by 'our esteemed countryman, Mr William Wheelwright!' To-day various new routes between the capital and the sea-board are in operation or under construction, destined to relieve the congestion on the Valparaíso line, which, contrary to Madame Pfeiffer's expectations, has become excessive; while the port of Valparaíso itself is undergoing reconstruction on an immense scale, at a cost of nearly three millions.

Undoubtedly Chile's debt to outsiders is great, and she has not hesitated to own it. One of her most fertile provinces is named O'Higgins, after the first dictator of the Republic, whose father began life as a penniless Irish boy. A Scotsman, Admiral Lord Cochrane, is ever remembered in Chile as one of the greatest heroes of her struggle for freedom, and one of the most influential in securing it. In addition to this, as we have seen, Anglo-Saxon brains have planned Chile's railways, exploited her minerals, and developed her shipping.

What, then, has been done by the Chileans themselves? The answer is, much; and more is being done daily. The Chileans, now a mixed race, are an ambitious and energetic people, though their energy is not of the 'get-rich-quick' type, but rather intelligent and cultured. The earlier inhabitants of Chile, like the people of northern Britain, can boast of never having been entirely conquered by invaders. Nor has the Chilean Government any intention, however grateful for benefits received, of allowing the country to be exploited without due regard to the promotion of national development.

This policy is shown in no way more remarkably than in regard to the making of railways. The proportion of State-owned and State-operated railways to private railways is enormously greater in Chile than in any other South American state. In 1914 Argentina possessed about three thousand six hundred miles of State lines, and about eighteen thousand miles of lines operated by private companies. In the same year Chile showed about one thousand eight hundred miles of privately owned lines, and about three thousand miles of State-owned lines, not counting the sections in course of construction.

Seeing that the profitable cross-country lines

are nearly all due to private enterprise, with what, then, has the Chilean Government been busy?

Within the past four years the railway map of Chile has been strangely altered. It no longer shows mere isolated lines, pursuing their own ends in indifference to each other. The appearance is rather that of the veining of a leaf, one central line with branches running right and left of it. For the Longitudinal Railway is now an accomplished fact. This railway was initiated and is controlled by the State, and is the concrete manifestation of a policy designed to link the country into an organic whole, to foster new developments, and to derive more advantage for the nation from the industries started by private enterprise. Remember the shape of Chile, and the wisdom of building a longitudinal railway seems so obvious that one might be surprised to hear that time and again the project was nearly abandoned, though always to be taken up again with fresh enthusiasm by some new president or group of engineers and statesmen. But there were many practical reasons that could be urged against a line which, if it ran from north to south without a break, must necessarily pass through unproductive, uninhabited regions, where tremendous difficulties confronted the engineer, and where the industries which might eventually attract population were still unborn. Be that as it may, the construction has been completed, and the intrepid traveller who lands at the port of Pisagua, in Tarapacá, and travels by the Nitrate Railway line to Pintados, may there join the Longitudinal Railway, and continue his journey southward as far as Puerto Montt in Llanquihué (latitude 42 degrees south), a distance, roughly, of two thousand miles. He will pass first over the Northern Longitudinal line, which traverses the nitrate and mineral area, crossing on its way four lines operated by English companies. If, as a Government report estimates, there are about two hundred and twenty million tons of nitrate unexploited in the provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, this industry has still a large future before it. The Northern Longitudinal line likewise serves districts rich in iron, copper, silver, and borax. The chief difficulty in construction arose from the absence of water. The line was built by English engineers, at a contract price of over three millions, and was completed in 1913.

From the terminus of this section the traveller southward passes over what was formerly known as the Chafñaral Railway, then traverses a branch of the Copiapó Railway, and so reaches what is known as the Southern Longitudinal line. Like the northern, the southern section was completed in 1913. The contractors, a well-known English firm, acted in co-operation with a French syndicate. The contract price was four million twenty-six thousand pounds. The country here-

abouts is very mountainous, for the coast-range of hills and the higher Andes meet, and present a formidable barrier to the engineer—how formidable may be judged from the fact that in a total construction of about three hundred and fifty miles there are forty-three miles of rack-rail. The terminus of the Southern Longitudinal Railway is at Cabildo, where there is a junction with a branch-line on the Valparaíso-Santiago Railway, and thus the transit to the capital is completed.

Hitherto the traveller southward has been almost wholly in a barren mineral region, but Santiago lies in the central valley of Chile, a plateau between the coast hills and the Andes, which richly repays the cultivation bestowed on it. The Government has been carrying out construction southward through these fertile regions for about forty years. Quite a network of railways is to be found in the genial, well-watered central zone of Chile, where agriculture and stock-raising flourish, and where the largest towns are to be found. Here, also, on the west, lie the coal-fields, round the busy city of Concepcion, and these are served not only by Government lines, but by the (English) Arauco Company's railway, which skirts the bays of Lota and Coronel. Coronel is important to Chile chiefly in connection with its coal; but for Britain the name has now an unforgettable association of a different nature. It was off Coronel that Sir Christopher Cradock, 'gallantly upholding the high tradition of the British navy,' fell in action on 1st November 1914.

Passing still farther south, always through rich agricultural and wooded districts, the Government main line reaches Antilhue, from which a branch runs westward to Valdivia, at the mouth of the river Calle-Calle. The storming of Valdivia by Admiral Lord Cochrane in 1820 is remembered as one of the greatest events of Chile's war of independence. The modern interest of the town, which has numerous industries, such as copper-smelting, iron-foundries, saw-mills, tanneries, &c., lies in the fact that this is the chief centre of German influence in Chile. Germany has not left South America out of her dream of world-power.

The south of Chile presents a startling contrast to the arid north; the land, broken up into wooded peninsulas and unexplored islands, drops almost below the level of the sea; there is a heavy rainfall, and in the provinces of Valdivia and the still more remote Llanquihue there are numerous large lakes. The forests of Chile will yet be one of her great sources of wealth, but for the most part these vast southern regions still await the pioneer; there are few inhabitants save wandering Indians, excepting in some districts round the Magellan Strait, where sheep-farming is practised. But the extension of the Government line to Puerto Montt, where the traveller may gain some new ideas of the

natural wealth of Chile, marks the opening of a new era. Here, for the present, the Longitudinal system has its terminus.

'A dream,' said the Preacher, 'cometh through the multitude of business.' In another sense he might as truly have said that the multitude of business cometh through a dream, for in such great enterprises even the mere materialist has first his vision—a vision of rough places made plain, and of highways in the desert, highways for 'wayfaring men.' Here, in the Longitudinal Railway, is the dream realised, and as time unfolds Chile's potentialities the 'multitude of business' will follow.

#### THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THE days we love to dream of best  
Are childhood's days lived in the West,  
The dreamer's country.

There wonders are on every hand;  
The streams of that enchanted land  
Make moorland music.

There is the realm where fairies stay;  
Elsewhere we know full well their day  
Is long since over.

There is the spring—'the fairies' well'—  
Hid in the corries where they dwell  
Amid the silence.

At morn, when dews are gleaming wet,  
'Tis there they have their breakfast set  
In secret places.

Round grassy knolls the fairies' ring  
Tells where the Wee Folk dance and sing,  
Could we but see them;

But mists that wreath the lonely glens  
Oft hide the fairy dance from men's  
Rapt gaze of wonder.

The hillman views the western sea,  
Its magic and its mystery  
Girdling the mountains.

The world around him often seems  
Less real than that whereof he dreams  
As he looks seaward.

And if to other lands he sails,  
His loved, lost West he never fails  
To deem the fairest;

For all the men of Real Argile  
And they who love the Misty Isle  
Are haunted ever.

Far, far across estranging seas,  
The old call of the Hebrides  
Fills them with longing

To see the shielings once again,  
The mist-crowned hills, the soft west rain  
Of the dear homeland.

M. CAMPBELL



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### ON CRANKS.

By LADY SKERRINGTON.

CRANKS are a class of people we have always with us, but there is no doubt that the war has produced a larger and more varied selection than usual. There are so many more openings for them! When the Food Controller suggested food rations, he generously provided them with a vast number of new openings, which, having the charm of complete novelty, were seized upon with avidity. For instance, there is the crank who brings a small pair of scales to the table at every meal, and solemnly weighs every mouthful that he eats. His motives are, no doubt, most estimable, but the result is that all the other people who may be at table are made to feel themselves terribly gluttonous, though they may be merely eating in moderation of the food that has been set before them. The food-weighing crank forgets that it is the duty of the mistress of the house to see that no more than the proper rations are ordered, and that, whilst one person may find it difficult to eat the full amount, another will find it too little; so that, in any average household, one person works in with another.

Then there is the type of crank who shudders over the enormity of eating meat at all. Whenever he is met, he has just discovered a new recipe for some dish that is far nicer and much more nourishing than the most succulent beef-steak. But most of these recipes leave upon the mind a sort of nightmare recollection of weirdly combined ingredients, such as lentils, rice, mashed potatoes, sago, turnips, carrots, and barley, all united by a rich *liaison* of hot water! And if the papers have been specially busy cracking up the merits of oatmeal, a little of that may probably be added to the *omnium gatherum*.

The crank who upholds the merits of the 'simple life' is even more depressing. A raw apple, washed down by a draught of orange-juice, may provide the chemical constituents required to nourish the body, but they would afford cold comfort on a wintry morning. Such suggestions do not appeal to the unregenerate, and they are apt to think with an understanding sympathy of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the criticism that tradition has ascribed to him:

He said, as he surveyed the untempting food,  
'It may be wholesome, but it is not good.'

Of course, the economising crank is well to the fore. This was specially borne in upon me when

I paid a visit to my friend Lady Digby Grant. Hitherto she has had more money and more servants than she seemed quite able to utilise, so her experiences were particularly interesting.

I thought she looked depressed, and said so.

'You would look depressed too if you had had to spend the last few weeks with Digby,' she remarked gloomily, and below my breath I piously thanked Providence that such had not been my fate! To her I expressed my sympathy more tactfully; and she speedily poured out an account of her woes.

'We went away last month,' she said, 'for a little change, as we always do in the spring. But the weather was cold and wet, so that it was impossible to go out much, and to pass the time Digby read magazines and things. I don't know what could have been in them—I was not interested, as I had my knitting—but it must have been something very upsetting.'

'The study of literature is a pernicious habit,' I suggested, and she warmly assented.

'I never guessed, however, that anything was wrong till the day after we got home. It was still very cold, and, as a matter of course, the housemaid lighted the library fire in the morning. Instead of the fire burning properly, however, the smoke came pouring into the room; and when the girl could make nothing of it she ran for Mrs Evans. (She is our housekeeper, you know.) Of course, Mrs Evans guessed at once what was wrong. Those tiresome starlings or jackdaws had taken advantage of our absence to build their nests in the chimney. She told the housemaid to rake out the fire, and said as she left the room that she would send at once for the sweep. Unluckily we were just crossing the hall on the way to breakfast, and Digby heard her. "What's that?" he asked; and when she told him, he was quite angry. He said workmen were not to be sent for to do things, as we must learn to do them for ourselves, and he told Hawkins to find a good stout pole, as he would go and poke down the nests himself after breakfast.

'Hawkins's face was a study; but, of course, he said nothing, and directly breakfast was over we all adjourned to the roof. I went too, because I thought that if Digby was going to scramble about there, I would rather see for myself what was happening than imagine all sorts of horrors

whilst I waited downstairs. The last bit of stair up to the roof is like a wide, rather steep ladder, and I really thought that would stop Digby; but not a bit of it! William pulled in front, and Hawkins pushed behind, and in the end we all emerged into the centre space, which is like a deep valley, with roofs sloping down all round. The housemaid had been told to shout up the library chimney, so that Digby would know which one to attack, and I soon heard a melancholy booing coming from one of the chimneys on the top of the shadiest slope. Digby crossed over and began to climb up to it; and I can assure you, my dear, that I was pretty miserable, as when he got to the top I quite expected to see him topple over on the other side. However, fortunately, he never got so far. He had not noticed that where the tiles were always more or less in the shade, a slimy moss had grown over them; and, all of a sudden, he came down with a crash, and slipped back again into the valley.

'Of course, we all rushed to pick him up, but he must have twisted one of his ankles in falling, and could scarcely stand. So there was an end of his amateur sweep-work; in fact, Hawkins and William had the greatest difficulty in getting him down that horrid little stair. Then the doctor had to be sent for, as I could not be sure that he might not have broken something. So, you see, we spent a lively morning!'

'Yes, and about the chimney?' I asked. 'Was the sweep sent for after all?'

My friend laughed. 'Oh dear, no! Before he left the roof Digby asked Hawkins tentatively if he thought that he could push the nests down; but, to my great relief, Hawkins was quite firm. He said that he had been engaged as butler, with two footmen and a boy under him, but that, as it was war-time, he was quite content to do the work with only the boy William to help him. He had, however, never learnt a sweep's business, and he was perfectly certain that he was too old to begin. Under such circumstances I thought that the sweep might be sent for without more ado, but Digby would not hear of it. He sits clad in his thickest fur motor-coat, with his feet in a large footmuff, and declares that he is quite comfortable; and he is never tired of pointing out what a lot of coal has been saved by not using the fire. I must say I notice that he comes to consult me about small matters a good deal oftener than he used to do, and that on such occasions he stands as close to the fire as possible; but that may be merely a coincidence.'

'And have you ever pointed out that the doctor's fee will be a good deal higher than the sweep's would have been?' I asked.

'No, not yet. I have such a pleasant feeling of reserve power while that suggestion remains unused. I feel that I can produce it at any moment and quench him!'

There are many other varieties of economising

cranks. For instance, there is the variety that economises in pleasures. If you think one of them looks tired, and suggest taking her for a country drive, she looks at you reproachfully and says, 'Thank you. Oh no! I could not go for a mere pleasure drive in war-time,' and, in spite of your good intentions, you feel snubbed quite flat.

Or, again, if you rashly praise some concert to which you have been—probably a charity one—your remarks are received with a studied indifference, and the rejoinder, 'I never go to places of amusement in war-time.'

A number of women have developed into cranks who before the war led luxurious lives, with few occupations beyond their amusements. When these amusements came to an end, some other excitement had to be found, and many of them tried their hands at economies. When a woman who has formerly had a large establishment reduces it to two servants, she cannot merely rejoice over the substantial saving, but can also pat herself on the back for her superior patriotism; and so all is well—except, perhaps, for the discarded servants! But such an upheaval, it is felt, necessitates a radical change in the manner of life; and people shut up their own houses to take small houses or flats that are fitted with all sorts of labour-saving appliances. Judging by the accounts given by some of them of their domestic arrangements, life must be made decidedly uncomfortable for their belongings. One lady announces with pride that they never eat anything but stews, and that meat and vegetables are cooked together, so as to economise in the use of pans and dishes. As pans and dishes are not included in the Food Controller's rations, one wonders why they should be economised.

And so on, and so forth. We have all of us suffered from some form of cranks, and we have, no doubt, each of us inflicted unspeakable boredom upon our friends by our own cranks. In these difficult days it is essential to try to maintain as sane a judgment as possible, and to avoid the temptation to rush off to do some outside work, something quite new, that shall be so engrossing as to take our minds off the sadness that overshadows most things, unless we are certain that no work remains to be done in our homes. We should all help in war work as much as we can, but it must not be at the expense of home duties; and a life of restless excitement can never be desirable. Simplicity of life, curtailment of luxury, a willingness to help others—all these things are admirable. It is only when people allow themselves to be carried away by some predominating idea that a slight haze of absurdity is apt to gather around them.

I do not wish for one moment to suggest that people should try to eliminate enthusiasm from their composition. Enthusiasm, if it is only about growing cabbages, is a valuable asset,

for it helps to keep people young. But a crank is some one who has allowed enthusiasm to run riot, and who has become obsessed by it. If Mrs Brown finds that when she goes to visit Mrs Black, nothing is talked about except the special form of bandages that Mrs Black is making, she will cease to go there. It is an excellent thing to make bandages, but it is just as excellent to be able to forget them in the 'off time;' and if Mrs Brown's own work happens to be in munitions, or canteens, or something else, she will find it difficult to become

suddenly inspired by an absorbing interest in Mrs Black's bandages.

There is a wonderful fund of self-complacency in each of us. Even if it is only that one man has harder bones than his fellows, and so can elbow himself more easily to the front, he will at once take credit for it, and expect those he has elbowed out of his way to admire him! We are all of us apt to be so much engaged adding up the credit side of our ledgers that we quite fail to remember what dull dogs our associates may find us all the time.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER II.

**T**HE merry kling-klung, kling-klung, of a sharply beaten triangle, vibrating in the clear early morning air, found its way through the open windows, setting time, as it were, for the dancing motes of sunshine which gilded Anita Lalonne's white lilies and trod measures on Anita Lalonne's white eyelids. Strange and fantastic indeed were the visions which the magic of mingled mote and music conjured behind the closed lids of the sleeping girl. They wafted her to a far, fair land, where groups of gay people made merry, and danced to the music of a band beneath great flowering chestnut-trees, or gathered around little tables, laughing and eating ices—she among the rest, chattering in a language that flowed rhythmically and sweet from her tongue.

And in and out of their midst passed and repassed the tall Englishman with the grave gray eyes. Always he was carrying something—now a great bunch of faded lilies; now it was herself who, limp and pale, seemed to rest in his arms; then it was not she, but David Hardy, his hair and clothing dripping wet, whom he bore through a ring of staring strangers, gray eyes looking to neither right nor left, head held high, shoulders squarely set, heeding neither the throng of idlers nor (strange indeed!) herself, Anita Lalonne, clinging to his hand and kissing it in a passion of gratitude.

Then the scene changed, and, lo! a circus troupe with a dancing bear, every one clapping and applauding the antics of the poor beast, until suddenly through the crowd again this Englishman shouldered his way, levelled his gun at the creature, and it leapt forward—not a bear in chains, but a great tawny lion! Anita awoke with a scream. Yet in the little room that gradually shaped itself before her bewildered eyes there brooded only peace, sunshine, and pale-pink curtains fluttering with a feeble fluff-fluffing sound; and the dear desert lilies; and—yes!—a penetrating, familiar odour which instantly roused in Anita a wholly inconsequent but renewed sense of joy in life.

Sniff—sniff. 'Coffee! and fish frying! My gracious, but I'm hungry!' she cried, springing out of bed and thrusting her small pink toes into their stockings. 'Wonder if I'm awful late, as Mr Axel would say; and have I time to do my hair properly? No, I guess not,' she chattered on. 'Doesn't matter, 'cause I look just as pretty with it the other way;' for Anita made no demur at admitting herself to be pretty, as, indeed, she undoubtedly was.

Then, while she brushed and twisted up her hair, and shook out the dainty blouse with its lavish sprinkling of tiny rosebuds, her mind ran riot as to the coming of David. When? How? Would he leave her here for a day or two, or take her at once to the people with whom she was to stay until—her white fingers stopped short in the very act of fitting a diminutive button into its diminutive hole—impossible to realise she was on her way to be married—not to come out of these woods again until she had been David Hardy's wife for ever and ever so long!

Her reveries, however, were suddenly put to flight by a second violent kling-klunging of the triangle, announcing that breakfast was ready; so, hurriedly completing her toilet by tucking a lily into the loops of a black-velvet bow against her neck, bare where a lace-edged collar rolled away from it, she removed the barricade from her door, and stepped out into the first chapter of her forest life. Very encouraging it now looked in the bright sunlight—all the dread shadows dispersed, tents of gleaming white canvas replacing the gray ghosts of the previous evening, tempting vistas of tender green and ruddy red instead of the thick pall-like draperies of Dame Night; and everywhere the cheery sound of cow-bells, of horses stamping and munching hay, of some one winding up the zinc bucket from the deep, roofed well. And now here comes 'Bob,' her canine acquaintance of the long, hot journey, pleased to recognise her, and wagging his feathery tail.

Anita, her eyes sparkling with pleasure,

stopped to pat the dog, and her ears caught the sound of voices behind her down the aisle of towering trees—the far-carrying voice of Charlie, and the low-pitched replies of the two Englishmen.

'I'm *awful* sorry,' Charlie was saying, 'cause it would be such a gute day for you to try de river; an' I don't suppose Mister Barrie'll want to go widout you, Doctor Grey. But you know,' he went on in his usual jovial fashion, 'if you will be a *doctor* and come to dese parts, where doctors' visits is as scarce as angels', you mustn't expect to spend all your time *fishin'*; you'll have to work some too! And dot's an awful nice leetle poy of Missis Burke. He's de *only* one—too bat he broke his arm.'

'Oh, I'll soon make *that* all right,' rejoined the doctor; 'and there will be many more days to fish.—But, Gavin,' he went on, addressing his friend, 'you had better not wait for me if Charlie thinks this is the right sort of day for the river.'

'No indeed,' said Gavin. 'I'll poke about here, and have a try in the What-do-you-call-it Creek which Charlie was telling us about. Can't say that I personally saw any trout swimming around my tent!—I thought you said we stepped out of bed into the stream, Charlie,' he went on chaffingly as the three men followed Anita into the log cabin, and were confronted by a lavish breakfast, served 'hot and hot' from the kitchen by the blonde Swede in the long apron.

Fried fish, fried potatoes, fried venison-steaks (masquerading on the station menu as 'goat'), fried 'hot cakes' to be smothered in slabs of butter and streams of syrup; peaches, too, piled high; and great sections of frosty-red water-melon. The Englishmen's stomachs fairly ached in sympathy with those of a row of brown-faced, rough-bearded men, who forged ahead from fish to finish without a break. It was all very wonderful to behold. But when, on top of a three-quarter segment of ice-cold water-melon, one great fellow poured down a monster cup of scalding-hot coffee, Gavin Barrie could scarce repress a groan, prodded Kenneth Grey, and together they burst forth into the fresh air, and speedily lit their pipes.

'Great heavens!' exclaimed Barrie; 'did you ever see such a feed? But that "goat" isn't "hard to take," is it, Ken? The rascal! I suppose he hasn't the vaguest notion of keeping the game-laws.'

'Game-laws!' echoed Grey. 'I should say *not*. They're a curious people out here. I gathered a good deal about them from that Sacramento man on our train. They pride themselves on holding the franchise and making laws "*for* the people, *by* the people," as they say, yet chafe at the bit whenever their own mouths feel the rein tighten. That is where the Government is up against it with regard to

the forest fires. Spends thousands of dollars a year on all sorts of precautions—foresters, observation posts, wireless, and so on—and pays out no end of money to people to beat out fires when they do start; yet, in spite of all *that*, and the ghastly destruction of life and property when one of those wholesale conflagrations gets really going, there are plenty of people still who vow the country was in better shape when the Indians had it, and burned the bush off every year or so. Of course, they are chiefly cattle-owners, who hanker after the days of tremendously wide ranges, and they can't see beyond the horns of their own steers—don't care a hang if every tree in the state is burned off, so long as they can raise their calves and line their own pockets at the nation's expense. Did you see how the notices nailed on trees as to camp fires, and throwing away lighted matches, and so on, which the Government posts in every direction, are half of them defaced or riddled with shot, if not torn off altogether? Charlie told me that this happened so constantly to paper notices that the Forestry Department tried tin ones! But they got over *that* little dodge by getting out their hatchets! Rum lot! But I say, Gavin; I mustn't stand jawing here any longer,' Grey interrupted himself, 'or before I get over to Silver Creek that poor little kid's arm will have set *itself*. Come along to the stable and see what sort of a plug Charlie proposes for me to ride. Hope to goodness he may go one better than those wretched beasts we had yesterday.'

A few moments later the doctor, mounted on a horse whose anatomy, if erring on the score of heavy weight, was at least sound and fairly well covered, adjusted his feet in the unaccustomed 'long' stirrup, strapped his medicine-kit behind the heavy Mexican saddle, pulled a wry face at his friend, and calling back to him, 'Who would be a doctor in the trout season?' headed his Brobdingnagian steed towards the long, cross-country trail to Silver Creek.

For a short time Gavin Barrie, thus left to his own devices, wandered about the station, one eye scanning fresh details of the novel surroundings, the other on the look-out for the red-brown dog, which, far more interested in the quest for food than for his canine enemies of the night before, seized every opportunity to elude his master and plunge his head into the garbage-pail. Even the pig-sty—if the trampled corral and hollowed log which served as trough, placed in a remote corner of the clearing, could be so called—had been speedily discovered; and it was from a raid in that direction that 'Bob' now returned, his drooping, curly ears and brown snout dully shining with fat and skim-milk, a bone of the Eocene age in his jaws, and his tail at half-mast, expressing both pride and apology.

'"Bob," you scoundrel! What the dickens have you got hold of now?' exclaimed his master—

with ill-assumed wrath. 'Let me see it! Beastly old bone; but I suppose, if it isn't too filthy, you may fetch it along to the tent. But you are a *hog*, you know. Come along!' and, followed by the dog in a cheerfully acquiescent frame of mind because of the half-hearted permission to retain his treasure, Gavin made for his tent, and set to work on the ever-joyous task of arranging his rod and tackle.

Presently his attention was diverted from the delicate business of tying on flies by the trample of horses and voices of men, which gradually, out of a cloud of red dust, took substance on the road from the mountains, passing through Grizzly Station, and joining that by which Barrie had travelled the previous day. As they clattered up to the well-trodden path to give their thirsty horses a drink, he saw the cabin door open and the girl Lalonne dart out, only to stop abruptly as the dark, eager eyes swept the group of newcomers, and failed to discover the man she sought.

Barrie, who at breakfast had scarcely noticed the girl, a number of men being seated between them, suddenly remembered how Charlie had chaffed her on the subject of her approaching marriage, and thus divining the cause of her sudden egress and abrupt halt, felt a rush of sympathy for her.

'Tough luck!' he was saying to himself, when one of the strangers dismounted and came forward, as Charlie, intent upon the refilling of his perpetual pipe, appeared at the door of the bar-room.

'Hullo, Natty!' he called out; 'you're de early birt! How's t'ings up your way?' Then, catching sight of Anita Lalonne, standing aloof and dejected, he went on: 'Have you heard anyt'ing of Dave Hardy lately? Dere's a young leddy here very partic'lar anxious to see him.—Mees Lalonne, let me introduce you to Mr Nat Duncan. Mr Duncan has bin in with a great lot o' goats, Mees Lalonne, beyont where Dave is, so maybe he's got news for you.'

The man called Nat pulled off his sombrero, saying, 'Pleased to meet you, Miss Lalonne; and I reckon you're the young lady I'm lookin' for. Here's a letter for you from the forester—him bein' Dave Hardy, eh, Charlie?'

'Yes, yes,' cried Anita, not waiting for Charlie to answer. 'Please give me the letter—quick!' and, clasping it in both hands, she ran back to her room, perched herself on the steps, and tore open the envelope.

With shining eyes she read as follows:

'DARLING ANNIE,—I'm heart-broke not being able to meet you, but Jim Niel (that's the forester at Rainbow) is sick, and there ain't another soul but me to look after him. Of course, you understand he lives all alone, like me; though, thank God, I won't have to say that much longer, shall I, Annie darling? I

have to see to his (Jim's) section as well as my own till he's some better, and as it's just about now that campers is all over the place, starting and leaving their fires burning, I can't come down to the "Grizzly" even in the night, as I would if I could, as you know; don't you, Annie darling? Now I can't keep this fellow waiting, so here's the letter. If I can't get down for a few days, you just stay with the Axels; they're real kind. I bet you're prettier than ever!—Yours sincerely,

D. B. HARDY.'

Then, scrawled hastily under the signature:

'AND ADORING DAVE.'

Anita read and re-read the ill-written letter, conflicting emotions swelling her heart, reflected in the beautiful dark eyes and in the colour that burned in her cheeks—bitter disappointment, sympathy for poor David, then a flood of radiant joy over his homely expressions of devotion and longing for her.

Sitting thus, the letter in her lap, her tiny hands clasped over her knee, the girl for the first time seriously caught the attention of Gavin Barrie, just emerging, creel in hand, from his tent. Up to that moment she had not interested him in the least, the gathering and gift of flowers when they were fellow-passengers in Charlie's wagon being merely one of the sudden impulses indicative of a deep-lying *tendresse*, which from boyhood he had endeavoured to mask. Now, however, the thought suddenly struck him that the girl was pretty; more than pretty—piquant, with a suggestion about her of something (his mind searched the corners for an explanation) not belonging to this far western world in which he and she were moving. Her hair, now that it was dressed decently (so his thoughts ran), was distinctly beautiful—heavy, lustrous-black, and softly framing the oval of her face and the small, well-shaped head. Her colouring—rather foreign, wasn't it?—reminded him of—What the dickens *did* it remind him of? Ah!—of course; and that, too, would account for the subtle daintiness of her dress—the *chic* blouse gathered over a full, rounded bosom into a narrow patent-leather belt—black, like her hair and the velvet bow at her neck. Her waist was too obviously small; her hands, though white and pretty, were not those of a lady; the high-heeled shoes were ridiculous. Where had she come from—this girl whom, with a trifle of imagination superimposed, one might conceive to have stepped out of the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*?

But the Englishman's newly kindled interest was fated to subside as quickly as it had flamed, for at sight of Charlie and the men coming out of the bar-room and preparing to cinch up their horses, Anita jumped up, and running lightly towards them, called out, 'I say, Mr Axel, I've heard from Dave, and he ain't coming for several days. That's one on Anita Lalonne, ain't it?'

and she laughed gaily; then rattled on: 'The other forester's sick, and he can't get away, the poor old dear; so I guess you and Mrs Axel will have to keep me a little longer. Too bad, ain't it?'

All the men gathered around her, laughing and chaffing, albeit in their free-and-easy manner there was no shadow of disrespect or offensive familiarity. Gavin Barrie could hear the man, Nat Duncan, who had brought the forester's letter, suggesting she should be ready, against his return, to ride in with him and give David a surprise.

'I'll pack you along on my saddle,' he joked. "'Joe" here'—and he gave the cinch an extra pull with his knotty hands, making the big roan fling his head round with snapping teeth—'he wouldn't know the difference 'tween you and a butterfly on his back. Will you come?'

But the girl shook her head, giving occasion for further outbursts of mirth and good-natured rallying of Nat, until he and his companions, waving their hats to Anita, and promising to take either herself or a letter to the 'love-sick forester' (more laughter), when they should return the following day, disappeared down the road.

Barrie's handsome mouth gave a wry twist. The whole incident, somehow, jarred upon him.

'Why couldn't she keep it to herself?' he reflected with disgust, adding sententiously ere he dismissed her from his mind, 'I might have expected it.'

For, as regards women, it was an inherent characteristic of this rather complex young Englishman that he was exceedingly fastidious, a trait presumably part and parcel of a subtly artistic temperament which, recognising in himself, he heartily detested, and strove to strangle as though it were a vice. Over against this lay, as it were, a streak of curious inertia, a sort of moral laziness, responsible for his becoming at the university, and later at the *École* in Paris, a pleasant, unprotesting companion to such of his friends as happened to tread in devious ways. Yet only up to a certain point. Then the fastidiousness stepped in, and saved him, a young man of attractive personality and liberal

purse, from committing any of the more serious follies which so often wreck the lives of such as he.

Had his mother, the descendant of a goodly line of artists, recognised in her son this special grace inherited from herself, she might have been spared many anxious prayers and tears during his early manhood; but herself the victim of a very Lothario of a husband, she lived in terror lest Gavin also fall by the way, and misconstrued a harmless, if lazy, compliance into the damnable weakness of the 'easily led.' His father's constitutional secretiveness, too, her apprehensions imagined to be reproduced in the husk of reserve in which her eldest son seemed to wrap himself—a reserve in reality wholly superficial, and due to this same streak of inertia that made the usual chatter about trifles a bore to him. By the grace of God, so his pious mother faithfully believed, her weak but lovable son would be preserved from the snares which beset the paths of youth, and among 'perils in the cities.' That the Almighty, through the instrumentality of her own flesh and blood, had thus equipped him to face and fell his fiercest foe, she had no conception, for of those hard-fought battles Gavin Barrie was not the man to speak.

So it was that the appeal which for a moment the piquant personality of Anita Lalonne had made to a certain side of his nature was at once counteracted by the eagerness and lack of reserve with which she chattered to these strange men of her sweetheart and prospective marriage, together with a certain crudity of speech, a sweet voice and rather pretty accent notwithstanding.

Removing his fishing-tackle to the rear of the tent, with unconfessed intent to avoid meeting the girl, this hypercritical young scion of the British race hurriedly finished his preparations, and calling his dog, strode rapidly away, down a steep, rough path leading from the station to Bear Creek. There, in the all-absorbing business of safe-guarding rod and line in the dense growth which, to the angler's grievous hindrance, closely barricaded those wilderness streams, he speedily forgot the very existence of Anita Lalonne.

(Continued on page 41.)

## LIGHT, HEAT, AND POWER OF THE FUTURE.

By E. FEARON.

ONE of the essential requirements of the present day, and one that will be more than ever essential in the future, is a cheap and clean form of heat and power in the factory, in the office, &c., and in the home, and signs are not wanting that a radical change is taking place, especially in the north of England, in this respect, and that the dream of many scientists of supplying these direct from the coalfield to the consumer

may yet come true. A survey of what has been done in America and on the Continent, and of what is taking place in our own country, is of particular interest just now, with the existence of State control of the collieries, the demand for increased supplies of motor fuel, and recent legislation respecting the supply of town's gas.

For years we have lagged behind Continental practice, and it is high time that in this, not to

mention other matters, Parliament should take the lead and formulate a policy for the whole country, instead of hindering progress, as has been done in the past. Nearly twenty years ago Germany had abandoned the illuminating power fetish, and allowed municipalities and companies to supply a practically non-luminous gas, only stipulating a standard calorific—that is, heating—value. Here, on the other hand, thousands upon thousands of pounds have been spent in obtaining parliamentary sanction to lower the illuminating power, and it was not till the war compelled us to obtain all the benzol and toluol possible that a Bill was brought forward to enable gas to be sold upon a common-sense basis—namely, upon the amount of heat it contains. The long-drawn-out discussions that have taken place, the array of counsel, the expense and worry of arguing the pros and cons, would be Gilbertian if they were not symbolic of our whole system of industrial inefficiency, and too serious a matter for the country at large. However, this is not the place, perhaps, for a diatribe on this aspect of the affair, but it is so bound up with the question that to avoid referring to it is not easy.

Briefly, the history of the subject is as follows. Gas for lighting purposes was first produced from coal, on a commercial scale, a little over a hundred years ago, and as the means for obtaining the required light depended upon the luminosity of the flame, it was necessary to retain in the gas the light-giving bodies called hydrocarbons, consisting of benzene, ethylene, &c. The invention of the Bunsen burner and the Welsbach mantle put a different aspect on the whole business, as it now became merely a matter of heating-power; but, even so, it has taken us all these years to realise the fact. Comment is almost superfluous!

Of late years many of the collieries have put up coke-oven plants at the pit-head, in which the hard metallurgical coke used for iron-smelting is made; large quantities of gas are driven off during the coking process, and as only about half of it is needed for heating the chambers, boilers, &c., and driving any gas-engines employed, the other half was generally burnt to waste. Well, it is no use crying over spilt milk, and it seems as if stern necessity was beginning to make us economical in spite of ourselves, so that when a startlingly cheap form of potential power is being allowed, quite unnecessarily, to light up the surrounding country, it is at last beginning to dawn on the intellect of a few bold spirits that it might be as well to utilise this power for the good of mankind, and, *mirabile dictu*, this is actually being done!

The figures relating to the industry for 1913 are the latest available, and on turning to them we find that thirteen thousand one hundred and sixty-seven beehive ovens and seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine by-product ovens were in operation, the former consuming some eight million tons of coal, and the latter twelve

million, a total of twenty million tons per annum. The state of things shown by the foregoing figures is alone sufficient to make us ashamed of ourselves as a scientific and progressive nation, for the Huns, as the daily press is so fond of calling our chief adversary, have only *one* beehive oven in the country, and that is kept as a curiosity and an awful example of 'how not to do it.' Incidentally, it would be most interesting to know what our backwardness and lack of enterprise in these matters has cost the country in men and money since August 1914. Of course, all this is going to be altered 'after the war,' so perhaps criticism must be reserved for the time being.

Still, the facts are there; and put into hard cash it amounts to this: twelve million tons of coal are carbonised in a scientific way, producing one hundred and forty-four thousand million cubic feet of gas, half of which, seventy-two thousand million feet, are available for power and other purposes at something like twopence a thousand feet; also the tar, ammonia, benzol, &c. are recovered. Now, eight million tons are carbonised in a wasteful, unscientific manner, and all that is obtained is some five millions tons of coke, the tar, ammonia, benzol, and gas being lost to the value of nearly three million pounds. The twenty million gallons of benzol would be particularly acceptable just now.

However, as beehive ovens, like a good many other uneconomical pieces of apparatus of pre-war days, will have to be remorselessly scrapped, and their place taken by recovery plants, we shall have ultimately some one hundred and twenty thousand million cubic feet of gas available, of a calorific value of about four hundred and fifty to five hundred B.Th.U., which could be sold at, say, twopence halfpenny per thousand feet. As most of the large industrial concerns, such as engineering works, ship-building yards, iron and steel works, &c., are situated in the north of England, and within reasonable distance of the collieries, there is at hand a source of energy which ought to be a tremendous help to them. Let us consider what happens at present. Sixty-five million tons of coal are used for power production each year, and if we assume that the boilers, engines, &c. are of an efficient type, we should expect to obtain, say, sixty thousand million horse-power from this quantity of coal, and if we take one pound a ton as a fair figure for coal, the cost works out at .26 penny per horse-power. In the case of coke-oven gas at twopence halfpenny per thousand cubic feet at the colliery, assuming it to be distributed by means of high-pressure mains, it could be sold to consumers at, say, fivepence per thousand, and if used in modern gas-engines would provide power at a cost of .10 penny per horse-power; or alternatively, if used for firing a boiler, and producing the requisite power by means of a steam-turbine, it

would cost a trifle more—say .14 penny. The choice would be largely governed by the output required, the latter method being the better where twenty thousand horse-power and over is desired. Under the conditions prevailing in 1913 this would represent about 10 per cent. of the total horse-power required; but as a great increase may be expected in all large industrial concerns when peace is restored, there is little doubt that 20 or 25 per cent. of the requisite power could be supplied in this way. However, if we take the amount at 10 per cent., then six thousand million horse-power at .26 penny would cost six million five hundred thousand pounds, and with coke-oven gas at the figure stated two million five hundred thousand pounds, a clear gain of four million pounds a year, which would go a good way to reducing costs.

Another scheme by which cheap power and light could be distributed from colliery districts to almost any part of Britain is by means of electricity at high voltage. This is practically an unknown quantity in Great Britain, but if we turn to California and the Western Pacific coast, we find that it is transmitted to great distances, even up to two hundred miles, San Francisco, for instance, being supplied with power from the generating station of the Standard Electric Company, one hundred and fifty-four miles away. In Mexico, the town of San Luis Potosi gets its power from a generating station two hundred miles away, the voltage employed being one hundred thousand. The mighty Niagara Falls, which are estimated to be able to yield five million horse-power, transmit power to Syracuse, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, at sixty thousand volts; Rio de Janeiro, a city larger than Manchester, obtains its light and power from a source fifty miles distant. Numerous other instances could be given of towns in different parts of the world which are supplied on similar lines, and many electricians speak confidently of a time when power will be transmitted, at two hundred thousand volts, to distances upwards of four hundred miles.

In Great Britain ten thousand volts are regarded as rather daring, and even this comparatively low-pressure supply has not been exploited to any great extent; but, with increasing cost of coal, some scheme of light and power supply, such as is in existence abroad, is bound to make its appearance before long. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished; we have endured fogs and dirt far too long already, and any scheme which will help to banish them will be welcomed. To some extent a start has already been made on the lines suggested, and a brief account of what has been done may serve to show the possibilities that are latent.

In England, Middlesbrough, a town of some one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants, is the first town of any size to secure a supply of

coke-oven gas and distribute it through the town's mains in place of gas made at their own works. The gas is obtained from Messrs Sir B. Samuelson & Co., Limited, of the Newport Iron Works, and has a net calorific value of about six hundred B.Th.U.; the corporation can obtain one million six hundred thousand cubic feet per day, and has been so supplied without any trouble since October 1914.

The Sheffield Gas Company, which before the war were supplying gas to large consumers at tenpence a thousand feet, are now asking Parliament for authorisation to purchase 'coke-oven gas and gas in a crude and unpurified form;' and, doubtless, other companies and corporations will follow suit.

After all, it is no more than a common-sense proposition. For years past the coal has been raised at the pit, filled into wagons, conveyed by rail or boat to the works, there unloaded into bunkers, and finally fed into retorts or used for heating boilers. Does it not seem a much simpler and more economical method to manufacture the gas on the spot, so avoiding carriage and handling, and then either distribute it at high pressure to the place where it is wanted, or convert it directly into electricity and distribute it?

The North-East Coast power scheme is a good example of what may be achieved in this direction. Here you have an area with a population of some two and a-half millions, which produces about 20 per cent. of the coal and 40 per cent. of the iron raised or made in the whole kingdom, and by utilising coke-oven or black-furnace gases, it supplies electricity in bulk to towns and urban districts at prices considerably less than any local authority could do.

Some two hundred and twenty thousand horse-power is generated, and most of the large industrial establishments—including iron and steel works, engineering shops, shipbuilding yards, &c.—obtain their power in this way, as do many tramway companies. It has resulted in a great reduction of smoke throughout the district, economy of fuel, and much cheaper power than could be obtained by small and scattered units working independently.

Since it has been definitely proved that it is possible to provide power, light, and heat on this comparatively large scale, and since the experience of the towns quoted shows that there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of long-distance electric transmission, it becomes merely a matter of time till even London itself may be lighted and heated and derive its power from the coalfields of Lancashire or Yorkshire, and we should then be able to erect buildings which would retain their pristine freshness, the eternal fight against dirt that breaks the hearts of millions of women would be very considerably lessened, and in every conceivable way the lot of the poor and the lower middle-class would be enormously improved.

It is, naturally, difficult to say at what price gas or electricity generated at the colliery could be supplied one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles away, but there is little doubt it would be a good deal less than that at which any individual concern could supply them. As a cheap supply of energy, in one form or another, is becoming more and more essential, especially if our industries are to increase and compete with those of other countries after the war, it may be as well to consider what might be done if the whole of the coal at present used in the raw state were gasified in the colliery districts.

If we take the figures for 1913, and deduct the quantity used by gas-works, coke-oven plants, railways, &c., we have one hundred and thirty million tons used in various industries, in domestic heating, and so on. Now, to handle the one hundred and thirty million tons, and transport them all over the country, requires a great number of men, and is a very costly business indeed; and although small towns and villages could scarcely hope to participate in the advantages that would accrue if the coal were gasified, it will be safe to assume that the large towns of England use about one hundred million tons of raw coal a year. From this quantity of coal some two hundred and fifty million gallons of benzol could be obtained, and as, for all practical purposes, it is as good as, if not better than, petrol for internal combustion engines, and as motor vehicles of all sorts, aeroplanes, &c. will be increasingly used, there is here some solution of the petrol problem. Just before war broke out, we had to import one hundred million

gallons of petrol a year, and as the supply is limited, prices are already six times what they were a few years ago. Moreover, the supplies of petrol are by no means inexhaustible, and with increasing demand for it in the countries which contain petroleum, there is every likelihood of a petrol famine in Great Britain in the near future. Nitrogen, again, is a necessity of modern life either as nitric acid or as sulphate of ammonia, and of this we should secure some three hundred thousand tons; also about a million tons of sulphur, which could be converted into three million tons of sulphuric acid, for which there is an ever-increasing demand. From every point of view, such a scheme would be an advantage to the whole community, and if 'the powers that be' will only take this, and other matters, in hand, Britain will reap *some* benefit from the sacrifices she has been called upon to make. In conclusion, it may be pointed out, as significant of a good deal, that the majority of the coke-oven plants are of German origin, and were erected here under German supervision, and one of the stipulations made was that the benzol should be returned to Germany.

Do let us wake up to the fact that in our own country we have the brains and the energy to supply our needs for a great number of things which we obtained from Germany; but Parliament must give encouragement in every possible way to manufacturers, scientists, and others, else there is great danger of our once more depending upon outside sources of supply, and we shall have failed to learn the lesson of this terrible war.

## THE 'MARINER'S' RETURN.

### CHAPTER III.

THE bell tolled mournfully, and every member of the ship's company who could be spared from his duty went silently aft to the quarter-deck. They were clad in their ordinary sea-going clothes, the clothes they had fought in—some in sea-boots, mufflers, and thick 'lammy coats'; others in fearnought stokehold garments or greasy overalls, just as they had come from their work. Not a few wore bandages; while they were all uncouth-looking, unshaven, and dirty, their tense expressions and tired eyes showing something of the ordeal through which they had passed.

Aft, in the stern, under a brand-new White Ensign fluttering at half-mast from a spar doing temporary duty as an ensign-staff, was a heap covered over with the red, white, and blue folds of all the Union-Jacks and White Ensigns they had been able to find. A puff of wind filched the bunting covering to one side, to disclose long, shapeless bundles sewn up in canvas. There were eight of them. They were the

*Mariner's* gallant dead, who, with practice projectiles at their feet, were awaiting burial.

The men, fallen in in their ranks, glanced at them out of the corners of their eyes, and then averted their gaze. There lay the mortal remains of eight of their shipmates—men they had lived with and had known well; men they had been wont to call by their nicknames, and who, a short four-and-twenty hours before, had been alive and well like themselves. Now they were merely bundles of flesh sewn up in coarse canvas.

Never again would they hear the hoarse, barking laugh of 'Paddy' Taylor. Never again would they see old 'Chats' Harris, able seaman, grumbling away to himself on the mess-deck as he twirled the handle of his antiquated sewing-machine. No more would 'Orace' Walker play his accordion, or 'Nosey' Parker indite his letters aloud to his wife and his three children.

No. Paddy, Chats, 'Orace, Nosey, and the others had finished with this world. The

*Mariner* would never see them again. They were dead, and even now their spirits were in some mysterious place called Paradise; while presently all that remained of their mortal bodies would be committed to the deep. And at home in England wives, sweethearts, relations, and friends were confidently awaiting their return, and counting the days till they came on leave again. . . . They would never return.

Dead! It seemed impossible!

There was not a man in that hushed little group on the quarter-deck who did not feel the solemnity of it, who was not thinking of how nearly he himself had escaped being one of those shrouded forms in its hammock with a shot at his feet.

Wooten stopped the ship, clambered painfully down from the bridge, and reappeared on the quarter-deck with a prayer-book.

'Ship's company—'shun!' from the sub-lieutenant. 'Off caps!'

The lieutenant-commander, a bandage round his head and his left arm in a sling, stepped into their midst. He stood there for a moment, swaying to the easy rolling of the ship, while the wind fluttered the leaves of the book in his hand. Then he began to read.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

"Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery' . . . he continued huskily, while the men, some of them with tears in their eyes, looked down towards the deck.

Then came the awful moment.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the souls of our dear brothers here departed"—the reader paused and looked up, while a petty-officer and three men turned back the bunting, placed the first hammock reverently on a mess-table, and approached the ship's side—"we therefore commit their bodies to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead)" . . . .

Wooten nodded, and the four bearers, swaying uneasily under their burden, tilted the mess-table. The laden hammock hung for a moment, and then slid off and dropped overboard with an agonising 'plop,' to vanish in the gray-green water in a little splash of spray and a few bubbles breaking on the surface.

The other seven followed. . . . Somebody in the rear rank started to sob audibly.

"I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours."

Wooten, with a lump in his throat, read through the remainder of the service, and

nodded to the sub-lieutenant after the final 'Amen.'

'Ship's company—on caps!' came the order.

The commanding-officer, still bareheaded, ran his eye up and down the ranks. He felt he ought to say something, but could hardly trust himself to speak without breaking down.

'Men,' he said at last, drawing himself up, 'I want to thank you all for what you did yesterday and the splendid way you behaved. I'm proud of you, and proud of being your commanding-officer. I'—He hesitated. 'I can't say any more now,' he added, a suspicious tremor in his voice; 'but I can't tell you how proud I am. —Dismiss the ship's company, Mr Hargreaves.'

The simple words, spoken straight from his heart, touched his hearers. The men went forward silently.

There had been none of the pomp and circumstance of an ordinary naval funeral. There was no gun-carriage followed by the mourners, no band playing the 'Dead March,' no three volleys fired over the grave, no 'Last Post' sounded on the bugles. Nothing but a battle-scarred little ship rolling uneasily to the sea, the gray ocean, and the splashes of vivid colour in the half-masted White Ensign fluttering bravely against its background of leaden sky. There was no pomp and circumstance, but none the less the pathetic scene had been solemn and impressive.

And at home in England women wept and women waited in agonising suspense—waited, in many cases, for those who would never return.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The weather grew steadily worse, and at sundown the same evening, by which time the crippled pair were still some seventy miles from the coast, the wind and sea had risen alarmingly. The *Minx*, not so seriously damaged as her consort, and able to steam at any speed up to about twenty knots, was making tolerably good weather of it.

Not so the wounded *Mariner*. Her speed had gradually dropped from ten knots to nine, and from nine to a leisurely crawl of barely more than seven, for, though the pumps and ejectors were still keeping the water under, Wooten did not feel justified in taking unnecessary risks by forcing her head into the sea. Even as it was, her upper deck was dangerously close to the crests of the foaming whitecaps as they swished past. Some of them were actually breaking on board.

The *Minx* was senior officer, and knowing that her people would be chafing at the delay, Wooten had signalled to her during the afternoon. 'Won't you go on and get in before dark?' his semaphore spelt out.

'How about you?' came back the answer.

'Water is being kept under,' said Wooten. 'No anxiety. Can steam at slow speed, but if sea increases shall have to reduce.'

'Shall remain in company with you until you are in safety,' was the answer. 'Would you like to be towed?'

'Not so bad as all that, thank you,' said the *Mariner*.

Darkness came, thick and impalpable, and still they struggled on. The night seemed interminable. Nobody slept, and all through the long hours men went round tightening plugs and readjusting the wedges of the shores which tended to loosen themselves with the heavy labouring of the ship. She rolled, pitched, and wallowed, while all the time the men in the engine-room nursed their hardly-tried machinery. All through the night Wooten never left the bridge, but always he could see the dull stern-light of the *Minx* rising and falling on the seas a short distance ahead. He blessed it. It seemed like a star guiding him to safety.

At two o'clock the next morning the sea began to abate as they felt the lee of the land, and when the dawn came they saw the long line of the coast stretching across the horizon before them. The sight of it brought gladness to their weary souls and revived their jaded hearts.

They were unaware of their exact position until they drew near enough to recognise landmarks, and it was not until ten o'clock that the two battered ships crawled slowly up the sluggish river of a certain port on the east coast.

An hour later they had secured alongside a jetty and the wounded were being disembarked. Some were past caring; but the others smoked their cigarettes, waved their caps, and shouted to their shipmates as they were lifted tenderly ashore and placed in the motor-ambulances waiting to take them to hospital.

'Are we down-hearted?' yelled a voice.

'No!' came back the roaring reply.

'So long, Nutty! So long, Pincher! So long, Ginger! Come back soon!'

'Come back?' laughed the irrepressible Ginger, putting his fingers to his nose as he stepped on to the footboard of his vehicle. 'Come back? Not in these 'ere trousers! I'm off on a drop o' leaf in me motor-car! Na then,' he went on, striking an attitude. 'Stand back, there! Stand back, you boys!—Mind the step, lady! Thank you kindly, miss,' making a low bow and doffing his cap; 'that'll be ninepence change.—Walk up, genn'elmen! Any more for th' Marble Harch, Hearl's Court, Piccadilly Circus, and Colney 'Atch? All the way for a tanner! Walk up! Walk——' 'Ere, guv'nor,' as the driver moved a lever and the ambulance shot forward with a jolt which nearly flung him into the road. 'Old 'ard a minit, carn't yer!'

'S'long, Ginger boy!' howled his shipmates.

'S'long, boys!' he bawled, waving his cap. 'S'long!'

Wooten waved his hand. The motor 'honked' furiously, and vanished in a cloud of dust and a volley of cheers.

It was all over. The *Mariner* had won through—but at a price.

#### CHAPTER V.

Mrs Martin laid down the newspaper with a sigh and gazed fondly at the photograph of her sailor son.

She was not naturally emotional, but for hours her mind had been racked and tortured by doubt and anxiety. She could not bring herself to think. Her brain seemed incapable of sustained effort, though sometimes, chiding herself for a silly woman, she tried her hardest to convince herself that Bill—her Bill—was safe. There was nothing really to worry about. She was not even certain that the *Mariner* had taken part in the fight. But the optimistic feeling never lasted for very long, and deep down in her heart there was always that dull, gnawing feeling of despair and a dismal foreboding of evil. She felt, somehow, in her bones that her son had been in action, and nothing could make her think otherwise.

Her husband, stolid and phlegmatic though he usually was, did his utmost to comfort her, but without much success. His wife saw through his little wiles and artifices, and even an outsider would have noticed that he, too, was depressed and gloomy. So his clumsy, well-meant efforts had little effect.

It was so difficult to form any real opinion, or to know what to believe.

The British fleet had won a great victory—that everybody soon realised; but its losses had admittedly been heavy, and in the first bald, official account of the engagement vouchsafed to the public through the medium of the newspapers, five destroyers, among other vessels, were mentioned by name as having been sunk. Another six, unnamed, were 'still unaccounted for,' and suppose the *Mariner* were one of them!

Then came another later *communiqué* announcing that the total loss in destroyers amounted to eight vessels in all, though the lessening of the chances of the *Mariner's* being one of them brought little or no relief to the anxious mother and father in the little country cottage.

But they put a brave face on it, and perked up visibly on the morning of June 4 when they read in the Sunday paper the names of the three craft hitherto unmentioned. The *Mariner* was not one of them.

Then, soon after noon, came a bomb-shell in the shape of a telegram from the Secretary of the Admiralty. 'Regret inform you William Martin—ordinary seaman—severely wounded—progressing favourably,' it said in terse official phraseology.

Nothing more. Not another word.

How were they to know that wounds received in action were officially classed under three different headings—'dangerous,' 'severe,' and

'slight'? How could they be aware, if their son had been in the slightest danger of his life, that they, as his next-of-kin, would have been summoned to the hospital with the least possible delay?

They knew nothing of these things. Their Bill was severely wounded, the official telegram said, and that was quite enough to knock the bottom out of their little world. Mrs Martin, for the first time in her life, fainted.

But the same evening, when the post-office roused itself from its Sunday afternoon apathy, there came another telegram, and this time from a soft-hearted sister of Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service serving at a naval hospital on the east coast: 'Operation on your son most successful—no danger—patient very cheerful—getting on excellently—asks to see you—come if possible—book to —,' followed by the name of the place.

The sister had apparently forgotten that the price of telegrams had risen to ninepence for twelve words, but she little knew what joy her message brought to the hearts of two people.

Mrs Martin dried her eyes and smiled again. Her husband went off to ask a day's holiday on the morrow, and to borrow a Bradshaw from the vicar. He was away a very long time. He was telling every one he met of the wonderful news.

'Our Bill' had been wounded in the great battle. Mr Martin felt very proud.

#### CHAPTER VI.

And so it came to pass that at two o'clock the next afternoon Mr and Mrs Martin, hot, dusty, and rather dishevelled, found themselves disembarking from a train at a distant railway station. They were both unused to travelling, and the cross-country journey had been very trying, for, leaving home at six o'clock after a hurried breakfast, they had had to change no less than three times. True, the vicar had insisted on lending them his dogcart and groom-gardener to drive them to Caxton station; but even the magnificence of their arrival—witnessed only by the booking-clerk and one sleepy-eyed porter, but the news of which would presently reach Mrs Ruff, and, through her, half the population of the village—could not altogether atone for the discomforts of the journey.

The day was unusually hot. The carriages were crowded and stuffy, and Reuben, attired in his Sunday garments and wearing a brand-new, highly genteel, stiff collar, was inclined to be fractious at things in general, and at missing his substantial midday dinner in particular. A glass of inferior ale and two doubtful sausage-rolls, purchased at a railway buffet from a supercilious, frizzy-haired, tightly attired young woman with a brazen stare, was not sufficient to sustain any British working-man with a

healthy appetite. Mrs Martin had lunched simply off a cup of tea and several slices of home-made cake produced from the depths of her capacious string bag. Her husband rather envied her, for home-made cake, whatever its faults, was certainly filling at the price.

The languid fairy behind the bar, moreover, though she wore the badge of the Army Service Corps pinned to her bosom, took little interest in the war, and none whatsoever in the welfare of Mr William Martin, ordinary seaman in His Majesty's Navy. Indeed, when Reuben told her his news, she merely lifted her eyebrows, yawned, and remarked, 'Reely naow; haow interestin'!' punctuating the sapient observation with a peremptory demand for one and fourpence.

Sixteenpence for a glass of watery beer, a cup of weak tea, and a couple of sausage-rolls all wind and stale pastry! Preposterous!

But Reuben dared not object. The haughty damsel affected the airs of a duchess at a charity bazaar. Perhaps she was a duchess, he reflected; one never knew what the women were up to nowadays.

Also, the Martins were rather oppressed by their clothes, for both husband and wife wore their Sunday best. Reuben was in a suit of shiny black cloth, a bowler hat, and a pair of boots rather too small for him. His large, calloused hands were encased in yellow kid gloves, while his high collar, so tight that he could hardly breathe, was in a state of pulp before the journey was half over. Indeed, its owner spent most of the time gasping like a fish out of water and in removing his head-gear to mop a shiny forehead with a red cotton handkerchief.

Plump little Mrs Martin wore a black dress originally purchased for her sister Jane's funeral, but which, with sundry alterations and additions, had since been called into use for wear on Sundays, and at dairy shows, jumble sales, and other village dissipations. She had black cotton gloves, a short cloak of black satin trimmed with sequins and jet beads, with a bonnet of the same sombre hue, adorned with a nodding feather and a bow of crimson velvet. The bonnet, embellished with bows of different colours for the sake of variety, likewise did duty on all solemn and festive occasions.

Mrs Martin's face was moist and crimson, and she clutched the bulging string bag, which, besides her lunch and a copy of the *Family Herald*, contained a pork-pie, two pots of home-made black-currant jam, and fifty cigarettes. They were presents for her wounded son; and how was she to know that pork-pies, at any rate, did not as a rule figure in the diet sheets of hospitals? Her Bill was fond of them, and that was all she thought about.

The tiresome journey came to an end at last, and leaving the station, the couple embarked upon a lengthy wrangle with an elderly and disreputable-looking Jehu perched on the box

of a mid-Victorian 'growler.' He, observing that 'times was 'ard' and that they were strangers, eventually condescended to drive them to the hospital for the sum of half-a-crown. It was good of him, for the distance, as the crow flew, was little more than half a mile, though one and three quarters by the circuitous route by which he took them. Ignorance is bliss, and the Martins did not discover the real distance until afterwards.

But they got to the hospital at last, and, after being questioned by an inquisitive hall-porter as to their business, were conducted through interminable corridors and handed over to Sister Smith, the nurse in charge of the ward in which Martin was a patient.

'Oh,' she said, 'I'm so glad you've come. Your son will be so pleased to see you.'

'And how is he, miss?' asked the anxious mother.

'Getting on splendidly,' said the nurse. 'He's one of our best patients, and so cheerful.'

'That's good news, miss,' said Reuben. 'An' how was he wounded?'

'Three shell wounds in the back,' said the nurse. 'Poor boy! I'm afraid he was in some pain when he came; but he was so brave, and since the operation he's picked up wonderfully. He'll be fit to travel to Haslar Hospital in a fortnight, and when he's quite well again he'll be sent on sick leave. But I expect you're in a hurry to see him,' she added, smiling. 'If you will excuse me a moment, I'll tell him you're here.'

'Thank you, miss.'

The nurse hurried off, to reappear again in a few moments. 'Will you come this way, please?' she said. 'Oh, but excuse me,' she went on, eyeing Mrs Martin's bag. 'Is that something for your son?'

'Yes, miss,' said Mrs Martin cheerfully. 'I've brought him one o' those pork-pies he's so fond of, and two pots o' jam. Likewise a few cigarettes.'

Sister Smith looked solemn. 'I'm afraid he

can't have the pork-pie or the jam,' she observed. 'You see, he's on a special diet at present. He will be pleased with the cigarettes, though.'

'An' me bringin' them all this way!' Mrs Martin protested.

'What a pity!' said the nurse consolingly. 'However, if you like to leave the jam with me, he shall have it when he gets better. The pork-pie won't keep, will it? But I dare say I can find some use for it with one of the other patients if you like to leave it.'

Mrs Martin, very reluctantly, was forced to disgorge everything except the cigarettes and the *Family Herald*, and two minutes later father and mother were standing at their son's bedside in the large, airy ward.

'Ullo, ma! 'Ullo, father! 'Ow goes it?' demanded the patient, with a cheerful grin. 'Fine ole time I've bin 'avin'! Fancy me bein' wounded an' landed in 'orspital!'

The mother, her eyes brimming with tears of thankfulness, bent down and kissed the white face on the pillow—kissed it again and again. 'Oh Bill!' she murmured. 'Thank God you've come back safe!'

Her son, unable to rise, patted her affectionately on the shoulder. 'That's orl right, ma,' he said. 'Don't take on so! It isn't nothin' to go gettin' worried over.'

'Can't help it, Bill dear,' she whispered huskily, while her husband, hat in hand, stood by with a sheepish grin and a lump in his throat.

'You 'aven't said, "'Ow-de-do?" father,' said Bill, wringing his hand. 'Ow's the village gettin' on? 'Ow's everythin' at 'ome, an' li'l Halbert?'

'Fine, son,' his father answered.

'Gosh!' ejaculated the patient, fumbling under his pillow and holding out three slivers of ragged steel. 'That's wot they took out o' me back. Pretty things, isn't they? Lor' lumme, though,' he added, 'we didn't 'arf give them blokes an 'ammerin'!'

THE END.

## A RED INDIAN CAMP IN THE OLD DAYS.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE.

IT is wonderful how a chance word, spoken or read, may waken into life a long train of slumbering memories. At this moment I am realising the truth of this familiar observation. Picking up a little book of travel and adventure published by Blackwood in 1851, under the title of *Life in the Far West*, I happened to read the following passage: 'Passing the Wa-ka-rasha, a well-timbered stream, they met a band of Osages going "to buffalo." These Indians, in common with some tribes of the Pawnees, shave the head, with the exception of a ridge from the forehead

to the centre of the scalp, which is "roached" or hogged like the mane of a mule, and stands erect, plastered with unguents, and ornamented with feathers of the hawk and turkey. The naked scalp is often painted in mosaic with black and red, the face with shining vermilion.' These words at once recalled an old experience of my own, to be described shortly, in connection with the same tribe.

The period of the encounter mentioned in the above passage was somewhere about the year 1830. The Osages, or, more correctly, the

Wasajie—for the dissyllabic 'O-sage' seems to be an erroneous pronunciation of an earlier French 'O-sa-gé' (the stress being laid on the first syllable)—belong to the great family of the Sioux Indians, and they formerly ranged over the territory stretching between the Lower Missouri and the Lower Arkansas. Their home, indeed, was that 'wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,' into which Longfellow's Evangeline vainly followed her lover.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roeluck;  
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Such was the land of the Wasajis when they were first seen by white men. But their territory became gradually more and more circumscribed, until in 1871 the Government of the United States removed them to a reservation in the north-eastern corner of Oklahoma. Mr George A. Dorsey, a well-known American anthropologist, who visited them in 1901-1903, partly for the purpose of collecting their folk-tales, gives a melancholy account of them. 'They are degenerating rapidly,' he says, 'are very lazy, and much addicted to drink; the use of the peyote or mescal [a bitter but intoxicating liquor brewed from small red berries] among them is rapidly increasing.' Indeed, owing to this habit, the old men of the tribe were seldom in a fit condition to furnish Mr Dorsey with the tales and traditions which he sought to obtain from them.

They were a very different and a higher people when they were encountered on one occasion by the present writer, who was then a member of an 'outfit' of bison-hunters on the plains of south-western Kansas. At that time the bison still roamed in hundreds of thousands over the western prairies, although the trans-continental railway had divided 'the main herd' into 'the north herd' and 'the south herd.' It was, of course, the south herd that we were following when we came upon the Wasajis. They had no legal right to be there at all,

beyond the northern limit of the Indian Territory, otherwise Oklahoma, or, in frontier parlance, 'The Nation,' but they cared little for the white man's law, and these western plains were still unsettled, inhabited only by wild animals, Indians, and occasional wandering whites.

Our little train of wagons was rattling merrily over the prairie one bright February morning, when we caught sight of a tall, brown figure, with his gun over his shoulder, striding along in our direction, but bearing off at a tangent to our line of march. I had already seen tame Indians, but this was my first wild specimen, and he was good enough to satisfy a youthful imagination nursed on the romances of Fenimore Cooper and his school. As he came abreast of us, though at some distance out, he turned his head and looked at us for a moment, taking in our appearance and numbers. 'Some more of those accursed whites, come to rob us of our game,' was no doubt his inward thought. But he held on his way without bestowing any further attention on us, and soon an undulation of the prairie hid him from our view. A few minutes later we were confronted by an old Indian, who emerged from the brushwood on our left; for we were nearing a watercourse, fringed with a growth of cotton-woods and other trees. He was wrapped in his blanket, and stood regarding us gloomily, a full-blooded Indian, with strongly marked features of a distinctly Mongoloid character. There was nothing of the poetic Indian about him, for the only English word he seemed to know was 'mooney,' which he grunted at us several times in a questioning way. No money being forthcoming, he had to content himself with a little tobacco. By this time two or three other Indians had appeared upon the scene. Ascertaining from one of these who could speak English that their camp was only a few hundred yards distant, and that a visit from us would not be resented, although it was not invited, several of us, leaving our weapons in the wagons, under the charge of our comrades, followed our new acquaintances through the 'brush' until we came to the open ground where their camp was situated.

The number of their lodges, or *teepees*, which were not conical, but rounded or oval, very much like the tents of English gypsies, indicated a large band, and this inference was strengthened by the sight of a herd of one hundred and fifty or two hundred small horses, or 'Indian ponies,' grazing near at hand. Not many men were visible, some being away hunting, while others kept themselves retired within their wigwams. But the squaws were busy with their daily duties, numerous children were running about at play, and several men and youths condescended to converse with their white visitors. We shook hands with each other, exchanging the Indian salutation 'How!' (probably a corruption of 'How do you do?'), and having a certain

amount of friendly intercourse. We learned that they formed a subdivision of the band ruled over by 'Sunset,' at that time a well-known chief of acknowledged ability. He was not with them on this occasion, and his lieutenant, too proud to hold converse with a few casual hunters, was at that moment sitting in his lodge, engaged in playing cards with some of his braves. Had we been representatives of the White Father at Washington, prepared to listen to or to offer some proposal to their advantage, our reception would have been much more cordial.

Among other little scraps of information, we learned that it was their intention to make a raid upon the settlements when the grass was 'that high'—a design which, for some reason or another, they did not carry out until the following year. We could see that they were well equipped for such an adventure, as they possessed beautiful rifles of the latest pattern. Some youths, clad only in breech-cloth and leggings, who were lounging about, were almost as formidable opponents in a more primitive way, for they showed a devilish facility in launching an iron-pointed arrow, dartwise, at a slender sapling some fifteen or twenty feet off, where it stuck, quivering in such a manner as to make at least one of the spectators inwardly resolve to keep a steady watch upon their movements.

The squaws were, of course, the only busy people in the camp. Some were returning from the groves that bordered the neighbouring stream, bearing great back-burdens of brushwood for their fires. Others were actively employed in dressing 'green' buffalo-hides. These were stretched horizontally, with the pelt undermost, upon upright stakes about waist-high, and the women, having spread upon the raw skin a moist preparation in which deer's brains formed an important ingredient (as we were led to understand), were engaged in rubbing in this composition by means of long-handled wooden scrapers, resembling the rake of a croupier at a gaming-table, which they pushed steadily to and fro. By this method any tendency to putrefaction was arrested, and the skin cleansed and rendered soft and pliant. As we paused for a minute to watch this process, the squaws found time to bestow several glances, not unkindly, on their alien visitors, joking with each other in their own tongue after the frivolous way of women.

It is not quite correct to say that the men in camp were all absolutely idle, for we came upon a scene of a most interesting description, in which an Indian barber was at work. This scene, indeed, illustrated the striking fashion referred to by the early writer whose words are quoted in the opening paragraph of this paper. Seated on the ground was a very dignified personage, upon whose *chevelure* the hairdresser was operating with a pair of scissors. The chief's scalp was shaved on both sides almost

up to the crown, leaving a ridge or crest of stiff, brush-like hair, 'hogged like the mane of a mule, and standing erect.' Seen in profile, this produced an effect exactly like that of the artificial brush surmounting the helmet of a Roman knight, or of his modern representative the French cuirassier. Indeed, since there is a reason for every fashion, it is not at all unlikely that the horse-hair ridge on the Roman helmet derived its origin from a natural growth treated in the same way as among these Red Indians of the nineteenth century. The shaven scalp of this chief—for he was clearly a man of consequence—was powdered with a bright vermilion dust, and his cheeks were similarly ornamented. It was evident that he resented our presence, although our observation of him was discreet and brief, for he paid as little attention to us as possible. And it must be admitted that no gentleman in the hands of his *coiffeur* would welcome the intrusion of spectators, even if these were his personal friends. On the other hand, the attitude of the hairdresser was extremely amicable. In view of his occupation, it seems very appropriate that he had a dash of French blood in his veins, and, by inheritance, knew a little of the French language. At the present day one is apt to associate the French Indian with Canada alone, but in former times the whole of the vast territory from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico was a French 'sphere of influence.' Survivals of this era are found even yet in the place-names and tribal-names of that region, in the familiar word 'prairie' itself, and in the speech of certain castes in New Orleans, black as well as white, whose mother-tongue is French. In his very manner this Wasaji barber displayed a good deal of French suavity, and the way in which, as a token of friendliness, he playfully snipped a few hairs from the beard of one of my comrades was French rather than Indian. There could be no doubt that he was pleased to see us, whether this was due to his strain of European blood or to his own natural amiability. The fashion of dressing the hair just described was not exemplified by any of the other Indians whom we saw. If, as is probable, it was restricted to men of condition, other examples would have been found in the chief's tent, but this we were not allowed to enter.

We did gain admission, however, into another tent, where, among various domestic utensils, we observed one of the hand coffee-mills so common in the United States, and also common in Britain during the early nineteenth century. It will be seen that, although these Wasajis were what is called 'blanket Indians'—that is to say, Indians living in the ancestral fashion and despising the 'store clothes' of the whites—they availed themselves of such useful articles as coffee-mills, scissors, and breech-loading rifles, not to speak of playing-cards. But they drew

a sharp distinction at articles of apparel. It was in this very tent that a youthful member of our party, disencumbering himself of a brightly coloured football belt that it was his fancy to wear, submitted it to one of our guides with the suggestion that it might be bartered for a pair of moccasins or some such gear. The Indian examined the belt without any emotion, and then handed it back to the owner with the cold observation, 'We don't wear them things.' After all, why should he have had the least desire to become the possessor of this alien girdle? Nomads are not collectors of curios, and in all races people prefer to dress like their kindred and not like foreigners.

As the short sentence just quoted indicates, those Indians who were acquainted with English employed the ungrammatical speech of the ordinary frontier whites. This, of course, was quite natural, as these were the white people with whom they were most in contact.

Our visit was not of long duration, for we had to remember the comrades who, not without some anxiety, were awaiting our return. So, bidding farewell to our hosts, we withdrew from the camp, accompanied by a following of boys and girls. Attracted partly by the novelty of our appearance, these youngsters had attached themselves to us at an early stage of the proceedings. They seemed quite devoid of any inherited aversion to the 'palefaces,' and indeed made more than one half-shy, half-bold advance. As we left the camp behind us, we might have been so many Pied Pipers, with these children skipping joyously about us, oblivious of all claims of family and race. Even after we had regained our wagons, which were at once set in motion, some of these youthful Indians still ran after us, only just evading our attempts to carry them off. Without being aware of it, they had, by their natural and spontaneous action, erased all racial distinctions, and we felt that we were parting from friends when their figures gradually diminished in the distance.

The impression given to us by this Indian camp was that of a well-organised, healthy, happy community, living its own life, after the ancestral fashion, without interference from others.

The present condition of these people is that of steadily increasing degradation. It is futile to seek for some one to blame for this result. White men and red men are alike the victims of an inexorable destiny. The Indians have been deprived of their hunting-grounds, which matters little now, since there is no longer any game to hunt. Thus their hereditary methods of obtaining food, clothing, occupation, and amusement have all been rendered nugatory. Equivalents, or what are meant to be equivalents, are given to them. They are now the pensioners of the whites, and have the means of subsistence. Moreover, the most admirable arrangements are

made for their education, according to white ideas. They—that is, the Red Indians generally—have every opportunity for acquiring training as farmers, artisans, tradesmen, or professional men. There are many Indians at the present day of the best education, ladies and gentlemen in every sense. But these have taken on an alien civilisation, and have forsaken the ways of their forefathers. The real representatives of the old life, so far as it can still be represented, are those unhappy people who seek to forget their misery in intoxicants, and sit all day brooding over the irrevocable past. The camp by the prairie stream, as I saw it many years ago, typifies a condition of things that has passed away for ever.

#### HIS MAJESTY'S MINE-SWEEPERS.

WHEN this cruel war is over and the full history told,  
What a tale of deeds upon the sea that story will unfold,  
Of men who faced a sudden death in many an awful form,  
When they boldly braved for Britain's sake the battle and the storm!

We are thankful for our battleships that proudly ride the wave,  
And well we know the men aboard are the bravest of the brave,  
That our cruisers and destroyers with ever-ready guns  
Are always keeping watch and ward against the prowling Huns.

But do we all remember the glorious work of these  
His Majesty's mine-sweepers who go clearing of the seas  
Of dark and grim and deadly shapes that have hurled to the deep  
Many hundred gallant fighting men now sleeping their last sleep?

The fisher-lads of Britain have left trawling nets and lines  
To handle the steel hawser and go groping for the mines.  
The hardy men from merchant ships have donned the Navy blue,  
And are helping with stout hearts and hands to pull the country through.

They may not meet an enemy exchanging blow for blow,  
But one that lurks beneath their keels wherever they may go.  
There comes no stir of battle their spirits to inflame,  
Yet day by day a deadly risk is with them all the same.

So may God bless these gallant men who keep our tideways free,  
And never flinch from duty in all perils of the sea,  
Who, be they fishers, merchant jacks, or Royal Naval tars,  
Are saviours of our Empire in the greatest of all wars.

R. O'D. ROSS-LEWIN.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

'No. 13.'

By C. A. NASH.

PART I.

I WAS in the City two years since for the first time for nearly fifty years. My visit was to old St Helens, and its particular object a very ancient house, situated in a rather dark court off that busy thoroughfare. I have often thought that the London merchants of a couple of centuries ago who chose those quiet old nooks for their offices and warehouses showed much sense. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between the roar of the great thoroughfares and the almost monastic quiet of these retiring courts and yards.

The old house which was the object of my visit was No. 3 Dove Court, and my visit was valedictory. The house had been, up to six months before, my own property; but a large area, in which it was included, had been bought over by the London County Council, and the old houses—most of them, indeed, in an advanced stage of senile decay—were to be demolished to make way for the modern many-flatted palaces in which business is carried on in the London of to-day.

I suppose, when a man reaches his seventieth year, he is, to some extent at least, a *laudator temporis acti*. I by no means fail to acknowledge the many and vast improvements that have taken place since I first knew Dove Court; nor do I undervalue the important aids afforded by the telephone and cheap telegraph rates—they were very expensive in my time; but I cannot help thinking that there was more dignity in City life in my early days. We did not rush about with our hats on the back of our heads, or, indeed, hatless altogether, as I see hundreds of the younger generation of to-day. But I suppose I had better tell my story, and let the young men wear their hats as they like, or dispense with them altogether should they prefer to do so.

Our firm was known as Wigers & Cripplebury, Spanish and Portuguese Produce Importers, Dove Court, Great St Helens, E.C. It was a great many years since either a Wigers or a Cripplebury had had anything to say regarding the direction of affairs in the dingy old house in Dove Court. The original Stanley Wigers was permanently deposited, in the year 1759, in the

graveyard attached to St Olave's Church, Hart Street, Crutched Friars; while a monument in St Giles's, Cripplegate, informed any interested tourist that Ephraim Cripplebury had (appropriately enough) in the year 1771 exchanged the comparative quiet of Dove Court for the absolute tranquillity afforded by a vault in that ancient fane.

Many names had figured since then as partners in the old business, and at the time of which I write my father, George Dutton, was its sole owner. This was in 1865, fifty-two years ago.

Our business was extensive, and the house had long enjoyed the reputation of keeping only the best kinds of the various articles it imported. The time had not yet come when quality had to be sacrificed for cheapness. If the big West End caterers wanted the best hams of Montanez, the finest turrón from Jijona, the real olive-oil that had the flavour and perfume of the olive, the red chorizos and pimentesco from Estremadura, the fat Castilian garbanzos, as a matter of course they looked for their needs to Wigers and Cripplebury. So it was in the matter of wine. We kept no cheap rubbish, but our vaults in the London Docks could supply the rarest old ports, as well as the choicest specimens of Spain's output; and the London wine-merchant showing a country customer the commercial sights of London highly appreciated a 'tasting order' from Dove Court, which enabled him to initiate his friend into the mysteries of the soleras and amontillados and generous olorosos which were destined to generate eloquence at many a civic banquet.

My father was to a very great extent opposed to changes, and this was apparent in the building in which our business was carried on. The front-door opened into a large flagged hall, out of which a stone staircase led to the upper part. The balustrade was of old oak of enormous solidity. The four rooms on the first floor had long been used as store-rooms, but the beautiful Italian mantelpieces still remained, grimed with the soot and dust of some two hundred years; while one of the upper rooms actually contained a venerable and worm-eaten canopied wooden four-poster, in which very likely some ancient

Widgers or Cripplebury may have slept or lain awake, forecasting the possibilities of the next vintage in Oporto, or the olive crop in Andalusia.

The offices proper were two, and on the ground-floor: the outer, or public, office, in which the clerks sat, with its one window looking into the court; and the private office, opening out of this. The private office was quite a small room, and contained in the way of furniture only my father's desk and two glass-fronted cases, in which samples were kept, and three or four chairs. On the centre of the ancient marble mantelpiece rested a very grimy old Spanish model of two oxen drawing a butt of sherry and guided by two men in broad-brimmed sombreros, whom I supposed in my very early days to represent the original founders of the house. The memory of these latter worthies was, however, indubitably perpetuated by two works of art hanging one on each side of their supposititious presentments. On the right hand, facing the fireplace, was a very beautiful miniature of a bewigged, little, old gentleman in a blue coat with an enormous collar which ascended half-way up the back of his head, a white and very voluminous neck-cloth, and a frilled shirt. A faded writing on the back stated that 'this miniature of Stanley Widgers, Esq., æt. 76, was painted by Richard Cosway in the year 1752.' On the left hand hung a silhouette of the bust of a gentleman with a rather prominent front, wearing his own hair, which was interspersed with golden strands. This, too, on the back bore an inscription: 'Ephraim Cripplebury, 1767.' The tomb in St Giles's gives his age as eighty-six at the time of his death in 1771, so it was rather difficult to account for the golden locks in his eighty-second year. Perhaps the old gentleman was averse from sporting jewellery, and the artist may have fallen back on this plan of illustrating the adage, 'Win gold and wear it.'

Up to my seventeenth year I had been at a school in the City. We were very well taught such subjects as were embraced in the curriculum of the establishment. As most of the pupils were the sons of London merchants, and were intended for a commercial life, these subjects were chiefly arithmetic, English composition, and modern languages. The last-named were all taught by native masters. So we had, for Italian, Signor Grassi, a very stout Neapolitan; for French, Monsieur de Surmont; and the Spanish class was in the charge of Don Enrique Ramirez, who was my great friend. This came about for two reasons. In the first place, it was most important that I should acquire a good knowledge of Spanish, which would be necessary from a business point of view; and, secondly, it was through my father's influence that Don Enrique was appointed to the post, which was a good one. As I said before, the pupils were nearly all sons of City merchants. The school fees were high, and the board of governors, of whom

my father was one, took care that the masters should all be the best obtainable in their different capacities. Hence they paid good prices, and got good stuff—a sound commercial principle.

On leaving school I was given a desk in Dove Court. For the first year my time was taken up copying letters and preparing samples, with a weekly visit to the bonded stores at the Docks. After that my father took me into his own office, where I learned more about the real working of the business; and a couple of days in the week were devoted to calling on our customers, who, my father said, always appreciated personal attention. I must say I liked the work, and the summit of my ambition was reached when, in my third year, my father spoke of sending me on a trip to Spain, to make the acquaintance of our correspondents there, and learn something of our business at headquarters, as he put it. My father had, in his early years, paid several visits to Spain; but as, for a long time past, he had no partners in the business, his presence had been continually required at home.

'In any case, Fred,' he said to me, 'you have a great advantage over me. You speak the language well, whereas the little Spanish I ever knew has now grown very rusty.'

I had worked hard at my Spanish, not only at school, but since, and I always had my lunch at the 'Granville' in Little Tower Street, which was a great resort of the Spanish colony in the City, and where I had a daily opportunity of adding to my previously acquired knowledge. Besides, Don Enrique Ramirez was a constant visitor at our house at Highgate. He was a native of San Lucar de Barrameda, and had studied with brilliant success at the university of Seville. His father had been manager of an oil-mill at San Bartolomé, and there my father had made his acquaintance, as a little boy. He had ever since taken a great interest in his career, and so, when a vacancy occurred in the Merchant Vintners' School, he recommended his appointment. He thus achieved a double object; he benefited his friend, and secured a first-rate man for the post.

Besides the desire of my father that I should make the personal acquaintance of our friends in Spain, there was a particular reason why he thought my visit necessary. Of late years our trade in olive-oil had developed very sensibly. We had always had a very good output for the finest kinds, but in the past few years we had gone in for lubricating oils, and had secured several excellent contracts for supplying some of the chief shipping firms and railway companies. In this latter branch we had given complete satisfaction; but of late we had had some, I can hardly call them complaints, but hints from more than one of our West End customers that they thought the finer kinds of oil were not quite up to the old standard. And, indeed, we thought so ourselves. Seville had always been

our source of supply. Our house had for many years dealt exclusively, or nearly so, with a Señor Toreno, who had died some two years before the time of which I write, and who had been succeeded in the business by his son. And it seemed to us that the latter, Don Andrés, did not show the business capability of the late Don Francisco, his father.

After many minute instructions from my father, and armed with several letters of introduction, I sailed from London on the *Rita*, a Spanish steamer which did most of our carrying trade. Her captain, Don Pedro Santana, was an old friend of mine, and he made me very comfortable. He was bound, in the first place, for Cadiz, whence he was to go on to Malaga, and having discharged his heavy cargo, return and proceed up the Guadalquivir to Seville, that river being then navigable only for vessels of light draught.

So, having disembarked at Cadiz, I went on to Jerez, where I spent a very pleasant fortnight, being hospitably entertained by several of my father's old friends. At the end of that time I took the *diligence* for San Lucar, and went up the Guadalquivir by one of the river-steamers, reaching Seville on the 5th of June.

I had been already delighted with what I had seen of Spain at Cadiz and Jerez, but this day of seven or eight hours on the river completed my fascination. Several of my fellow-passengers warned me against remaining on deck, exposed to the torrid heat of the sunshine, and they were much amused when I told them it was the first time I really understood the meaning of the word. They were delightfully simple people, and I fear I confirmed their preconceived ideas of foggy England.

On arriving in Seville I went to the hotel, and spent a few hours of the next morning sight-seeing. In the afternoon I paid my visit to Don Andrés Toreno. He had been advised of my coming, and received me with much urbanity. He did not speak of business, as he took me at once from his office to his private house, where I was introduced to his family, which consisted of his wife, Doña Maria, and his two daughters, Mercedes and Candidad. They were both very charming girls, and quite free from the stiffness which I had been told was a characteristic of Spanish young ladies. Mercedes resembled her father, who was very dark. Her eyes were very beautiful and lustrous, and altogether she struck me as the handsomest girl I had ever seen. Candidad was of quite a different type. She was almost fair in complexion, with brown hair and violet eyes. I could see she reproduced the Valencian features of her mother, who, in her youth, must have been very beautiful.

Don Andrés insisted that I should be his guest during my stay in Seville, and would take no denial. Indeed, I think my hesitation in

accepting his kindly proffered hospitality was short-lived. And, after all, a sojourn with his family would be much more pleasant than a lonely existence at the hotel, which, to tell the truth, was not very inviting.

The house of Don Andrés was an old Moorish building, as so many of the houses in Seville are. The entrance-porch led to an open-work iron gate. The interior was built with an open square courtyard, or *patio*, on each side of which were corridors supported by a great number of tiny marble pillars. A small fountain played in the middle of the court, which was covered over during the summer with a canvas awning. This, indeed, was the living-room at the time of my arrival, as during the hot weather the cool ground-floor was exclusively occupied, whereas in the winter the family migrated to the upper one. There was not a carpet to be seen anywhere. Only here and there a few mats partly covered the floors, which were all inlaid with beautiful old Moorish tiles, or *azulejos*, mostly sapphire and blue in colour. My first impression was that Don Andrés must be a man of enormous wealth and importance to occupy such a mansion, and I was much surprised to learn that many such houses were to be had in Seville at the rent of eighty or a hundred pounds a year, English money. The house of Don Andrés was, however, his own property, and had been in the possession of his family for over a hundred years.

On the evening of my arrival we dined in the *patio*. In addition to the family there were four or five guests, and my first experience of a Spanish dinner *en famille* was delightful. They seemed to vie with each other in politeness to the stranger, and I was very soon completely at my ease among them. Shortly after dinner, about nine o'clock, we all went out to the *alameda*, a beautiful public walk, bordered on each side with orange-groves. Here we sat for an hour, enjoying the music of an excellent band, and then adjourned to one of the many cafés, where we drank iced *horchata*, a delicious drink composed of barley-water and pounded almonds. Towards midnight we returned home, and after a final chat in the *patio* retired to our rooms. This was the nightly programme. It certainly seemed to me a very enjoyable kind of life.

However, I had not come to Seville solely for amusement, and on the third day of my visit, when in the office of Don Andrés, I mentioned the matter of the recent complaints which we had had in the matter of the oil. He seemed somewhat disturbed, and assured me that there was in reality no foundation for the fault-finding, and that the oil shipped by him was of exactly the same quality as that formerly sent by his father, but that in future he would exert the greatest care, and take our business under his own exclusive supervision. I did not

see that I could do anything further in the matter.

Among the letters of introduction which I had brought with me was one from Don Enrique Ramirez to a Señor Paderna, who was proprietor of the largest olive-farm at San Bartolomé, some couple of miles distant from Seville. When I spoke to Don Andrés of my intention of visiting this gentleman, I thought he did not seem over-pleased. I asked him if he was well acquainted with him. He answered, 'Oh yes; naturally in the course of business I know all the growers around Seville, him included.' Still, there seemed to be something kept back. He did not say anything in favour of Señor Paderna; neither did he convey anything that would be likely to prejudice me against him. This I must freely admit in the light of what followed.

I found Señor Paderna very friendly, and expecting my visit. He had had a letter from Don Enrique announcing my impending call, and he received me with much kindness. He took me round his farm, which just then looked well, as the trees were in full bearing. We afterwards visited the mill, where he showed me various samples of the produce of last year's crop. I was much surprised to find some specimens of oil far surpassing in quality anything that had been shipped to us for the past couple of years. I was, however, on my guard, and simply praised the oil, adding, 'I have been looking at some samples in the *almacen* of Don Andrés Torenó, and saw nothing so fine as this.'

'Ah, well,' said Señor Paderna, 'you know, Don Andrés is not a grower himself, and buys from me and the other growers. He does not seem to have a market for the *Reinas*, as we call the finest quality, though, indeed, his father had, and so you would only see in his warehouse what we call the *medianas* or second quality.'

I thanked Señor Paderna for his kindness and hospitality, and returned to Seville. I was in a most awkward predicament. It was evident that Don Andrés had not been playing the game.

He charged us the same price as that which we had paid his father, and he was sending us an inferior article. But, as I have said, my position was most embarrassing. I was his guest, and had been treated by him and his family with much more than ordinary kindness; and was I, in return, to charge him with having deliberately cheated us? I was in a most crucial fix; and the worst of it was that I could consult nobody, even if there had been any one at hand to advise me, without betraying him. At the same time we always bought by sample; so, after all, we got what we ordered.

The more I considered the matter the more unwilling I became to attribute duplicity to Don Andrés. I was only twenty-two years of age, a mere boy compared with a man of perhaps forty-five. And then his family. Most likely, indeed to a certainty, they knew nothing about his business arrangements. His daughters simply worshipped him, and no grievance would warrant my rending asunder the feeling of unreasoning confidence which they had in their father. And, after all, the past was past; nothing could ever change that.

Nothing was said for two or three days about my visit to Señor Paderna. I knew that Don Andrés had been over to see him on the day succeeding my visit. I had been driven out to a country-house belonging to the family, at Alcalá, some eight miles from Seville, in a most beautiful country. There was a refreshing breeze from the Ronda side, and the place was full of old Moorish relics, mills, and towers, besides the magnificent old castle, one of the finest Moorish buildings in Spain. The country-house of the Torenó family was outside the village, in the valley of the Guadaira, and both the house and its surroundings were very beautiful. Doña Maria took me round, and expressed a hope that, after visiting Malaga and Valencia, whither I purposed going, I should be able to return to Alcalá, where they always spent the months of July and August, and generally September too.

(Continued on page 59.)

## TRAVEL IN WAR-TIME.

### I.—THE LONGEST DAY'S TRAVEL ON EARTH.

WERE a volume to be projected on the influence of the world war on the ways and means of travel, few of its pages would make grayer reading than those allotted to the harrowing day inevitably spent at Haparanda and Tornéa on the only direct route available to Russia, a journey of which those who are forced to make it will keep untreasured memories till they die. The ideal of travel, as enunciated by R. L. S., was not to go anywhere, but to go. On this day of penance the traveller does neither,

but comes to a standstill under conditions that make such inertia anything but enjoyable. First the Swedish authorities must satisfy themselves that he and his belongings can be allowed to leave the country; then their Russian colleagues have to be equally assured that he should be admitted into Russia. It is true that the inquisitors on both sides of the frontier are not only courteous, but even helpful; and if despatch were added to their virtues they would be patterns for all the world to copy. Yet, be

the wayfarers few or many, nine hours would appear to be the shortest time in which it is possible to complete the indispensable formalities. On an occasion last summer an increment of three hundred Russian reservists returning from America added a further two hours to the ordeal, which thus lasted, fortunately in beautiful weather, from seven in the morning to six in the evening.

This, in brief, is what befalls. On the arrival of the train at Haparanda, passports are given up to the police on the train. Special credentials reduced the present writer's detention to a matter of moments, but some of the patients took nearly half-an-hour getting past the aliens officer, and another two hours went in the examination of baggage by the customs. At eleven a crazy and overcrowded steamboat took the entire company across the river to Russian territory, and here two hours more were devoted to the same inspection *de capo*. Why the train for Petrograd could not proceed in the early afternoon is a mystery, as nothing more happened; but it was a little after six when the third bell announced its departure, and during the last four hours of this purgatory the passengers were crowded and jostled on a hot platform with only a few benches. As an alternative, there was a buffet in which, at the modest price of a rouble, one might help himself indefinitely to a score of dishes. Yet such comfort could bring balm only to the soul of a schoolboy on his Christmas holidays.

It would be impertinent for the stranger in the gates to cavil at such delays, but he cannot be expected to welcome them, and even the railway and other officials would scarcely linger unnecessarily in such a spot. For the passenger with time on his hands the distractions are few and far between, though on this particular occasion the returning prodigals from Chicago furnished some amusement by their frank admission that, in addition to fighting their country's battles, they hoped to avail themselves handsomely of the low rate of exchange by turning their dollars into roubles as a nest-egg when peace should come again. Here was a complex psychology of patriotism and nostalgia and personal profit that challenged analysis. One young Russian on the train, after losing his left leg on the Strypa, had been fitted at Moscow with an artificial substitute of German make, and fully appreciated the humour of his cure. Of the war we had a grimmer token in the shape of a Red Cross train full of dangerously wounded Cossacks who had been exchanged for similar measure of maimed Germans the evening before, and among these the sad-eyed Russian Sisters of Charity moved with words of comfort and gentle hands.

At length the train pulled slowly out into the lovely wilderness of fir-trees and streams that make Finland one of the most witching lands on

earth. It was the end of a most imperfect day, an experience tolerable only under the stress of war. Sybarites grumble at hot and dusty days in the train in northern India, in Arizona, or in the Sudan. Let them try the tedium of Tornea, either in its summer heat or in the frozen horror of its winter, and then they may grumble with full hearts. The trial must be made soon if at all, for with the return of peace both these northern hamlets will unobtrusively be relegated to the nothingness for which they were admirably designed.

## II.—ALONG RUSSIAN ROADS.

Those only who have taken charge of wounded men in motor-ambulances can do full measure of justice to the evil of the average Russian road; and, as they vainly try to ease the sufferings of the broken heroes in the stretchers, they bitterly reflect that the only roads in that vast empire worthy of the name are the rivers made by God. For the handiwork of man they acquire a deep and lasting contempt. True, the roads of Turkey are even worse, but their failings excite no comment in the crumbling land of the Ottoman, since the rich Turk stays indoors and the poor Turk tramps barefoot, thankful that so long as he stands upright on his blistered soles these are at least safe from the bastinado. For longer journeys the true believer has his mules or camels, so that even such highways as were constructed in the heyday of his nation, like that which ran from the Bosphorus to Bagdad three centuries ago, have vanished from off the face of the land.

In the present war the lack of good roads is at once Russia's weakness and her strength. It is not to be denied that she felt the want of them woefully when first she hurled her battalions westward against the invader; but the invader felt it too, as was admitted by the German general who, at a meeting of the Higher Command, said, 'It is all very well, gentlemen, to say that Russia made no preparations for this war. Look at her roads!'

There can be little doubt that, with the enemy at her gates before her wonderful rally, the bad roads were Russia's salvation, and the added difficulty of operations in the rainy season lends a curious sense of security even close to the firing-line. The writer used to go out with an ambulance to pick up wounded from an outpost dressing-station two miles in front of the Russian guns and less than five miles from those of the enemy; yet, with trackless marshes between, the chance of sudden risk was no greater than it would have been in Epping Forest. Only the aeroplane is independent of such lines of communication, and the German airmen make up for the inaction of their friends beneath by bombing every Red Cross camp within reach morning and evening. Now and then they kill a few orderlies or horses, but their achievement con-

sists mainly in sending surgeons, sisters, and chauffeurs scuttling underground like rabbits. To decamp in this way when a man is shaving or pulling on his top-boots is trying to the temper, but the result seems disproportionate to the expenditure of bombs.

To some extent the poverty of Russian roads is excused by the vagaries of the Russian climate, since anything approaching a perfect surface is out of the question in a land exposed to such extremes of temperature; but, even making allowance for natural disabilities, it must be confessed that the Public Works Department has taken its obligations very lightly. After the war, perhaps Russia will put her roads in order, and let us hope that these will reach unto the Bosphorus. It will be a needed reform and a worthy crown to her magnificent efforts, for a perfect road is a noble memorial. When Stevenson taught the Samoans to build roads, he did a greater service than by writing *Virginibus Puerisque*. When Wade cut his splendid roads through the Highlands, he won a greater victory than any over the Stuarts.

### III.—ACROSS THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Ten consecutive days in the same train cannot, under even the happiest conditions, be regarded as a pleasing prospect; and if the Trans-Siberian Railway, the greatest achievement of engineering with the possible exception of the Great Wall, has its drawbacks in normal times, it is not to be expected that in time of war the tourist should be made exceptionally comfortable on a line that is, with perhaps one other exception, the main feeder of Russia's mighty hosts. Yet he can travel in comparative comfort from Petrograd to Vladivostock, which, seeing that, however welcome to the shareholders of the Cie des Wagons-Lits, he is not wanted by the State, is a concession for which he should be too grateful to permit of his grumbling at the reduction of the service to a single weekly train in lieu of three. There has been some talk, indeed, of restricting the available accommodation to men in uniform, though even this would, in Russia, not necessarily mean the exclusion of civilians, since the railway engineers, students, and Government officials of every grade wear uniform of some sort in that country.

On the whole, the war has made very little difference in the journey beyond necessitating the trains starting on their long journey from the northern capital instead of from Moscow. True, the entire line is under military control, stations and bridges are guarded by Cossacks, and thousands of German and Austrian prisoners are seen working along the line. Such details, however, matter little to the passengers, who are more concerned with the occasional shortage in the restaurant-car. Yet even this is, as a rule, limited to sugar, for which such substitutes as

coloured sweets or jam are occasionally supplied, and the only other inconvenience to which the travelling public is put is to be found in the crowded state of the weekly train, the inevitable result of a rigorously curtailed service.

To the observant eye the personnel of the passengers reflects passing events. These included on a recent occasion a Japanese staff-colonel returning home; a couple of Englishmen on their way back from the Russian front, where they had been detailed to the Red Cross; a wounded Russian officer going to Vladivostock to buy salted fish for the army; a few neutrals, mostly Dutchmen bound for Java; and a 'French' Swiss who spoke perfect German. The talk was also of war, and at the more important halts there was ever a rush for war telegrams that had to be translated for the benefit of the English passengers.

This crossing of Asia is of much interest and no little beauty. West of the Urals, it is true, the outlook is as depressing as only Russian landscape can be on the threshold of winter, when the skies are already gray and the earth is not yet beautified by its mantle of snow. Once that range is left behind, the gloom vanishes as if by magic, and there follows a week of uninterrupted sunshine and of scenery far more captivating than is commonly admitted. We are too apt to draw our inspiration of Siberian scenes from those masters of Russian fiction who have described them from the viewpoint of the convict, who, leaving all hope behind when he came into the land of his exile, would see no beauty in its lakes and forests, but only a prison from which there was no escape save by the gates of death.

Siberia may not give us the best of Canada or California or Norway, but the traveller with an eye to such analogies will see glimpses of all three wonderlands—lake and river and mountain, rolling prairie and silent forest. Of animal life, both wild and domestic, there is greater lack than on any other journey of the same duration. A few hares, an occasional hawk, a brace or two of wild duck on the lagoons, with countless crows and magpies, are all that reward the most patient watcher; while, on the domestic side, pigs, Mongolian ponies (the raw material of future winners on the Shanghai race-course), and, in the easternmost section, strings of two-humped camels, are the only noteworthy stock.

The most picturesque stretch of the journey is that in which the track skirts the shores of Lake Baikal, one of the largest and deepest of fresh-water lakes. Unfortunately this weekly train passes the lake at night, and its presence is betrayed only by a vague glimmer of moonlight, or is missed altogether.

Other evidences of war are met with on the Trans-Siberian, but it would be improper to allude to these. Great reinforcements are

continually going west. In the government of Omsk alone a million sturdy fellows, magnificent specimens of men, were being entrained when the writer passed that way. Heavy trucks of ammunition, carefully packed, and inaccessible alike to rain and prying eyes, were also rolling westward to help in the good work, and on all sides there was that atmosphere of law and order suggestive of military control. It is true that cameras, in normal times a distraction on the trip, were strictly forbidden. On the other hand, the expected severity of the customs officials at Manchuria, the frontier station, proved a false alarm, for neither books nor papers were seized, nor were travellers subjected, as freely foretold at Petrograd, to the indignity of a personal search. The *douaniers*, on the contrary, performed their task with a courtesy and despatch rarely experienced, and were apparently interested only in the smuggling of opium and vodka, for both of which they searched the train with startling results. Indeed, the arrest of a woman and a man, the latter in uniform, provided the one exciting episode of the week.

Be it added that the train, having covered several thousand miles, reached Harbin only an hour late by schedule time, an achievement of which some of Russia's neighbours might well be proud.

#### IV.—DOWN THE YANG-TSZE-KIANG.

In times like these the peace of a great river is worth travelling to see. The river may not be beautiful, for beauty belongs to the little streams that tumble noisily between rocky banks or that twist more silently amid flowery water-meadows. Of either type Britain has abundance. Her greater waters are also picturesque, but Thames, Tweed, and Wye are mere burns by comparison with the Yang-tsze, which comes after the Amazon and the Nile. Such moving roads are navigable for a thousand miles at a stretch, and China is even more than Russia indebted to inland waterways open all the year, carrying an immense burden of merchandise, and supporting a floating population that numbers millions. Up and down this mighty river the natives sail and drift in sampan and in junk, rigged in such fashion as would in happier times have moved Cowes to laughter, yet none the less adequate to bring the primitive craft to their destination in far-off days when the men of Hampshire were stained with woad. The persistence of such craft is part of the Chinaman's retort to the mandate that he should order his house on the model of mushroom civilisations that have come and gone while Cathay pursues the even tenor of its way.

True, progress has begun to infect some of China's millions, who now shave the crown and hold republican sentiments; and the new order patronises such hurried modes of travel as

the motor, railway, and river-steamer. River steamers, whether on the Yang-tsze, Mississippi, or Nile, are of one type, shallow of draught, and with one deck so piled on the other as to give a top-heavy appearance to the whole; but the stern-wheelers of the Nile and some American rivers are dispensed with on the Yang-tsze, and are replaced by a more modern type of craft.

The Yang-tsze itself, once we leave behind the imposing interlude of the Gorges some miles above Hankow, widens to the unlovely replica of all great rivers, its yellow waters racing between distant banks, one of which may occasionally rise above the dead-level to rocky bluffs crowned with fort or temple, according to the requirements of the period. Given fine weather, the descent from Hankow to Shanghai, a matter of six hundred miles or more, is a pleasant experience. The camera gets many chances with the varied river-craft; the sportsman is attracted by the constant passing of ducks, geese, and other wild-fowl; and the student of mankind may spend crowded hours ashore at Kiu Kiang, Nanking, and other ports, each of which has its Bund and the inevitable foreign Concessions that show how far China has travelled politically since the days of Marco Polo. Occasional excitement is furnished by the apprehension of an opium-smuggler, or of one of the lesser culprits who live by contraband traffic in salt. The high profits made out of opium make it worth while risking conflict with the customs officers, and, although China has, like her great neighbour in the west, voluntarily renounced a great State monopoly for the good of her people, thousands of piculs of the drug are still smuggled along the river, and armed encounters and thrilling captures are commonplace events.

For the angler the Yang-tsze has little interest. A stream of such colour and volume is not suited to his quiet arts, and his one comfort lies in contemplating gigantic specimens of a hundredweight or more in the local markets, or perchance in watching the interesting spectacle of natives fishing the lower reaches with trained cormorants. This is chiefly practised towards Christmas. The skilled birds voluntarily give up the prize, and the new recruits are forced to do so by the pressure of a collar that prevents them swallowing it.

Many men are drowned in the Yang-tsze. Such tragedies are the inevitable result of the sudden storms, the careless handling of the native craft, and the crowded condition of the slippery wharves. The death-rate from drowning is further aggravated by a widespread reluctance to go to the assistance of the victim. This attitude is dictated partly by a superstitious dread of defrauding the Water Devil of his legitimate spoils, and partly also by the notion that the rescuer henceforth becomes responsible for the well-being of his protégé.

Apart from the Gorges, and from one or two isolated spots on the right bank, this voyage from above Hankow to Shanghai is not remarkable for its scenery, and, since two or three days of such river-travel are more than enough, it is not without relief that the traveller comes to rest opposite the imposing water-front of Shanghai. The river was policed at this spot in time of war by the vessels of the one considerable navy which then had no sterner work on hand. 'Old Glory' floated proudly from the bows, and, as the strains of 'Dixie' echoed over the water, Chinamen in the Nanking Road turned their heads and wondered that such music could entertain the children of a civilisation younger than their own.

#### V.—THROUGH THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Although the historic sea that has seen the rise and fall of half-a-dozen civilisations is framed in beautiful shores, it cannot be claimed that at the best of times the voyage from the mouths of the Rhone to the delta of the Nile is either enjoyable or picturesque, and on the return voyage the omission of the single port of call still further aggravates the monotony of those days of sea and sky. With the Middle Sea a veritable hive of enemy submarines, the passage is still less enviable, though its safe accomplishment by mail-boats reflects the greatest credit alike on our guardian navy and that of our gallant Ally, and is no small tribute to the seamanship of the men on the bridge.

The present writer has made three voyages through the Mediterranean during the past eighteen months, each more harrowing than the last. The good ship that bore him safely out and home in the second year of the war lies at the bottom, and the good ship that lately brought him to Marseilles had a narrow escape from a like fate in a sea so rough as to preclude any hope of launching boats, so that the appetite of Von Tirpitz must have been further fed with the lives of some sixty women and children.

From Bombay to the Canal the voyage is normal. A few extra formalities on embarking or on landing at Aden or Port Said alone suggest conditions out of the ordinary, and only the somewhat official personnel of the company in both saloons brings its reminder of the war. Christmas in the Red Sea is marked by the usual festivities, though it is impossible to resist the grim reflection that all these children enjoying games on deck may next week find a watery grave. The Canal, interesting as ever since the extension of the conflict to its east bank, finds every one in high spirits at news of recent defeat inflicted on the Turks and their German masters, and only as the mail-boat anchors off Port Said does the more serious side of life obtrude itself with the posting of various orders for boat-drill, for the carrying of life-belts or safety-waistcoats, and for the more efficient

watching out for the emissaries of the Master Pirate at Wilhelmshaven. Yet even this ever-present menace of death is taken lightly. The women behave splendidly. The mothers hide their anxiety, and join in games with the children. The men play cards or deck-games, and reflect grimly that one day we may hang the Pirate and wipe off old scores.

At last, convoyed by a saucy destroyer, the great liner swings silently past the long mole and into the Sea of Death. Let not the murderers flatter themselves that their frightfulness makes any difference to the life on board. On New Year's Eve, right in one of the most dangerous zones, there is wassail in the saloon, with music and dancing later in the night. The decks may be gloomy with all lights out, but within all is merry, swarm the *untersee* devils never so thick!

Perhaps the most trying feature of this part of the voyage is the absence of news, as the wireless is used only for official purposes, and we are deprived of the usual war bulletins that, east of Suez, linked us with the outer world. Our only distraction is an occasional battleship, a patrol, or a brace of mine-sweepers. Once, indeed, there comes a signal of distress—that appealing S.O.S.—from some sinking ship, but it is taken up by other vessels, and, as we learn later, nearly all are saved.

That this policy of 'sink at sight' causes passing inconvenience to travellers in the Mediterranean is not to be denied; but as much might be said of many influences of the war on land. It is a nuisance to have to carry one's life-belt into the dining-saloon for meals. It is a bore to have to interrupt a game of chess or a rubber of bridge for boat-drill. It is a fag to make certain that one's valuables, the notes and other papers sewn in oiled silk, are always on one's person. All this is troublesome, no doubt; but if the perpetrators of these vile outrages imagine that their intended victims pass sleepless nights and anxious days, they are sadly mistaken.

Marseilles at last, one bright winter morning, and then the train through France crowded with all but a handful of passengers who stick to the ship all the way home, so little disturbed by the Frightful Ones that they will not even seek the shorter, safer route to their goal. On this occasion, being on active service, the writer left the ship at Marseilles; but on the last he travelled the whole way to Tilbury without further episode.

Such is the homeward passage in time of war. There are moments, no doubt, in which the sight of little ones, all-unconscious of their danger, playing about the decks fills their elders with quiet horror, but on the whole these go through the days and nights as little troubled by the menace as those who are ignorant of it. Such is the triumph of Tirpitz!

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

## CHAPTER III.

THE forest world wakens early. Had Anita Lalonne not been travelling afar in dream-land that morning, she would have seen the station all astir at an hour when the majority of the townsfolk among whom she lived were still indulging in their soundest sleep. When, therefore, at the insistent ringing of the triangle, she had finally wakened, she had dressed too hurriedly even to think of the hour of the day, and it was with almost as much dismay as astonishment that, when the early visitors had departed and a tour of inspection to every part of the Grizzly had been completed, she discovered the hands of the clock pointing to but little after eight. Her first thought—very prosaic—was how hungry she would be before the dinner-hour appointed for midday! She wished she had eaten more heartily of the bountiful breakfast provided.

But Anita had not been brought up to a heavy morning meal, and suddenly, with that quick transition of thought due so often to a mere trifle, a very different picture rose before her mind—the walled garden of a vine-covered inn, small round tables set with crisp white rolls, butter in creamy curls like the petals of a tea-rose, coffee hot and fragrant in porcelain jug; while a gay-coloured parrot, seeking insects among the bushes, wandered about at his own sweet will, whistling snatches of the 'Marseillaise,' or greeting each new-comer with a hearty '*Bon jour, m'sieur!*'

Followed like a flash upon this memory that other which had come to her so startlingly the previous night, temporarily submerged by the events of the early morning and her tumultuous thoughts of Dave.

Now, however, that she had leisure to think, her mind reverted to the Englishman, and she felt a consuming curiosity to know whether it were mere fancy, born of her novel surroundings, or an actual fact that she had known this man in scenes so distant and so unlike the present. Neither him nor his dog had she seen since breakfast, so concluded he must have gone with his friend to Silver Creek. Silver Creek—very shadowy and beyond her ken it all seemed to Anita Lalonne as she stood gazing into ever-receding depths of illimitable forest.

A sense of overpowering isolation suddenly obsessed the town-bred girl, and she half-ran to where, in the cabin kitchen, she could see preparations for dinner already going forward, the shiny-faced, be-aproned Swede cutting up great chunks of 'goat' to be added to the pot wherein a partnership of onions and potatoes was rapidly compounding, while Mrs Axel, her arms up to the elbows in flour, divided critical

glances between her factotum and the condition of the hissing oven.

'Come in, come in, Mees Lalonne!' she called, as Anita hesitated, one high-heeled shoe on the door-step. 'You see I haf to pake again; dose menfolk haf eat all mine breat! Such a peeg pakin' as I mate yesterday—an' hot cakes an' piscuits! Mein Gott—an' now Charlie says he promise to gif some loafs to dose men w'en dey come back to-morrow! Charlie seem to t'ink dot loafs of preat grow like de wilt gooseberries in de corral!' she ended sarcastically, and, kneading the dough with redoubled vigour, shaped it into loaves. 'Dey're some more campers goin' up to de lakes to-morrow. Too bat you can't go wid dem,' she went on. 'Charlie says dot Dave Hardy can't come for you yet a bit, so you'll haf to amuse yourself here. How you like de place?' she asked abruptly, noticing that her visitor was still standing in the doorway, listlessly watching the bread-making.

'It's dreadfully lonesome!' popped tactlessly out of the girl's mouth, while her dark eyes unconsciously glanced at the clock.

'Lonesome!' echoed the gray-haired woman testily. 'If you call de station, wid so many peoples comin' an' goin', lonesome, how you goin' to live wid Dave Hardy?' and with washed-out, wistful blue eyes she looked keenly at Anita. 'But when you're marrit,' she continued, 'you'll haf plenty work to do, same as me, an' den you won't haf no time to feel lonesome. Why don't you go for a walk before dinner? Dere bootiful walks in de woods.'

'Oh,' cried Anita, with an involuntary shudder, 'I'd be frightened to death! I'd—I'd get lost!'

'Nonsense!' rejoined the old woman impatiently. 'What you 'fraid of? You might go an' watch Mister Barrie fish in de creek close by; only, you can't go in dose shoes. Mein Gott, what heels! Ain't you got no udder shoes 'cept dose silly t'ings?'

Anita's cheeks reddened. She was beginning not to like this old woman with the sharp tongue, but she caught at the thought of company in the shape of the good-looking Englishman, so replied meekly, 'I have some boots I could put on, if you think I can find my way to the creek. But I thought Mr Barrie had gone somewhere with the doctor-chap.'

'No, no; he didn't go. So you get your boots on, Mees Lalonne, an' I'll show you de trail, just back of de clearin'; an' den you an' Mister Barrie can bring home some fish,' she added with a short laugh, then busied herself with fuel for the stove, as though the interview with her guest were concluded.

Not at all sure in her own mind that she dared venture on the solitary walk, yet fearful of provoking further reprimand from the busy woman, Anita went to her room, reluctantly took off the dainty shoes, and laced a pair of serviceable boots which some friend with experience of rough life had advised her to bring. Having lingered as long as possible, she walked slowly to the well for a drink; then, passing behind the cabin, stopped to watch a boxing-match between two small orphan kids, just as Charlie, to judge from the trail of tobacco-smoke in the air, and the banging of a wire mosquito-netting door, passed into the kitchen. The cabin windows were open, and Anita caught the words spoken by Mrs Axel as she trotted to and fro.

'What's dot you say, Charlie? *Pretty?* Yah; but what gute is dot to a man like Dave Hardy? What de young fool want to marry a girl like dot for? 'Frait of dis, an' 'frait of dot! An' look at her clothes an' de shoes wid heels as high as de poker! I'm reel sorry for Dave, 'cause she'll be no use to him. She'd petter marry Mister Barrie; he's got lots o' money, an' can puy her fine dresses.'

Anita clenched her tiny hands until the rouged, polished finger-nails went white.

Then she heard Charlie's good-natured laugh as he said, 'Ho, ho, mamma! Don't you be match-makin' now! Mees Lalonne is all right. I tink she's awful nice. She'll get used to de woods after she an' Dave gets marrit, an' she can keep de shoes for de fust baby. Dey're small enough! But where is she now, mamma? Have you seen her?'

Poor Anita longed to run away and hide, but forcing her reluctant steps towards the cabin, she called, 'Oh, Mrs Axel, I'm quite ready now,' then turned aside as though to wait.

'Dere!' declared Mrs Axel, surveying Anita's boots with a softened expression. 'Now you look more sensible. — Doesn't she, Charlie? — Here's Charlie, Mees Lalonne,' she went on; 'an' he'll show you de way. I'm too puzy, an' can't leave mine preat.'

'Yah, yah,' asserted Charlie. 'Just come along, Mees Lalonne. I'spect you'll find Mister Barrie somewheres along de creek, an' den you'll have some company.'

Then, recalling his wife's words, and fearing that possibly the girl had overheard them, he said jokingly, 'You mustn't mind what mamma says; she's always a leetle pit *nervous* when she's making preat!' and he winked and looked so jovial that Anita caught the infection and laughed too.

By the time they had made their way down the shadowy trail to where Bear Creek played hide-and-seek among past and present generations of great trees, soaring hundreds of feet upwards or prostrate in their last resting-places — mammoth trunks shrouded in moss and lichen, and the saplings upon which they had fallen bent to earth in an eternal posture of submission — Anita Lalonne's volatile spirits had recovered, and her face glowed with pleasure and excitement.

'Now,' said Charlie as they reached a small clearing beside the stream, 'I'm awful sorry, but I must get back. I've got to shoe two of my horses before de afternoon. Oh yah,' as Anita looked surprised, 'I got a forge at de Grizzly. We have to do all dose t'ings in de mountains. Well, den, I'll go; but if you wait a leetle while, Mister Barrie is sure to come along to dis pool, for he will have begun fishin' furdur up de creek.' So saying, he turned, and soon his bulky figure was lost among the windings of the trail.

Anita, when her kindly guide had disappeared, felt a tremor of fear, and her first impulse was to run after him. But the quiet beauty of her surroundings; the stillness, unbroken save by the sound of running water and the gentle swish of pine-boughs high above her head; the emerald green of the small 'flat' where the creek widened for the space of a few yards, all soothed and, in an unexpected fashion, wooed her.

'It *is* beautiful!' she whispered softly, then seated herself upon one of the prostrate giants, the great trunk of such girth that her tiny feet in the high laced boots swung well above the ground. Presently, as her eyes searched for the origin of a tap-tapping on some hidden bough, she heard a quick rustle among the bushes, and a glorious gray squirrel, his plummy tail streaming behind, came bounding towards her, hotly pursued by a red-brown dog, whose efforts in the tangled undergrowth were, however, no match for his fleet quarry. With one spring the beautiful creature cleared the fallen log upon which Anita was perched, and clambered up a near-by tree, never pausing until it reached the safe shelter of lofty, interlacing boughs. The dog, baffled and eager, sat on his haunches at the foot of the tree, and suddenly recognising the girl, who with delighted eyes was watching the squirrel hunched up in a crotch of the tree-top, he leaped up beside her, barking furiously, and begging in every possible phrase of dog language that she should assist him in the capture of his prey.

(Continued on page 53.)



## THE SALON TRIBE IN BURMA.

By F. NICOLLS.

ONE of the most interesting, and probably one of the most ancient, tribes of the many found in Burma is the Salon, who inhabit the islands of the Mergui Archipelago. We found them there when Mergui was captured in the first Burmese war in 1826. Of their origin we know very little; but from the publications of the late Dr Mason and other American Baptist missionaries who have passed some time amongst them, it would appear that previous to the sixth century of our era they inhabited the mainland of the Federated Malay States, and were driven out by the gradual advance of the Malays, when they sought refuge on the islands where they are now found. In physical appearance they are somewhat like both Malays and Burmese, and their language would seem to have a strong relation to Malay. According to Dr Stevens, 'they have a traditional belief in the existence of a God, whom they call Too-da, and whom they regard as the greatest and best of beings, who created all things in heaven and earth. They have also a distinct tradition of the flood; after which, they say, God came down from heaven and assigned to the different nations and tribes their habitations and employments.' During the dry season they live mostly in their boats; but during the heavy rains of the south-west monsoon they are found encamped on the islands in parties of from fifty to two hundred, usually in mud huts roofed with palm-leaves, their boats being drawn up on the sandy beach. Their boats are very light, from twenty to thirty feet in length, and made out of a hollowed tree-stem. Their only tools are an adze, cleaver, and auger. A portion of the boat is roofed over with palm-leaves, of which the sail is also made. For ropes they use twisted rattan. Their food is rice and fish, whilst wild pigs are sometimes caught by their numerous dogs. They gather honey in the jungles, and obtain from two to three rupees for the wax in each comb. A few of the more adventurous sometimes come into Mergui, bringing nuts, shells, sea-slugs, beeswax, and other produce, which they barter for rice, salt, and cloth with Chinese and Malay traders.

The Rev. W. G. White, who was for some time Anglican chaplain at Mergui, took great interest in this primitive people, and they had great confidence in him. He mentions that they call themselves 'Mawken,' which word is made up of the words 'drowned' and 'salt-water.' It was explained to him that generations ago, when they first took to living in boats, owing to their oppression by the Malays, they did not build the sides of their boats high enough, and numbers were drowned in consequence. They gained wisdom by experience, and these acci-

dents do not take place now. But, according to what they told Mr White, they still suffer sometimes from the Malays, who occasionally rob them of rice and of the mats their women make for sale or barter. Such incidents may happen in lonely islands, and the Salons are too timid and far removed from headquarters to complain. But they must be comparatively few contrasted with what happened before British rule, when they were often treated with great cruelty, and kidnapped and sold as slaves on the mainland.

For many years, towards the close of the eighteenth century and at the beginning of the nineteenth, Mergui and the surrounding country was the scene of constant hostilities between the Burmese and Siamese. Whichever side happened to be victorious usually killed the adult males, and made slaves of the women and children. A large and populous quarter of Bangkok contains many thousands of the descendants of those captured Burmese and Talines, now treated like other Siamese subjects, and differing only in dress and speech from the Siamese themselves.

The Salons, under British rule, are increasing in numbers, and now number nearly four thousand. Some of them are said to have recently settled in Siamese territory, and to be working under Chinese in the tin-mines of the Malay States. They will probably find the life harder and not so free and independent as on the islands of the Mergui Archipelago. But they will be able to procure arrack and opium, of which they are said to be inordinately fond, and food will be more easily obtained than on the islands. There is plenty of work to be had in British territory, and it would be as well if the Government of Burma took steps to prevent any wholesale departure of the Salons from the Mergui district. They should be encouraged to settle on the mainland, where they might take up land for cultivation, and still go on with their hereditary occupation of sea-fishing. One Rangoon paper advocates their being pensioned. This would tend to pauperise and demoralise them; and in Burma, where there is plenty of work for every one who will undertake it, there certainly would not seem to be the smallest occasion for such an objectionable and costly undertaking.

Schools should be established for the children, when we might hope to lessen the prevailing superstition and ignorance now so universal. It is only by education that we can hope to give this primitive race an opportunity of rising in the social scale, and holding their own amongst the more civilised races with whom they are brought into competition. So far, perhaps, we

have reason to congratulate ourselves that nearly a century of British rule, and leaving them to themselves, does not seem to have diminished their numbers or made their position worse than when they first became British subjects.

This is not much, perhaps, to say in our favour; but when we read of the fate of the Tasmanians, it is something to the good to know that the Salons' contact with civilisation has not resulted in their dying out.

## THE ABIDING SPELL.

By E. H. LIDDERDALE.

IT was in the month of May 1912 that my boy and I went to Touraine, and of the twenty lovely days we were there the most beautiful was the day we spent at the castle of Chenonceaux.

I was glad when, looking out early, I saw the cool and brilliant morning, for I had set my heart on our having perfect weather. Though he was reserved, my boy's mind was transparent, and by many little tokens I had guessed how eagerly he looked forward to this expedition.

He it was who had settled that we should come to Touraine, and now that we were there he made our daily plans. To me it had not greatly mattered where I took him for his convalescence, or what we saw; he had had a touch of pneumonia, and all I wanted was that he should get strong again. So, when first he shyly urged the claims of Touraine, I did not realise how much it mattered to him.

'Heaps of celebrated people lived there, mother,' he said: 'Francis I.—good old Catherine de Medici—the Duc de Guise. I've been reading it up lately. And the castles are ripping. Besides, people—Scotch people—ought to know French history. Scotland and France were friends when England and France were at daggers drawn.'

All this was very plausible. What keener interest could a Highland lad have in Touraine than the places where French and Scottish history intertwine? And he spoke frankly enough. But his face had not yet learned the art of concealment, and I saw that there was more than he chose to say.

Even now Ian has not taken me fully into his confidence; perhaps he still thinks I have not guessed the real reason why he begged to go to Touraine. And I suppose only one who loves him as I do would have read aright the little signs that betrayed him. How discreet he was wherever we went—at Blois, at Amboise, even at first at Chenonceaux! Yet I gradually saw through him. By his silences rather than by his speech, by a kind of veiled and dreamy intensity which came into his face at the sound of a certain name, I divined that the essence of his delight in these places was private and romantic. And every day proved the truth of my intuition.

They were to Ian shrines, places of pilgrimage, because they had sheltered Mary, Queen of Scots!

So I had found out his innocent secret; but not for anything would I have let him see that I had guessed what he did not choose to tell. He must have known that had he admitted his passion he had no ridicule to fear. But he tasted the lover's joy in secrecy, and in hearing the uninitiated speak his lady's name. We often talked of her in those long golden days, and I am convinced that Ian had no idea I saw through his poor attempts at impartiality.

Was it strange that my Highland boy should come so far from home to dream of a Scottish queen? No! For the cold North is redolent of her suffering; if she had joys in Scotland, she had also most bitter affronts and humiliations. Holyrood, Inchmahome, Loch Leven are all too poignant in their associations with her. But in Touraine the shadows had not yet begun to darken; life lay before her still bright with promise. Who would not wander where Mary Stuart was young and gay and lovely?

There was also between Ian's family and the ill-fated queen a traditional bond. It is a legend, well supported and of great age, that an ancestor of my husband's saved her from a dangerous accident when she was hunting near Stirling. 'Black Ian' was his nickname, and we like to fancy that my boy's crisp dark hair and blue eyes are a gift from him.

Ian had known the tale from babyhood, and doubtless the thought of this house-link with his lady gave to his dreams of her their inmost charm. How long he had cherished his cult I do not know, but I found him surprisingly well read in Mary's history, and prepared to be combative in her defence. I would not harass him by controversy, however, and dissembling my less romantic view of her character, I always dwelt on her beauty and her misfortunes in such a way as left him content.

And so, despite the difference in our outlook, we pulled well together in foreign parts.

An imaginative boy of fifteen is a delightful travelling companion. He may be restive beneath the yoke of Baedeker, and blind to beauties that charm his elders; he is likely to be insular—one would not have him otherwise at that age—but never is he indifferent. At every step he is alive, enjoying; prompt in admiration, racy in dislike.

Thus, where I plodded, my schoolboy flitted bee-like from one attraction to another, ignoring

much that I would have had him observe, but tasting at times, I believe, a burning ecstasy of enjoyment, the fruit of his secret worship, to which older, duller folk are strangers.

Is it ever winter in Touraine, I wonder, and do they have storms there, and darkness and falling leaves? Looking back, I always see its jewels of stone as we beheld them then, set in a world of flowers, and radiant with sunlight and the song of birds. Far and wide through that promised land was the same glory of lilac and apple-blossom, chestnut, judas-tree, magnolia; the grim, medieval fortresses, their warfare accomplished, stood like rocks in a sea of blossom; the lovely decorated manor-houses of a later age seemed to wear the spring beauty for their own delight.

Ian was talkative in a rather excited way while we ate our *déjeuner* at the inn outside the park of Chenonceaux. But he grew sober as later we walked up the broad alley, iris-fringed, which leads to the stately old house where Mary Stuart and Francis II. spent their brief honeymoon; and when at last, in all its enchanting loveliness, it beamed upon us, he was dumb.

Of course, I had read about Chenonceaux, but cold print had not prepared me for the indescribable charm of this long, gray, irregular mansion, so rich in delicate and fantastic ornament, standing bridge-like on arches astride the placid, blue waters of the river Cher. The vanished lives to which it witnessed came with almost startling vividness before me as we wandered through the ancient rooms, so little dimmed by time, that had beheld the French Court of the sixteenth century. But when we lingered to look up-river through a window set deep in the embrasure of a tiny panelled chamber, while in the silence the water rippled beneath us, whispering its endless secret to the old house, I know I felt as though we had strayed from France into fairyland!

Ian said nothing; even when I spoke he did not answer. How much of Chenonceaux he saw with the bodily eye I cannot tell; he might almost have been blind and deaf as he drifted, silent, in my wake. Yet I am sure that his perceptions were acutely, absorbingly alive.

We emerged from the cool, shady rooms into the May brightness, and I suggested that we should go round the sunken garden which lies beside the house.

'Aren't you coming?' I said, turning round; for I saw that my boy was not following. 'You know they say it was laid out by Catherine de Medici, so you ought to like it!'

Ian had the 'penchant' of so many innocent youths for prisoners, forgers, and crime in general; I used to think that Catherine ran Mary hard in his affections. But to-day she failed to attract him.

'Too formal,' he said, casting his eyes over the demure, geometric parterres of Mary's terrible

mother-in-law. 'I hate stiff flower-beds. And I've had enough of Catherine for one day—the house is choke-full of her. I shall go and explore over there instead;' and he pointed to the thick woodland which bounds the Chenonceaux gardens.

'Very well,' I called after him. 'I'll wait for you by the river;' and I went on my way.

I did not wonder that Ian longed to be alone in this exquisite place that had seen his lady in the heyday of her youth. As I leaned upon the low gray wall which borders the stream, the magic of Chenonceaux stole upon me like an all-pervading fragrance. All the tender beauty of bygone springs seemed to linger there distilled, and blended with the mellow loveliness of ancient homes. Beneath me flowed the gentle water of the Cher, fringed by overhanging clusters of valerian and pink monthly roses. I followed its onward journey till, more like a still, blue lake than a river, it vanished beneath the supporting arches of the great house whose windows seemed to contemplate me with their long, mysterious gaze.

Almost with an effort I broke the spell, and turned to look for Ian; I wanted him to share this lovely view with me. But though the edge of the forest where I knew he was wandering ran parallel with the stream not a stone's-throw from where I stood, I soon gave up the thought of pursuing him. The trees were densely packed and full of leaf, and the narrow rides which pierced them in various directions were not as they appeared at a distance, mere eyelet-holes cut in the green, but lengthy alleys leading I knew not where.

I decided to let my boy find me instead, and rested myself on a fallen trunk at the mouth of one of these alleys, where I knew he would see me if he happened to cross it lower down.

It was beautifully still waiting there in the quiet shade, and listening to the music of the wood—more peaceful even than silence. Flies hummed and darted about me; a thrush sang in swift gushes; and far away, as though from the depths of some aerial avenue, the cuckoo called unwearyingly. There was something fascinating in the perspective of the long, narrow glade before me; I had a sense of looking through a reversed telescope at the little disc of lavender-blue sky, remotely visible, which closed its farther end.

This leafy tunnel must once have echoed the sound of horns and hounds, the cries of huntsmen, all the pleasure of the chase. But now it lay solitary as a glade in a virgin forest. Solitary, yet not alone; for the past lingered there, an almost palpable presence—more vividly even than in the old house I was aware of its brooding nearness.

So filled was I with the sense of a vanished order that the world I live in seemed to loose its hold upon me, to let me go free. 'I heard

no more the busy beat of time.' No otherwise can I describe the mood which stole upon me.

Yet I was not dreaming; I was awake; and gradually I began to be uneasy. It was not the sharp-edged sweetness of fair things turned to dust that pained me, nor the restlessness which haunts one's mind in lovely places; the sense of the little cup and its vain effort to empty into itself the unfathomable sea of beauty.

Fear it was that came upon me, slowly, like white mist; fear of something unknown, unimagined, approaching as stealthily as eclipse grows over the sun. Was it personal grief—heart's shipwreck—moving towards me, or some calamity vaster still? I could not tell; this fear had claws that gripped me, but no face. I trembled, left alone with it in the warm, flickering shade.

The very aspect of the wood seemed to change before my eyes, to lose something of its inexpressive calm and density, and stand charged with secret meaning. This canopy of foliage and song was but a veil interposed between me and that which lurked there withdrawn but still aware, like a hermit pondering human things. Dumbly through the green and gold the past reached out to me, seeking in vain to utter its inscrutable warning. It knew—it knew the undreamt-of future.

I sprang up suddenly and called to Ian; I was afraid to be alone any longer.

'Ian! Ian!' I cried again and again, terrified by the loneliness of the place. I was pursued by the idea that the boy might be in some dreadful danger. But no answering shout came from the fastnesses of the wood; not a twig snapped, not a bough moved. Far and near silence had fallen; only the cuckoo called with almost sinister persistence.

One cannot measure suspense; I do not know how long I stood there crying Ian's name. Perhaps it was but a minute or two before, with disconcerting suddenness, a living creature appeared in that deserted place. Far away a deer slipped noiselessly through the wall of the glade and halted, listening, his graceful antlers poised with an air of tense and dainty suspicion. He might have been an enchanted thing as he stood unmoving in the grassy track, a silhouette of dappled fawn upon the all-pervading green. Then at a bound he was gone; the wood had swallowed him up.

I think I was more relieved than taken aback by this apparition, for I hoped it was not my voice, but Ian himself, moving somewhere in the depths of the wood, that had startled the shy beast and sent him roving. And I set out down the glade, thinking to meet the boy, or at least to reach him with my voice from the spot where I had seen the deer.

I hurried; but before I had gone many yards, again I was aware of a living creature, not this time emerging from the greenwood, but already

present in the distant track. A youth, tall and dark-haired, was slowly moving towards me bareheaded. I stopped dead, and my heart, that had been beating wildly, gave one great sickening bound.

Incredible in such a place, he wore the gala dress of my husband's clan! At first I knew it by its colour, but as he came nearer I espied its every ornament and detail—the tartan of the kilt, the rich, archaic sporran, the draping of the dark-green scarf. Only in one respect was it unfamiliar—a knot of white ribbon conspicuous on the breast. As he walked he passed through a thin shaft of sunlight, and I saw the great golden cairngorm in the clasp on his left shoulder flicker a moment and then go out.

He was young for such trappings, neither boy nor man; but he carried them well, for he was slight and lithe. In the heavy silence I heard him speaking, his face turning as though it looked towards some one on his right hand; and yet he was alone—quite alone!

How was it that I did not know him? Something must have intervened between my faculties and the vision; not till he came within fifty paces of me was it withdrawn. And then I tried to scream and could not, and my scalp crept with terror. He was older a little, riper, a head taller; there was in his bearing, as he walked solitary, yet deferring to the empty air at his side, a courtly reverence strange to me; *but it was Ian!*

He was but ten paces off when suddenly he turned his face, and seemed vaguely to behold me. A great light was in it, an extraordinary rapture. I had never seen him thus transfigured. Slowly the bliss faded from his wide blue eyes, like a flame dropping from radiance to mere glowing; a spasm of pain crossed his features. I went right up to him, and still he stood in a dream, looking blankly down upon me, while little by little the everyday world resumed dominion over him. He might have been a diver rising from the floor of the deep sea. I think he did not yet recognise me perfectly, but I cannot be sure; my senses swam without warning, and for a few seconds I was almost unconscious.

When I came to myself I was sitting on the ground with my back to a tree; some one stood over me gently shaking my arm.

'Wake up, mother!' The voice was Ian's, yet I needed all my courage to look at him. If it had been still the changeling Ian who spoke I should have fainted outright.

Not daring to raise my eyes, I opened them, and saw with astonishment and unspeakable relief my schoolboy's stout lace boots and the hem of his gray flannel trousers. Somehow, they gave me confidence; they seemed to bind reason more firmly in its seat. I could not have borne to discover the kilt and the jewel-headed dirk thrust into the stocking, all the para-

phernalia of a dress which Ian had never yet worn.

Plucking up heart, I looked from the feet to the face. Thank God! it was my Ian come back, his own diminished, boyish self; in outward semblance unchanged, but white and almost haggard.

'Wake up, mother!' he repeated. 'Are you ill?'

I did not answer. I would not admit that I was frightened at his expression. I was trembling as visibly as he, and that, I think, made him bold to confide to me what he could not contain.

He knelt down and put his mouth to my ear. 'Mother, what's the matter?' he whispered; and I felt the painful fluttering of the hand he had laid on my shoulder. 'You—you look as though you'd seen her!'

'Whom?'

He was silent a moment. 'She's here—I've been with her,' he breathed, as though he could not bring himself to utter the name. 'She's lovely—different from what I thought, and yet like. They were riding in the wood, he and she. Mother, he's a rotter. I know he is! Her pony shied at a deer that jumped out; I caught his head in the nick of time, or he'd have run away. She let me help her down, and she walked with me all by herself.'

He paused, and I felt the stress of feeling that shook him body and soul. 'She spoke to me. It was wonderful—I can't tell all—I can't remember. But she said, "France and Scotland. Scotland must help France—Scotland must help," twice over. Mother, why did she say that?'

I thought he and I were fast losing what remained of our sober wits. Clearly he was too far gone to rouse himself; it rested with me to bring us both back to sanity.

With a great effort I got up, and looked straight in his disordered face. 'Stop, Ian!' I said very sharply. 'Do you know you've lost your camera? Where is it?'

Thus shocked into reality, he stared vaguely about him. 'Oh! I don't know,' he answered, as though indifferent to his precious kodak. 'I dare say I left it at the inn.'

'Then we'll go at once and ask for it,' I said, and I slipped my arm through his, determined to have done with that ominous place.

But Ian hung back, and I saw he had barely taken in what I said. 'I think I'll just go down there again first,' he said, turning his head and looking wistfully along the empty glade.

At that I confess I broke down, utterly beyond myself with terror. 'You'll do no such thing!' I cried. 'Ian! I forbid it! You're to come with me—this moment—now!'

'Oh, all right, mother! Easy on. I'll do what you like.'

He spoke rather wearily, and as he walked with me, uttering not a word, I felt secrecy steal like an impenetrable crust over the hidden fire of his heart. It was clear to me that he would say no more unless I pressed him.

When he had found his camera we ordered coffee at the inn, and drank it to the sound of our own wandering talk; we were absorbed by that of which we could not bear to speak. As we slowly rallied from the shock of the experience and reverted to our normal selves, I think we should both have jumped at the chance of discussing it without reserve.

I knew, indeed, perfectly whom Ian believed he had seen; he would have had no need to enlighten me. But did he realise in what eerie fashion he had shown himself to me? And what was I to think of the foreboding that had weighed me down? It would have been a great relief to talk freely!

But Ian was shy and proud, and regretted, I am sure, that he had made me free of his adventure. If he secretly wondered what had frightened me, he did not betray the fact. And as for me, though I am a Highland woman, I dread the dim, unfathomable regions of the mind; I would rather keep to its broad, well-travelled pathways, and see those I love walk with me there. Least of all would I encourage a growing boy to stray from them.

We left Touraine for Scotland a week later, and not another word passed between us about the glade in the wood.

Ian grew rapidly during the two years that followed, the child in him, even the delightful boy, making way for the man. How far he pondered his experience in France I do not know. He seemed absorbed in the many interests of a public-school boy to the exclusion of more visionary loves. I should have supposed that he had ceased to think of Mary Stuart had I not noticed that he never spoke of our day at Chenonceaux if he could help it. His silence on that point gave me pause; one could not be sure of him. He had the captivating frankness of manner which is so often found in reticent people.

But if he forgot, his mother remembered! Often after our return my thoughts harked back to the vision, and it was not till I had told it to my husband and seen it in the comforting light of his good sense that the misgiving it had left with me vanished away.

So securely happy was I in that sunset of the world's peace that even when the storm began to darken over Europe I did not in the least realise to what catastrophe it might lead. My husband was in London on business during the end of July and the beginning of August 1914. Ian was at school, and had arranged with me that when the holidays came he should go straight to Inverness, where the

head of the family was to be married with much rejoicing. Ian was to be best man to this favourite cousin, and looked forward with no little pride to representing his own branch of the house on the occasion. It is a weary journey from our home in Perthshire to Inverness, or I should have tried to go too, for the pleasure of seeing him and so many of our kinsfolk in the traditional bravery of the clan.

Left alone in glorious weather, I confess that I did not read the papers very carefully, but spent my time in the open air, sketching and gardening. It was not often that I had such complete leisure. If I foolishly took it for granted that the Continental crisis was to end well, I erred in company with many another happy woman.

The 5th of August, Charles ——'s wedding-day, was very hot and still. I stayed at home till the late afternoon; then, having told the servants where to look for me in case of need, I started to walk by a sheep-track over a shoulder of the hill at the back of our house, and so down its hinder slope to a lonely burn that I love.

It is a little burn, but a spirited one, which runs curving and leaping among gray boulders between steep, heathery banks; there are brown pools to dream over, and creamy waterfalls whose sound brings coolness to one's very soul. That evening the sunset had fired the surrounding moors with all the colours of the Book of Revelation; they lay as though molten, exhaling the heavenly scents of thyme and ling and bog-myrtle. I watched the glory change and deepen with the departing sun as I sat in the shelter of a line of alders beside the river. Far and wide there was quiet, but for the melancholy cry of peewits, the chuckle of grouse running hidden in the heather.

How well I remember the look of things in that last hour of heart's ease!

Strange that I, who had received the wood's dark warning at Chenonceaux, should now have had no presentiment! No doubt I should have been less densely tranquil if the world of action had not seemed so remote. But for two days I had received no news of it; our car had broken down; the carrier had forgotten to bring my *Scotsman*. So I sat unsuspectingly with a book in my lap, and let my thoughts wander where they would.

And then at a single stroke the old world died for me and this eternity of care and dogged waiting was born! I heard a shout from the hill-side between me and the house, and looking up, I saw Ian standing on the skyline.

'Mother!' he called, staring down into the valley.

The sight struck cold to my heart, for I imagined him making merry far away in Inverness. Why had he suddenly come back? I

jumped to the absurd conclusion that his father was ill in London, and had wired to Ian, who had rushed home to break the news.

'Mother!' he called again, and I stood up, answering shrilly. It was clear that he heard me, though I was hidden among the trees, for he at once began to run in my direction. It was a break-neck descent! I watched his long scarf flying behind him, the jerking of the sporrans above his bare knees; I saw his dear feet strike little puffs of yellow dust from the heather as he plunged downhill.

Then, with a final mighty bound, he leapt into the shady path below the alders. He had taken the shortest course down the steep brae, and had landed a stone's-throw from where I stood. Now he stopped a moment, almost winded by his pace, and I heard him panting as though with more than the mere stress of speed.

'Here I am!' I cried, though I was in full view. 'What is it?' and he ran towards me, stumbling over the uneven ground.

So young and goodly he looked in his finery, so radiant was his face! Plainly he brought great news, and yet my spirit turned faint with apprehension. That white breast-knot—his wedding favour—I had seen it once before . . . and the jewel—the jewel on his shoulder . . . a sunbeam pierced the shade and found it as he came, and again for one dreadful moment I saw its golden fire!

It seems to me now that I knew what he was going to say before he spoke.

'It's war!' he cried. 'We've declared war on Germany. . . . She's attacking France! I'm going. . . . I'm nearly eighteen. . . . Mother! you must let me go!'

I couldn't answer; I could only look at him dumbfounded while he stood before me so tall and gallant, his face aglow with mystic elation as on that forgotten day.

He came still closer, and awe sounded in his lowered voice.

'It's what *she* told me at Chenonceaux—she said, "Scotland must help." She knew. . . . It's Scotland and France again—Scotland and France!'

#### THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

HANDMAID of God, great Nature pours God's gift  
Into weak human hands; yet man perceives  
But little of the wealth he thus receives,  
And scarce allows the beauty to uplift  
His heavy heart; with blinded eyes, deaf ears,  
He takes his pleasure or endures his pain;  
Sees but an accident in sun or rain;  
Knows naught of Joy, but only hopes and fears.

Yet Joy is Nature's secret source of life,  
Obedient to the Infinite God within,  
His Spirit ruling her; she knows not sin,  
And all her energies are noble strife;  
Wisdom and Love she knows without alloy,  
And of these twain are born the Spirit of Joy.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### A GLIMPSE OF MANNING AND WILBERFORCE AT LAVINGTON.

By the Venerable Archdeacon SINCLAIR, D.D.

ON April 14, 1917, died, in her cottage at Norwood-Lavington, Granny Saunders, one of the last who remembered Cardinal Manning in his Church of England parish. Her recollections suggested the putting together of some reminiscences of that very eminent ecclesiastic, and his brother-in-law and parishioner, the famous Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.

One of the most beautiful scenes in Sussex, and therefore perhaps in England, is contained by the twin-sister parishes, Wool-Lavington and Graffham. They lie under the long rampart of the South Downs, on the north side, where the vast woods of Charlton Forest, which occupies the southern slopes, have descended over the northern crest, and clothed the steep declivities with a dark hanging robe of beech and birch, juniper and yew, from Duncton Beacon westwards. The rich glades and sheep-meadows, from which Wool-Lavington takes its ancient name, slant up into the shelter of the trees and the hollows of the hills like lawns of velvet turf. From the same wooded steep many a spring of purest water gushes forth, especially after heavy rains, and gives the pleasant sound of singing streams to the leafy lanes ere they collect together and form an affluent of the charming river Rother, which dominates the wide valley below, on its course from Liss, Midhurst, and Petersfield in the west, past Petworth and Fittleworth, till it joins the Arun at Stopham Bridge. To these 'lavants,' as the local people call them, Lavington owes the main part of its name; for 'lavant' means a spring rushing forth from a hillside.

Lavington Park (destined to belong to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce) was owned in the time of Queen Elizabeth by Lord Lumley; from him, the year after the Spanish Armada, it was bought by Gyles Garton, a substantial citizen of London. Gyles had a son of knightly rank, Sir Peter; and they built a fine Tudor house of red brick, with towers at the angles, and an embattled gateway at the corner of the pleasure-grounds by the road up the hill, which last still exists.

Sir Peter Garton's estate passed, by a series of heiresses, to Charlotte Orme Bettessworth, who married John Sargent, of another Sussex family,

a man of culture, who published a book of poems, and was a friend of the Sussex poet Hayley. John Sargent and his wife pulled down the Elizabethan mansion, and, according to the taste of the time, built the square Georgian house of white brick, with a balustrade all round the top (the windows had suffered from a temporary vagary in the manufacture of glass which produced a purple tinge), which was familiar during the ownership of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce.

John Sargent died in 1831, and was succeeded by his son, the Rev. John Sargent, who had married the daughter of a neighbour, Abel Smith the banker, first-cousin of William Wilberforce the liberator, elder brother of Lord Carrington, and owner of the beautiful estate of Dale Park, on the south slope of the Downs, near Arundel. He had died in 1779, two years after his marriage, leaving an only child, Mary, who was brought up by her uncle and aunt Wilberforce, and married the Rev. John Sargent in 1804.

The Rev. John Sargent was educated for the bar, but at Cambridge came under the influence of Simeon, one of the leaders of the evangelical revival. Born in 1770, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, he was ordained in 1805, the year after his marriage, became rector of Lavington and Graffham immediately on his ordination, and remained in that office till his death. He died in 1833, two years after his father. He was succeeded as rector by Manning, who had been his curate. The Rev. John Sargent's son predeceased him; and consequently his daughters, Emily (Mrs Samuel Wilberforce), Mary (Mrs Henry Wilberforce), Caroline (Mrs Manning), and Sophia Lucy (Mrs Ryder), became co-heiresses of Lavington Park; the eldest, Mrs Samuel Wilberforce, inherited on the death of her mother, Mrs Sargent, a lady of high character and influence.

It was in 1828 that Emily, the eldest daughter, married Samuel Wilberforce, who took deacon's orders the same year, and afterwards became Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. In 1834 Caroline married Henry Edward Manning, rector of Lavington, who in 1840

became archdeacon of Chichester, and died Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Caroline died in childbirth in 1838, and was buried with her baby in Lavington churchyard. In 1850 Archdeacon Manning seceded to the Roman communion. Bishop Wilberforce became the owner of the Lavington and Graffham estates in right of his wife, and enjoyed a life of ideal happiness there, when he could spare the time from Cuddesdon (the episcopal home of his Oxford diocese), and his later episcopality of Winchester and Winchester House, St James Square, in London. He never lived at Farnham Castle, the historic seat of the Bishops of Winchester, as his predecessor, Bishop Sumner, who had retired with Farnham Castle as his residence for life, outlived him.

The two brothers-in-law, Wilberforce and Manning, were both devoted to Lavington. When, thirteen years after her marriage, Mrs Wilberforce died in 1841, the Bishop found some consolation in the charm of the scenery and in the interests of his young family. Writing from Lavington to his sister in 1844, he says: 'Life here is so unlike my life anywhere else. I was up alone on the hillside between six and seven this morning, and anything more lovely you cannot conceive. The slanting sun was throwing its brightness from behind me on the glorious prospect, far up into Surrey; Albury, the Hogsback, Leith Hill, and the rest; and all very distant country looks so beautiful—a sort of Delectable Mountain feeling hangs about it. I suppose it is the secret instinct after "the land that is very far away" that stirs within one.' A long terrace-walk in the pleasure-grounds on the side of the hill, shaded on both sides by trees, is known as the Bishop's Walk; and at the top of Lavington Down he erected a wooden tower in order to increase the extent of splendid view around. On May 31, 1873, just before his tragic death, he wrote to his daughter-in-law (it was the annual occasion of visiting his wife's grave, and laying flowers upon it): 'God's world in its beauty, animate and inanimate, around me: the nightingale singing His praises, and all seeming to rejoice before Him.' A month later he was thrown from his horse when riding with Lord Granville on those very Surrey hills at which he used to gaze, and was instantaneously killed. And so in 1838, on the death of his wife, after five years of married life, Manning writes: 'Till the last six months I have never known what it is to have irresistible local affection. Once a little self-denial would have made all places alike; for all that makes one place differ from another would have followed me like a shadow. Now there is only one place unlike all others, and that is unchangeable.\*' In his later days he refers to 'the love I feel for the little church

under the green hillside, where the morning and evening prayer, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years became part of my soul.'

It was in these surroundings and amongst these associations that Manning spent his ministerial course in the Church of England. He was well known at Oxford; had been scholar and fellow of his college, as well as president of the Union; and was becoming deeply interested in the Tractarian movement (1833-41). His dry humour was characteristic through life; and a story illustrative of his ready versatility and quickness in answering used to be told of him by a contemporary (afterwards a professor) in reference to his Union days. There had been a debate on Protection and Free Trade, and Gladstone had been declaiming about one particular duty, that on the Spanish article called *barilla*, which is a plant used in the making of glass and in the production of iodine, potash, and alkalies. The removal of the duty by Mr Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early part of the nineteenth century, caused the destruction of the kelp-trade on the western and northern coasts of Scotland, on the coasts of Ireland, and in the Orkneys, and led to great and prolonged distress. As they left the debating-room, the subsequent professor asked Manning (who belonged to a business family) if he knew what *barilla* was. Manning, who was very human, and not accustomed to admit ignorance, bravely replied with imperturbable gravity, 'There are two ways of loading a ship. One is when the cargo is entirely of one kind, as wheat, timber, iron, or cotton. The other way is when it is a mixed cargo. In that case it is called *barilla*.'

Another glimpse of Manning at Oxford has been left by Archbishop Tait. When Tait first came up to Balliol College as a young Scotsman, he received a kind welcome from George Moberly, a tutor of the college, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who asked him to breakfast next day, which was Sunday. The other guests were Henry Edward Manning, who had lately taken his degree, Herman Merivale, and Stephen Denison. Moberly (whom long years afterwards Tait himself consecrated to the episcopate) recommended Manning to Tait as a safe guide for his opening career at the university; but they never became intimate.

John Sargent offered Manning the curacy of Wool-Lavington, Graffham, and West Lavington. In those days, when the clergy were not so numerous as they are now, nor services so multiplied, it was quite usual for an assistant-curate to help in several small parishes in turn. Sargent had a friend, the Rev. James Tripp, a friend of the Egremont family, a man of saintly character, who had been a disciple at Cambridge of Thomas Scott and Charles Simeon, and was now rector of Hardham and Up-Waltham, two

\* F. G. Brabant, *Rambles in Sussex*, p. 58.

small parishes west and south of Lavington. It was arranged that Manning should assist the two rectors of Lavington and Hardham. Members of the rector of Hardham's family recollected Manning coming to discuss matters with their father before his ordination, in the usual dress of the time, a blue tail-coat with brass buttons, nankeen tights, stockings and shoes, and having a friendly romp with them round the garden. He was a serious-looking young man, with an oval face, keen piercing eyes, and an agreeable smile; of middle height, slender figure, and good bearing. A very pleasing drawing of him has been left by George Richmond, R.A.

Everybody in those days rode on horseback; the first railroad was made only in 1825, and even by 1842 the railroads of the country covered only eighteen hundred miles. Sussex at that time was exceedingly arcadian in its remoteness and simplicity. Up-Waltham, which has an interesting little Norman church, a small semi-circular chancel, and no vestry, was high up in the solitary folds of the Downs. One Sunday afternoon, Manning, thinking the rector of Hardham had too many of the duties of the day on his own shoulders, rode over to Up-Waltham on his gray mare after his own work, entered the little church while service was proceeding, and, as there was only one surplice, divested the rector of it before the congregation, and himself mounted the pulpit.

Manning, like many who have joined the Roman Church, was in early days strongly opposed to its claims; the members of the great communion which he subsequently joined, and by which he was so highly honoured, will not think the worse of him for that. One day he was riding with the rector of Hardham and another past Arundel Church, the chancel of which was known as the Fitzalan Chapel, and had never been used for the reformed service of the Church of England, though it was open to the rest of the building. Some one asked why this was so, and the answer was that it belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk, who were generally Catholics.\* 'Tie the tin kettle to the tail,' cried Manning, '*Roman Catholic, please.*'

During another ride Manning was illustrating to the same friend the usually alleged risks of the confessional. His view, of course, subsequently became very different. 'There was an ostler,' he said, 'at an inn in these parts, a bright and hearty lad, who went to make his Easter confession to the priest. He walked up to the confessional cheerful and contented. "What is your grief, my son?" asked the priest. The young ostler had nothing on his mind except very general matters. "Did you never grease the oats for the horses stopping at your inn?" †

inquired the priest at length. "I should be ashamed of myself even to think of such a thing," answered the lad with indignation. Next year he came again, sad and dejected, with all his jauntiness gone. After the usual questions, the priest said, "And have you never greased the horses' oats?" "Often and often," replied the ostler, with downcast looks, "since you told me about it."'

It has been mentioned that John Sargent, the rector of Lavington, died in 1833, and that Manning's curacy ended with his appointment as successor. It was before the end of the twelvemonth that he married Caroline, the late squire and rector's daughter, whose elder sister Emily had married Samuel Wilberforce six years before. Manning and his wife were married in the little church at Lavington by Wilberforce; it is recollected still that all the girls of the village school wore white hoods and white capes on the occasion. Wilberforce, who was born in 1805, and had taken his degree at Oriel in 1826, had been ordained at the end of 1828, and taken the curacy of Checkendon, near by Henley-on-Thames. In 1830 he had become rector of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, and in 1836 rural dean. His subsequent career was rapid; in 1839 he was appointed by Bishop Sumner to the archdeaconry of Surrey; in 1840 canon of Winchester, and rector of Alverstoke; in 1841 chaplain to the Prince-Consort; in March 1845 he became Dean of Westminster, and in October of the same year Bishop of Oxford. The secession of his brother-in-law, Manning, in 1850 somewhat checked his influence, followed as it was soon after by that of his brothers, Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce, and Henry; also, the leading part which he took in the revival of Convocation was unpopular at Windsor Castle.

Manning and his wife lived at the charming house of Beechwood, near the eastern gates of Lavington Park, within sight of the home of the Sargents and the Wilberforces. The following notes are reminiscences of old Mrs Esther Saunders, whose recent death at the age of ninety at her daughter Mrs Todman's cottage at Lavington was the introduction to this paper, and who enjoyed talking of old days as she sat in her chimney-corner. Her father lived at the hamlet of East Dean, and was a charcoal-burner in Charlton Forest. As he passed through East Dean he used to call out, 'Now, boys, listen! You'll live to see corn threshed without flails, and carriages running without horses!'

Manning was an enthusiastic church-builder; he built the present church at Lavington, which is of very simple, correct Early English architecture, and rebuilt the church at Graffham. Graffham Church was rebuilt a second time, and very admirably, in 1875, in memory of Bishop Wilberforce. Its cylindrical Saxon font is the only trace of the old Anglo-Saxon church before

\* The duke of that date, Duke Bernard, who succeeded from a distant branch (1815-42), was not a Roman.

† A trick to prevent horses from eating their feed of oats.

the Normans. At West Lavington Manning had a curate, named Laprimaundaye, who built the church in that hamlet at his own expense, and afterwards followed his rector in his change to Rome. The architect of West Lavington was Butterfield in his early days, and he probably designed the church at Lavington also. It is interesting to remember that Richard Cobden, the apostle of Free Trade, was buried in the churchyard of West Lavington; he was born in a farm-house in the adjoining parish of Heyshott. Laprimaundaye was noted in the parish for his generosity. From 1840 Manning was always known as 'the Archdeacon;' and it was by that name that he was still familiar to the two or three old people who of late recollected him.

There was a school for girls at Lavington, and for boys at Graffham. Children from farms and cottages used to walk together as far as the well-known trysting-tree between the two villages, which they called the Weeping Willow, but which is in reality a lime with branches drooping over an aged wooden seat. The mistress of Lavington School was a north-country woman. Food was provided every day for the girls by the Sargents at the great house—meat one day, soup another, pudding a third, and so on. The mistress used to urge them to eat as much as they could; the children liked that school.

The archdeacon was on kindly terms with all his parishioners, especially the young. He was exceedingly conscientious in his duties, and had the reputation of giving away all that he had. The names of the villagers in his time have their representatives at the present day, such as Albery, Ayling, Blunden, Boxall, Bridger, Brockhurst, Challen, Ellcombe, Hedger, Holden, Howick, Pescod, Todman, West. Dame Esther Saunders's maiden name was Ayling. She recollects meeting the archdeacon one day on his old gray mare, when he asked her with a smile what he could do for her. 'Nothing, sir,' she answered, 'except marry me to Saunders next week.'

When Manning's wife died he was petrified with grief; it was with difficulty that he was torn from her grave, into which he had stepped; he seemed hard and indifferent to all his surroundings. This went on week after week, and one of his neighbours consulted his old friend the rector of Hardham as to what could be done. That wise man rode off to Beechwood, and began talking about the wife, recalling all her virtues, charms, and many gifts. Manning listened, at first as cold as ever; but gradually his heart melted, he burst into a flood of tears, and afterwards thanked his friend most sincerely for thus lifting the load of numbness from off his mind.

When Manning had made up his mind to secede, he was calling at Woodcote farm, where Mrs Saunders was then living, and said to her

neighbour, Mrs Ellcombe, that he had not seen Esther for a year: where was she? 'She's living next door, sir.' 'Tell her to come over to Beechwood on New Year's Day, in the morning.' Mrs Saunders, who was not fit for much walking at the time, managed to get over, and happened to meet the archdeacon near the famous parish lime-tree. He told her he was going away. 'Why, where be ye going to, sir?' 'Well, I'm going to leave this parish, and going to Rome. I've tried to give everything away, but there's still something for you;' and he gave her a parting present. 'Whatever happens,' he said, 'you stick to your church as long as you live.' She made the promise, which she was able to keep for sixty-seven years, till she died the oldest parishioner in Lavington. 'Go up to the house,' he said; 'the housekeeper has something for you.' At that time (four years after the bursting of the railway bubble, two years after the year of revolutions, the Chartist demonstration in London, and the ravages of the cholera) the prices of ordinary provisions were very high, and the archdeacon used to get barrels of pickled pork for the relief of the needy. The housekeeper gave her as much pork as she could carry, for her husband and her various neighbours.

The parishes seem to have been well off for prosperous and open-hearted people, for, besides the archdeacon, Bishop Wilberforce, and Mr Laprimaundaye, there were Mr and Mrs Ladbroke, who were wealthy and kindly. Mr Ladbroke never walked out without a pocketful of coins, and when he met the children he used to throw them for a scramble. 'And there was a scramble, too,' said old Granny Saunders with a chuckle.

The archdeacon's departure caused great and genuine grief in the twin-parishes; but he was succeeded by one of the best of men, Mr Randall, who remained there some forty years, and afterwards became Dean of Bristol. His memory is also most affectionately cherished by his humble parishioners. Mrs Randall, who is still alive, was well off, and built the fine schools at Graffham. Mr Randall was not only an eloquent preacher and a sympathetic spiritual guide, but he was also a hearty, humorous, genial friend to all the people of the parish, and seemed to know instinctively when they were in distress and trouble. His harvest-homes were amongst the first held (the actual forerunners were those of Archdeacon Denison at East Brent). The whole parish attended; the church was carefully decorated; and long tables were spread on the lawn at Lavington for a festival tea afterwards, at which Bishop Samuel Wilberforce presided.

A local reminiscence of Bishop Wilberforce may be here recalled on the authority of the old rector of Hardham. Some time after Manning's bereavement, Wilberforce happened to be in Petworth, driving a high phaeton, with a pair of spirited and lately broken horses, alone, without a

groom. The number of gates between Lavington and Petworth was about twelve. The bishop, who, as all who knew him remember, was fond of a joke, suddenly spied little Bishop Trower, the retired Bishop of Gibraltar, walking along the road. He had a parish in the neighbourhood, and was short, stout, and very good-natured. 'Oh, my dear Trower,' cried the bishop, 'you're the very man I wanted to see. Our friend Manning is very lonely, and he much wants to have a talk with you.' Bishop Trower was much astonished, for he knew very little of Manning, and said so. 'You've no idea,' answered the bishop, 'how much good you'll do him, and how greatly he wishes to see you! I'll drive you over. Come, get up here!' Much mystified, Bishop Trower complied. He soon found out at any rate one reason why the bishop had been so eager for his company; for at each of the twelve gates he had to jump down, open it, and climb up again.

These times have long passed away, with all their associations, gay or grave. Manning became a great prince of the Church, who took a leading part in the Vatican Council, and whose distinguished career, as one of the most prominent ecclesiastics of the age, is a matter of history. His affection for the seventeen years of his life at Lavington never ceased, and the tradition of his pastoral influence, carried on by successive

rectors, is still a living force. Lavington Park also has passed from the Wilberforces to another proprietor, wealthy and benevolent, who has greatly enlarged the hillside home of the Gartons, Ormes, Betchworths, Sargents, and their successors, and made it a palace of art, richly stored with some of the best examples of modern British landscape and other paintings. He has built a library and village hall, and pleasant houses in the firwoods of Graffham. In one of them 'for some years was the hearth of one of the most truthful of living painters, Henry La Thangue, R.A., whose scenes of peasants at work (after the manner of Barbizon), and studies of sunlight spattering through trees, are among the triumphs of modern English art.\*

The sun still shines the same on the hills and uplands of Lavington and Graffham. The woods, the flowers, the streams, the birds, have the same charms as endeared them to Manning and Wilberforce; and their influence has not departed from the place. They loved the people, and worked strenuously to make them good and happy. The slight reminiscences here recorded, both the serious and the lighter, gathered from old and retentive memories, may perhaps be acceptable as illustrations of one side of the life and character of the two eminent brothers-in-law who were sincerely earnest in using their brilliant gifts in serving their day and generation.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

JUST then a series of shrill whistles issued from a short distance up the creek, followed by stern calls of "Bob"! "Bob"! *will* you come here!' And in another moment the hat and handsome face of Gavin Barrie appeared, one arm holding his rod high above the thronging boughs and bushes.

What the young man muttered beneath his breath, as brief as it was expressive, need not be recorded, when, on reaching the pool towards which, with a true fisherman's conscience, he had faithfully worked his way down all the dense and difficult part, he caught sight of the girl Lalonne in possession of the place, and already appropriated by his dog.

'Oh, Mr Barrie,' she cried with the perfect freedom of address that in some way annoyed him, 'your dog has treed a squirrel. I never saw one alive before. Do you think you could catch it for me?'

Supreme scorn swam through Barrie's being, but he managed to make at least a show of lifting his hat ere answering rather brusquely, 'Good Lord, no; I'm not a steeple-jack!'

Anita looked thoughtful. Did this Englishman mean to snub her? If so—a mysterious smile curved her red lips—she would give him

a surprise by-and-by. She said nothing further, but sat quiet, her hands clasped lightly around one knee to steady herself, her great dark eyes watching him as he deftly freed his line from a detaining bush.

Gavin Barrie was thoroughly put out, but it did not lie in his nature to be deliberately rude; so, sticking the end of his rod in the ground, and slipping the reel from his shoulder, he made a circuit of the log, and came up to where his dog, eyes glowing, red tongue lolling from wet jaws, still glared up at the squirrel.

'Silly beast!' said Gavin in make-believe reproach. 'And you know perfectly well you had no business to go rushing ahead, frightening every fish in the water!'

'Are they easily frightened?' asked Anita. Then, before Barrie could reply, she cried out, 'Oh, I see one!' and slipping lightly to the ground, darted to the edge of the stream.

What was the state of the man's feelings when he saw the girl, in her light-coloured blouse, bending over his treasured pool, none but a keen angler can understand. Smothering a curse, he gathered up reel and rod, and

\* E. V. Lucas, *Highways and Byways in Sussex*, p. 21.

made as though to move farther down the creek.

'Oh,' cried Anita, 'ain't you going to catch that fish? He's such a big one!'

Barrie's mouth gave its characteristic twist, but he succeeded in replying civilly, 'No use, I'm afraid; the water is thoroughly "frightened." I'll try my luck farther down.'

'But I don't understand,' protested the girl. 'The fish couldn't see me, and he went under that log. Do, please, try to catch him! I never saw anybody catch a fish.'

The lazily compliant side of Gavin's make-up rose to the surface. Why argue with this foolish girl? He would show her that the trout wasn't to be caught, and then perhaps he could go on and fish in peace. So, glancing about him to see that he could cast freely, he dropped a fly, delicately, beautifully—a sight to have delighted the eyes of Izaak Walton himself—under the shadowy log; and then—well, then the unexpected, that is the bait and yet the bane of an angler's vocation, happened; there was a smack and a flip of the running water, and then, swung dexterously free over her head and dropped at her feet, lay a beautiful, glittering, gleaming trout!

'Well, I'm blown!' burst from Barrie's surprised lips. 'He's a beauty, too! Wait a moment, and I'll take him off the fly; then you can see him better,' he went on, addressing Anita, the fisherman's satisfaction having put to flight his *mal humeur*.

Anita, kneeling on the ground, turned the fish over and over with one cautious finger, saying in unfeigned admiration, 'Isn't it lovely? I knew you could catch it. Won't you try again?' she asked, looking up at him with eyes of entreaty.

'I was mistaken once, so I may be a second time,' he answered; 'but I really don't think it's a particle of use. However'—and again the dainty fly swept the pool. Once—twice. Then, 'Stand back a bit, please, or you may get hooked!' he called to the girl; but, in her eagerness to watch him, she moved forward, and instantly the line, whipping backwards for a farther cast, caught the fly in the back of her muslin collar.

Poor Barrie's patience was being sorely tried. The last thing in the world which he wished to happen was the necessity for freeing that fly from the girl's dress.

'Don't touch it!' he cried to her, as she raised her arms behind her head to reach for the hook; then, laying down his rod, he came over to where she stood. 'Turn round,' he bade her in a tone between that of a father and a schoolmaster, then began extricating the hook, the while Anita remained motionless as a frozen rabbit, her shapely head drooping forward from the slender white neck, as though awaiting decapitation.

The hook was obstinate, and Gavin thoroughly hated the job; but to forfeit one of his best flies, especially when it was the very one the trout were taking, was not to be thought of, so he struggled to free it, until gradually the abnormal rigidity of the girl's attitude, by which she testified her contrition for thus wasting his precious time, roused his sense of humour.

'There!' he at last exclaimed. 'Sorry to have kept you so long; but it's out now. Hope it hasn't hurt this thing of yours;' and he just touched the lacy edge of the collar, somewhat disarranged about the base of her neck, where soft little fluffs of hair looked like tufts from a raven's breast against the whiteness of her skin.

Anita's hands fluttered up and about the collar, patting it into place; while Barrie, having satisfied himself that his precious fly was intact, fixed the leader into his reel and prepared to move on down the stream. A disturbing thought, however, that he was being rude persisted in making itself known, and swift retribution seemed to follow, for he could hear Anita's boots striking on the pebbly edges and her dress swishing against the bushes as she hurried after him.

'Oh, please wait for me!' she called a little breathlessly. 'I do so want to see you catch some more fish; and I promise not to frighten them again.'

The luckless angler felt himself to be fairly caught, with no possibility of wriggling off the hook! Had it been farther up-stream he might reasonably have urged upon his unwelcome *attachée* the peril to her frail clothing should she attempt to fight her way through the thickets, but from the point where they had met the creek broadened out, with banks fairly free, and enticing pools into which he could cast with comparative ease. Therefore, with the philosophic reflection that the Fates were plainly determined to spoil his morning, he answered carelessly, 'Oh, very well. And perhaps you could manage to keep "Bob" with you; he invariably rushes ahead and swims in the best pools.'

'Is "Bob" the name of your dog?' asked Anita, delighted to observe some symptoms of thaw on the part of this frigid young man; but the latter's laconic 'Yes' not encouraging further conversation, she coaxed the dog to her side and followed in his master's wake, unwontedly subdued and silent.

Such taciturnity would as a rule have depressed Anita Lalonne, whose tongue and temperament were alike of the lightning sort; but as she picked her way beside the merrily talkative stream, her hands and feet occupied in avoiding obstacles for which town streets had not educated them, and her eyes eagerly watching the graceful rise, fall, trail, of the Englishman's light line, the spell of the 'great silences' fell

upon her and filled some chamber of her heart hitherto empty.

This morning hour was for the girl a first stepping-stone across the stream of her future life with the forester, whose unsounded depths had, but a short while before, filled her with vague fears. Of all this, however, she herself was but dimly conscious, her mind for the time being alert to the novelty of environment, her blood quickened by the rarefied, pine-laden air and unaccustomed exercise.

As for Gavin Barrie, who, in the first feelings of vexation, had anticipated his quiet pleasure would be marred by the girl's presence, he found himself obliged grudgingly to admit that her office in keeping the marauding 'Bob' at a safe distance from his fishing-ground was an undeniable compensation. The trout, too, were in the best of humour for his flies; and was there ever an angler whose spirits could long resist the soothing influence of 'game' fish and a weighty 'basket'?

Presently the desire for sympathy, common to man and beast, getting the better of him, Gavin began, as one glittering trout after another rose to his deft fly, to throw a quick, backward glance at the girl, whose splendid eyes, lit up with excitement and admiration of his skill, unfailingly met his own, until by degrees, under the influence of sunshine and good sport, the prejudice which he had hastily conceived against her began to slip away. Thus for an hour or more the two trod the same trail, her trim little brown boots scrunching the same shining pebbles and pungent pine-needles as his heavy nail-studded foot-gear, a comfortable, if silent, camaraderie established between them, at once comprehended and approved by the red-brown dog.

Presently, however, this smooth-running order of things was rudely interrupted, and Gavin Barrie awakened to the difficulties of a situation for which he was in no degree responsible by the creek taking a sudden bend among dense-growing alders, making it necessary to cross. Almost doubling upon itself, the stream then flowed on between banks quite devoid of bush on one side, though impassably thick on the other. At this point, too, the water ran swift and fairly deep, racing along over a slippery bottom, with neither boulder nor fallen log to bridge it. Barrie came to a halt, his gray eyes quietly studying the position of things, thus allowing Anita, with a restraining finger in the dog's collar, to catch him up.

Presuming that he had stopped merely to examine his flies, she dropped down upon a convenient log, and heaving a sigh of happy content, said, glancing archly up at him, and mimicking Charlie Axel to the life, 'Ain't it awful nice!'

Gavin smiled appreciatively; then, after a moment's hesitation, said almost curtly, 'You

had better go back now. I shall have to cross here, and this side of the creek is impassable;' saying which, he took up his rod and began feeling about for the best footing and shallowest place to cross.

He had waded a few yards, when it occurred to him that perhaps Miss Lalonne could persuade his dog to go back with her—a relief to himself and company for her. Accordingly he turned about to make the request, and was amazed to see Anita standing ankle-deep in the water, her hands tightly clasped and her face deadly pale.

As her terrified eyes met his look of surprise, she broke out, 'Oh, Mr Barrie, please, please do not send me back!'

Barrie all at once felt very angry. What right had this strange girl to attach herself to him, forcing her company upon him and spoiling his sport? 'Go back at once!' he said sternly. 'Can't you see that it's impossible for you to come any farther?'

But the girl, heedless that her boots were being rapidly soaked, stirred not a step, but stretching out her hands, nearly electrified Barrie by exclaiming, '*Mais non, m'sieur! Ayez pitié de moi!* I cannot go back *toute seule*. I am terrified of the great forest and the m-m-mountain-lions!' Her voice broke and she burst into tears.

For an instant Gavin, his mind thus startled and groping after some elusive recollection, stared at the girl, then strode back to the edge of the stream, scattering the flying drops of water over her clothes.

'Then I suppose I must go back too,' he said brusquely, and, avoiding looking at Anita trembling beside him, began removing his flies.

Doubt and vexation boiling within him had nearly won the day, but your keen fisherman's instinct is indeed strong in death, and dies hard. The morning was heavenly, the trout taking well, a long stretch of tempting water still untried. Out with a jerk came Gavin's watch. Only ten o'clock. He succumbed to the inevitable.

'Take my rod. I'll carry you across,' he fairly snapped; and before Anita Lalonne could open her lips to speak, one iron arm had gripped her slender waist, the other swooped her up, and she found herself being borne across the water racing swiftly below her feet.

Clutching the rod in one hand, with the other she clung to the lapel of his coat, and as she felt his body sway and recover itself as he moved cautiously over the slippery stones, there flashed through her mind images from her strange dreams of the night before, in which this Englishman had figured, carrying, first, her lilies, then herself, then David. The strangeness of it all so obsessed her that when, very shortly, they gained the opposite bank and he

made as though to move farther down the creek.

'Oh,' cried Anita, 'ain't you going to catch that fish? He's such a big one!'

Barrie's mouth gave its characteristic twist, but he succeeded in replying civilly, 'No use, I'm afraid; the water is thoroughly "frightened." I'll try my luck farther down.'

'But I don't understand,' protested the girl. 'The fish couldn't see me, and he went under that log. Do, please, try to catch him! I never saw anybody catch a fish.'

The lazily compliant side of Gavin's make-up rose to the surface. Why argue with this foolish girl? He would show her that the trout wasn't to be caught, and then perhaps he could go on and fish in peace. So, glancing about him to see that he could cast freely, he dropped a fly, delicately, beautifully—a sight to have delighted the eyes of Izaak Walton himself—under the shadowy log; and then—well, then the unexpected, that is the bait and yet the bane of an angler's vocation, happened; there was a smack and a flip of the running water, and then, swung dexterously free over her head and dropped at her feet, lay a beautiful, glittering, gleaming trout!

'Well, I'm blowed!' burst from Barrie's surprised lips. 'He's a beauty, too! Wait a moment, and I'll take him off the fly; then you can see him better,' he went on, addressing Anita, the fisherman's satisfaction having put to flight his *mal humeur*.

Anita, kneeling on the ground, turned the fish over and over with one cautious finger, saying in unfeigned admiration, 'Isn't it lovely? I knew you could catch it. Won't you try again?' she asked, looking up at him with eyes of entreaty.

'I was mistaken once, so I may be a second time,' he answered; 'but I really don't think it's a particle of use. However'—and again the dainty fly swept the pool. Once—twice. Then, 'Stand back a bit, please, or you may get hooked!' he called to the girl; but, in her eagerness to watch him, she moved forward, and instantly the line, whipping backwards for a farther cast, caught the fly in the back of her muslin collar.

Poor Barrie's patience was being sorely tried. The last thing in the world which he wished to happen was the necessity for freeing that fly from the girl's dress.

'Don't touch it!' he cried to her, as she raised her arms behind her head to reach for the hook; then, laying down his rod, he came over to where she stood. 'Turn round,' he bade her in a tone between that of a father and a schoolmaster, then began extricating the hook, the while Anita remained motionless as a frozen rabbit, her shapely head drooping forward from the slender white neck, as though awaiting decapitation.

The hook was obstinate, and Gavin thoroughly hated the job; but to forfeit one of his best flies, especially when it was the very one the trout were taking, was not to be thought of, so he struggled to free it, until gradually the abnormal rigidity of the girl's attitude, by which she testified her contrition for thus wasting his precious time, roused his sense of humour.

'There!' he at last exclaimed. 'Sorry to have kept you so long; but it's out now. Hope it hasn't hurt this thing of yours;' and he just touched the lacy edge of the collar, somewhat disarranged about the base of her neck, where soft little fluffs of hair looked like tufts from a raven's breast against the whiteness of her skin.

Anita's hands fluttered up and about the collar, patting it into place; while Barrie, having satisfied himself that his precious fly was intact, fixed the leader into his reel and prepared to move on down the stream. A disturbing thought, however, that he was being rude persisted in making itself known, and swift retribution seemed to follow, for he could hear Anita's boots striking on the pebbly edges and her dress swishing against the bushes as she hurried after him.

'Oh, please wait for me!' she called a little breathlessly. 'I do so want to see you catch some more fish; and I promise not to frighten them again.'

The luckless angler felt himself to be fairly caught, with no possibility of wriggling off the hook! Had it been farther up-stream he might reasonably have urged upon his unwelcome *attachée* the peril to her frail clothing should she attempt to fight her way through the thickets, but from the point where they had met the creek broadened out, with banks fairly free, and enticing pools into which he could cast with comparative ease. Therefore, with the philosophic reflection that the Fates were plainly determined to spoil his morning, he answered carelessly, 'Oh, very well. And perhaps you could manage to keep "Bob" with you; he invariably rushes ahead and swims in the best pools.'

'Is "Bob" the name of your dog?' asked Anita, delighted to observe some symptoms of thaw on the part of this frigid young man; but the latter's laconic 'Yes' not encouraging further conversation, she coaxed the dog to her side and followed in his master's wake, unwontedly subdued and silent.

Such taciturnity would as a rule have depressed Anita Lalonne, whose tongue and temperament were alike of the lightning sort; but as she picked her way beside the merrily talkative stream, her hands and feet occupied in avoiding obstacles for which town streets had not educated them, and her eyes eagerly watching the graceful rise, fall, trail, of the Englishman's light line, the spell of the 'great silences' fell

upon her and filled some chamber of her heart hitherto empty.

This morning hour was for the girl a first stepping-stone across the stream of her future life with the forester, whose unsounded depths had, but a short while before, filled her with vague fears. Of all this, however, she herself was but dimly conscious, her mind for the time being alert to the novelty of environment, her blood quickened by the rarefied, pine-laden air and unaccustomed exercise.

As for Gavin Barrie, who, in the first feelings of vexation, had anticipated his quiet pleasure would be marred by the girl's presence, he found himself obliged grudgingly to admit that her office in keeping the marauding 'Bob' at a safe distance from his fishing-ground was an undeniable compensation. The trout, too, were in the best of humour for his flies; and was there ever an angler whose spirits could long resist the soothing influence of 'game' fish and a weighty 'basket'?

Presently the desire for sympathy, common to man and beast, getting the better of him, Gavin began, as one glittering trout after another rose to his deft fly, to throw a quick, backward glance at the girl, whose splendid eyes, lit up with excitement and admiration of his skill, unfailingly met his own, until by degrees, under the influence of sunshine and good sport, the prejudice which he had hastily conceived against her began to slip away. Thus for an hour or more the two trod the same trail, her trim little brown boots scrunching the same shining pebbles and pungent pine-needles as his heavy nail-studded foot-gear, a comfortable, if silent, camaraderie established between them, at once comprehended and approved by the red-brown dog.

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set her down, she could find no words to thank him; while he, the unwelcome act of gallantry performed, took without a word the rod from her hand, and began searching his fly-book for fresh allurements. Had the man not been too thoroughly put out by the turn of events, and the girl too miserable at being treated like a naughty child, the humour of the situation must have struck them both. As it was, things were at a very uncomfortable tension, when the red-brown dog, temporarily forgotten, came to the rescue by putting in an appearance, now swimming, now grotesquely wading, across the creek, while proudly aloft was held a fine gray squirrel, its bushy tail sadly bedraggled in the water. This prize 'Bob,' having reached the bank and thoroughly shaken his curly coat all over Anita's clothing, proceeded to lay at her feet, the while wagging his tail and glancing quasi-apologetically at his master.

Up raced the mercury in Anita's thermometer; the warm colour again flooded her cheeks, her eyes danced, as she cried, 'Thank you, "Bob." Good dog!—See, Mr Barrie, what a lovely squirrel he has brought me—quite dead, *pauvre p'tit!*' she ended, gently stroking the soft gray fur, and feeling the wonderful, nimble feet.

Barrie, of course, went to look, and as he bent over the girl, crouching with the squirrel in her lap, he said hurriedly and flushing red, 'I'm afraid you must think me not half so polite as my dog; but I really didn't mean to be so surly.' Then, forestalling any reply, he added, 'I'll put the squirrel in a bush, and we can get it on our way back—that is, if you care to have the skin.'

'Yes, indeed I should,' Anita replied, her town-trained mind at once reverting to the fancy prices paid for squirrel-fur and how smart it was, yet puzzled as to how it could arrive at the condition in which it appeared in shops.

She would have liked to question Barrie as to this, but he was already some distance ahead of her, intent upon his sport; so she followed slowly along, faithfully luring 'Bob' away from the water, while she filled her hands with ferns and such flowers as had escaped from the gloom and poison of the tall-pines into the sunshine and moisture offered by the open spaces beside the creek.

The Fates, however, were minded completely to muddle Gavin Barrie's morning. Hardly was his line well wet but all sorts of disquieting thoughts began to distract him and take away the zest of his sport. The various delays had sapped his time. It suddenly occurred to him that the stream must be recrossed, and as the girl could not walk so fast as he, they must soon retrace their steps or arrive at the station late for that impossible midday meal. For himself, he would gladly have gone without, but with this girl on his hands it wasn't to be thought of. His fine sense of direction, which elsewhere

during his wide ramblings had served him in many a doubtful place, now assured him that a cross-cut through the woods would lead into the open road back to the Grizzly; yet here again he was balked by the impossibility of taking Miss Lalonne through the dense, fatiguing forest. Also, there rose up to torment him a haunting remembrance of his mother's horror of wet feet for his sisters, and this girl's boots were soaking. He felt half-inclined to 'chuck' the thing and go back at once; but just then, catching sight of an irresistible bit of water around the bend in the creek, he came to a sudden decision.

Waiting until Anita overtook him, he said, 'It's nearly time to be returning, but I should very much like to try this next stretch of water, and could fish along pretty fast if you would wait here. Could you manage to keep "Bob" with you, please?' Anita stopped short. He could see her fingers digging nervously into the palms of her hands, her cheeks paling, her eyes filling with terror as she glanced apprehensively about her; but she said not a word. Barrie, sorely tried, and utterly unable to understand the girl's fears, faced her resolutely, and said in a voice wherein vexation and patience strove for the mastery, 'Miss Lalonne, there is absolutely nothing to be afraid of. Won't you believe me?'

'Yes,' answered Anita faintly, and turned her head quickly lest he should see the tears welling in her eyes.

Then, as he moved rapidly away, she seated herself on a mossy mound, her back against a great boulder, with one arm encircling the red-brown dog, who promptly settled himself to sleep, evidently satisfied that all troublesome details had been arranged without any worry on his part. So long as the tall figure of the fisherman was in sight Anita sat erect, lest, looking back, he should discover how fast her courage was ebbing; but when the last bit of his coat vanished among the bushes, and not even the thin, shimmering line of his cast was visible, she buried her face in her hands, her heart thumping wildly. If she could but shut out from view this vast forest, with its sombre shadows and massed battalions of dusky trees, its mighty prostrate trunks, behind which her imagination fancied all sorts of wild beasts might lurk, then perhaps she could endure the awful solitude until her companion should return. Why—why, she asked herself, had she attempted to follow him? What would David say if he could see her at this moment? Nay, more; what would he think of a man who would or could leave her alone in this wild spot? Torturing herself with thoughts like these, she presently burst into such anguished sobs that the red-brown dog, roused from his comfortable slumber, whined and licked her fingers, through which tears trickled fast.

At length the silent sympathy of the dumb beast recalled to her mind the words of his master: 'There's nothing to be afraid of. Won't you believe me?' And wholly unbidden seemed to come the answer from her heart: 'Yes; you can believe him.' Hastily, lest, returning, he should find her in tears, Anita dried her eyes; then, overcome with weariness, slipped down comfortably beside the dog, pillowing her head upon the moss, and forcing herself to look unflinchingly into the tangled maze of tree and bush around her.

Now the Great Musician has a wonderful way of soothing the fretted nerves of His children if they will but listen, and presently each member of His forest orchestra began to play its part in a grand symphony. High above the head of the weary girl a crested woodpecker began beating his drum—rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat—among pine-boughs, weaving soft melodies with muted strings; the flowing stream, a few yards distant, with master-touch awoke the music of a hundred instruments, pitched high, pitched low, some tinkling and silvery, some deep and sonorous; while from within the bay of Anita's encircling arm the long-drawn,

regular snores of Gavin Barrie's dog were to the rest of the band as the drone to the bagpipes. The summer air, laden with the breath of balsams, was sweet. Anita Lalonne was weary.

With the nutty fragrance of a newly lighted pipe in her nostrils, and a consciousness of void where her four-footed companion had nestled, Anita woke with a start, sprang upright from her woodland couch, one rounded cheek crimson from the pressure, her dark eyes wide and startled, and discovered Gavin Barrie a few paces from her, counting into his grass-lined creel a pile of bright-hued fish, the red-brown dog as an interested spectator.

'Well,' he said pleasantly as their eyes met, 'I began to think it would be a case of raw fish for dinner, no "goat" forthcoming in the wilderness even for "Bob."' Then, as Anita, with the primitive instinct of the female, began patting and smoothing her slightly dishevelled person, he added, half-questioning, 'You weren't afraid this time?'

'Oh no!' lied Anita courageously. Thus—a second stepping-stone.

(Continued on page 68.)

## SPANISH HUSTLERS.

By BART KENNEDY.

**Y**OU will find them in Saragossa. They can hold their own with the classic hustlers of Chicago. How they come to be born and bred in such a country as Spain beats me. Spain is supposed to be a kind of Lotus-land. It is supposed to be a place where the inhabitants are too polite to seize with rudeness the forelock of old Father Time.

When I arrived in Saragossa I was—at the outset—much alarmed. The swift hustling, and jumping, and running around of the Saragossans made me feel giddy. At first I thought I was in the middle of a weird dream. And on several occasions I pinched myself to find out if I were really awake.

I had made my way—or, rather, tramped my way—from Madrid. I had padded the hoof through mountain-chains and across the great plain of Castile. Before that I had been taking my ease down in Andalusia—good old Andalusia, where nobody will ever do anything till the morrow, and won't do it even then. (A bull, but expresses exactly the attitude.)

I was now amongst the hustlers. And I felt for myself a deep sympathy. To be reminded of Chicago in classic, medieval Spain was an outrage upon my artistic sense.

I stopped at an hotel with a very long name. The name I will not disclose for certain reasons. Everything in it went on in a slap-bang, knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out style. The chamber-

maids—if I may so put it—were of the male persuasion. They were swift young men—lightning acrobats. Two of them made the bed in the room to which I was assigned whilst I was standing at the door, wondering if I were awake. Never have I witnessed so sudden a performance. The movements of their hands were too quick for my eyes to follow. I could just see the bed transforming itself. No more. After the bed was made, they tidied up. During this process one of them let the water-jug drop. It was broken into several pieces. But it turned out to be all right in the end—as far as the hotel was concerned. It was charged up to me in my bill!

I may remark that I had been up through the whole of the night before. I had entered the town in the small hours in company with a *sereno*—a watchman armed with a lance. Though his desire in the beginning was to prod me with this lance, he turned out eventually to be a polite character. He it was who steered me to the hotel. It was with the greatest difficulty that I induced him to take a peseta as a tip. He was a good fellow, that *sereno*. Somewhat inclined to be interesting at the outset, but all right when you got to know him.

When I sat down to get a much-needed meal in the hotel I had another vivid time. The waiters were not waiters. They were simply

swift, hash-slinging jugglers. They threw things about in a disturbing manner. Their aim was good, but I shuddered to think of what might happen if the particular juggler who was looking after me were to swerve from his form as a perfect aimer.

How they scooted around the dining-room! As I looked wonderingly at them I thought of the waiters down in Granada in dear old Andalusia. They were indeed waiters. And there was another thing about them, too. They turned you, the dine-ee, or the breakfast-ee, into a waiter also. Occasionally they forgot to bring you food. But I preferred them very much to these hash-slinging, scooting jugglers. They fitted more properly into the picture of Spain.

After breakfast it occurred to me that a little repose might do me good. I had been up—as I remarked—through the whole of the night before.

I went to the room where the disaster had happened to the jug. Here I got to bed and tried to sleep. I conjured up visions of very far-away Andalusia. Useless. I was unable to lose myself in sleep. The hotel was a kind of go-round in which there was no merriment. Noise, noise, and again noise. Everything seemed to be on the scoot and hop and jump. There was rest in this place neither for the weary nor the wicked. At last I got up.

Soon I found myself out in the street, going towards the Puente de Piedra (Bridge of Stone). It was a great, fine bridge of many arches. People of all shapes and sizes and kinds were going over it. There came to me a vague idea to the effect that if I were to go over it I might find some place in Saragossa where calmness and quietude reigned. But two policemen, who were at the entrance to the bridge, would not allow me to pass. Why, I don't know.

I went back up towards the Plaza de la Constitucion. When I got to the Calle del Coso, I was halted by a crowd of people who were actually standing still. I was struck with wonder. But there was a good reason for it. A procession was passing. A *fiesta* was being held. The procession was the oddest I ever saw. Gigantic figures were going along with immense heads. And around them were dancing curiously dressed people.

In the Plaza de la Constitucion things were going with a whoop. It was full of all sorts of people doing all sorts of things. Energy and noise and disquiet were everywhere. The picture of Granada came up vividly before me—Granada, that now seemed so far, far away—that was almost as if it were in another planet. I had been for more than two months in that delightful town of Andalusia, and during the whole of that time I had practically never seen any one doing anything. It was indeed a town of rest. I sighed as I thought of it here in the

Plaza de la Constitucion. And I sighed again, and again.

A regiment of soldiers came through the plaza. They did not look quite so restless and alive as did the civilians. They needed a rest, for they looked tired. They had come, perhaps, from off a long march. At the head of the regiment a band was playing.

I have no desire to be rude, but frankly that band was not a band of the best. It was uncertain as to key, and wobbly as to time. Its component parts—or instruments—were in a state of constant disagreement. It was something after the brand of the old German bands I used to hear playing in the streets in the north of England when I was a lad.

After looking at the soldiers, and trying not to listen to the band, I went over to the Post-Office. Why I went I have no idea. I just ambled aimlessly over.

Here everything was going with the utmost swiftness and celerity and despatch. Every one was doing three or four things at once. I looked at them, and as I looked I pondered. These Catalonians were not even distantly related to the people of the south of Spain!

Suddenly I felt that an eye was upon me. I turned round and met it. It was a hard eye, and it was gleaming from out a hard, fierce face. Its lawful possessor and owner was a tall, powerful-looking fellow who wore the air of a brigand out on a holiday. I must remark that his looks did not fascinate me.

I gazed at him with a gaze that as much as said, 'Take your eye off; I don't want it.'

After glaring at me for a while he addressed me in the rough, guttural Catalan dialect. I couldn't make out his meaning with any clearness, but I gathered that the burden of his song was to the effect that I had no particular right to be in Saragossa—in fact, that I had no particular right to be cumbering the earth generally.

I talked back to him in harsh-sounding English. He did not understand the words, but he knew what I meant. The language of defiance is a language that is comprehended by all.

It was not my intention to fight with this out-for-a-holiday brigand. It is never tactful to get mixed up in a fight in a foreign land. If you win, you get the worst of it from the law. But you don't win usually. The onlookers are apt to be unneutral. I know, for I have had some.

Still, at the same time, it is a bad policy to put up with aggression. The meek and lowly may inherit eventually the Kingdom of Heaven, but they don't inherit much here on this earth below. Fighting is the most effective of all defences.

Just as we were about to collide in combat, there occurred a diversion. A beautiful woman

came up and began to speak to the brigandish-looking Saragossan. She seemed, as it were, to drop from nowhere in particular. I had not seen her approach, for I had kept my eye on the eye of the ferocious person.

And there was a change. His face took on a look of milk-like mildness. He took off his hat, displaying his very low forehead as he did so. The change in him now was most remarkable. His manner was the manner of one who eats from the hand.

The crisis was over. I departed, for, whilst it does not do to shirk a fight, at the same time it is not advisable to look for one.

I found my way back to the hotel with the long name. Here I got into conversation with a cavalry officer. Though he had the swift Saragossan style, he was a nice fellow nevertheless.

We endeavoured to tell each other many things. But I fear that our conversation was marked by diplomacy rather than clearness. I had no idea of what he was saying at all. But I listened to him with an air of perfect comprehension. He did the same thing by me. I was endeavouring to tell him, by the aid of gestures and odd words of Spanish, of the bull-fights I had witnessed in Madrid and Seville. He seemed to be profoundly interested. Perhaps he was.

We wound up, however, with the discussion together of a bottle of Rioja. This discussion was more to the point.

That night I went to a theatre. A comedy of some kind was being given.

It must have been a very funny comedy, for everybody roared with laughter. I didn't roar—if I may so express it—for I could find nothing

to roar about. I couldn't follow the thread of what was going on.

There are a good many depressing things on this earth, and sitting through a comedy that is being given in a language you don't understand is one of them. A great laugh goes through the theatre, and there you sit glum as an undertaker. Laughter as a rule begets laughter. But it doesn't beget it in this particular case. You haven't the key to anything. Even if the action on the stage is funny, you miss the point through not being able to follow the thread of what is going on.

All this happened to me. It would have been better if I had stayed at the hotel and indulged in a diplomatic conversation with the cavalry officer. I stayed on till the end of the show, hoping that I might be able to laugh. But no. I was laugh-bound.

I was once more in the hotel dining-room. Things around me were going vividly. Supper was on, and the swift, hash-slinging jugglers were performing wondrous feats with food and plates and knives and forks. Everything was on the hop and jump. Everything was on the hurry and hustle. To my eyes it seemed almost as if the chairs and tables and other objects—usually inanimate—had joined in the universal scurry.

That night I slept the sleep of the tired and the just. And the next morning I was out on the road, with my knapsack on my back, tramping towards the north-east. I was leaving the town of the Spanish hustlers—the Spanish Chicago—behind me.

I was not sorry.

## 'No. 13.'

### PART II.

WE returned to Seville the same day, and by that time I had quite made up my mind how to act regarding Don Andrés. As I said before, what was done was done. Nothing could change that. Next day, therefore, when in the office, I said, 'Don Andrés, do you know the story of the mouse and the lion? I feel myself somewhat like the mouse. You may think it forward of me to give you any hints in your business, but lookers-on sometimes see what those playing a game miss. Now, the other day, when I was over at San Bartolomé, I saw in the *almacen* of Señor Paderna some of the finest oil I ever tasted. You have, evidently, missed this. No doubt you have your own favourites among the growers; but if you take a hint from one who, of course, knows much less than you do about the business, you will have a look at what he can show you. You are

not offended with me, I hope, for speaking like this?'

'Indeed,' said Don Andrés, 'far from being offended, I am very grateful to you for your kindness, and I will lose no time in inspecting Paderna's stock.'

I had spent the best part of a month in Seville before an opportunity offered of leaving for Malaga. In those days there were only two lines of railway from Seville—one to Cordova in the north, and that to Cadiz in the south; and I had, therefore, to wait for a steamer, unless I chose to spend a week cooped up in an asphyxiating *diligence*. So, in the beginning of July, I secured a passage on a small coasting-steamer, and arrived in Malaga on the eighth of the month. I had really no business to transact there, my only object being to pay a few visits to the houses of our correspondents. A few days

sufficed for this, and having again embarked on the same steamer, I reached Valencia at the end of the month, having called on the way at Almería, Cartagena, and Alicante.

We had a very considerable trade with Valencia. I put up at a very good hotel in the city, and had several invitations to dinners and *tertulias*, or evening-parties, from our friends, but I met with no such unreserved welcome as I had experienced in Seville at the hands of Don Andrés Toreno and his family; and I rejoiced daily more and more that I had thought of a way out of what at one time seemed to me a hopeless impasse.

Indeed, more than that, I felt that I had secured a friend. When I was taking leave of him at Seville, Don Andrés had said to me, 'Don Frederico, you know our Spanish custom of putting all our belongings at the disposal of our guests. Well, generally that is an empty compliment; but if ever you want a friend, or if anything should ever occur in which I can help you, ask it of me, with the certainty that, if it be in my power, you will not be refused.'

I had written many letters to my father, giving account of my various visits; but regarding the oil question, I had only said that Señor Toreno had promised to exercise special care as to future shipments, and that I was quite satisfied that we should find a great improvement in our dealings with Seville.

I remained at Valencia for the best part of a month, when I again turned south, and called at Alicante, where I passed a week. While there I had a letter from Don Andrés, in which he told of the engagement of one of his daughters. Somehow, until I came to the end of the paragraph which cleared the matter up, I experienced an uneasy feeling which I found it difficult to explain. The letter went on to say: 'You will remember Julian Alvarez, whom you met at your\* house in Seville. Well, he has asked us for the hand of our daughter Mercedes, and they are to be married in September. We all hope that you will be with us then.'

I had, I must say, been very much charmed with Candidad Toreno, and, somehow, the fact that it was not she who was engaged seemed a relief to me.

I returned to Seville at the end of August, and on going out to Alcalá found them all occupied with preparations for the approaching wedding, which was to take place on the last day of September. My intention was to remain till after the ceremony, and go on to Madrid, as, I said to myself, it might be a long time before an opportunity of visiting the capital should again offer.

As I had no further business in Seville, I

spent all my time at Alcalá, and most of it in Candidad's company. I soon realised why it was that the announcement by Don Andrés of the engagement of 'one of his daughters' had caused me such a flutter, and long before the end of September I found that the interests of Widgers & Cripplebury had assumed only a secondary place in my thoughts.

Since my coming to Spain the delight which I took in the country was only the natural development of the feelings with which I had always looked forward to some day visiting the land of Don Quixote and Gil Blas. As I said before, I had worked hard at acquiring a very good knowledge of the language, and I had read a good deal of Spanish literature. And so, when I arrived in the country itself, I was quite at home; and this feeling had been daily accentuated by my intercourse with the people. The unvarying courtesy of even the most uneducated among Spaniards is wonderful. I met with a very remarkable instance of this—even in what might be called an heroic degree—during my stay at Alcalá.

I was most anxious to pay a visit to Santiponce—the *Italica* of the Romans—to see the famous aqueduct and the many other relics of Roman times. I drove over from Alcalá to Triana, and walked the remaining couple of miles. Having spent a few hours sight-seeing, I started to return to Triana, where I proposed having some refreshment before driving back to Alcalá. Just outside the village of Santiponce I met a shepherd, with whom I had a few minutes' chat. He told me that my most direct course would be to walk through the pine-forest which ended some half-mile to the west of Triana.

Unfortunately I left the badly marked foot-path, and soon found myself hopelessly lost. I had no landmark to guide me, and had got into a part of the wood where the thickness of the growth and the slippery foothold of the pine-needles on the ground rendered progress both slow and tiring. I became seriously alarmed. I had entered the wood at four o'clock, and it was now eight. The short twilight had been succeeded by almost absolute darkness. I thought at one time of giving up the struggle, and lying down for the night among the trees; but, somehow, the awful darkness and solitude terrified me, and after resting for a couple of hours—for I was completely exhausted—I resumed my slow progress. I was lucky in having a box of matches, so that I could know the time, if that was any comfort.

It was one o'clock the last time I had looked, and about ten minutes after I saw what seemed to be the light of a fire some distance in front. I made for it with much difficulty through the thick growth, and in another hour came to a clearing, where I saw a rather large wooden hut and several piles of smouldering wood. I knew

\* A delicate Spanish compliment implying that his house was mine.

at once that I had struck the encampment of some charcoal-burners.

I had evidently been heard by the occupants of the hut, for at my approach a man appeared in the opening and called out, 'Who goes there?'

'A friend,' I replied, and told him of my dilemma, and of the state of exhaustion and semi-starvation in which I was. He at once invited me into the hut. Inside there were three other men, sleeping on the floor, their beds apparently of pine-needles covered with a rug. My host invited me to sit by the brazier, for the night air was very cold, while he prepared some food. The resources of their larder were apparently limited, but the supper of excellent bread and tomatoes fried in oil seemed to me food fit for the gods, and the rough wine of the district, with which it was washed down, a nectar worthy of accompanying the viands. I have many times since then partaken of costly meals, but never have I experienced the delight of satiety as I did that night in the charcoal-burners' hut.

While I supped, my host told me that I had, after all my wanderings, doubled back, and that I was then nearly as far from Triana as when I entered the wood at four o'clock the previous afternoon. He then prepared my bed of pine-needles, and, covered with a couple of rugs, I slept till ten o'clock in the morning.

When I awoke I was alone in the hut; but I found the men outside at their work, and my host of the night would not hear of my leaving without breakfast. It was not much—bread and garlic soup—but it was all they had to give.

On taking leave of my newly made friends I offered some money, at the same time saying that my debt was one which money could not pay; but I was met with the remark, '*Señorito, no somos Moros*' ('Young sir, we are not Moors'), as the speaker waved aside the proffered coin. I therefore presented him with a few cigars, which he accepted courteously, as one gentleman might from another. Truly he was, as the Spaniards say, '*tan hidalgo como el rey*' ('as much a gentleman as the king').

The wedding of Mercedes Toreno and Julian Alvarez took place, as arranged, on the last day of September, and the newly married pair left for Cordova, where they were to spend their honeymoon. My visit had, therefore, come to an end.

Among the wedding guests we had had, for the past few weeks, a brother of Doña Maria, who held a good position in the War Office at Madrid—Don Francisco Davila. He was quite a young man for the rank he held—not more than thirty-eight or forty years of age. He had become exceedingly friendly with me during his stay, and I had a strong suspicion that

he understood my feelings towards his niece. But neither to him nor indeed to Candidad herself had I said anything likely to betray the hopelessness with which I looked forward to my departure. I was entirely dependent on my father. I had not even a share in his business, and absolutely no means of supporting a wife.

My father was a Protestant, but my mother came of an old Lancashire Catholic family, and my sisters and I—I was an only son—had been brought up in the Catholic faith, so that there was at least no objection on account of a disparity of religious belief; but this was a poor set-off against my shortcomings as a suitor. Altogether I was very despondent as the day drew near on which I was to leave Alcalá and go on to Madrid with Don Francisco, at whose house I had been invited to stay for the short time I proposed to spend in the capital before returning to England.

On the eve of my departure I was walking in the garden with Candidad, talking of the very pleasant time I had had since my arrival at Seville.

'And now,' I said, 'it is all over, and I go back to foggy London to console myself as best I may with my recollections of sunny Spain, and the happy time I have spent here. I am often inclined to wish I had never come.'

'Ah, do not say that! Surely you do not regret having made so many new friends! As for myself, I am very glad indeed that you did come; and now that you have got to like Spain, and, I hope, the Spaniards too, we look on it as quite a settled thing that you will repeat your visit next year, and we shall all be looking forward to your return.'

'Ah, Doña Candidad,' I said, 'so many things may happen before next year! What if I should return and miss some of the friends that I hope I have made here?'

'There now, you are again taking the gloomy view of everything. So far as we are concerned, I think I can safely prophesy that no change will have occurred.'

'If indeed I could be sure,' I said, 'I should leave with a light heart.'

'Well, then, be sure,' she said; and we went into the house.

I left next morning with Don Francisco Davila, and remained with him for ten days in Madrid. He showed me all the 'lions' of the capital, and I must say I enjoyed myself more than I should have done had I not had the little chat with Candidad which I have related above.

On the eve of my departure we were walking through the Puerta del Sol, when Don Francisco said, 'Well, Don Frederico, I think you have seen all that we have to show you—the vineyards, and theatres, and bull-fights, and what not. Nothing now remains but that you

should have an interest in the big Christmas lottery of the 23rd of December, and then you will have served your apprenticeship, and become as nearly a true Spaniard as you can hope to be.'

'By all means,' I said, 'let us leave nothing undone to bring about such a desirable result.'

'Well, come along; we are just close to one of the lottery administrations. But, by the way, perhaps you may prefer that we should go to another, as this happens to be No. 13?'

'On the contrary,' I said, 'I look on it as a good omen. This is the 13th of October—quite a remarkable coincidence.'

We went into the office, of which a lady was in charge, and Don Francisco said, 'I suppose one-tenth of a ticket will suffice? This being a very big drawing, the price of the tickets is high. A whole ticket would cost forty pounds, English money, or, rather, thirty-six, as the rate of exchange is in your favour. A tenth of a ticket would be, of course, only a tenth of that, and even with a tenth you stand a chance of winning more than twenty thousand pounds.'

'I fear, gentlemen,' said the lady in charge, 'that I must ask you to wait a few moments. There has been a great run on tickets, and

I have sent up to the Treasury for a fresh supply. As a matter of fact, I have only one ticket left, No. 13, which, of course, no one would buy'—

'That settles it,' I said; 'the chain is complete. I will take the whole ticket, if you please.'

I paid my money and got my ticket, Don Francisco remarking, 'Well, you certainly have courage.'

I was back in London by the end of October, and my father was well pleased with the account I gave of my travels. I must confess I was not so eager about my work as before I paid my visit to Spain. But though my mind was a good deal unsettled, I found some consolation in the hope of a return thither during the coming year. Indeed, I think I had made up my mind that nothing should prevent that.

I told my mother all my secrets, and she gave me much courage, which I needed badly.

'Faint heart,' you know, Fred,' she said. 'But indeed I think, though nothing definite was said—indeed, I don't see what the young lady *could* say, unless she proposed to you outright—you may trust Candidad, and I will see that you get away again next year; so keep a good heart.'

(Continued on page 72.)

## ALEXIS SOYER: POET, PERSONALITY, AND COOK

By Mrs F. A. DOUGLAS.

THE gourmet is born, not made. He is, in his way, an artist. A new sauce is to him what his picture is to the artist, his latest verse to the poet, his newest harmony to the musician.

Alexis Soyer was at once a gourmet and a cook. Born appropriately enough in a little town called Meaux-en-Brie, famous for its cheese, he became at seventeen head cook in a famous Paris restaurant, and director of twelve assistants. He had essentially the nature of an artist. When he was a child, his voice and musical talent caused him to be chosen as a chorister, and his parents dreamed of making him a priest. But the artist is ever a rebel, and Alexis at eleven achieved emancipation by the simple method of getting up in the middle of the night and ringing a fire-bell. Such conduct was obviously unworthy of an embryo priest, and Alexis was ejected from ecclesiastical circles, and declining 'on a lower range of feelings,' followed in an elder brother's footsteps, and became a cook.

Once a cook, not of necessity always a cook. At intervals the artist soul in Alexis burned fiercely. In spite of his rapid rise in his profession, Alexis longed to leave it and go on the stage. Not only was he a good musician, but also an excellent mimic. The cook being a person of consideration in France, Alexis was

sometimes called upon to entertain the company for whom he had cooked. One brave night, having cooked, having drunk, having sung, and been feasted at his employer's expense, he had, like Cinderella when the ball was over, to return to his kitchen, and did so, bearing on his head a wooden tray with things hired out by the restaurateur. What did Alexis do? His head was light and his heels were heavy, and at last, mistaking a shed for home, he went in there, put down his tray, divested himself of certain important garments, and went to sleep!

It was a series of jovial nights like these that first roused the creative poetic impulse in Alexis, and he wrote a *chansonnette*, beginning:

Les cafés se garnissent de gourmands, de fumeurs,  
Les théâtres se remplissent de joyeux spectateurs,  
Les passages fourmillent de badauds d'amateurs,  
Et les filous frétille derrière les flâneurs.

The poem does not exactly betray genius, nor do we care to quote it further; but, as Dr Johnson said of the dogs that danced, it is not surprising that he did it well, but only that he did it at all.

It was as a cook, however, that Alexis was preordained to eminence. In June 1830 he became second cook at the Foreign Office, but

in July the Revolution upset everything, and he had to fly to London.

It was characteristic of the day that this Revolution affected even the Government kitchen. Happy in their work, the cooks were busy preparing for an entertainment to the Prince Polignac, when armed men burst into the kitchen, and, as Alexis tragically said, 'Toutes ces somptueuses préparations furent doublement consommées par eux.' Two of these humble culinary artists were shot, and such, too, might have been Alexis's fate had not a brilliant inspiration induced him to sing the *Marseillaise*. Saved and secure, Alexis rushed into verse once more, and *Le Patriote Mécontent* achieved popularity:

C'est tout de même embêtant  
J'maronne quand j'y pense,  
D'voir tant de Schnapans  
Se faire valoir à mes dépens.

What France lost, England gained. Alexis was twenty-two when he came to London, and he and his brother cooked successively for the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Waterford, and Mr Lloyd of Ash Hall, Oswestry. At Oswestry he was in high favour. He cooked; he sang; he even hunted. But the soul of the artist was ever working in him, and after five years of gay living in Shropshire, he passed to the service of the Marquis of Ailsa in Isleworth—a genuine gourmet.

Art led on to love, and Alexis fell a victim to Cupid's bow. He sat for his portrait to a fair painter, and fell in love with her. Her people objected to her marrying a 'cook,' but to his loftier mind all artists were equal, and Alexis Soyer and Emma Jones were married at St George's, Hanover Square, on the 12th April 1837, on the same day as the Marquis of Douro, the eldest son of the Duke of Wellington. M. Ude, another celestial cook, presided over Soyer's wedding-banquet.

Alexis, as became a poet and an artist, wrote verses to his love, beginning:

O vous, Emma, O vous, que mon cœur aime,  
Enfant gâté d'Apollon et des arts.

And he continues:

Les dieux prodigues ont sur votre carrière  
Semé les fleurs du plus riant printemps,  
Qui ne puisse d'immortelles ou de lierre  
Couronner un aussi beau talent.

Soon after his marriage Soyer attained to his highest glory as cook of the Reform Club, and on the day of Queen Victoria's coronation he served up dinner to two thousand.

Great was the glory of Soyer's kitchen at the Reform Club. He was an admirable organiser. His fireplace for roasting held three hundredweight of coal at a time. Vegetables were cooked on French charcoal stoves, and his fish reposed under the stair, with a perpetual stream of iced water flowing round them. It would have been very interesting to study M. Soyer's herb-closet, &c.,

for the greatness of the cook is shown in the diversity of his materials.

M. Ude, Soyer's friend and brother-cook, lacked Alexis's literary gifts. Once upon a time M. Ude had a birthday, and this is the invitation he sent to Alexis:

'LONDON, Aug. 21, 1841.

'DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me to favour with your company, you and your wife, on Wednesday next at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past five o'clock, been my birthday.'

M. Ude was cook at Crockford's. Although not gifted with pen or tongue or voice, M. Ude had at least the steadfast heart of a collector, and the rarest china and fine gold and silver plate graced his birthday table. He was also a dog, cat, and parrot lover, and M. Soyer's biographer gives a very humorous account of his birthday feast. Dogs delighted to bark and bite, precious china was broken, M. Ude betrayed the impetuous temper of a Bohemian, and it required all M. Soyer's diplomatic skill to save the party from disaster.

But Alexis Soyer was not only poet, personality, and cook; he was also statesman, philanthropist, and humorist.

Soyer's chief service to his adopted country was the organisation of the cooking for the troops in the Crimea. A letter sent to the *Times* by Mr William Howard Russell called his attention to the deplorable culinary arrangements for the army, and his gallant soul was filled with wrath and grief. He at once wrote to the *Times* himself. It was in 1855, and he was forty-six years old, and a personage of note in London. 'I propose,' he says, 'offering my services gratuitously, and proceeding direct to Scutari at my own personal expense to regulate that important department, if the Government will honour me with their confidence, and grant me the full power of acting according to my knowledge and experience in such matters.' The Government was delighted, and the Duchess of Sutherland of the day asked M. Soyer to call specially at Stafford House and talk the matter over with her.

Soyer went first to the hospitals in Scutari. Sickness at that time was carrying off patients at the rate of one hundred a day, and so busy was everybody that there was no time for individual burial, all the deceased being rolled up and interred in one common pit. It made the susceptible Soyer ill himself, but, in spite of violent nausea and diarrhoea, he set to work at once to regulate and improve the dietary. At one barrack hospital he set up a model kitchen, where all might come and learn.

From the hospitals he went to the front, and there instituted field kitchens with a special 'field stove' of his own. On his way home, Napoleon III. summoned Soyer to the Tuileries, and was so delighted with the field stove that he ordered one, and had it set up in his palace. At Constantinople, also, Soyer visited the Sultan,

who presented him with a rich snuff-box set with diamonds; at least, he *said* he would, but some say the snuff-box never arrived.

Soyer was great on supplying excellent lemonades and other refreshing drinks to the wounded on the field of battle. Unfortunately his exertions there made him still more ill, and, indeed, he was very near dying. A very young doctor, however, a Mr Vincent Ambler, succeeded in curing him, and, after a restorative sojourn on the Bosphorus, Soyer returned to his labours at the front. He was blessed with the invaluable co-operation of Florence Nightingale. He became, indeed, 'culinary commander' of a large portion of the army. On his return to London in 1857, Lord Panmure, the Minister of War, gave him a very handsome bonus in addition to his pay, to show his appreciation of his services.

Before this Soyer had done valuable public service to the navy by his inspection of the tinned meats supplied to it. Out of seven tins, only three contained really wholesome food! His suggestions concerning the preparation and flavouring of preserved foods were those of an expert. What an invaluable Food Controller M. Alexis Soyer would have made just now!

He had a passion for organisation, and he had a kindly heart. In 1847, when Ireland was in the throes of starvation, he went to Dublin and organised a soup-kitchen there. A temporary building was quickly put up, a steam-boiler and other boilers were erected on wheels, the whole being worked by one central heat. Excellent and economical soup was given out, and in about four months over a million of people were fed! What a glorious system of communal kitchens M. Soyer could have organised for us to-day!

Some years later he was busy setting up soup-kitchens and arranging Christmas feasts for the poor in London. With characteristic gaiety of heart, he gave forth his soup to the cheerful accompaniment of a band. What an excellent idea, always to make merry when one tries to do good!

Not only the provider, M. Soyer became also the historian of food, and in his *Pantropheon* he gives us much curious lore. Some one wittily said that when he wrote of certain dainties he did so 'with a skewer dipped in the dripping-pan of modern Greece.' But it is easy to poke fun at the indefatigable Alexis; it is less easy to imitate or even emulate him.

He had a high idea of the office of cook, and tells us that 'in the Middle Ages the cook of a house of any note always seated himself in a high arm-chair to give his orders. He held a long wooden spoon in his hand, with which he tasted, without quitting his place, the various dishes that were cooking on the stoves and in the sauce-pans, and which served him also as a weapon with which to chastise the idle and gluttonous.' Most potent and wonderful spoon!

*Punch* delighted in M. Soyer. 'In your hands,' he says, 'the *casserole* becomes eloquent, and the *marmite* utters its moral.' He has several serio-comic tributes to his gastronomic excellences. Soyer's own humour is somewhat elaborate. It consisted largely in long metaphorical cooking recipes, beginning with, say, 'Deposit in it a smile from the Duchess of Sutherland,' &c. It is a favourite form of literary conceit, and an anthology of such trifles might amuse us in our hours of ease.

M. Soyer died at the early age of forty-nine, his activities and his vivacity having completely worn him out. He lived every minute of his life, and if it was short in years, it was long in its accumulated energy. It is said the M. Alcide de Mirobolant, in Thackeray's *Pendennis*, is founded on Alexis Soyer; but if so, it is only a caricature of Alexis's lighter and more grotesque attributes. Beneath Soyer's fanciful exterior and flamboyant manner there rested a sterling character, a sound, clear head, and no mean gifts of organisation.

#### WHERE THE FOUR WINDS MEET.

THERE are songs of the north and songs of the south,  
And songs of the east and west;  
But songs of the place where the four winds meet  
Are the ones that we love the best.

'And where do the four winds meet?' you ask.  
The answer is ready at hand—  
'Wherever our dear ones chance to be—  
By air, or by sea, or land.'

So the sailor, keeping his midnight watch  
'Mid icicles, snow, and sleet,  
Can think of a village near Portsmouth town  
As the place where the four winds meet.

And mother, perhaps, and sweetheart true  
Pray hard for the North Sea Fleet,  
And harder still for the boy who's gone  
To his place, where the four winds meet.

And the man on guard at the 'firing-step,'  
'Mid star-shells shimmering down,  
Can think of his home—where the four winds meet  
In some sheltered English town.

And thoughts may fly to the distant trench,  
Whatever its name or 'street,'  
For 'Somewhere in France' seems far less vague  
If we add, 'where the four winds meet.'

And the pilot steers thro' the trackless waste  
While the engines throb and beat,  
Flouting surprise, with the Army's eyes  
High up where the four winds meet.

And to those who mourn comes a cheering cry,  
Which the angels in heaven repeat,  
'Grieve not, brave hearts; we await you *here*—  
*Here*, where the four winds meet.'

There are songs of the north and songs of the south,  
The east and the west complete;  
But here is a song of the place we love,  
Which is called, 'Where the four winds meet.'

GEOFFREY DALRYMPLE NASH.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

OF the great cities I have known, lived in for a while, and tried to understand, Washington, capital of the United States, seems to me to exert more than almost any other that special influence upon the mind of a receptive traveller of 'growing upon us,' as it is said. When we remark that a town or a country 'grows upon us'—this odd idiom being used chiefly of places—we pay it a compliment. We agree upon its solid worth. We suggest that its beauties, its qualities, its richness do not lie upon the surface; it wears not its virtues upon its sleeve. Here is nothing pretentious, nothing gaudy and meretricious, no blatant self-advertisement or the material and spiritual shoddiness that is often its companion. And, saying that a city grows upon us, we covertly pay a compliment also to ourselves for our discrimination and our standards; because the cities that thus increase and strengthen in our appreciation do so not by their material but by their spiritual worth. This is not to be disputed. Paris and Rome and Madrid grow upon us. But Paris leaps gigantically in our minds from the outset, because she is brilliant and rich from the surface through; like a magnet, she draws the stranger to her when he is far away; she enchants him at the first glance upon her smiling, keen, and classic countenance, and he is lost with her thereafter, for her charm never ceases to increase. Thus Paris grows upon us in a peculiar and intensified sense, as other cities never could. If any one informs you that he or she cares nothing for Paris, you may with confidence draw certain conclusions. Rome also grows upon us, more subtly and with subdued ecstasies; but Rome begins with vast advantages from the past. Few stay long enough in Madrid to understand the peculiar attractiveness of the Castilian city, which is cold and sombre at the first glance, and so its merit is the more as its attraction fast increases, which is commonly the case. Our foreign friends of taste and understanding almost all agree that London grows upon them, and often they say that at the outset they find it imbued with a certain cold, insular dullness; that unfamiliar Northern tints—copper, an infinite range of grays and opalescent—play through the lights

of the cooler seasons with a strange effect, which somehow conveys to the mind an impression of strength, of austerity perhaps, but yet of something that needs consideration and will yield reward for it. As London grows so much upon the Briton, and even upon the Londoner himself, it must surely exert that process upon the stranger too.

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But Washington is different from all others. It exercises a strange influence, this newest and rawest of capitals, which yet in some sense in these straining times becomes the chief capital, the most influential city of them all. It is a fountain of capacity for war and victory. From here the supreme direction of the material and spiritual forces of the United States, brought into the conflict for our needed support and for the good of humanity, is made by a far-seeing and well-minded statesman and the men he has about him. Here is the seat of government; here are the halls of the great departments, the vast administrative machinery, the Capitol, the national archives, and the majestic symbols of the birth and the fine maturity of the capital of the freest people. When we have been a little time in Washington we begin to feel this, and the feeling deepens as understanding increases. To know even a little of America one must have a fair working intimacy with New York, Boston, Chicago, and Washington, for these are the strong types, the powerful individualities. They are all very different, stand sometimes for opposite departments of labour and thought, and even, as one might almost say, of attitude to life. Washington, indeed, is very different from the others. She does not hum and sing with industries as they do; there is a certain staidness and a calm about her. She hustles little, reflects the more, feels the responsibility upon her. She too, like our London, has her austerity. Whirled in a parlour-car on an afternoon express through Philadelphia and Baltimore, from the glitter and warm life of New York to the dignified city, consecrated with the name of the great man who fought for the establishment of the independent American Republic, and was her first President, a traveller feels, therefore, a little chilled on arrival; yet through experience he knows he has but to

bide, and a great influence and impression will come upon him. On the day I first went to Washington I realised that it did not bear its greatness upon the surface, despite the magnificence of the Capitol, of the Congressional Library, and of the Washington Monument, tall, plain, gaunt, and sharp. In after-days one came to realise that there was a certain hint, if unconsciously made, in the lines that are cut over one of the arches of the grand façade of the Union Railway Station (which is itself a fine and impressive thing): 'He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him; so it is in travelling—a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge.' You must take with you to Washington, if not the spirit of a true American, a real and sincere appreciation of what he is and what he stands for, the value of his ideals, the dignity of his vast labour, and the greatness of his country. Then, with a sense of that greatness within you, the glory of Washington may be revealed. There will be enchantment then. I remember doing, without preconceived intention, during an interval on my second day in the place, something to which I had not been moved since last in London, an affair that is not a common occupation or diversion with Englishmen in America—namely, wandering through some second-hand bookshops which made a display in a leading thoroughfare. It was a rare and fruitful entertainment. Unexpected American revelations were vouchsafed—an old French book such as is not easily procurable nowadays, and a volume (printed and published in New York) of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories, including 'The Merry Men' and 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,' in one of the most tasteful editions that I have encountered. As one of those who are inclined to inquire into the origin of impulses and instincts, I have sometimes wondered why others like myself have turned so naturally to the old bookshops in Washington and scarcely elsewhere in that land.

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Indeed it grows; it mounts in the mind; it begins to sing to the surprised wanderer the thrilling, romantic song of the pride and wonder of national effort, the dignity of freedom, the grandeur of ideals and sincerity. This is the capital of freedom, and the emblem of power and strength. Soon in Washington you begin to perceive, amid much that is simple, and much, again, that is impressive, that, with more reserve and more sedateness than are witnessed in other American cities, Washington has a certain proper consciousness of its meaning and its matchless strength. It was rising to supremacy before the outbreak of the war; to-day it has taken the good nations by the hand and walks with them, giving them succour that they need. We cannot now speak of *the* greatest nation. There are

ways in which each of three or four is greatest, and in some dominant matters it is now certainly and clearly the fact that the United States is the greatest of us all. She entered the war at the crisis when, without her, the world might well have been lost, and besides men and things she gives to her friends the gold which is needed and in which she is the richest of all. To-day, therefore, Washington is indeed at the very heart of things, is in some respects the capital of the world. And yet when Paris and Rome and London, each of which has a history that fades back into the dim distance of the farthest past, so that it is then given over to the gods and they are credited with the origins of these centres of man—when these were very old, almost as we know them now, there was still no Washington at all. It was but a patch of wild and virgin America, with prairie and woods expanding towards the flowing Potomac. And now it is a chief of cities. Day by day we read in the papers of the mighty things, truly mighty, that are being determined upon and set on foot at Washington. London, Paris, Rome—they look to Washington. Germany pretends she fears no Washington, yet knows the fateful meaning of that name to her. As General Washington in his own day fought for freedom, so does the city to which his name was given stand more for freedom now than ever before. One seems to imagine his spirit come from Mount Vernon, where he lived not far away, and, brooding upon this place, strengthening the determination of her people, steeling their hearts for the sorrows that must precede the final triumph. I feel, indeed, that the spirit of this immortal broods over the portentous city. When you see the white Capitol shining in the moonlight you may think so. But otherwise there are no fairies and but little legend about this fine and practical and well-ordered city, where hard sense is talked and thought, and cold decisions made, which are then driven through with the tremendous force of a hundred millions of free men in a land which even yet is extremely young. No god or demigod pitched upon Washington for the place of his fateful headquarters; Jupiter and Juno, Apollo and Venus—they seem all to have ceased their loves and their quarrels, or at least to have betaken themselves to some heavenly privacy long before the time when the new city, which was to be big with human fate, like Troy and Rome, was shaped.

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Its story is wonderful in simplicity, and here again we see the impingement of French intimacy and affection in the early history of this great state. The American Republic having been founded, when freedom had been achieved, a capital became necessary. This was a matter to be gravely thought upon; eternity was being handled. Three existing cities were chiefly considered, New York, Philadelphia, and Balti-

more, and there were inevitably sharp discussions, keen jealousies, and a general dissatisfaction. So Congress then did rightly, for it called George Washington, the President, and empowered him to select a site for a new federal city that should be laid out and built, and made beautiful and great, on the banks of the Potomac River. He chose this place, and it is said that it was one over which, in his young days as a surveyor, he had lingered admiringly, feeling that some fine use should be made of land so fair. Most great cities lie in saucers with hills about them; by this is yielded a sense of comfort and compactness, scenic beauties are provided, and the hills give shelter from the blasts and bear fortifications against the enemy. Of the old cities that are not built by the sea-shore there are hardly any of consequence, except Madrid (which is high up on a tableland), that do not, in varying measure, conform to this rule. By it Washington abides. It is laid out on the lower lands, with bluffs about it on every side, and as it has expanded the residences of the people have begun to creep up these hill-sides. And, the site being agreed upon, it was one of the French officers who had fought in the American army who was commissioned to lay out the new city. It is said that he drew the plans on a scale which was intended to be commensurate with the importance of the city as the capital of the United States, and that, though the details were modified in some measure by his successors, it is to him that the general plan of Washington, with its considerable beauty to-day, is due. The streets and avenues, regular and symmetrical, radiate from the Capitol. Wonderful streets they are, from thirty to fifty yards in width, and parks with them that, all combined, exceed in proportionate area those of any other city in the world. As we emerge from the Union Station the first note of space with parks is struck, and it is repeated continually. There are three thousand six hundred acres of parks in Washington—and some of them may yet be put to food. Less than three years after Major L'Enfant of the French army had begun a greater and more important planning of a city than had ever been done before, or has been done since, the Capitol was begun, and in 1800 one wing of what is now the central building had been finished, and Congress met there for the first time. It needed eleven more years to complete the second wing. Now, when the present European war was only three weeks old there occurred a centenary—and we British have always been given to noting and celebrating these periods—which was discreetly overlooked. We heard nothing of it. Somebody must have noticed it, but wisely decided to be silent and keep the secret still. It is only when delving into these matters that one discovers it, and now it really does not matter.

. On 24th August 1814 two British commanders,

Ross and Cockburn, bore down on Washington, and 'the redcoat mob,' as it is described in American works (and very well may we forgive in present times, as we could before them, this form of sentiment), gathered in the Hall of Representatives, and Admiral Cockburn, in the Speaker's chair, put the question, 'Shall this harbour of Yankee democracy be burned? All for it say "Aye!"' The 'ayes' had it; the building was fired, and only the walls were left standing, the President's house sharing a similar fate. For proof that we are not mere opportunists in expressing regret for this piece of stupidity now, that it is not another sad example of an expediency which is rampant through the world in these times of war, one may quote the simple judgment upon it contained in one sentence of John Richard Green's shorter history of our country: 'Few more shameful acts are recorded in our history; and it was the more shameful in that it was done under strict orders from the Government at home.' It is not to our moral advantage to overlook these things, to say that they should be forgotten by ourselves, and, if possible, by others. Britain, which is great, now understands that all mankind is weak, and that the effort for self-purification should be unceasing. We who see with truth so many faults in other peoples . . . No Briton of authority, so far as one remembers, had spoken in an American Parliament house from that time until a few weeks ago, when Mr Balfour made his stirring speech in the Capitol, with the President of the Republic listening attentively from the gallery. It is true; circumstances change with times.

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One sometimes suspects that we of the Old World are committed too much to blind belief in the virtues of mere age. The great movements in art and literature in Europe, especially in Italy, France, and elsewhere, gave the original models, in all the splendour of their inspiration and genius, to the world, and, until all standards change, nothing may equal the magnificence of those spiritual efforts. In that the worship of the past is right; but do we not too often deny, or perhaps not so much deny as overlook, the quality, the beauty, and the worth of modern work in which advantage is taken of those rare models of the past, where there is some copying by the cleverest copyists, and something perhaps a little second-hand about the general inspiration? America has for the most part naturally and inevitably reached to the Old World and the past for models. When acquiring a surface grandeur to be the complement of the strength and wealth beneath, she was too young and too busy for original inspiration and genius, and too hurried to wait for it. There she is, the child among nations, but with public buildings in every town, made with great solidity and with noble columns that strike tremendously upon the traveller's

senses. In Boston, New York (consider the Public Library there), and other cities there are many of them. Europe, with all its expenditure on armies and navies before the war, could not afford to be building such things, which are the delights of the freer and newer nations; and Washington abounds in them. When time has mellowed them, and ages have passed along, their beauties will be better; and when history has clustered about those walls and pillars, as it is so quickly doing now, their beauty will be the more enhanced by all the perfumes of patriotic sentiment. But that old prejudice has too much prevented wanderers from appreciating the triumphs of art in great masses in America. He is a poor fellow with a thin spirit who may wander through the great halls of the Capitol and the Congressional Library in Washington and not be moved by the artistic magnificence, the noble strength, the perfect taste of what he looks upon therein. The old Florentines and Venetians, were they in life again, would pay more heed to and gain more pleasure from the beauties of the Capitol than do some of the affected tourists; for the truth is that the Capitol, outside and inside, is one of the noblest halls in full existence. Its outside architecture is grand. As it stands an enormous pile on Capitol Hill, its dignity, grace, and beauty of design are splendid; and within its halls and corridors, its magnificent statuary, the vast canvases upon the great events in American history, the mural decorations, and the ceilings with all their allegories make us think better of America at every glance and thought. Ascend one of the surrounding hills late on a summer afternoon and look below to Washington; see the Potomac swirling by, the point of the

Washington Monument touching the sky, and, in majestic presidency over all the fine buildings that are grouped about, the white Capitol glistening in the sunlight, and your sense and imagination will then lead you back to some of those great pictures you had gazed upon in the halls of the national headquarters a day or two before. There was the landing of Columbus on San Salvador, De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi, the baptism of Pocahontas, the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the declaration of Independence, the surrender of Burgoyne, Washington declining overtures from Cornwallis at Yorktown, Cornwallis's surrender, General Washington's resignation. Here is no small history of man. Looking thus upon the Capitol, reflecting, we must come to a newer and fuller realisation of the tremendous meaning of that simple descriptive phrase 'the New World.' There are still some vacant spaces on the walls of the Capitol. New and even greater scenes will be represented in the pictures that a few years hence will be hung upon them, pictures of battles and of even finer freedom than America has yet thought of. . . . Day by day now we hear from Washington of the millions and more millions of money that are being gathered for the war, of the millions that are being sent to France, to Italy, to Britain. Those American millions of every kind have a different meaning for us from that which once they had. Washington has just told us that over nine millions of American men, women, and children subscribed to the last loan, the Liberty Loan. Next in impressiveness to the Capitol, the great national symbol is the Treasury at Washington, the storehouse of all the nation's millions. One must write more of Washington.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER IV.

IF there were in the affections of Gavin Barrie one weak spot, it was for *La belle France*—a weakness which, with characteristic reserve, he scrupulously kept to himself. France, with her fair fields and rambling, unclean villages, her straight white roads, poplar-lined, and her vineyards, warm and winey—France, with her châteaux proudly aloof, and her gay streets, where every one lives on view, her crowded sands and surf-beaten rocks—France was his first and deepest love. Her vices and virtues, her charms and her defects, he could have no more brought himself to discuss than could your true knight his lady fair.

Two factors—one temperamental, the other that of circumstance—had combined to enthrone this goddess in his heart, there to be worshipped in jealously guarded privacy, and with a species of *mauvaise honte*, due to his being first and

foremost a loyal, bred-in-the-bone Britisher, for whom Great Britain in general, and London in particular, should irrefutably reign unrivalled. But Gavin, although in theory holding this view, was in reality, when at home, always homesick—never truly content except when he once again felt the coy waters of the Channel slipping away between himself and the white cliffs of his native land, each moment bringing him nearer to one or other of the fascinating seaports of her Latin neighbour. This trait in himself, while recognising, he nevertheless disapproved, not in a self-analysing fashion, for he was not given to introspection, but by studied repression, and this although his strong predilection for France was largely the result of the circumstances of his childhood.

No one acquainted with Gavin Barrie in his twenty-eighth year could have credited that the

tall young man of splendid physique and tireless energy had, as a lad, so fought for his life that public school and the British climate were vetoed by a succession of doctors; and his parents, being themselves unable indefinitely to leave the home-nest and the rest of their brood, readily entrusted the weakling to childless and adoring godparents of that leisurely, lovable contingent who take life lightly, and do not realise responsibilities beyond the narrow limit of their own immediate interests.

With them the delicate child wintered in the sunniest spots on the Riviera, spent his spring-times among the steep, wooded valleys of the Hautes Pyrénées, his summers on the sands of Normandy or the wave-washed reefs of Finistère. With them he first saw the gleam and glitter of Monte Carlo, the gorgeous flower whose poisoned honey he was too young to sip; with them he learned to love the brown faces of Breton fisher-folk and the rainbow hues of the sardine fleets; with them, last but not least, he came to know and understand that miracle of masonry, the many-sided metropolis of the Seine. Flowed as water over a mill-wheel, from his childish tongue, the language of his foster-motherland, and his sensitive ear early learned to detect every variant of accent—north, south, east, west, mountain and sea-board, town and champaign.

So much for environment. Now, as to breeding, Gavin was that paradox, a pure 'cross'—a sire from the Lowlands of Scotland; a mother of good old Devonshire stock, of blood as rich and red and warm as the earth of that richest, warmest, reddest of counties. In the offspring, however, of this ill-assorted pair there was no proper blend. The Scotch temperament inherited from the paternal side—cold, unemotional, taciturn—lay like a crust upon the quicksilver of his mother's heritage—a heritage of strongly artistic bias, swift sympathies, and supersensitiveness to the moods of others. This vein, so to speak, in the Anglo-Scottish boy, his French environment had at once tapped. It welled to the surface, and, as the result, as it were, of barometric pressure, for the time being flowed freely over the thicker and denser epidermis of his Scottish anatomy. Beneath the sunny skies of the *sud-pays*, among the rose-acres of Grasse, the gay, light-hearted crowds of Aix or Nice, this bud from a south of England plant fairly expanded like an exotic in a hot-house. All day long his nimble tongue rippled along in the language which seemed so easy of expression in comparison with the clumsy medium of his native speech; his great gray eyes were lit with perpetual lamps; his small feet danced to the music of alluring bands in café or casino.

Boy-like, he, of course, vowed he detested France, and, with the child's instinctive longing for home and mother, counted the months until those rare holidays which found him alike

muffled and rebellious in a corner of the parental brougham, rolling along the parental miles of deep-shaded drive to the parental dwelling in all its Elizabethan solidity of stone and beam. But although it was ripping to have mother to tuck him up in bed, his brothers and sisters for games of hide-and-seek in the great corridors; to see the dogs again, and ride his pony, yet always there was a sort of insidious chill that invaded the little body, a cloud of depression which settled on his spirits, until his mother, filled with forebodings over his big-eyed, wan appearance and silent ways, would, in spite of his father's iterated remonstrance that the boy would grow up a foreigner and useless, hurry him off again to his friends and France.

The day came, however, when paternal objections overruled those of the medical wise-heads, and Gavin found himself suffering and struggling his way through public school, where, having quickly divined how remote in every particular from his companions was his life in the fair land across the Channel, he called into action all his strength of will to stop the bubbling of the quicksilver in his veins, and bury beneath the upper stratum of Scotch dourness all the warmth and mobility of his better nature. The lamps in the gray eyes were turned low; the tongue that had rippled along so readily in his adopted language became unwontedly silent; albeit a few well-placed hits from the shoulder settled, once and for all, the designs of his school-mates to dub him 'Frenchie.'

Of one tell-tale habit, however, he could never free himself—to search out and bask in every beam of sunshine that found its way into the school precincts, earning for him the nickname of 'Salamander,' a name which followed him from Eton to Oxford, and thence back to his beloved Paris and the *beaux arts*. By this time, however, self-repression had so sheathed him that the butterfly boy seemed to have reversed the laws of nature and reverted to the pupa stage, so little resemblance survived between the unemotional, reticent man and that *enfant anglais* whose dancing feet and facile tongue had long ago won the hearts of the people in whose midst the greater part of his childhood had been passed.

Consequent upon the death of his godparents, and the inheritance of their considerable fortune, Gavin found himself under no pressing necessity to follow up his chosen profession—that of an architect; and this contingent, falling in well with the streak of quasi-laziness running through an otherwise energetic nature, led to his spending some of the best years of his early manhood in travel. Here again, however, cropped out a characteristic, almost an obsession with him—such an exaggerated aversion to posing as anything other than a commonplace, matter-of-fact Englishman, that, repudiating the inference that he travelled for the sake of intellectual profit

and pleasure, he lightly set forth that it was his 'hobby to try all sorts of fishing in all sorts of places.'

Those who knew and understood him least, among whom, of course, were his self-absorbed sire and, under that subtle influence, his mother also, saw in this avowed devotion to a mere pastime the sure signs of a prospective wasted life. There were some, however—a small minority—who recognised and believed better things of this self-incriminating young man, and among them Kenneth Grey, his chum at Eton and Christ Church, on the sole ground, apparently, that both of them had insatiable appetites for fish!

Grey, however, with the stern obligation upon him, as he expressed it, of making a living for himself off other people's bones, had so buried himself in hospital wards and dissecting-rooms that the close friendship of earlier years might have been altogether ended had not a rare opportunity presented itself to the young medico of studying some special disease in a famous Paris hospital. There, out of zeal to make the very most of this exceptional chance, Kenneth Grey overworked to the verge of a breakdown,

until one day, wandering solitary and low-spirited in the Champs Élysées, he suddenly came face to face with his old chum. The sequence of this *rencontre*, tickets to Montreal and the Canadian Pacific Railway, and thence to California—Gavin as host, willy-nilly.

'It's those "cut-throats" in the lakes among the Granite Mountains that we really *ought* to have a try for,' Gavin had urged as casually as though the expedition proposed were merely to the fish-ponds at Versailles. 'Wonder if they are as big as they *say* they are, or if it's only another story on the usual scale of American bigness! At all events, Kenneth, you've got to come,' he wound up, glancing at, and then away from, his friend's white face and weary eyes. 'No use to kill *yourself* before you've killed your fair share of *other* people; and by the time we get back there'll be lots more babies born for you to go to work on.'

Thus had it come about that among the passengers in Charlie Axel's dust-laden vehicle were two young men upon whose clothing any intelligent poodle might still have detected the characteristic aroma of a *café français*.

(Continued on page 86.)

## OLD-FASHIONED.

By Mrs G. R. GLASGOW.

ON reading over a poem or a story written, say, ten years ago, it is often astonishing to find how very much not only our point of view, but our phraseology, has changed, and that what we felt keenly, even passionately, in the writing leaves us untouched on re-reading. We are instantaneously conscious that though in its essence the thing may still be true, in its expression and in its form it is out of date, which is a degree worse than being old-fashioned!

To be old-fashioned in words and ideas, and even in ourselves, implies a change, but not a loss, of charm; but to be out of date argues a want of suppleness, of adaptability, a narrowness of mind, that is always regrettable, and often deplorable. If we wish to keep in touch with the thought of the day, and still retain our own individuality, we must find the golden mean between a love of every new thing, which causes us to be swept off our feet by every change of wind and tide, and an obstinate regard for 'the good old days,' which leaves us high and dry and solitary, whilst the living stream of men and women passes us by.

To keep warmly, vigorously alive, it is necessary to cultivate an open mind as to the next generation, or, so slow of growth is the training of public opinion, so gradual the alteration, it is only when it is too late that we shall realise how very much out of the running we are.

Take, for instance, the charity of fifty years

ago. To give a penny to a beggar in the street was then considered the acme of self-sacrifice for any good child, and in fiction, if not in real life, the reward was commensurate with the effort. The child who preferred to buy bull's-eyes or marbles was looked upon as a selfish monster by less daring companions, and was, as Mrs Sherwood tells us, unhesitatingly condemned to an uneasy conscience by the laxest of parents. Those who were brought up in that faith, and who did not notice the gradual trend of popular opinion in another direction, spoke of themselves smilingly as old-fashioned, until, with a sudden leap from the Middle Ages to the twentieth century, they realised that they were not only old-fashioned, but out of date, which is a much more serious matter. Speaking generally, charity is no longer a personal thing, or a matter for the individual conscience. Guilds and organisations have taken it in hand and treated it scientifically, and if the number of the poor does not seem to have diminished, still beggars no longer dare to beg publicly, and we need no longer be imposed on. Their state is kindly and skilfully diagnosed and treated, and often cured, or they are passed on to no less admirable organisations where the most is made of the smallest assets; and if they themselves are hopeless, at least their children have a chance of regeneration.

But it is well to remember that, if you give to the great and dominant charities, you do not

with the gift surrender your birthright. If, through laziness, or false pride, or real humility, you fail to give personal help also, it is the charity which receives your donation—the committee that dispenses it—that has gained the ultimate reward, and not *you*; money weighs very little in the balance against time or love or sympathy. Organisation should be a bridge between riches and poverty, not a wall.

Then there is the question of *manners*. Good manners, as they were understood by an earlier generation, are distinctly old-fashioned. In a rather hurried world it was found inconvenient to waste time on courtesies of writing or of speech. People who wished could take such things for granted. The younger generation had no leisure for them! It does not ask for consideration or courtesy itself, or help from man or woman. Why should they give it? It makes the young people, especially the young women, impatient, scornful. It wanted to be down in the arena, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the crowd, not sheltered or spared, hardly asking even for love; but that, of course, it cannot regulate. Love falls, like the rain, on the just and on the unjust, and asks for no return!

It is a reaction, no doubt, from the narrow, sheltered girl-life of the past, which ended in virtual slavery. The mother of to-day is suffering vicariously for the ignorance and intolerance and narrow vision of the mothers of yesterday. The sight of whole families of dull, good, unhumorous, unmarried aunts moves the girl of to-day, not to imitation of their methods, but to a settled determination that she, at least, will not be hypnotised by any plea of duty or propriety into such a tragic fate; that she will 'get on or get out' into some sort of freedom, or a less suffocating atmosphere.

It is out of date to resent or deplore or revile this attitude, but it may be guided into a healthier manifestation, because good manners do come more or less from a good heart, and, as Uncle Esek says, politeness is a kind of godliness, and though it may not make a saint of a man, it makes a lovely sinner! They are not merely a sentimental veneer, or a cloak for hypocrisy, as some sturdy natures imagine; for it is a fact that when a friend dies we do not remember or feel greatly interested in whether she 'painted in water-colours,' or called herself a Suffragette, or 'was cousin to Lady Jones,' but only whether she was kind and lovable, and was pleasant to live with.

So with the domestic service of to-day—what is generally known as 'the problem'—servants do not want to be understood, or made one of the family. They ask only to be let alone, to have definite work and definite hours. They prefer an 'order' to a 'request.' Twenty years ago another method was taught. 'Always speak

to a scullery-maid as if she was a duchess,' was the essence of it. One might possibly be rude or cross or peevish in the drawing-room, but never to a servant, because the position of a servant was presumed to prevent her answering back. It might be excusable for us to be domineering to our brothers and sisters, because they could put us in our place, but never to the maids.

But times have altered, and the principle has changed. The scullery-maid is quite satisfied with the equality, or even the superiority, of her position; she resents being treated like a duchess. Deference and consideration, blended with care for her body and soul, no longer appeal to her; she only wishes to be left to herself. Her mistress's suggested amusements do not, as a rule, amuse her—she does not enjoy the books her mistress lends her; she no longer wishes to copy her dress. All the old allurements are lost on her. She gives us to understand that we are out of date, that our landmarks have been removed, and that to try to put her at her ease is an impertinence. 'Nature, red in tooth and claw,' is what she has been taught to expect in service, and she is really rather disappointed if she does not find it. Kindness and courtesy represent to her a state of feeling that is hopelessly dull and old-fashioned.

This, too, is a reaction, and we must try to understand and to appreciate the newer and more independent attitude. The old idea was partly a survival from feudalism, when a man's house was literally his castle, and he was responsible for all in it, and especially for his helpless, ignorant, simple dependants. The maids and men-servants were part of the family circle. They were trained in their duties by the mistress herself, and clothed, fed, and supported. They held a position as honourable as that of the children of the house, and quite as clearly defined. But that was bound to change. A wider education and a general raising of standards, cheap travel, and shoals of inexpensive books have altered the outlook on life, and excited passions and ambitions which are not the least wrong in themselves, but are not always desirable or easily realised, and which will doubtless settle themselves with another swing of the pendulum. The disappointments and hard lessons of life will have a bracing effect on indolent, gentle, adaptable natures, and will open their eyes relentlessly to the onward march which they have not noticed, or have decided to ignore; and, on the other hand, rudeness *qua* rudeness will cease to be considered smart; graciousness will not be, to the next generation, only a sign of weakness, any more than it was to the last. Goodness of heart will still produce its harvest of kindness and gratitude, though possibly it may wear a new disguise, until the young of to-day are in their turn old-fashioned!

## 'No. 13.'

## PART III.

**D**URING the two following months I wrote a few times to Doña Maria, who answered my letters, giving me all the little interesting items of news. To Candidad herself I did not write, fearing that by doing so I should be committing a breach of Spanish etiquette, which I knew to be very strict. I was kept hard at work up to Christmas week, when I left London with my mother and sisters for Southport, where we were to spend the holidays with my aunt, a married sister of my mother's, my father remaining in town till Christmas Eve.

He came as arranged, and on Christmas morning, at breakfast, while we were chatting, he suddenly clapped his hand to his breast-pocket, saying, 'By Jove, Fred, I must be losing my memory! Here is a wire that came for you just as I was leaving the office yesterday. As a matter of fact, I met the boy in the hall, and stuck it in my pocket, and forgot all about it. But I hope there's no harm done.'

I opened the envelope. The telegram was dated Madrid, 23rd Dec., 3 P.M., and the wording was: 'The fat\* one has fallen to you. Am writing, and sending journal.—DAVILA.'

I had got the first prize in the lottery. Two days after, I received a copy of the *Diario* of Madrid, and on opening the paper was confronted with a large-type heading:

'ROMANCE OF THE LOTTERY.—At the drawing which took place this morning the first prize of six million pesetas fell to ticket No. 13, and in connection with its sale Doña Clementina Ortiz, the popular administratrix of the office No. 13 had an extraordinary story to tell our representative.

'It seems that on the 13th of last October two gentlemen presented themselves at the office named, and asked for a ticket. They were requested to wait a few minutes, as a further supply had been sent for to the Treasury. There had been a great demand for tickets during the morning, the manager of the Madrid branch of the Bank of Peru alone having purchased a large number for Lima. Doña Clementina jokingly told the two gentlemen that as a matter of fact the only ticket she had left was No. 13, which, of course, no one would purchase. Whereupon the younger of the two said he would take the whole ticket, as he was much impressed with the triple coincidence that the number of the ticket was 13, as was that of the administration, and, to make matters complete, it was the 13th of the month. Surely, if a courageous contempt for a widely accepted

superstition was ever rewarded, it was in the present instance! We understand that the young gentleman in question appeared to be a foreigner, though speaking Castilian fluently.'

We all returned to town a few days before the New Year. I waited on the manager of the *Crédit Lyonnais*, and asked him to forward my ticket for realisation to the head of the branch in Madrid. 'I suppose,' I said, 'there will be no difficulty?'

'Oh no! none whatever,' he replied. 'As you see on the back of the ticket, it is a document payable to bearer.'

Ten days afterwards I had a letter from the London manager informing me that he had to my credit a sum of two hundred and sixteen thousand pounds.

Of course, my impetuosity urged me to return to Spain at once; but I yielded in the end to the advice of my father and mother, and decided to go on as usual until the following summer, when I might revisit Seville, and see how matters would shape themselves.

The acquisition of my large fortune had, of course, made a great difference. My father's business had prospered exceedingly, especially of late years, and he was what, even in the City, would be called a rich man. Should I determine not to continue the business of Widders and Cripplebury—as, indeed, I had no desire to do—the question arose whether it would not be advisable to get rid of it. My father was now some sixty years of age, and was there any need why he should continue in harness? However, all decision was deferred for the present. There was no reason why we should make any change in our way of living, as we had always been in more than easy circumstances; and so the house at Highgate went on as usual.

Time seemed to me to crawl through the spring and early summer; but at last July came, and I wrote to inform my friends in Seville that I hoped to see them about the end of the month.

I could see that both my father and mother, while offering no opposition to my choice, were somewhat doubtful. Naturally they had always looked forward to my one day seeking a wife among the daughters of our many friends. I had always been very much attached to my mother, and truly not more than she deserved; and as the time drew near for my departure I felt very keenly the evident sadness that was coming over her.

A week before the day fixed for starting, as she and I were alone together, I said, 'Mother, there is no use in pretending. You are not

\* In Spain the chief prize in the Christmas drawing is universally known as *el gordo*, or 'the fat one.'

happy in this business. Neither is my father. Now, confess truly, do you not think you would be more content if you knew the girl that I want to make my wife?'

'Well, Fred,' she said, 'I suppose I should be less than your mother were it otherwise.'

'Very well,' I said, 'you shall see her. What is there to prevent you from coming with me? We will go overland. You can rest a few days in Paris, and again in Bordeaux, and again in Madrid, should you wish. And—though I think it would pretty well break my heart—if you do not approve of my choice, I will at any rate promise not to do anything further for the present.'

On taking my father into our councils he quite approved of the idea, but saw no need of the overland journey, as the weather was so fine, and my mother not a bad sailor. So, in the last week of July, we left London on a big liner, which called at Gibraltar, where we arrived on the fourth day. We reached Seville three days later, and were met by Don Andrés and his wife, to whom I had written. They would not hear of our going to an hotel, and so, the same afternoon, we drove out to Alcalá. There we found the young lady to see whom my mother had journeyed so far. I could see that my mother was very favourably impressed, but I resolved to let her give her opinion in her own good time. Meanwhile we were fully occupied in taking her round and showing her all the sights of Alcalá, with which she was delighted.

One of our visits was to Santiponce, as my mother was a good deal of an antiquarian; and while she and the others rested at the inn at Triana, I made my way to the charcoal-burners' hut in the pine-forest. I found my friends of last year still to the fore, and gave them much pleasure by handing each of them a very good, large clasp-knife which I had brought from England. I need not say that all this time I was on thorns to hear my mother speak to me on the subject nearest my heart, but I knew she was not one to do anything in a hurry or without seeing her way clearly.

At the end of ten days my mother spoke. 'Fred,' she said, 'I think it is time that your patience should be rewarded. I am very much in love with Candidad. I think she is a most charming girl, and one who would make a good wife. Of course, I have not had a chance of hearing her at her best, owing to my ignorance of Spanish; but I can only suppose that if she is so very captivating when she speaks French, she must be irresistible when she brings her Castilian to bear on you. Now what do you think of that for a compliment to your *señorita*?'

I could only express my gratitude to my mother, and my joy at her decision.

I lost no time in speaking to Don Andrés and Doña Maria the very next day. They were both

quite prepared, as, indeed, my mother, with a woman's intuition, had declared they would be. Doña Maria replied for both, and said, 'We can assure you, Frederico, that we will entrust our dear daughter to you with the utmost confidence. Of course, we know that you are now very rich, but I think you will believe me when I say that even were it otherwise we would still entrust her to you, as we are certain we should be consulting her happiness.'

We were married in the parish church of Alcalá de Guadaira on the last day of September, the anniversary of the marriage of Julian Alvarez and Mercedes, and left in the afternoon for Carmona, some ten miles distant, where Julian had a small country-house, which he put at our disposal. In the middle of October we were all in Seville, and at the end of the month my newly made wife, my mother, and I left for Paris on our way to London.

Nothing had been settled as to our future residence. On our arrival we all went to Highgate, and up to Christmas my time was pleasantly occupied in introducing my wife to my English friends, and in entertaining and being entertained by them.

Shortly after Christmas we were all much alarmed by a severe cold which Candidad contracted, and which did not seem to yield to the doctor's remedies. She became in the end quite worn out by a persistent cough, which prevented her from getting any rest at night. The doctor confessed that he was not satisfied with the result of his treatment, and, at his suggestion, a famous specialist was called in.

The great man was very frank and explicit in giving his opinion. 'Mr Dutton,' he said to me, 'your wife is, up to now, free from any organic disease; but I cannot answer for her continuing so. You have brought her from the sunshine in which she was reared into the cold and damp of an English winter, and my advice—and it is a very urgent advice—is that she should be restored to the sunshine as speedily as possible.'

Three weeks later I was sitting with my dear girl in the sunshine, outside a small villa which I had rented at Torremolinos, two miles from Malaga, and there we remained until April, when I left for England to arrange for the future. Her mother and Mercedes had come to stay with Candidad during my absence. The London doctor was right. The sun had cured her.

I finally made up my mind that it would be impossible to continue in the London office, and it was arranged that the old house of Widgers and Cripplebury should be wound up. There was no reason why my father should not enjoy a well-earned rest, and, as I said before, there was no other son to succeed him. So within the next few months our affairs were settled, stocks sold out, and the old house in Dove

Court, which was our own property, let out as offices.

A life of idleness was little to my taste. I could afford to bid adieu to commerce, but did not for a moment think of doing so, and determined, on my return to Spain, to look about for some way of employing at least a portion of my capital.

I was back in Torremolinos by the end of June. Candidad had completely recovered, and hoped that it might be a long time before any business would necessitate a further visit to England on my part. Indeed, I saw clearly that England as a place of residence for her was out of the question. I had been within an ace of losing her.

The opportunity for which I was looking offered in a couple of months. A considerable property, consisting chiefly of vineyards, at San Lucar came into the market, owing to the death of its owner, the Marquis of Obrera. Nothing could suit me better. Besides the large tract of valuable land, there was a beautiful residence,

and there we settled down, and there I am writing these lines fifty years after.

My dear father and mother have been dead for more than thirty years. I have been to England only three times since my taking root at San Lucar—twice on the occasion of the death of my father and mother, and once, two years ago, when I accompanied my eldest son, who left his boy at school near London. It was on this occasion that I saw the last of the old house in Dove Court.

We have been very successful. Our Manzanilla is counted among the best wines shipped from Spain. My wife still shudders at the thought of the fog, and was very diffident about trusting her grandson to its mercies. I take very little part in the business now. That is the province of my eldest son. In his office there is a very ancient model of two oxen drawing a butt of sherry, and guided by two men in broad-brimmed sombreros. In its pediment my son has had a plate inserted with the words, 'The returned Exiles.'

THE END.

## BOOK-BORROWERS AND THEIR WAYS.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

**F**EW people save the librarians of large public or 'lending' libraries have any idea of the vagaries of many of those who borrow books. Indeed, it would be scarcely imagined how careless some people are, and the way in which they often leave private correspondence in the books. For a whole year a well-known librarian of a public library kept a record of the things found within the pages of different volumes, and also of some of the cranky proceedings of the borrowers. Most people would be surprised at the variety of the articles found, and to know how peculiar some of the borrowers are.

For example, one lady subscriber to a well-known lending library threatened to withdraw her subscription because she found in the catalogue some books by a popular lady novelist to whom she appeared to have taken the most violent dislike. It was quite useless to explain that the novelist in question was one of the most popular 'circulating' authors. All she said was, 'I so detest the woman and all her works that it is a great source of annoyance to me to find her books staring me in the face whenever I come to the library; and unless I am assured that this shall not happen in future, I shall not only withdraw my subscription, but shall do what I can to get my friends to follow my example.' It is, of course, needless to say the proprietors refused to ban the books in question, and Miss ——'s books are still upon the shelves.

Then there are what may be called 'the unco guid,' who are always wishing to exercise a

control and censorship of the books that are put into circulation. It is unnecessary to say that no high-class library would, except by inadvertence, circulate (or continue to do so when such a book was pointed out) any volume of a really objectionable character. But there are some people who seem to think that the duty of libraries is chiefly that of a tract depot, forgetting, of course, that whilst the taste of some subscribers may be chiefly for serious books, others may wish to read books of a lighter character.

Although we are in the twentieth century, there are apparently quite a number of people who are nothing more than religious or political bigots. Not long ago one librarian received a letter, couched in the most insulting terms, demanding the withdrawal of a certain very brilliant book, which happened to be the work of a young politician for whom the subscriber in question evidently had the strongest antipathy. It was quite useless to point out that this book was one of the most popular works of the day. The subscriber's answer was, 'It is a disgrace for any respectable library to put a book by this writer in circulation, and thus give him most undesirable notoriety.'

There is also the peculiar type of subscriber who never seems exactly to know the name of the book wanted, and these expect librarians always to be able to put them on the right track. They will come into a library with the very vaguest idea concerning the book they have looked out in the catalogue. For example, during the

popularity of *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* quite a number of ladies not only thought it a work upon horticulture, but could even then give very little idea of the title. 'Mrs Briggs' was frequently the name used instead of 'Mrs Wiggs,' and several subscribers who wished to borrow the book said that they were going down to their country houses, where their gardeners did not always seem to please them in the matter of the vegetables they grew, and they were, in consequence, going to lend them this book, so that they might get a few hints. It was extremely difficult to persuade them that the famous 'Mrs Wiggs' gave no hints on the cultivation of cabbages, and when convinced of this they called the book a fraud.

But, although so many subscribers are extremely amusing, some of the most interesting things a librarian comes across in connection with his work are the curious articles so often left in the volumes when they are returned. Scores of hairpins are found in books. Only a few months ago a book was returned in which was found one with what was at first supposed to be a paste head, and one of the young lady librarians who had found it asked that she might have it. It was, however, against the rules to make over anything found in the books until a certain time had elapsed, and so she was told that she must put it aside for the present, but that if it were not claimed within the period of a fortnight there would be no objection to her having it. A few days afterwards, however, a young married lady came into the library in a state of great excitement, and asked whether in the books that she had returned a few days previously a diamond hairpin had been found. She was, of course, at once told that it had. Not a little to the surprise of the librarian, she informed him that it was worth five-and-twenty pounds, and that one night she was reading late in bed, and having forgotten to take out this hairpin, she slipped it into the book as a marker. By some error, the book was returned by her maid before she had finished reading it.

Numbers of other things are found in library books. One of the most expensive book-markers ever discovered was that found quite recently in a copy of one of Mr Max Pemberton's romances. On going through the book in the usual way the librarian came across a narrow slip of paper folded lengthwise, and upon this being opened it proved to be a cheque for no less than five hundred pounds, drawn by a company in payment of dividends. Needless to say, it was at once sent by a messenger to the gentleman, a well-known Park Lane South African, who had been so careless, and who, by the way, was not a little astonished to receive it. A day or two after a note of thanks was received from him in which he said that he had not even discovered the loss of a cheque!

Not very long ago a parcel of books was

received back from an artist who has a fine studio Hampstead way, and upon opening one of the volumes, a quarto book of travel, the librarian was surprised to find a most dainty water-colour sketch between the pages. As it happened, before Mr Blank, A.R.A., could be communicated with, he came in, and on being handed the sketch, with an explanation of how it was found, Mr Blank said, 'I was feeling a bit off colour a few days ago, and so I thought I would try to put down on paper my idea of the heroine of the novel which I was reading at the time. That is the result. I suppose I must afterwards have used it as a book-mark. Now,' said Mr Blank to the librarian, 'here's a "sporting" offer. If you can guess in three times who the sketch is intended to be, it is yours.' The librarian happened to be lucky, for at his second attempt he hit upon the heroine, and received the sketch, which was worth perhaps five guineas, as a reward.

Numbers of letters used as book-marks are found, and it is really astonishing how careless people are in this way of the most private correspondence. Often, of course, it is quite impossible to trace the owners of the letters, and at one time at a certain large lending library there was an astonishing collection of love and other letters. But love-letters are harmless enough when compared with some that are found. About two years ago, for example, there was great curiosity not only in Society circles, but in the minds of the public generally, regarding a certain broken engagement between a young lady and a man well known in military circles. The true reason of this broken engagement was set forth in a most detailed way in a letter from the young lady in question to a girl friend, who had evidently taken up the first thing that came to hand to mark her place, and had forgotten afterwards to remove it. If the letter had fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous person it might have caused the proverbial peck of trouble. It certainly would have created a considerable sensation.

Some years ago a well-known Cabinet Minister, who was not unknown for absent-mindedness, placed in the pages of a book which he was reading a small piece of note-paper containing the 'heads' of a most important political negotiation. If it had not been found by a person of discretion, a secret of some importance would doubtless have made its way prematurely into the public press.

Two of the most curious articles ever found used as book-marks were a narrow strip of human skin mounted on a piece of cardboard, which was said to have been flayed off the back of a Macedonian girl by a Turkish trooper during the troubles of some years back; and a ribbon garter, fastening with a gold buckle, which belonged to a well-known 'Gaiety girl.'

Many borrowers have curious ideas of honesty.

Quite a number of people think nothing of calmly removing the plates from illustrated works, either, it is presumed, to insert them in their own collections or to frame them. One type of book in particular, issued by a well-known publishing house, with illustrations in colour, has suffered much in this respect.

Finally, there are people, mostly country readers, who value even expensive works so little that they use them for the purpose of pressing flowers, moths, butterflies, &c., quite heedless of the fact that by doing so they are often seriously injuring valuable books which do not belong to them.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### BOMBS FOR LAYING BARBED WIRE.

**I**N view of the important rôle played by barbed wire in the present war and the danger to which the men who lay it are exposed, it is not surprising that efforts have been made to devise a system of placing entanglements in No-Man's Land without the men having to leave the trenches. Moreover, it is a great advantage if this can be done rapidly in the face of an impending charge of hostile infantry after the fixed wire has been destroyed by guns. To meet these requirements a species of wire bomb has been invented by Mr E. S. Wales, and was recently described in the *Popular Science Monthly*. This device consists of a bomb (with a time-fuse) around which are arranged four reels of barbed wire. A stem is fitted to the bomb by means of which it can be fired from a trench mortar. When the bomb explodes the reels are projected in different directions, the wire being unwound during their flight, and spread over a considerable area.

### AMERICA'S STANDARDISED AEROPLANE ENGINE.

When a mechanical contrivance, such as an aeroplane engine, is wanted quickly in large numbers, it is essential to standardise it; in other words, all the engines produced must be exactly alike down to the smallest screw or pin. The model having been approved, complicated and costly tools have to be made, capable of turning out the greatest numbers of parts in the least possible time. Moreover, all parts are made to what are known as 'limit gauges,' whereby accuracy is guaranteed, so that different portions of the engine may be produced anywhere, with the certainty that they will fit together when assembled. Under such conditions the greatest care must be taken to render the model perfect before standardisation, as it is impossible to alter any detail without causing serious delays once the manufacture is begun. These principles have recently been applied to the aeroplane motor designed in the United States for that country's huge aircraft programme. Co-operation between engineers and manufacturers resulted in the production of a satisfactory model, known as the 'Liberty Air Engine,' in the astonishingly short time of one month, and this engine is now being manufactured on an enormous scale. ● In this connection some inter-

esting figures relating to the safety of American aircraft were lately given in an official statement issued by the United States Government Department concerned with aviation. These figures begin with the year 1908, and the total casualties up to 28th April of this year number only fifteen, while no deaths are recorded for 1916 and 1917, although over seventeen thousand flights were made by two hundred and six aviators, who covered a total distance of more than seven hundred and fifty thousand miles.

### AEROPLANE PASSENGER SERVICES.

At a recent interview with Reuter's correspondent, the brothers Caproni, the celebrated designers and builders of Caproni aeroplanes, expressed a belief that, after the war, lines of aircraft will be run between various towns and countries, the machines being luxuriously fitted with accommodation for one hundred or more passengers, while the speeds will range up to one hundred and ninety miles an hour. They advocate aeroplanes with two or three motors of three hundred to five hundred horse-power each, as the adoption of several engines forms a guarantee of safety. These authorities also predict the construction of aeroplanes for service between Europe and America, having accommodation for fifty or sixty passengers, immediately after the war, and they point out that Caproni triplanes are already capable of carrying thirty passengers between Milan and Turin. The foregoing predictions are supported by the statement, on good authority, in the American journal *Aviation*, that an aeroplane is being built in Italy with motors of three thousand horse-power, which is designed to carry fifty passengers.

### HOSPITAL-SHIPS FOR THE TIGRIS.

Many extraordinary craft are in service on the Tigris for fighting purposes of which the publication of particulars is naturally prohibited. The various launches and ships for dealing with the sick and wounded, however, have been fully described, and of these the hospital-ships are of particular interest. Owing to the shallowness of the river in the dry season, all vessels intended for service up to Bagdad must be capable of floating in four feet of water. The craft referred to, although one hundred and sixty feet in length, with a breadth of thirty

feet, require only three and a half feet of water to float them. This light draught involves special arrangements for propulsion in the form of tunnels in the bottom of the ship for the propellers to work in. This device, in conjunction with a high speed of rotation, enables small propellers to absorb the high powers needed to give the requisite speed, while affording complete protection when the vessel takes the ground. In this case each propeller is driven by an engine of one hundred and fifty horse-power, and makes five hundred and fifty revolutions a minute. Oil-engines running upon paraffin have been adopted in preference to steam machinery on account of the saving in space, weight, and attendance, and, last but not least, because of the elimination of the heat that would have radiated from the boiler. The vessel has four decks, with the hospital accommodation arranged on the three lower ones. Convalescents are provided for on the 'flying-deck,' while the upper and main decks are reserved for more serious cases. Most of the cots are arranged in two tiers, one above the other; but a number of larger single-tier cots are provided for the more serious cases. A cot-lift is fitted between the various decks, so that patients can be transferred without being carried by hand up or down stairs. Extremes of temperature are encountered in Mesopotamia; hence heating, cooling, and ventilation had to be very carefully provided for. This has been done on the Thermotank Company's system, which supplies either cool or heated air to all parts of the ship. Every possible provision has also been made for natural cooling and ventilation. Included in the equipment are refrigerating plant capable of producing five hundredweight of ice a day, a soda-water machine with an output of three gross a day, an evaporator having a capacity of two tons of fresh water in twenty-four hours, a distiller for thirty gallons an hour, and a disinfecting-room with a steam disinfecter. Naturally an operating-room is provided, and all requisite surgical instruments and appliances. These vessels have been built by Messrs Livingstone & Cooper of Hessele, Hull; while the propulsive machinery was fitted by Messrs John I. Thornycroft & Co., Limited. It is interesting to note that Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Carter, whose condemnation of the medical arrangements for the first Mesopotamia campaign must be familiar to our readers, has superintended the medical equipment of these vessels. The ships proceed to the Tigris under their own power, after being especially strengthened for the voyage. It is only fair, however, to state that the first hospital-ship to reach Basra and Bagdad was built for the British Red Cross Society, this vessel being constructed in sections, which were shipped out to Bombay, where the boat was erected and launched. Readers who desire further par-

ticulars of these vessels will find them in *Engineering* for 19th October.

#### FORD OIL-TRACTORS FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

One of the most astonishing developments caused by the war is the rapidly extending use of the oil-tractor, in place of horses, for ploughing and other field operations. It is true that fairly efficient machines of this type were on the market many years ago, but they were employed by only a few progressive farmers, horses or steam-machinery being preferred by the majority. The fact is that before the war the oil-tractor for ploughing and cultivating could only compete with horses under certain conditions, mostly confined to large farms and estates where almost continuous employment, in one form or another, could be provided. Under the new scheme of Government control, and because of the shortage of horses and the increased cost of labour, the position is altogether different. The small farmer, for instance, does not have to buy a tractor at all, or indeed to provide a driver. He simply applies to the agent of the Food Production Department for a machine to plough so many acres. In this way the tractors are kept busy and their cost is fully justified. The question of providing tractors was taken up strongly by Sir Arthur Lee when he was appointed chief of the department last February, and the Royal Agricultural Society were asked to test and report upon two Ford models. Their account being very favourable, arrangements were made for producing six thousand in this country. This policy, however, had to be abandoned owing to the exigencies of war, and the tractors were ordered in the United States from Mr Henry Ford. It is pleasing to note that the manufacturer is making no profit out of the transaction, the machines being supplied at cost price on condition that they are used solely under Government control. The tractor can be used, says Lord Northcliffe, who recently visited the Ford works in America, 'either as a stationary engine or to propel ploughs, mowing-machines, reapers, and binders.' A twenty-five-horse-power motor provides the necessary power, and it runs on paraffin, although a small quantity of petrol is needed to start it. Neither mechanical nor agricultural knowledge is required for driving these tractors, and they are fitted with electric head-lights, so that work can be carried on day and night. Indeed, their hum at night has already become familiar in many districts, and has not infrequently been mistaken for the noise made by aircraft. Each tractor is capable of ploughing an acre in two hours under average conditions. It is easy to understand that six thousand tractors, working day and night during the season for ploughing, will prepare an enormous acreage of land for wheat and other crops, which should go far towards defeating the U-boat menace. After the war Mr Ford is hopeful of

selling these tractors at one hundred pounds each—a price that will bring them within reach of the smallest farmers if they work on a co-operative basis.

#### COMPLETION OF THE QUEBEC BRIDGE.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Quebec Bridge across the St Lawrence, the building of which has been dogged by disaster, is at last completed. The structure consists of two enormous double cantilevers, resting at their centres and shore ends upon strong piers of masonry; while the gap between them, over the middle of the river, is bridged by a centre span measuring six hundred and forty feet in length and one hundred and ten feet in height, its weight being no less than five thousand tons. According to the first plans, the centre span was to be built out from each cantilever; but this structure was never finished, the south side collapsing under its own weight before completion, with a loss of over eighty lives. Subsequently the design was revised, and a new bridge of much greater strength was proceeded with. Instead of building out the central span from the cantilevers, it was constructed separately, with the intention of floating it under the cantilevers on huge lighters and lifting it into place. Unfortunately, when the latter operation was being carried out, the span slipped off the supports and sank in the river. By no means daunted by this second disaster, the builders constructed a duplicate span, which was lifted and fixed in position on 19th September. A very interesting account of how the final span was built and raised appeared in a recent number of the *Scientific American*, from which the following particulars have been taken. The structure was built on three pontoons fitted with valves to allow the water to enter freely, so that they rested on the bottom of the river in a position near the shore where the depth was suitable. These pontoons each measured one hundred and sixty-five feet long, with a breadth of thirty-two feet, and they were designed to float the span when immersed to a depth of eleven and a half feet. On completion of the work the valves were closed and the water pumped out, thereby floating the span, which was towed out to the middle of the river. From the end of each cantilever four massive steel chains made up of flat steel links were hung, each link being thirty inches long and one and one-eighth inches thick. The lifting was done, two feet at a time, by hydraulic jacks, each having a power of one thousand tons. At the end of every lift the span was supported by twelve-inch-diameter pins driven through the chains, which allowed of the jacks being adjusted for the next step upwards. The total lift of one hundred and fifty feet above the water-level occupied only four days. This bridge between the piers of the cantilevers

measures eighteen hundred feet, which constitutes the longest single span in the world, the next longest being those of the Forth Bridge, measuring seventeen hundred and ten feet.

#### RIVER NAVIGABLE IN DRY SEASON.

A drawback to nearly all navigable rivers is the lowering of the water-level during the dry season to such an extent that vessels cannot pass along the upper reaches. This difficulty has been ingeniously overcome in the Ohio River, so far as the down-stream traffic is concerned, by the United States Army Engineering Corps. Dams were built across both the upper section of the Ohio River itself and two tributaries, behind which vast quantities of water accumulated. The opening of these dams at the right time raised the water-level temporarily, and enabled a fleet of river barges to carry twelve thousand tons of coal down to Cincinnati, the ordinary water-level being sufficient to enable the empty barges to proceed up-stream again, ready for a repetition of the operation.

#### MORE MAGIC SQUARES.

The Hindu magic square published in 'The Month: Science and Arts' for October has induced several correspondents to send us other squares of figures presenting similar features. For instance, two correspondents (Messrs Archibald H. Finlay, and another who gives squares by a friend, Mr A. Geddes Scott) both send us the following arrangements of figures, in each of which every column, whether vertical, horizontal, or diagonal, adds up to sixty-five, yet the two arrangements are substantially different.

24	12	1	6	22
20	17	7	11	10
3	5	13	21	23
14	15	19	9	8
4	16	25	18	2
11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

The sub-squares, however, do not add up to sixty-five, as in the previous example given in 'The Month.' Mr Finlay also points out that if lines are drawn between the consecutive figures, beginning at one, they form curious regular figures; while Mr Geddes has worked out a square in

which the columns each add up to one hundred and eleven, the grand total being six hundred and sixty-six. Mr William Miller sends us the following magic square, for which the total is the same as in the Hindu square given in our October issue, but with a different arrangement of figures:

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

This square was found by Mr Miller upon a picture entitled 'Melancolia,' by Albert Dürer, who lived between 1471 and 1528. Another correspondent, Mr Wm. M. Chorlton, points out that the figures 1 to 16 can be arranged in fifteen different squares, each having the characteristics already referred to, and he gives five examples; while Mr Lionel Davy also sends us a square made of these figures, in which the columns and supplementary squares add up to thirty-four.

#### REJUVENATING OLD ARMY BOOTS.

'One of the most remarkable factories in England is to be found in south-east London,' says *The Times*. To this establishment are sent all the old boots from the various British theatres of war, as well as from the military camps in this country. Most of these boots appear at first sight to be useless, but so long as the uppers and welts have some wear left in them it is generally worth while to supply new soles and heels. Sometimes only one boot of a pair is worth saving; but this is no drawback, as the sizes are standardised, and a fellow for it may be saved from another pair. The boots arrive just as they were taken off, many being caked with mud and containing various substances introduced by the men to ease their feet. A preliminary sorting results in the rejection of boots which have no more wear in them, while the others are cleaned and scrubbed with warm water to which carbolic acid has been added. After being drained, the leather is treated with a coating of warm castor-oil. The next process is the removal of the remains of the old sole and heel, after which new soles and heels are tacked on temporarily by hand, and the boots passed to machines which do the permanent nailing. What may be called the finishing process is reblocking, to bring the boots back to their original shape. This is done by dipping them in warm water and inserting lasts of the correct size, upon which they are left until dry. It is interesting to note that the soldiers prefer these remade boots to new ones, as they are easier to the feet. Practically all the work described above is done by women, of whom two hundred

are employed, only five skilled men being required, and these are all over military age. This interesting factory is carried on by the Army Clothing Department

#### HOW CONDEMNED ARMY BOOTS ARE UTILISED.

Even the boots which are so much worn that any attempt to repair them would be futile are by no means worthless, the leather of which they are composed being utilised in many different ways. Some of these are indicated in an interesting paper read by Mr M. C. Lamb before the London Society of Chemical Industry, and published in the society's *Journal*. Strange though it may appear, waste boot-leather, Mr Lamb asserts, has been proved to be a most serviceable material for road-making. Mixed in the proportion of from 5 to 10 per cent., according to the nature of the road, with limestone, slag, or granite, together with bitumen and asphalt, it forms a substance called, in honour of the patentee, 'Broughite.' Applied to the surface of the road in a layer four inches thick, and given a top facing of slag, granite, or limestone, Broughite forms a satisfactory substitute for wood-paving at a much less cost, being equally silent, and exceedingly durable. It is also claimed that a road covered with Broughite is quite as hard and rigid as a tar-macadam road, that the cost is no greater, and that, while the resiliency is increased, the rate of wearing, and consequently the amount of dust, are decreased. It offers a secure foothold for horses, and the cyclist or motorist need not go in fear of a side-slip on roads prepared in this manner. The Roads Board, determined to test the new material thoroughly, has had several stretches of roadway laid with Broughite, and will carefully test the results. As an alternative to this use of waste leather, it may be destructively distilled to yield about 25 per cent. of its weight of animal charcoal, useful in the purification of sugar, and about the same proportion of ammonium sulphate, valuable as a fertiliser; while the leather of boot-uppers furnishes about 15 per cent. of grease and fatty matter.

#### THE ROAD TO A HEALTHY OLD AGE.

Those who read and appreciated an article under the above title in this *Journal* for 1916 may be glad to know that the writer, Dr T. Bodley Scott, has greatly expanded the area of his observations, and has issued the result in a book called *The Road to a Healthy Old Age* (T. Fisher Unwin). Dr Scott was R. L. Stevenson's physician at Bournemouth, and the Dedication of Stevenson's *Underwoods* has a charming reference to him. Written in a popular style, the book has been prepared alike for doctors and laymen, and deals in a common-sense way with the subjects of prolongation of life; conservation of health, and the habits necessary for its promotion; food and food values; nature

and treatment of premature senility, especially arterio-sclerosis or thickening of the arteries; thyroid treatment; and chronic bronchitis and asthma. Writing mainly for folks past middle life, he recommends those over fifty to get the heart and the arteries examined to note if there is arterial tension or blood pressure; for he says a man is as old as his arteries. Another of his sayings is, a man is as old as he thinks. If he thinks old, he is old; if he thinks young, he is young. We are again told that disease is largely owing to faulty living, and the morbid symptoms of premature old age are indicated; and it is pointed out that since David the Psalmist wrote the term of life has increased, and that to healthy folk the limit of life may be nearer ninety than seventy. In the evening of life Dr Scott recommends the removal of excessive pressure of bodily or mental work, carefulness in eating and drinking, less excitement, no late hours, and plenty of quiet rest. As to vegetarianism, he points out that the flesh-eating raven is often a centenarian, as well as the vegetarian parrot. There are interesting references to those who get out of gear when they cease active duty, and about those who work till they drop, and less quickly get into a state of gradual decay.

#### A NEW MOTOR-TRICYCLE.

An auto-tricycle has recently been constructed which is likely to make a strong appeal to elderly gentlemen, ladies, and others who have been desirous of taking up motor-cycling, but have felt themselves unequal to the strain of mounting and riding a 'two-wheeler.' The motor-tricycle referred to is fitted with an engine of two-and-a-half horse-power, capable of propelling the car at a speed of twenty miles an hour, which is ample for the type of user for whom it is designed. A novel and most commendable feature is the provision of a lever by means of which the tricycle is started by the driver after he has taken his place in the large, comfortable seat, which is so arranged that it can be adjusted to his individual reach. So far as possible, the wheels and the mechanism are protected from dust and moisture, and the specially wide tires should give ample wear, and ensure a considerable degree of comfort and safety even when driving along tramway routes.

#### INTERFERENCE WITH THE 'BALANCE OF NATURE.'

The necessity for the exercise of great care in interfering with the 'balance of nature' is emphasised by the experience of Australia. Compulsory poisoning laws have been in force in the island-continent for thirty years, with the result, says a recent number of the *Scientific Australian*, that the carrion hawks, the crows, and the native carnivora have been almost entirely exterminated. As a natural consequence of this wholesale destruction of nature's scavengers, the

carcasses of dead animals are now consumed principally by blow-flies, which have multiplied so enormously that they have become a positive danger to the sheep on the runs, infesting them with their larvæ, and causing them to become 'fly-blown.' According to the *Victorian Naturalist*, mice, too, have increased to such an alarming extent that it is sometimes with great difficulty that wheat-stacks are protected from their depredations. One device that has been adopted to get rid of these pests is to surround the stacks with sheets of galvanised iron, in which openings are left leading into kerosene-tins let into the ground, and partly filled with water. By this plan it is nothing unusual to destroy in one night ten thousand mice; at one station a 'bag' weighing over a ton was secured in forty-eight hours. The damage wrought by such vast numbers of vermin must be enormous, and it is suggested that the Commonwealth should follow the example of Canada and the United States in instituting a Bureau of Economic Ornithology, which might also make investigations as to the economic usefulness, or otherwise, of the surviving native carnivora. In these days man simply cannot afford to destroy 'nature's policemen' in mistake for pests.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

#### THE PORT OF PEACE.

THOU art the port of rest  
To which I steer,  
When life is all unblest  
And ways are drear.  
Out of the mist and foam,  
The sighing sea,  
I bring my sorrows home  
To rest with thee.

Thou art my port of peace  
Whose light shines clear,  
Across the storm's increase,  
The loss and fear.  
Out of the wind's control,  
The yawning night,  
I steer my troubled soul  
To thy dear light.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

#### \*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE WORKER'S HOLIDAY.

By BART KENNEDY.

#### PART I.

EVER since he had known anything he had been deferred to. No one had ever contradicted him, and he was always addressed with the utmost reverence. Even when he was a boy at one of the great public schools he was treated with special consideration.

He possessed many beautiful houses, and he had a multitude of servants to wait upon him. His lightest wish was anticipated and met. If he desired to see any one who was great or famous, he had but to express his desire, and the person concerned was only too pleased to obey his wish. The service of every one was absolutely at his command.

Wherever he went he was received in a splendidly ceremonial manner, and a band struck up a certain tune. Sometimes he wished that the tune might be changed; he had heard it so often. But that was hardly possible, for it was one that belonged to his coming, even as light belongs to the coming of the sun.

Needless is it to say that he could eat the finest and richest food and drink the rarest wines; the best of everything was always on his table. And if he went anywhere on a visit, his host saw to it that things were right up to the top mark.

He had numberless suits of clothes, and numberless hats, and numberless pairs of shoes. His wardrobe was very extensive indeed. In fact, he had everything that he could possibly want in that direction; and more.

He had also plenty of travelling. Indeed, to tell the truth, he was always moving about, always going here and there. His engagements were so many that he had to have them booked up a year ahead.

Some there were who envied him; some there were who wished that they were in his place. To be always treated with consideration, to have the best of everything to eat and drink, to have plenty of money and fine houses and every other good thing, seemed to them to be most desirable. Yes, there were those who envied him.

And, curious to relate, he himself envied people who were in a lower position than he was. It does not seem credible, but the fact

remains that he was tired of all his possessions and fine houses. He was tired of the continual deference that was being shown him. He wished that some one would contradict him now and then, for he was a man with a sense of humour, and he knew that it was impossible for him to be always right in what he said. It was tiresome to be always agreed with. He would have liked to have an argument occasionally. He was especially tired of the tune that heralded him whenever he arrived anywhere. He had heard it many thousands of times, and whilst there was a noble, broad, melodic sweep in it—still, hearing it so often had made it pall upon him. Indeed, one of the most pleasant dreams he had ever had was one in which he dreamt that a new tune had been invented to take its place. When he awoke he felt quite sad.

He was tired also of visiting people; tired of always being on the move; tired of always changing from one suit of clothes into another; tired of always having to tell people how pleased he was to meet them. For, though he held such a commanding position in life, he was, when all was said and done, a human being. He had his likes and dislikes, just as any one else has. Now and then he met men the shape of whose faces he did not like. But he had to make out that he considered them people of the finest and the best. He had to give them the glad eye and the glad hand.

One might think that, being in the position he was in, he would at least have had the privilege of meeting only those whom he chose to meet. But such was not the case; at least, it was not so in practice. Whilst he was really above everybody, and had power over everybody, at the same time he was not free to follow out his inclinations. He was not free to go where he chose, or to do what he chose. He was only so in theory. In practice he had to follow exactly the lines laid down by people who were beneath him in position; and, also, he had to follow the lines that custom had laid down for him. He was only free to do as he chose in things that did not matter.

His position was an anomalous one. It was in itself most contradictory. He was over every

one, he could do anything he wished, and still he could do nothing he wished. He had to follow directions in almost everything. It was the oddest position conceivable for a man to be in. And he was very tired of it. Indeed, he would not have been human if he were not.

He tried to hide this, but it was not possible for him to do so. The lines of fatigue showed in his face. And this was not to be wondered at, for the amount of work he had to do was enormous. He was constantly going from place to place, and making himself pleasant to all he met, without any exception whatsoever. To make one's self pleasant is, of course, an agreeable thing now and then; but to be forced to make one's self pleasant on all occasions is a task most appalling.

To put the matter plainly, he was a very much overworked man. He had to do the work of ten men, and to assume an air of being fond of it. He had many houses, to be sure, but he could only live in one of them at a time. He could only eat one meal at a time. He could only wear one suit at a time. To sum up, all that he got was a living for the doing of ten men's work.

Whenever he read or heard of workmen going on strike he smiled strangely. He felt that they were lucky indeed to have the power to do so. He personally could not even dream of doing such a thing. Often he thought how grand it would be if he could go on strike for a month, or a week, or even for a day! But such a thing was as impossible for him as flying to the moon. He had to keep on doing as he was told, and going where he was told.

His taskmasters were very polite, it must be said. They did not say, 'You must do so and so.' Their manner was deferential in the extreme. Their orders were couched in the form of humble suggestions; but they were orders nevertheless. He had to obey them; and he knew he had to obey them. He was as powerless as any slave. Let the truth be told. He was really neither more nor less than a sweated worker.

He had no friend; for the position he occupied made it impossible for him to have a friend. A friend, if he is to be a real friend, must be one's equal. He must be able to contradict and to chide when he feels so disposed. But this man's position was such that no one ever said to him what was really in his mind.

He was, therefore, that most forlorn of beings—the being who is alone. He was as much alone as if he were marooned on a desert island. Though he was surrounded by smiling, deferential faces, still this was so.

Like every other human being, he cherished a secret ambition. That ambition was to disguise himself and go about amongst ordinary people and listen to what they had to say. He had had it for years, but he found the realising of it

an impossibility. He broached the idea once to a man who was in a position near to him—a man whom he liked. But the look of horror in the man's face made him drop it.

Still, he always had it. Often he dreamed of it. He used to dream that he was going around, in the vast town where he lived part of his time, really free. He was talking with chance strangers. He was going here and there, going where he chose. Really free. He had shaken off the incubus of his never-ending duties. These were delightful dreams. But, alas! only dreams.

What would it be like to be a labourer? What would it be like to go out and work for one's bread in the ordinary way? How would he manage? How would he get along?

He often asked himself questions such as these. If he were to go out suddenly by himself he would be helpless. If he were to go out, unknown, and mingle amongst the millions of people, he would have a hard time. This he realised. Perhaps he would die. But, for all that, he would give his soul to be able to do it. He would like to be able to go and take his chance amongst other people. It would be intensely interesting. Vistas of which he had no conception would open out before him.

And one day the miracle occurred.

One day he found himself by himself in the great town. How he had managed it may not be told quite exactly. But there was one who was near him who had turned out to be really a friend.

He was amongst the people, going along just like any one else. No, he was not missed. For some one had taken his place. Some one had personated him. The man who had turned out to be a friend had managed everything.

And now he was going along by himself. It was as if he were in another world. He knew where he was, of course. He knew the great town in all its outer detail. But though he knew it, it was not as the town he had seen before. It was at once familiar and utterly different.

He did not feel as confused as he thought he would. For the position he occupied had developed within him the fine quality of absolute self-possession. He had learned to keep the balance of himself upon all occasions.

He passed on in the midst of the crowd; and he had the unusual and peculiar experience of having people look at him without seeming to see him. It was the first time in his life that this had happened to him. Always had there been in the eyes of those he met a look of respectful recognition. But these people neither knew him nor cared to know him. Their faces were cold and absorbed. They moved along as though they were utterly alone.

No one seemed to care for or to heed any one else. They might have been a thousand miles

away from one another. Though they were in the crowd, they were not of it.

A man with a beard was coming towards him—a man who looked at him in a puzzled kind of way. For an instant he thought he was recognised; but the man passed on. And there came a girl who was selling flowers. She stopped right in front of him, and offered him one. He took it with a smile and a word of thanks, and was passing on. But she stopped him. 'Aren't you goin' to pay me for it?' she asked. He felt awkward, for he never carried money. It was not necessary. And then it suddenly occurred to him that he had taken some out with him that morning.

He put his hand in his pocket and took out a coin. 'Here,' he said, handing it to her.

The girl looked surprised and delighted at the coin. She looked after him as he went along. 'E's what you might call a gentleman,' she said. 'Yes, 'e is.'

He heard the words, and a thrill of pleasure passed through him. The compliment was at least a real one. The girl was pleased because he had given her more than the value of the flower. It was good to feel that he had received genuine commendation for the simple thing he had done.

Suddenly there came to him the idea that he would like to ride on a motor-bus. But the undertaking presented to him a formidable difficulty. It may seem very odd to have to tell it, but he did not know what to do. The buses thundered along the street, and he hadn't the faintest notion of how to get aboard one. Of course, he had often seen them going along the streets, but it had never occurred to him to notice how people got on them. What he would like would be to ride on the top of one!

He went on, and—well, there was a bus that had stopped at the kerb just by him! People got off it, and then people got on, taking their places. Why, the whole business was absurdly simple. All he had to do was to follow the people who were mounting the steps to get on to the top of it! To think that he had been puzzled by an arrangement that was so extraordinarily simple made him slightly vexed with himself.

He was on, the top now, and the bus was shaking and rattling along. The sensation was fine and exhilarating. He enjoyed it very much.

'Fare, please,' said the conductor, tapping him on the shoulder in a somewhat authoritative manner. No one had ever spoken to him or tapped him on the shoulder in this way through the whole of his life. It was a new and very strange experience. But he liked it. He felt now that he was just like any one else; he was really one of the people! He handed the conductor a coin.

'Aven't you anything smaller?' asked the conductor, handing it back to him.

Smaller? Oh, yes, he understood. He gave the

conductor another, a silver one. And he received a ticket and many copper coins in exchange. What the ticket was for he did not know. But after a bit he knew, for somebody else came and asked to have a look at it. He was getting on, he felt. He was rapidly acquiring new knowledge.

'It's a nice day, mate,' said a man to him. This man was sitting next him on the seat that did not seem to be quite big enough for two people. He was roughly dressed, and his hands were grimy. A workman, evidently. It was the first time he had ever sat so close to one of the real people; but it was part of the new game into which he had entered.

'A very nice day,' he answered. 'Quite a nice day.'

The workman looked at him. There was something in his tone that pleased him. The workman was not aware of the fact that the profession of the man who was sitting next him was that of pleasing those with whom he talked. They got into a casual conversation, and the workman was more and more pleased. When he was getting off the bus he held out his grimy hand. 'Good-day, sir,' he said. 'Pleased to meet you.' 'A nice gentleman,' he said to himself as he was getting down the steps at the back of the bus.

The bus had stopped just at the corner of a great square wherein was a vast, high column, on the top of which was the statue of a famous admiral who had been dead over a hundred years. From the top of the bus the square presented a most magnificent view. This square was certainly one of the finest in Europe; but it seemed to him as if he had never seen it at its best till now. It was filled with sunlight. It was indeed a grand place to see!

He turned and looked behind him to see if any one was following him. One of the things that he did not like about the exalted position he held was the fact that detectives invariably followed him about to see that he was safe—that he came to no harm. It always irritated him whenever he saw one of them.

No, there was no one following him; of that he was certain. His friend had kept faith with him. He could tell a detective a mile off. It was glorious to feel that no one's eye was upon him. This was a grand outing that he was having. He had never enjoyed anything so much through the whole of his life.

All sorts of strange and odd ideas were coming to him. And he felt an indescribable elation. Through the whole of his life he had been a prisoner. He was as much a prisoner as any criminal who had ever been sentenced by a judge. His chains were beautiful chains. But they were chains nevertheless; and it was in his mind to break altogether with the whole business. Life was worth nothing if a man could not be free. People were always talking

and writing about the wonderful gift of freedom. And it really was a wonderful gift. It was worth more than life itself. He had never really lived till now. How fine it would be if he could always go on as he was going now! What wonderful experiences he would have! He would enjoy life in the fullest way imaginable. The sum of life, after all, was the sum of experience. A man who was committed day after day to the same round was a man who did not live in the real sense at all. The fact that the round was a round of ceremony and show meant nothing. Such a life, when all was said and done, was only the life of a slave. And there came to him a sudden resolution to break himself free of it altogether.

But he could not do this! For he had pledged his word that he would meet his friend at a certain place at the end of the day. It was only on that condition that he had been helped on the way to the adventure he was now enjoying. He had pledged his word, and he could not break it. The bus arrived at the broad, open gate of a certain great park, and he got off.

Suddenly he felt very hungry. He had been so excited at the prospect of his coming adventure that he had eaten practically no breakfast that morning. And now he was very hungry indeed. He would have to get something to eat. But where? And how?

He would have to go into a restaurant, of course. There were restaurants all over the great city, and all he would have to do would be to go in and order food just like any one else did. It was a simple thing to do. Just as simple as getting on to the top of the bus.

But he felt at sea for all that, for he had never been in a restaurant by himself. And

then there came to him the remembrance of how he had roughed it once years ago. But that experience seemed to him now to be a very long way off indeed; and, besides, he had only roughed it in a manner of speaking—for there were others with him. Still, the remembrance gave him confidence, and he turned to his right and went down along the left side of a great, busy street.

He felt very hungry indeed, and he determined to turn into the first restaurant he saw. Here was one! All sorts of eatables were in the window. There were slices of bacon and eggs, and loaves and cakes, and tomatoes, and chops, and kippered herrings, and a round of beef that looked slightly discoloured. Flies were also in evidence. He did not like the appearance of the food. But he was awfully hungry, and after looking through the window for a moment, he decided that it would do. But he hesitated about going in.

Again he looked at the food, and he smiled. There was no mistaking what the food would cost, for the price of each article was plain to be seen. Everything was absurdly cheap. An egg and a slice of bacon were displayed on a plate, and a metal ticket, that was stuck in the bacon, told the tale to the effect that both could be had for fourpence. A kipper was twopence, and a portion of haddock was twopence. A cup of tea or coffee could be had for a halfpenny; and so could a slice of bread. A chop was sevenpence. And so on. All the articles of food were marked with the exact price. The longer he looked through the window at the food, the more did he feel that it was appetising. Finally he walked in.

*(Continued on page 103.)*

## EFFICIENCY.

By E. FEARON.

IT sometimes happens that an ultimate good may result from an apparent evil, and although at present it is difficult to see anything but the evil of the war, and appalling though the loss of life and the suffering it has caused undoubtedly are, yet a great deal of good may ultimately come of it all. We see this to be so almost daily in minor cases. Reforms are badly needed, say, in some particular trade, but those at the head of affairs will not take heed till some terrible accident happens; then there is a great hullabaloo, everybody is aghast, and, hey presto! that particular reform is carried out with all possible speed. On a gigantic scale, this is what has occurred to civilisation in European countries; and now that the explosion has actually taken place, we ought to do all we can to repair the damage, and try to avoid such a catastrophe in the future. And, certainly, the more knowledge

each of us can acquire, not only of our own special business, occupation, or profession, but of human nature and the world in general, the better it will be for every one. As a nation we have had a somewhat rude awakening in the last three and a half years, and although, under the stress of national peril, we have certainly performed miracles in the way we raised an army, despatched it to almost all quarters of the globe, financed our Allies, and provided them with guns and munitions, one cannot help wondering whether, after the danger is past, we shall remain awake, or think we deserve a rest, and go to sleep again.

The question we have to ask ourselves is, Are we efficient, is each of us doing all he can, or are we getting through the day with the least possible trouble, and heaving a sigh of relief when evening comes and we cease working? If

we are strictly honest with ourselves, only a very small minority can aver that they are using every ounce of energy and resource they possess in their daily task, whatever it may be. Here and there one knows of some one who, for reasons of ambition, or for sheer love of it, works 'like a nigger,' as the saying is; but most of us could, without any great effort, do at least twice as much, if the incentive were there. But there's the rub! Man being, generally speaking, a lazy animal, he will only put his back into his work when the spur of ambition or hunger induces him to do so. Let us start with the workman as being the largest class of the community. He has built up a huge organisation in trades-unionism, which, like most things human, has its good points and its bad ones, and its bad ones are very bad, and lead to a great deal of inefficiency, and waste of time and effort. One of its axioms is the standard rate of wages. No doubt there is a good deal to be said for it, but look where it leads. An employer has, say, half-a-dozen joiners, if you like, by way of illustration. Four are good workmen, to whom a job can be given with the knowledge that it will be well done, no time or material will be wasted, and no great amount of supervision required. Now the other two may be quite decent men, but their skill may be inferior to that of the others; they cannot turn out as good work, cannot work as quickly, or make the most of the material supplied them; yet all six must be paid the same rate per hour or there is trouble for the employer. What is the result? Simply that the pace is reduced to that of the slowest; and, really, what else can be expected?

Look at it from the workman's point of view. Assuming that A is an efficient workman, possesses good tools, knows how to use them, and works his best from Monday morning till Saturday noon. At the end of the week he receives his wages in payment of the work done. B is a sloppy sort of individual, whose tool-box is by no means full; he is not particularly efficient, and therefore has to be kept on inferior work, needs a good deal of supervision, and altogether he is worth at the outside about 75 per cent. of A, but at the week-end he receives the same remuneration as A. Now A is not exactly a fool, and unless he hopes some day to become a foreman, or to start for himself, he is very apt to put two and two together, and do about the same amount of work as B; and can any one blame him? But as this goes on more or less in every trade, the effect throughout the country is enormous and the results are very far-reaching, if we take into consideration the number of men employed. Is it not time this sort of foolishness was stopped, and men paid in proportion to their skill? We should then see them striving to do their best, so increasing output, and gaining greater efficiency all round.

Take another question, that of scientific con-

trol of industries. Surely we ought seriously to make it our business to put this particular matter right! Research-work on a gigantic scale is urgently needed, not only in the chemical trade, but in the steel and iron industries, in manufactures such as those of glass, pottery, fireclay, and many more; agriculture needs science to show farmers what can be done to secure better results by the increased use of proper fertilisers, by the sowing of disease-resisting crops, and so on. In fact, there is scarcely any trade or industry that could not be made more efficient if we went about it in the right way; but we must have men educated on right lines, and men trained to handle big affairs, if all this is to be done. The question of the remuneration of chemists and scientists is one that must be settled in the near future, for, after all, 'the labourer is worthy of his hire,' and no parent can be expected to give his son an expensive education, and perhaps pay a heavy premium, and then find that all he can look forward to is about £3 or £4 a week. 'Rule of thumb' has reigned far too long in Britain, and the few enlightened manufacturers and others who have discovered what scientific control, good relations between master and men, proper lighting and ventilation of workshops, and so on can do in the way of increased output and increased profit are reaping the benefit of their foresight; and this could be the case throughout the whole country if an efficiency campaign were started in the right quarter. But we want the men in Parliament, the men who are supposed to guide the destinies of the Empire, to govern, and not waste their time in debates that lead nowhere, in undignified squabbles, in Royal Commissions that make reports of which no notice is taken. Here, if anywhere, efficiency ought to be the watchword; here, you are led to believe, are many of the picked brains of the country, elected by the people to show them what to do and how to do it. But what do you find? Is there anything so utterly wearisome as listening to a debate in the House of Commons? The few members present are generally listless and sleepy, and the efficient governing of the country seems to be the very last thing to be expected of them; precedent, red tape, humour of the schoolboy order are all very much in evidence, but the reason for which they are presumably met together is not at all apparent.

The pass to which we have come, due to shortage of labour, high prices of most things, and an absolute lack of others, has at last forced us to look into the reasons for this state of affairs; and Parliament has found, somewhat to its astonishment, that the people were only too willing to be told what to do. The partial closing of public-houses, liquor control, control of railways, engineering work, and coal-mines, have all been effected without a murmur. Even

the so-called Daylight Saving Bill had been discussed for years without result, as if some terrible catastrophe were going to take place in the event of altering the clock; but nothing serious happened in May of 1916 when it became law, and every one wondered why all the pother had been raised. And are there not plenty of other reforms which would make for efficiency—reforms which every man outside a lunatic asylum would welcome? Look at our ridiculous weights and measures, and our coinage. Try to estimate the waste of time and energy that takes place whenever an article is bought or sold, when almost every trade has its own peculiar method of reckoning. The whole system, if it can be called such, is a jumble that ought to be scrapped at once, and the scientific metric system introduced in its place; it only requires Parliament to say the word, and the public would acquiesce, as they have done in other matters. The Labour Bureau is another piece of machinery which, if properly handled, might be of great benefit to the community, but at present is nothing but a farce. Who, except in an emergency, applies to it for labour?

Housing reform, town planning, canal traffic, and a stock-taking of our whole resources are vital necessities which ought to occupy the attention of our leaders when peace is declared. The use of raw coal ought to be prohibited after

the lapse of a few years. Could we estimate the sickness and deaths that are due to fogs and smoke in our large towns we should be startled out of our lethargy; but, so far, scientists and medical officers of health have been 'voices crying in the wilderness'—the wilderness of official apathy, that only asks to be let alone to continue its dreaming. But what can be expected when we consider the men who are elected to our town councils, county councils, and Parliament? No doubt there are plenty of good men among them; but is any one rash enough to assert that the majority are able to discuss *intelligently* the problems that confront them, or even dimly to understand what a different place this country of ours might be if *some* only of these various reforms were brought about? If the educational level of the whole people were raised to the height it ought to occupy, intelligent debate and criticism would follow as a matter of course, and such puerile scenes as so often occur, and which bring into contempt our whole system of government, would become impossible.

When peace comes, efficiency will be more than ever necessary, and it is a national duty for each of us to do what in him lies to make himself as efficient as possible, for in that way the awakening we have had may not be in vain.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

### CHAPTER V.

'IT should dry out all right now, I think,' remarked Gavin Barrie, giving a final tap with the back of his knife upon the tacks with which was fastened to a smooth, wooden 'shake' the raw skin of 'Bob's' gray squirrel.

'What are you going to do with it?' asked Kenneth Grey, looking up from a medicine-chest, in which, with a somewhat worried expression, he was searching.

'Oh, that girl seems to want it,' replied Barrie carelessly, then continued: 'Must you really go over to see that kid again this morning? What a bally nuisance it is, Ken! I thought I had succeeded in dragging you away from all that sort of thing.'

'Can't be helped,' replied Grey. 'And it's worse for the poor youngster. Don't like the look of his arm, and the mother hasn't a grain of sense. But don't let me mess up your time, old boy; better try the Rubicon, and not wait for me.'

'No,' said Barrie. 'I'll get my gun and "Bob," and walk along the trail with you. I can keep up with that nag of yours most of the way, and you will overtake me again on your

return. I want to have a look round for those birds they call "grouse" out here.'

'Right-o,' assented Grey; and the two made their way to the rough but solid log building, stable and barn combined, where the horse assigned to the doctor's use was finishing his feed of sweet-smelling hay from the meadow-clearing.

Groping their way between the rows of close, ill-lighted stalls, Grey took down saddle and bridle, while his friend untied the horse, and presently heard a sharp exclamation and smothered groan from the dark corner whence Gavin was backing the big brute.

'Hello, Salamander! what's happened?' cried Kenneth, throwing down the saddle, and hurrying to where his friend stood leaning against the stall, looking rather white.

'Stupid ass that I am,' sputtered Gavin. 'I've let this great hulk trample on my foot. Dare say it's nothing much,' he added, hobbling out into the light. 'It's swelling a bit, though. Fancy that knocks my "grouse" expedition on the head. Dashed nuisance!' he exclaimed wrathfully. 'You must think me an awful ass;

but that beast has a hoof like a mastodon, and it's pitch-dark in there. But don't you bother about me, Ken. I'll make tracks for my tent and get off this boot before it has to be cut; we mustn't squander shoe-leather in the wilderness.'

The doctor, however, insisted upon seeing the injured foot, and then, assuring Gavin that all it needed was rest, finished saddling his horse and made off for Silver Creek.

'Rest! Rest!' grumbled Gavin. 'That's an attractive prescription, Dr Grey, and the very *last* one I mean to take,' he added with vicious deliberation, then grabbed up his gun, extracted, by means of a reiterated whistle, his dog from the glories of a rubbish-heap, and feeling, as he muttered to himself, 'a blooming idiot' with the maimed foot in a moccasin, limped away towards the corral and the salt-lick. 'Wish I could see a deer. I'd take a crack at him, laws or no laws, just to spite this d—d thing!' he thought to himself, and setting his teeth against the pain now throbbing in his foot, hobbled along through the deep, red dust, past the corral, whose high 'snake fence' seemed still to pen in the rank odour left by a recent multitude of Angora goats, and so into the forest.

Not far, however. Grey's Bucephalus was no light weight, and the iron-shod hoof a very unequal match for even the strong will of a pain-despising young Englishman. Unconfessed, Barrie was none the less glad to come speedily upon the salt-lick—a log, bare of bark, its upper side hollowed at intervals and partially filled with salt. Round and about this log the thick dust lay, still heavy with the night dew; and Barrie, with the true hunter's instinct, began carefully searching for the graceful impress of deer's feet. There they were. This large, deep 'heart' must have been left by a goodly stag, and these lighter ones by a doe, or possibly several. Although common-sense told him that these shy denizens of the forest would, even at this early hour, be far away in the sun-filled hollows of the neighbouring cañon; and although, even did one appear, nothing would tempt him to fire, he nevertheless instinctively gripped his gun and his pulses leapt with unwarrantable anticipation as a slight stir among the sweeping spruce-boughs and a faint crackle of pine-needles reached his quick ear. Intently following the direction of the sound, he presently detected a pair of large dark eyes peering through the network of green. Not those, however, of a half-expected deer, but of the girl, Anita Lalonne.

At sight of her a feeling of intense annoyance possessed Gavin Barrie. The last thing on earth that he wished at that moment, nerves all on edge with pain, as they were, and a desire above everything for the soothing silence of the woods, was to have this young woman again attaching herself to him; and although he at once dismissed the thought as ungenerous, it none the less looked as if she had seen the departure of

Kenneth Grey alone, and had followed his friend hither. So, barely lifting his hat, he slung his gun across his arm and moved away, unpleasantly conscious that, despite his best efforts, a limp in his gait was all too obvious. The red-brown dog, however, who, after the manner of his kind, once a pact of friendship had been sealed, knew 'no variableness, neither shadow of turning,' rushed up to Anita as she emerged from the trees, but instantly dashed away again on the scent of some beast, master and dog soon disappearing in the thick bush.

Anita, whose face had brightened at coming upon an acquaintance in what, albeit only a few yards from the station, was, for her, a first venture quite alone beyond the limits of the clearing, felt a pang not only of disappointment, but also of resentment, at the prompt departure of the Englishman. Had he been one of the forester's friends she would not have hesitated to call, 'Coo-ee!' or on light feet to pursue him with teasing jest. But Anita Lalonne knew enough of the world to realise that Gavin Barrie was a 'cut above her,' as Dave Hardy would have expressed it, and such a freedom was not to be thought of.

Since their excursion together the previous morning beside Bear Creek, Anita had scarcely come in contact with Barrie. Indeed, from the moment that he had again forded the stream with the girl in his arms (carrying her, so she could not but feel, for much the same reason as he carried his dead trout—because she could not swim for herself), and, setting her down, had started silently up-stream again, they had seemed to Anita to be more than ever strangers to each other. 'If only he *knew*!' she had kept saying to herself as she picked her way far behind him lest she should again interfere with his line, which from time to time he dropped in a more than usually tempting pool; but except for a few remarks about the wild gooseberries growing beside the steep path up which they finally scrambled, nothing had passed between them until they reached the Grizzly. Then Gavin had said, 'I will keep the squirrel and skin it for you, if you like,' and had not waited for her thanks before hurrying away to find Kenneth Grey and discuss with him the morning's catch.

After dinner—a hot, steaming meal, the midday sun pouring full upon the cabin, and countless flies besieging food and feeders alike—Anita, reacting from the tonic of the pine-laden air to an exhausted weariness from the previous day's journey, had retired to her room, and for many hours slept a sound, dreamless sleep, waking only just in time to dart apologetically into the cabin dining-room, after every one else had finished supper, and to receive a good-natured scolding from Mrs Axel for eating a half-cold meal. The two Englishmen had already gone off for an evening stroll and a smoke; and Anita, after loitering about in the faint hope that David

might chance, after all, to come, had again, as soon as darkness fell, sought her bed.

So it was a wholly refreshed, light-hearted girl who, with renewed strength, and consequently more courage, had inaugurated her second day of forest life by venturing alone into the great, silent woods. 'There's nothing to be afraid of. Won't you believe me?' With these words of Gavin Barrie echoing in her mind, her tiny hand clenching one of Charlie's big sticks, her black hair bare to the sunshine, her eyes and cheeks glowing with a half-fearful joy of what might be in store for her, she had started on this *petit voyage* with all the thrill of a pioneer, and in less than five minutes had come upon Gavin Barrie himself, only to see him almost instantly take himself off. For a moment Anita stood hesitating, but at heart she was no coward, and the lure of the wild had already begun softly to call her. Of course—so she said to herself—she would not go far; retreat a few steps and she could still see the low, sharply pitched roof of the station stable; while facing her, no great distance beyond the salt-lick, the edge of the forest, abutting abruptly on the lip of Rubicon Cañon, revealed a tempting background of sunny blue sky. Yes, she would venture just that far; would sit down under that amazing tree of gigantic proportions and write to David, Mr Axel having said that those men would be returning to-day, and could take a letter in to him. With her she had brought several sheets of paper, for there would be so much to tell him; but when once seated comfortably on the warm, dry ground, the great tree-trunk at her back, and sunshine enveloping her from head

to feet, Anita's pen lay idle in her fingers; there was no need to hurry, and, oh, the wonder and the beauty of this vast amphitheatre stretching away from her very feet to the far purple heights beyond!

Anita's eyes, long accustomed solely to the dull, dingy perspective of tram-ridden streets, to unlovely, unlovable walls of brick and board, her only knowledge of open spaces the trimly kept, man-controlled parks of town or village, felt her head swim and her soul expand in the presence of the immeasurable handiwork of the Great Landscape-Gardener.

Yes, the Englishman was right; here, indeed, from so deep a cup of sunshine might she drink without fear. What a foolish coward she had been! All the sunshine of all the world seemed poured into this glorious chalice. Was David's home perched on the rim of such a one as this? David's home! Her mind caught at the familiar word; a tremulous smile dawned upon her lips; her eyes grew dreamy. Yes, she could think of it now as 'home,' that far spot in the wide wilderness where she and her forester were to live as man and wife; and yet how few hours had passed since the mere thought of having to dwell indefinitely among the awesome shades of the big timber had filled her with terror and aversion! What was the leaven working in her mind? 'There's nothing to be afraid of. Won't you believe me?' Ah! that was it. The Englishman had assured her there was nothing to fear, and she could, and did, believe him. Well, now she really *must* write to David.

(Continued on page 89.)

## A NIGHT ON THE EDGE OF EUROPE.

By R. COURTIER-FORSTER.

IT is early evening, after a day of wild wind and storm, and the little, tub-like coasting-steamer, with her motley medley of human cargo and kerosene-casks, struggles inertly in the boiling, foam-spattered waters of the angry Euxine. The ship does not so much make a way through the heaving billows as over them, tossed like a bung from a barrel.

The waves lash and hurl themselves in disdainful fury about the little vessel. She rises as they rise in seething volume, and sinks into the well of the gray, smooth valley of hissing foam as the thundering hills of water fall sullenly away to give place to the next onrushing of the furious sea.

Out of the ashen-gray arc of sky a sudden blaze of jagged, flaming sunlight just above the horizon strikes the line of coast, turning the murky, towering cliffs a mellow golden-red. They are fringed below with line after line of soft, white surf shining in the light of the sunset

like rows of pearls about a blushing woman's throat. It is the fringe of the great Bay of Odessa, which sweeps in a graceful curve for twelve miles from point to point; the bay where long centuries ago Greek triremes passed with billowing, flower-like sails, to plant new colonies on the fringe of the rich and vast lands which stretch away from the drowsy palm groves of the Caucasus and the vine-streaming hills of the Crimea, through cooling, illimitable plains, to an ice-sheathed north, a legendary land farther than the imagination of those days could reach.

Here, too, great Roman galleys sailed by, in stately power and pride, to levy tribute on the haughty kingdom of Pontus and far-distant states, after the rivalry of Carthage was crushed into the ruins of a dying continent. And then in later days the empire of Byzantium sent fleets of adventurous merchantmen over the wild Euxine Sea to bring back corn and wine and costly furs to grace the feasts and lovely pageantry

of the splendid and luxurious Byzantine Court. Long, long ago the ships faded into the crimson waters of the sinking sun, a sea of agate flashed with rubies, leaving the Russian lands for the last time. They carried their rich burdens up the Golden Horn to the distraught Court of the last Christian Emperor of Constantinople, and the Russian ports knew the imperial fleet no more. A few years later the Bosphorus vomited forth strange great ships afresh, with the stalwart, handsome Byzantines replaced by wild and dark-skinned foes, the ruthless destroyers of Byzantium, the fierce creators of Stamboul.

Our little, storm-drenched vessel glides into the smooth waters of the grand harbour of Odessa Port like a soul saved from the fury of all the dead empires of the Euxine Sea. Above, the great cliffs rise steeply for a hundred and fifty feet, the broken edge of Europe fringed with a glimpse of vivid green, the last extremity of the vast Pontic steppe.

Beyond the masts of countless ships rise the ascending tiers of social life. First the grim, gallows-like elevators, immobile in the coming gloom, and warehouses full of mystery and darkness. Then, higher, sleeping-houses, where the derelicts may for a few copecks spend the night in rows, like a living cemetery, each man in a spacious coffin to himself. Near by are seamen's lodgings, steam-baths, and mean shops. And on the tree-crowned heights the stately façades of nobles' palaces and brilliant boulevards are still shining in the last glow of the blood-red flare from the gash in the sunset sky. It is Odessa, the European magnet to which the Eastern loadstone clings. Those who come to it from the West find here the fringe of the Eastern world; those who come to it from the East meet the beginnings of the West.

The storm died when the light of the setting sun tore the gray cloud-banks apart and flashed on the sandstone cliffs. Each minute the night deepens with a peridot light spangled with stars. The air is full of the faint perfume of acacia-blossom from the thousands of flowering trees which transform the city for a few spring weeks into a sweet-scented vision of white loveliness. The very pavements are covered with drifts of fallen petals, a summer's snow.

Outside the massive harbour gates rough cobble-stones stretch darkly, with many pitfalls for the unwary, to dim, noisome streets that ascend to the upper town—streets that in the cloud-bursts of the summer thunder-storms become roaring watercourses, where torrents hurl themselves with hissing defiance over every obstacle, carrying before them all the discarded garbage and straying babes of the quarter, and forming a wide lake without the harbour gates, some three feet deep, drowning the evil smells and derelict cats, and giving cause for many deeds of knightly gallantry.

From out of those well-worn cobble-stones a

stout pavement rises steeply, high above the roadway, like a miniature sea-wall. Beyond this causeway four or five worn stone steps lead down into strange, odoriferous little shops which shun the light of day, sepulchral places of mysterious happenings. The heavily barred windows in dim colour-washed walls are faintly visible through the gathering darkness. Closely fastened shutters show here and there a narrow crimson gleam contrasting furtively with the cold white light of the rising moon. One door stands open, and a yellow flood of garish brilliance falls on the steep stone steps. A gramophone which has seen better days is blaring an air from a Russian opera with raucous huskiness. A sailor of the Black Sea Fleet comes out and stumbles up the steps. As he passes through the narrow circle of light into the darkness, the full, mocking laugh of a woman follows him into the gloom, and the door is slammed.

It is a quarter of disquieting night-sounds, followed by alarming silences; a place of dusty, dirty, evil-smelling darkness, with its few secretive shops where furtive iniquity makes its lair. Here are many taverns, now ostensibly for tea, whose brightly curtained windows announce various beverages in every language in Europe save German, and some from the East as well. A smudge of black paint hides the German words.

A narrow, cobbled street of appalling steepness, with the appearance of a ruined bed of a dried-up watercourse, straight as a ladder, unfolds a way towards the stars and the upper town. Dim figures in bell-shaped cloaks and high fur hats are ascending and descending past others in sheepskin coats and heavy top-boots, mingled with a stream of soldiers and sailors. At the end nearest the stars is a different world—the edge of Western Europe; wide streets and tree-lined boulevards thronged with automobiles and carriages bearing their daintily gowned occupants to the opera. A town of brilliantly lighted shops and crowded cafés, of theatres, cinemas, and smart hotels.

In one of the chief cafés a string-band is playing a lively mazurka. The place is crowded with people. It is a very smart Russian café, with its fittings, people say, copied from the saloon of the ill-fated *Titanic*. The place is popular with the feminine section of society for many miles round. The lights are said to be most becoming, and are shaded in rose-pink and gold silk. No man is admitted to this paradise unless he be either in uniform or accompanied by a lady. A strange rule, but it is rather a strange place. The uniforms seem to be taking full advantage of their privileges. In a corner a group of trim, buff-clad Serbian officers, with high crimson-velvet collars, are drinking champagne and talking Serbian in loud tones, their dark eyes flashing with animation. The prohibition of the sale of wines was withdrawn

in the southern Russian governments after a very few months' trial. Beyond the Serbians is a family party of Poles, drinking tumblers of *café-au-lait* and eating little cakes of honey and nuts. With them are two Polish students, with the silver buttons put so closely together down the front of their blue uniforms that they look rather like page-boys. In an alcove two Russian officers are entertaining two French actresses from the town theatre to dinner, and the orchestra is unable to drown all the light French phrases and laughter that float out into the crowded room. European waiters flit from group to group. Notices on the walls request you not to speak German; there is a fine of two thousand roubles for transgressors. Some Rumanian refugees have met a party of English acquaintances, and insist on two tables being joined together.

Suddenly a very elaborately dressed lady of nebulous age but youthful complexion enters, carrying a turquoise velvet shield stuck all over with little red papers bearing various numbers in yellow. She is attended by a very young officer carrying a blue tin money-box. Something like a sigh of resignation sweeps over the assembly. Every one knows, from countless previous experiences, what is about to befall him. All pretend not to see her, and to be deeply engrossed in eating or drinking or talking; but the lady is nothing daunted. She moves smilingly and systematically through the room, pinning a red-and-yellow number on to every man present. The young officer comes after her with the money-box and an apologetic expression. He is received coldly. The lady whispers confidentially, with a gleaming smile to the men, that the little bits of paper are the numbers of Russian regiments, the offerings for the children of the regiments. She has a large and all-embracing heart; the whole Russian army seems represented. Her departure leaves us looking like a crowd of ticket-of-leave convicts. The string-band strikes up a selection from *Prince Igor*; a babel of tongues—Russian, French, Polish, English, Rumanian, and Greek—mingles with the rustle of silk, light laughter, and the clatter of china and glass. This is the last resort of the Western world, the edge of Europe. I pass out into the night to visit the beginning of the East.

Next door I see through huge plate-glass windows the brilliantly lighted café which is the favourite haunt of the Jews. It is crowded with a keen-eyed, vociferating mass of black-coated figures conversing in Yiddish. This is the notorious rendezvous of the Jew merchants, raided by the police on a recent Sunday afternoon to capture the ring of food speculators who were forcing prices up to famine-point. The local press gave graphic and gloating descriptions of the distracting and most unsabbatarian happenings.

As I turn out of the great main thoroughfares the streets become less crowded and more dimly lighted. A narrow byway, dark with heavy-foliaged acacia-trees, shows latticed Tartar windows high in the dim white walls and trellised balconies. In the street of the Greeks the windows of the public billiard-rooms flood the pavement with hot light, and little dinner-shops announce the dishes of the *Ægean* islands. In the 'magazine' attached to one of these the shelves are lined with graceful glass jars of Hellenic design, filled with rose-petal jam from the Caucasus, and shelled walnuts preserved in sweet syrup of a golden hue. Here are rows of little, clear glass vases containing sherbet of many colours and flavours, rose and white, and pink and yellow, and some the shade of moonlight on a shell of pearl. Trays of frothy sherbet biscuits and Mitylenean honey-cakes stand by the curtained doorway through which the so-called restaurant is entered.

It is a lofty, dingy room with a repulsive floor, and unappetising stale walls ornamented with bright, untruthful, coloured prints in narrow black frames suggestive of the undertaker. One represents the seven stages of the life of man in the descent to hell; the other, the seven stages in the ascent to heaven. Both are highly instructive and full of graphic detail. The icon in the corner of the room is merely a concession to the religious susceptibilities of the majority of the frequenters. It is dusty and uncared for, the lamp before it dirty and unlighted. The proprietor's whole attention is devoted to seeing that none of his guests overstep the bounds of controversy and bring their mutual hates and antagonisms to the point of the knife. A strangely garbed and motley company almost fills the place. It is a scene odorous of the Orient and hazy with the smoke of countless cigarettes. Both serving-men and served look as though their clothes had descended through several stages of misfortune before they found themselves on the backs of the present company.

Just inside the door three Greeks, with pale faces and classic features framed in thick black hair, are gobbling mussels in a bright-red sauce, not entirely without noise, and bending over their plates in attitudes of bacchanalian adoration. In whistling whispers they are discussing such politics as it is necessary to discuss in undertones. At the little table next to them a handsome young Cossack, in a close-fitting claret-coloured coat, with a row of silver-tipped cartridges across his breast and a huge dagger hanging at his waist, is seated with a pretty peasant girl. His hair is brushed in Cossack fashion into a great coil over the left eye, and the rest of the head closely cropped. The girl has a green-and-yellow handkerchief folded over her head, and four or five necklaces of amber and coral and turquoise-blue beads over her full-sleeved, heavily embroidered bodice of magenta

and black. She is looking coyly, with down-cast eyes and an amused smile, into her tumbler of pale-brown tea. Her companion is watching her with clear, blue, laughing eyes, and whispering across the table in a persuasive manner.

Behind them some impassive and gorgeous Tartars are playing draughts in solemn silence, with all their attention concentrated on the game, and tiny cups of unheeded Turkish coffee growing cold at their elbows. They are wearing the full, flowing, open robes of bright-coloured silk, and little, tight-fitting caps of finely embroidered, bright-hued velvet. In all the clatter and movement about them they remain immobile and undisturbed, wanderers who have reached the end of the Eastern world and are careless of the edge of the West. A noisy party of university students, in their gold-buttoned uniforms of light and dark blue, are having supper a few yards off, and stopping every two or three minutes to smoke a long, thin, pencil-shaped cigarette before they resume their eating again. They talk in loud, excited tones all at once, and with a disconcerting generosity of gesticulation. A stranger might suppose they were quarrelling violently, but it is as likely as not to be a friendly discussion on the abolition of religion or the merits of the metric system.

Russo-Bulgars from the Bulgarian village settlements of the Kherson government are present in the background, with dour and heavy-looking faces, suspicious of unfriendliness. They have protested their loyalty to the Russian Government, and been believed; but they are not quite sure other Russian subjects believe them, and they look sulky. At the far end of the frowsy room some dark-skinned, high-cheeked Gruzinians are eating a Caucasian *schyslik*, with copious helpings of eye-stinging chopped onions and fennel. A couple of almond-eyed Kalmucks are watching them greedily as they sit sharing a bottle of cytro and rolling themselves cigarettes of vile mahawka tobacco. The Kalmucks have come from Russian Central Asia, and wear a kind of short dressing-gown, reaching to the knee, in vivid green and puce, over a full-fronted yellow shirt and white trousers tucked into high top-boots. Their waists are encircled with embroidered cloths. One is black and turquoise-blue, with a fringe of silver. Their knowledge of Russian is so scanty that they have difficulty in making their wants known to the waiting lad in the red blouse and sockless, sandalled feet.

Some Armenians are loudly cursing Turkey in four different languages to a mild-eyed, attentive Little Russian with a halo of pale-yellow hair and an open-chested shirt, embroidered down the front and round the neck with mythical red and black birds pecking at each other's tails. He wears his baggy peacock-blue trousers tucked into carefully polished, shining top-boots, from which protrude, besides his legs, the top of a borch spoon, a note-book, and a packet of

cigarettes. A Polish Jew, in a long, tight-fitting black coat reaching to his heels like a cassock, is sitting in a corner reading a Yiddish newspaper. He has a little, carefully oiled curl hanging down in front of each ear, and a black skull-cap on his head. He is neither eating nor drinking, and the little table before him is bare. He sits on alone and undisturbed, with a background of Podolian peasants and bronzed, stalwart men from the Black Sea Fleet. It is a variegated company, full of unfathomed passions; a conglomeration of races who hate, and squabble, and hope, and weep, ever fanning and keeping alive the flame of their racial feuds and differences, needing but little to stir them into a conflagration of mutual horror and destruction.

The windows are open to the clean night-air, but the room is close with the heat of humanity and cooked food, of unwashed linen and native tobacco. It is the meeting-place of East and West. I go out of the heat and clatter into the night.

Near by the soft moonlight bathes the silent, deserted wooden stalls of the peasant Lace-Makers' Market in silver light and ebony shadows. The great white tower of the Pokrovskaya Church and its pea-green domes keep silent watch over the market-place in the sleeping gardens. A night-watchman spins his rattle through the stillness, and is answered by another, who smites an iron lamp-post three ringing blows with his heavy stick. The next street, dark and deserted in the mysterious purple night, leads into the Old Bazaar, the remnant of the Tartar town, where a jumble of strange walls and crooked houses crouch beside ancient pillared porticoes. Buildings of white and rose and blue and yellow stand at queer angles, jostling the wooden booths and galleries of this old market-place. Here, in the black shadows of silent, odoriferous cut-throat alleys, little ruby lamps are burning before the icons of the market, and stray pariah dogs are slinking by in search of some discarded fragments in a forgotten corner.

Suddenly, at the top of a flight of outside stone steps leading to a door in the second storey under a crazy, overhanging roof, an entrance is thrown open. A wide shaft of yellow light streams out into the moonlit bazaar, and a party of revellers emerge in long, full, sheepskin coats; while deep musical voices within are heard singing the haunting, elusive chorus of a plaintive Ukraine folk-song. The departing guests come down laughing and jesting. It has all the effect of the entry of an operatic chorus on a carefully selected stage. A dog barks somewhere in the security of the shadows beyond the pale-blossomed acacia-trees. The men move slowly away, singing softly in parts as they go, one of their number lightly touching the strings of his *balalaika*.

The moon is floating down behind the shining,

balloon-shaped cupolas of a vast white church, and the clear notes of a silver-toned bell ring out on the still night-air. Dim figures are moving up the steps through the great church doors. Within, the jewel-like lamps burn softly before the glittering icons, and dozens of little native tapers flame beside the pictures of the saints. There is no other light in the cavernous building, and the little candles show the quiet, shining faces of a crowd of peasant pilgrims waiting in the gloom for the rising sun to send them on their way. The minute points of light in the great building shine like fallen stars, giving a vast mysteriousness to shadowy aisles and night-wrapped, vaulted domes. The pilgrims

are on their way to the holy places of the Laura at Kiev—a great crowd of peasants, men and women, all alike in thick top-boots and shaggy, well-worn sheepskin coats, standing, with rapt faces, praying, the while a vested priest, with long curling hair falling over his shoulders, sings the office in a bell-toned voice before the Golden Gates of the mysterious Iconostas.

A little clock strikes three, and through a window of the church a faint gray light is seen dawning in the east. The moon has waned; the night dies down before the paling stars. Still the pilgrims stand before the icons, rapt in prayer. A new rose dawn steals up from out the east to kiss the west.

## CAPTAIN CARLOTTA.

By W. VICTOR COOK.

‘THIS is a bad finish to a good voyage, Señor Bruce.’

The sun-tanned, long-legged, old Catalan mariner, whom his countrymen quaintly called ‘the Little Bird,’ crooked his elbow round the tiller of the open boat, while with his nervy hands he sheltered a sulphur-match from the wind and lit a cigarette.

By great good luck not a man of the crew had been lost when the poor old schooner *Marta*, of Málaga, had been hit by the coward torpedo. Every one of the Andalusian crew was either in this boat or in the other, which, at about a mile distance, was also making for the Spanish coast. Still, it was hard luck losing the ship within a league or two of home.

‘The brutes must have seen us put in at Gibraltar,’ said Donald Bruce. The young Scot was feeling very sick with the horrible shock of the explosion, just a quarter of an hour ago. ‘If they knew how we landed a whole pirate crew of prisoners on the Rock, we should get short shrift, Pajarillo *mio*.’

The Catalan blew out a mouthful of smoke, and smiled. There was a look of rugged philosophy about his deep-lined face. ‘The trumps go round the table, Señor Bruce. We have none to-day.’

They had none, indeed. A hundred yards away from them a periscope poked up suddenly from the water, and the ugly shape of a submarine emerged like an evil fish from the blue depths. With one accord the Andalusians ceased rowing.

The U-boat closed, and an officer and several men appeared on her gleaming wet deck. Speaking in Castilian, the officer called out, ‘Who is the captain of that schooner?’

‘I am,’ answered the Scot, standing up in the stern-sheets.—‘Keep still, Pajarillo! They are going to take the captain prisoner.’

‘No, *por Dios*! It is I who am the captain!’

cried the Little Bird, drawing himself up proudly as he faced the German.

The latter smiled sardonically. ‘As there seems some doubt on the point, you will both come aboard here, and we will examine your claims at leisure.’

‘Señor Comandante,’ said Pajarillo with dignity, ‘you have sunk, in Spanish territorial waters, a Spanish ship, sailing under the flag of Spain.’

The Hun spat viciously into the sea. ‘That for your Spanish flag and your territorial waters! Come aboard, you dogs, before I hurry you with a machine-gun.’

There was no help for it, and the two men boarded the shark-ship.

‘Clear off, the rest of you!’ ordered the German; and the terrified boat’s crew lost no time in obeying. Then he turned fiercely on his prisoners. ‘Now tell me, quick, which of you is the captain of that wind-jammer.’

‘I am,’ said Bruce.

‘I am,’ said Pajarillo.

In point of fact, neither was; but the *Marta* and her mission had been their affair, and the old man whom they had paid to take her out to Teneriffe and back was in the other boat, half-way now to the Spanish shore.

‘Curse you!’ exclaimed the Hun. He looked keenly at the two men, and his cruel eyes rested on the younger. ‘You have the look of an English swine-dog,’ said he. ‘Are you one?’

‘I am a Scotsman,’ was the reply.

‘So much the worse. You have just come from Gibraltar. You need not deny it, for we have followed you. Tell me now the truth, and I will spare your wretched lives. Tell me lies, and I leave you to the fishes. How long were you in Gibraltar?’

‘Two days,’ said Bruce.

‘What regiments are quartered there?’

‘I am a Scotsman.’

'That is your answer!'

'You asked for the truth. You have it.'

'Ha! You are insolent? We will see how far an Aberdeen terrier can swim.' The Hun burst into a guffaw at his own humour, and turned to the Little Bird. 'What regiments are in Gibraltar, old rascal?'

The Catalan took his cigarette from his lips, and bowed. 'I am the Scotsman's friend, Señor Comandante.'

The Hun stamped on the steel deck. 'Understand, fool, if you do not answer, you die. Answer truthfully, and you shall live—on the word of a Prussian officer.'

'Señor Comandante, I find the security insufficient.'

'Pajarillo *mío*,' said Bruce in the Catalan dialect, 'you are a loyal man, but you are not British. Save yourself if you will.'

'Señor,' the old man answered, 'I have served with you for British gold and for private vengeance. Let them drown me as they drowned my brother. It is better to die a man than to live a traitor.'

The two men clasped hands.

'The water is warm at this time of year,' said the German. 'We will see whether the Spanish smuggler or the Scotch terrier can swim the longer. I am going to submerge.' He shouted a harsh order to his men, and followed them below with a cruel smile. The water-tight door slid to behind them.

'Courage, Señor Bruce!' said the Catalan. 'Never say die till you are dead. Slip your arms into this.' He pulled out a contrivance of india-rubber, and began to slip it over his companion's arm as the U-boat settled lower.

'Never!' Bruce jerked himself free. 'Put it on yourself. Quick!'

The water was almost up to the deck.

'We shall tear it if we struggle. You are young; I am old. Put it on.'

'Never! In God's name, put it on!'

'*Vaya!* I will.'

The Spaniard slipped his arms swiftly into the places provided, and putting his lips to a valve, blew hard. The water swirled about their legs. It was up to their middle. It swept them off their feet. They were swimming for their lives in the eddy left by the vanished submarine.

But the Little Bird had blown just enough air into the safety-waistcoat before the deck left them unsupported. Both men were strong swimmers.

'Keep yourself going for a minute, señor,' said Pajarillo. 'The more air I can blow into this affair, the more it will help us.' He blew till his brown face was red, and he gasped for breath, resting on the water.

'That is better!' said he. 'If Gibraltar lost us our ship, it has perhaps saved us our lives. I saw this in a shop in the Ramp Santa Caterina.

We will wear it in turn, and perhaps we shall be picked up.'

All that brave men could do they did, changing their frail support from time to time as one or the other grew weary. But it was a desperate chance at the best, and they knew it. The sparkling waves mocked the agony of their struggle, waiting till exhaustion should give them an easy prey.

A couple of hours passed, and they were still afloat, their lungs toiling, their hearts breaking with the strain. Bruce, who was wearing the waistcoat now, realised that the end was at hand.

'Take it,' he gasped. 'God save you! I am done.'

'Fight!' came the panting reply. 'A ship! Fight!'

But the younger man struggled no more. The blue waves rolled over him. For him the fight was over.

Had he died? Was this the awakening from death? He suffered exquisite pain. He was conscious dimly of a face—a most lovely face—which looked into his own. Slowly, between swooning and waking, he took in details of the watching face—black eyes shadowed with black lashes, black eyebrows beautifully arched, a pure ivory skin, masses of glossy black hair, red lips half-parted in a smile of triumph, and little teeth so white, so smooth, so sharp!

The face turned from him, and he heard words in a strange tongue. Something was put to his lips, and life coursed through his veins. The face bent over him again, and the voice he had heard spoke to him. 'Do you speak English?'

His own voice would not come, but he tried to move his head.

'I have saved you, my handsome Englishman,' said the face—'you and your companion.'

Afterwards Bruce slept for a long time. When he awoke, Pajarillo was sitting beside his bunk. There was an odour of cigarette-smoke in the little white cabin.

'Good-evening, Señor Bruce,' said the Little Bird. 'As you see, we are saved.'

'Where are we?' asked the Scot. 'I dreamed, Pajarillo. There was a face—a dark, beautiful face.'

'Oh, *là-là!*' The Catalan smiled. 'Young men always dream of beautiful faces. But indeed your dream was true. And it is Captain Carlotta herself who has saved us.'

'Captain Carlotta?'

'You never heard of her?'

'Never.'

'But she is famous, my friend, in the Mediterranean. She is a Sicilian, a heroine of romance. She served her apprenticeship at sea—dressed as a boy, they say, much of the time. And one day she passed her examination under the Italian authorities, and was given the com-

mand of a ship. They say there are few better sailors than she in Italy.'

Donald Bruce sat up. The Little Bird helped him out of the bunk, where he had lain rolled in blankets, and gave him his clothes, already dried. Bruce took some food that was placed beside the bunk, and accompanied the Little Bird on deck. The ship, a steamer of some three thousand tons, was running eastwards into the eye of a golden sunrise.

An officer came out of the chart-house just below the bridge. An officer—yes; but the officer was a woman. Her face was the same which Bruce had seen in his moment of returning life. The black masses of her hair escaped a little round the white cap with gold braid which she wore. Gold braid and gold buttons adorned her white uniform, in which a short skirt took the place of trousers, and her feet were encased in neat brown boots, surmounted by tight-laced gaiters.

She smiled as she came forward, showing the little, white, sharp teeth. 'You are better now?' The English words were spoken with just a pleasant accent of strangeness.

Bruce took the small, shapely brown hand that was extended, and on the moment's impulse kissed it. A man's emotions are a little out of hand when he has just been rescued from almost certain death.

'Captain Carlotta, we thank you from the bottom of our hearts!' Feeble enough words, he felt.

'Rather thank the good God who gave you strong arms to swim, and strong hearts not to despair,' answered the girl—she was little more. 'Your big friend here, whose speech we cannot understand much, was at his last gasp, but he was keeping your head out of the water. He is a proper man!'

'He is indeed a loyal comrade, signorina. May I ask whither we are bound?'

'To Naples, the city of light and love, Signor Inglese, unless we are unfortunate with the submarine which has been following us these twelve hours past—the same, I fancy, which sunk your ship.'

'Following you?' Bruce stared at the composure with which she made the remark, as if to be followed by a deadly shark-ship were the most ordinary thing.

The white teeth showed again. 'We have fired at them twice. They do not understand us very well, but they are very determined. Well, we shall see! Signore, a man like you should be in a fine uniform. Why are you not?'

The Scot flushed furiously. 'Signorina, you have saved our lives, and you have the right to ask. I am, or, rather, I was before the war, in the service of M'Iroy, M'Iroy, & M'Allister, a firm of some repute in Spain and London. I had some special knowledge of the Spanish

seaports, and my employers considered I could best serve the cause for which we all fight by remaining for the present in their employ, though in a different capacity. Thanks to their liberality, my friend here, who has his own reasons for hating the Huns, has been associated with me for the past six months in a little amateur campaign against the U-boats. Signorina, up to the present fortune has stood by us, and we have been the means of bringing to destruction four of these ships, and of causing grave inconvenience and annoyance to several others. I assure you we have done our best.'

A ripple of laughter came from the red lips. The black eyes flashed, and the small brown hand shot out. 'I greet a good comrade! The good God must have meant to bring us together. The same words with which you have described your labours, *caro signore mio*, would precisely describe my own during the same period. Come here, both of you!'

She led the way into the chart-room. Screwed on the table was a dial, very similar to that of a compass, save that this had a double ring of figures. The inner circle corresponded to the ordinary points of the compass. The outer was marked in kilometres and fractions of kilometres. The dial had two pointers. At the moment the shorter pointed to W.N.W., and the longer indicated six kilometres. The hands moved slowly as they watched, swinging slightly forward and backward from the points named. Captain Carlotta lit a cigarette, and smiled at the young Scot.

'When this little instrument has sunk ten U-boats I have promised to marry my lover, who has invented it. He has set it to run for twenty thousand kilometres, but he keeps the secret of its power locked in his brain. On the day he marries me, he will offer the secret to the Italian Government, and the Kaiser will have to think of a new frightfulness.'

Bruce translated this to Pajarillo, and the two men gazed with an intense interest at the little dial, from which a wire ran down under the table through the chart-room floor. Bruce looked up at the beautiful dark face of the girl-captain.

'Pardon, signorina; why not offer it to your Government at once?'

'I will tell you. My lover is an Anarchist. A foolish fellow—yes, but clever as the devil. If he were not my lover, nothing would make him offer his invention to any Government in the world. He does not believe in government. But he submits to mine!' The red lips laughed again. 'Pietro was a bank clerk. He invented this to amuse himself, but he refused to do anything with it. Then I said, if he did not fight for Italy himself, and give me his machine to try against our enemies, I would never speak to him again. He raved, and stormed, and pleaded; he threw himself on his knees. But

he was very much in love, so I had him in my hands.' She opened and shut her little brown hands dramatically. 'And now he is doing penance for his anarchism on the mine-sweeper *Elenetta*, while I am experimenting with his invention. I assure you it is very bad for the Boches.'

Bruce started. 'Did you say the *Elenetta*?'

'But certainly.'

'Do you love this Pietro, signorina?'

The black eyes gave him a strange glance. 'One serves one's country, Signor Inglese.'

Bruce spoke to the Little Bird in Spanish. The old Catalan, with a puzzled frown, stood contemplating the young Sicilian woman.

'Tell her,' he said curtly.

'On our way to Málaga, signorina, we were conveyed into Gibraltar by a British cruiser. While we lay there, the news came in that an Italian mine-sweeper, the *Elenetta*, had been sunk in the Strait by a U-boat, and that all hands were lost. One man, who died after rescue, said the German crew leaned over for some minutes, and laughed as they saw the men drown.'

Bruce watched the dark, lovely face as he dealt this blow. It did not change colour, but a new gleam came into the black eyes.

'Pietro was a poor kind of man,' she said deliberately. 'But it was I who made him go to sea. And it is I who will avenge him. Oh, *San' Iddio*, I will avenge him well!'

She glanced at the dial, took up a speaking-tube which lay beside it, and gave an order to the wheel-house above. The ship immediately began to swing round in a wide arc. She picked up her own wake, and went back along it at full speed. Captain Carlotta sat down at the table, watching the dial, and from time to time taking the cigarette from her lips to give an order through the tube. Presently she threw away the cigarette, and spoke through a telephone. 'That is for the gunners. There will be fighting soon,' she calmly announced. Now into the speaking-tube, now into the telephone, she spoke with curt, terse phrases as the hands swung on the dial, and the steamer swung this way or that to her order.

With a suddenness which made the two rescued men start, a gun roared from the vessel's deck, shaking her from stem to stern. Captain Carlotta looked up with a gleam of white teeth.

'Missed!' said she, pointing to the dial. 'But we frightened him. He is running away.' The dial fingers were in steady movement. 'But he is only two kilometres away, and if he dives, we are the faster ship. Yes, he has dived! *Ebbene*, we shall be nearer when he comes up.'

'Santiago! it is good hunting, Señor Bruce!' muttered Pajarillo. 'What is it she says?'

Bruce, in a low tone, informed him. The Catalan clicked his tongue. '*Maria purísima!* what a woman!'

'Seven hundred metres,' said Captain Carlotta without looking from the dial. 'The German is uneasy. He goes very slowly now. Oh, you were clever, my poor Pietro! Presently the Boche will come up to look for us, and, if God is good, we will ram him.'

A slight frown of deep attention puckered the smooth forehead as she pored over the terrible dial. The black eyes burned beneath their long lashes, but the slim brown fingers which held the telephone and the tube showed not the faintest tremor. For a tense ten minutes they waited thus, the ship's engines slowly throbbing, and the dial pointers almost stationary.

Then a terrific report like a thunder-clap crashed in their ears, followed instantly by another shattering roar from the steamer's gun. There was a confusion of noises on deck, and the shock of heavy falls. But Captain Carlotta never lifted her black eyes from the dial. She shouted an order through the tube, and the throbbing engines accelerated swiftly.

'Hold tight!' cried the girl, and grasped the arms of her fixed chair.

Too late the caution. There was a rending beneath their feet, and Bruce and the Catalan were flung to the floor.

The girl-captain sprang up and ran out, and they picked themselves up and followed.

The deck was littered with smashed gear, and spattered with blood. Half-a-dozen stricken men lay scattered about, and a boat hung loose from one davit. The Huns must have been wonderfully quick in emerging and bringing their gun into action; but they had paid dear for the damage. Just astern the steamer a strange body, like a monstrous buoy, was swaying in the waves. It was the U-boat, completely up-ended, and on the portion thus sticking out of the water a number of men were clinging. Others were swimming in the sea. Even as Captain Carlotta rang to stop the steamer's engines, the remaining portion of the submarine slowly sank from view, and presently there were only swimming survivors, little black dots upon a sea all filmed with oil and alive with sickly bubbles.

'Rammed, *por Dios!*' the old Catalan shouted with exultation. The Scot nodded, awaiting developments.

A boat was lowered, and on the captain's order a coil of stout cord was placed in her. Every rescued man, as he was taken from the sea, was at once bound fast with his arms to his sides, and thus bound they were brought aboard the steamer and ranged in line, a soaked and sullen crowd of a dozen men, including the Hun commander.

The Little Bird laid on Bruce's shoulder a hand which shook with excitement. 'Look you, señor—the very same villain who sailed away from under our feet and left us to struggle to our death!'

"To every pig his Martinmas," said Bruce, grimly quoting the Spanish proverb.

Captain Carlotta stepped forward and addressed the prisoners in English, the *lingua Franca* of the sea. The beautiful dark face was ominously calm.

'Pirates and murderers, how many ships have you sunk?'

The Hun commander stared at the girlish figure. 'Who asks?' he demanded insolently.

'How many ships?' repeated the girl-captain, setting her lips under his stare.

'A ship for every year that you have lived, pretty captain.'

'And merchant ships, and passenger ships, how many?'

'Enough to win this, *bella signorina mia*.' With an odious leer, the German pointed to the Iron Cross pinned to the breast of his wet uniform.

'And the *Elenetta*?'

'That was two days ago. But how did you know? There were no survivors.'

'And of all those ships, how many prisoners did you take?'

'Prisoners? My ship, pretty captain, is not a prison, nor a lifeboat.'

'Nor is mine,' answered Carlotta. She gave an order in her own tongue, and half-a-dozen sailors swarmed into the steel shrouds of the steamer. In a few minutes, on either side of the ship's foremast, a festoon of nooses swung, each cord hitched a couple of feet higher than the one below it.

A look of ghastly fear came into the faces of the sea-murderers. The commander of the U-boat sought to brazen it out.

'Signorina, I have always understood that the seamen of Italy are chivalrous to a beaten foe.' He bowed.

'I am not an Italian,' she replied coldly. 'I am a Sicilian. And I am not a seaman, but a sea-woman. And you have killed the man who was my lover.'

'What I have done has been done by order. It is war. I am not to blame.'

'And what my men here will do will be done by order—my order. They are not to blame.'

'Signorina, what will you do?'

'I will execute a batch of murderers.'

'*Gott im Himmel!*' The Hun stepped forward. 'It is monstrous! It is contrary to the usages of war.'

'We are not talking of war; we are talking of murder,' said Captain Carlotta. She gave an order in a level voice. The first of the Germans was seized, led struggling to a noose, and next minute was kicking in mid-air.

The German commander, fast held by two Italians, was beside himself with terror and dismay.

'In the name of civilisation, I protest!' he cried. 'I am a Prussian officer.'

'Since you are a Prussian officer,' answered the girl, 'you shall have the privilege of your rank. You shall hang last and highest.'

'It is murder!' screamed the wretched man.

In pairs the Germans were led forward on either side of the mast, and swung into the air. Bruce, sickening at the sight, stepped forward. 'Captain Carlotta'—he began.

She faced him with flaming eyes, and pointed imperiously. 'Go below, Englishman! The English are too sentimental. This is vendetta. Go below!'

'But hear me!'

'Afterwards. Go below!' She stamped her small foot, and ere he could say more he was seized by two Italians and taken below. Pajarillo remained on deck, watching the grim spectacle with an impenetrable face.

It was evening when Bruce was permitted to return on deck. The foremast shrouds were festooned with a ghastly line of corpses. The Little Bird, sitting on the bottom step of the bridge ladder, was watching them dangle in the air as he gravely smoked a cigarette.

'Pajarillo, where is the captain?' asked the Scot.

'At dinner,' answered the Catalan. 'She invites us to join her; but I do not feel very hungry, Señor Bruce.'

'Nor do I,' said Bruce. 'What a woman, Little Bird!'

'She is going to sail into Naples like this,' said Pajarillo, nodding at the swinging bodies. 'It will give the Neapolitans something to talk about. And to think, after all, that she did not love this Pietro! *Hombre!* to my thinking it is yourself who is more to her fancy, Señor Bruce.'

'God forbid!' said the Scot fervently.

'Why so, señor? If I were of your age—*hombre!*' The old adventurer flicked the ash from his cigarette, and nodded again towards the swaying corpses. 'That is justice—good justice,' he continued. 'She and I are of the South, and I understand. But you are of the North. The North is too cold to understand.'

'Too sentimental,' she said.'

The Catalan nodded. 'You have no volcanoes in England. There is a great deal in geography, Señor Bruce.'

#### THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

'There is sorrow on the Sea: it cannot be quiet.'

THERE is a sorrow on the moaning Sea,  
The burden of unutterable woe!  
Throughout the ceaseless moving to and fro,  
As from its memories it seeks to flee,  
Can you not hear it sob eternally?  
Such mysteries bide in its depths below  
That never in its endless ebb and flow  
Shall it find rest, nor ever quiet be,  
Until the Day when it its dead must yield,  
All hearts be known and secrets be revealed.

MARIA STEUART.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### STROMBOLI AND THE NETHER-WORLD.

#### A CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

By Commander LORD TEIGNMOUTH, R.N.

*Teacher.* 'Suppose you were to dig straight down through the earth, what would you come to?'

*Scholar.* 'The devil and all his works.'

Dr MACNAMARA, *School Humour.*

THE appalling disaster in the Strait of Messina some years ago, by which the beautiful and interesting city from which the channel takes its name was laid in the dust, focussed attention once more on a region which has been associated from time immemorial not only with violent physical disturbances, but with certain uncanny phenomena which defy explanation.

That both Etna and Stromboli afford a vent for the fiery furnaces imprisoned beneath the earth's crust is from time to time impressed on the neighbouring inhabitants by fierce and destructive eruptions. But that either of these volcanoes should also provide channels of communication with the nether-world is a contingency which seems to have escaped the attention of those lynx-eyed probers of mysteries called scientists. Albeit, the possible existence of some such 'right-of-way' was seriously entertained in former ages, as is plainly indicated by certain weird happenings which research has brought to light, and which—though ignored by the erudite compilers of our gazetteers and travel hand-books, ay, and even by the authors of those immaculate works, the 'Admiralty Sailing Directions'—well merit the attention of lovers of the occult.

Whether or not the existence of a short cut to Hades was known to the eminent Greek philosopher Empedocles when he cast himself down the crater of Etna, in order that his disappearance might cause posterity to invest him with the attributes of a god, cannot be affirmed at this distance of time with any certainty. It is possible, of course, that he mistook the crater in the dark for the straight and narrow path which leads to quite another place. One opines, however, that some such thought was in Robert Southey's mind when, in the year 1801, he declared his intention—on the principle of 'giving Satan his dues'—of 'taking his only law-book to the top of Mount Etna for the express purpose of throwing it straight down to the devil.' But one must not dogmatise too freely on the mysteries of creation. It is well known that his Satanic Majesty is ever on the look-out to trip one up.

The first authentic statement on the subject

comes to us from the time of our King James I. (1603–1625), during whose reign a certain Sir John Gresham—brother of the famous Sir Thomas Gresham, builder of the Royal Exchange (the second one preceding the present building)—went a voyage up the Strait. Landing with eight of his men on Stromboli, he climbed to the top of the burning mountain, and while there—so runs the story—he heard a voice issuing from the crater, saying, 'Despatch! Despatch! for rich Antonia is coming!' Proceeding to the island of Sicily, Sir John there heard that a Mr Antonia, counted the richest man in that part of the world, had died at the very time they were upon the burning mountain, and heard those words come out from the fire of the crater. When Sir John arrived in London, he, with his eight men, made oath before King James to the truth of the same.

King James's comment on the travellers' tale is not recorded.

No further record of occult manifestations on the burning mountain reward the searcher until some seventy years later, when one of the most thrilling experiences that ever befell a party of sailors overtook some merchant captains on this same spot, giving occasion, later on, for quite the most remarkable lawsuit that history has ever recorded—to wit, an action-at-law for the defamation of a dead man's soul!

The story, as related by eye-witnesses of the occurrence, is as follows:

'AN AWFUL ABSTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE SHIP "SPHINX" IN THE YEAR 1685 UP THE STRAITS.

'May 12.—When we arrived at Manson we found three ships lying there from London—all going to Lipari to load. These ships sailed in company with the *Sphinx* to Lipari.

'May 14.—The four captains and a Mr Bell, a merchant, went ashore upon the island of Mount Stromboli to shoot rabbits. About three o'clock, when they called their men together to go on board their respective ships, to their inexpressible astonishment they saw the appearance of two men coming very swiftly through the air towards them; one of them appeared to be dressed in black, and the other in gray clothes.

They passed by with the greatest rapidity, and, to their extreme consternation, descended amidst the burning flames into the mouth of that dreadful volcano, Mount Stromboli. At their entrance there issued tremendous noises; the flames rushed out most terribly, and Captain Burnaby cried out, "The Lord bless me! the foremost man of the two, in black clothes, is Mr Bootty, my next-door neighbour at Wapping; but I do not know the other." He then desired them all to write down in their pocket-books, or note it on something, what they had then seen, which was immediately done by the three captains and Mr Bell, and likewise entered in the different ships' journals at the same time.

'When they arrived in the river Thames at Gravesend, Captain Burnaby's wife came from London to him. He then sent for the other three captains to come on board his ship to congratulate him on his wife's arrival. After they had thus met, a little conversation passed between them in the cabin, when Mrs Burnaby suddenly started from her chair, and said to her husband, "My dear! I'll tell you some news. Old Mr Bootty is dead!" He directly answered, "We all saw him go into hell!" &c., as before related, to her serious alarm.

'When Mrs Burnaby had returned to London, she went to an acquaintance and related this serious event, that her husband had seen the soul of Mr Bootty go into hell on the 14th of May last. This gentlewoman then mentioned the same to Mrs Bootty, widow of the deceased, who immediately took out a writ of the King's Bench Court, in the penal sum of one thousand pounds damages, and arrested Captain Burnaby for defamation upon her husband's soul. Captain Burnaby gave bond to stand trial; and he then took out of the Court in the King's Bench in Westminster Hall summonses for all the people who had attended the late Mr Bootty in his last sickness, and at the time of his death; also the sexton of the parish who had buried him; and the clothes he had last worn before his sickness, he had taken care of, to be introduced in court on the day of the trial.

'When the trial came on, the different persons, with the black clothes, were brought into court, and were there met by Captain Burnaby, the captains of the other three ships, and the men of the four boats, with Mr Bell, who were all on the said island of Stromboli, and saw the two apparitions descend into the burning flames on the aforesaid 14th of May last. Two of the men of the boats made oath that the buttons on the coat which the apparition had on were like the present, being moulds covered with black cloth, the same sort that the coat was made of. The different persons that were with Mr Bootty at the time of his decease made oath that his death happened at three o'clock on the 14th day of May last, which was in the year 1689. The jury then asked the captain of the *Sphinx* if he

knew Mr Bootty in his lifetime; he answered that he never saw him in his lifetime, but plainly observed the dress the apparition had on, which Mr Burnaby said was Mr Bootty, in company with another unknown.

'The judge then spake: "The Lord grant that I may never see such a sight as that, for I think it impossible for thirty men to be mistaken. The jury then gave their verdict against the widow Bootty; plaintiff to pay the costs of the court, &c.'

It is further on record that, as late as the year 1807, the account of this remarkable trial was to be seen in Westminster Hall on the records of the King's Bench, the said records being written on parchment, in Latin, and kept in a glass case in the clerk's office, where, for the sum of one shilling, they might be inspected by all and sundry.

If this story does not excite a longing on the part of students of the occult to run straight away to Stromboli, there to await further revelations, they must possess much less enthusiasm than they are usually credited with.

Personally, I have every reason to remember Stromboli, owing to an event associated with a very early stage of my naval career. I was serving at the time in H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, eighty-one guns, one of those stately wooden line-of-battle ships which, back in the early sixties of last century, represented the might and majesty of Britain in foreign waters. Passing Stromboli one fine afternoon under canvas, the vessel was struck by one of those sudden squalls which are characteristic of the Mediterranean, and, before sail could be shortened, she was forced over almost on to her beam-ends, and sad havoc wrought aloft. It was all over in a few minutes, leaving the ship a shockingly dishevelled object—a mass of torn canvas and broken spars, the clearing away and replacement of which occupied 'all hands' for a very long time after. But what particularly impressed the event on my mind was that, as it was Saturday, and an 'afternoon off,' most of the midshipmen, myself included, having neither watch nor drills to keep us busy, were 'taking a stretch off the land'—in other words, sleeping on top of our sea-chests—and when the ship heeled over to the squall we were rolled off, and our pleasant dreams rudely disturbed by contact with the hard deck. While, somewhat dazed, we tried to collect our scattered wits, the shrill call of the boatswain-mates' whistles resounded through the ship, followed by the hoarse roar of 'Clear lower-deck!' which brought 'all hands' up with a rush to remove wreckage and make temporary repairs sufficient to enable the vessel to reach port under sail.

Our captain, an officer of repute, who had grown gray in the service of queen and country, and who took a real interest in the welfare and professional efficiency of the 'young gentlemen'

entrusted to his care, very wisely availed himself of the object-lesson in seamanship which the mishap afforded, more especially in the resourcefulness displayed in extemporising means of repair, by ordering us all to write an account of the affair, and make plans and drawings of the various expedients that had been adopted in the way of 'fishing' spars, &c., to enable the sails to be reset. In the sequel, the essay submitted by the present writer enjoyed the distinction of being placed first in order of merit, and is still preserved as an interesting record of a state of things which has passed away, never to return.

Even when the mishap occurred, the 'tin-pots'—as the early ironclads were somewhat contemptuously called by the sailor-men of those days—were elbowing the old wooden two-deckers and graceful frigates, relics of Nelson's day, into a back place. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Poets would have us believe that winds are not infrequently 'charged with messages from the past.' It may be so. But, although the squall on the occasion above described came straight from Stromboli, no intelligible message was conveyed, all other sounds being drowned in the flapping of canvas and crashing of broken spars.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER VI.

THE sun, grown uncomfortably warm, had already shifted in its course, leaving Anita in the grateful shadow of the mighty column against which she leaned, when her pen, granted the right conditions, as facile as her tongue, paused in its rapid tracing of her fine, pointed writing. She had told David everything—about the folks in the small valley town where she taught school; about the long, dusty journey and her travelling-companions; about her morning on Bear Creek with the taciturn Englishman; of the lilies he gave her and the squirrel he was to skin for her. It made a long letter, but if David could not get down for another day or two it would cheer him up to read all her news; and even if he should arrive soon—well, Anita reflected, a slight blush creeping up into her cheeks and her expressive dark eyes growing shy, maybe David wouldn't want to talk much. A low, sweet laugh rippled forth at thought of David; he was so merry, such a demonstrative lover, and so jealous. She liked that kind. Now the Englishman—She pulled herself up. What connection had he with thoughts of her sweetheart? Of course, she would tell Dave all about it when they were together; no use writing all *that*. Nor did it, in any case, matter very much, for evidently the remembrance of her had completely faded from his mind. Yet but for him—and the sudden conception filled her with a strange sense of joy and satisfaction—but for *him* she would not be here at all, would never have seen these wonderful woods and the glorious cañon, never—why, of course, she would never even have met David Hardy!

Entirely preoccupied with this new thought, Anita let fall her pen unheeded among the pine-needles, the sheets of her letter fluttered from her hand, and she sat quite still, her mind suddenly recalled to the far-distant scenes which had constantly recurred and haunted her ever since, in Charlie Axel's creaking wagon, she had caught sight of Gavin Barrie's grave gray eyes and

handsome features. How was it that he, too, did not remember? The eternal feminine within her began to feel piqued, and, vexed with herself that some subtle instinct held her back from frankly reminding him—Anita gave a startled scream as something cold was suddenly thrust in the back of her neck, and turning in quick alarm, she discovered the red-brown dog thrusting a wet nose at her and wagging his tail in delighted recognition.

'Oh "Bob"! ' she cried; 'how you frightened me!' Then, as his master, unmistakably pale, and leaning heavily on a stick, limped into view, she exclaimed, 'Mercy, Mr Barrie, what has happened? You look awfully white, and you're quite lame. Do come and sit down,' she added, turning upon him a face full of solicitude.

Now Gavin Barrie, having been foolish, was bound to pay the penalty for his folly. His injured foot, goaded, from a sheer sense of vindictive opposition on Barrie's part, into carrying him in and out of thick bush and up and down the steep sides of the cañon in the hot sun, was now so inflamed and painful that the young man, to his complete chagrin, suddenly found himself lying on the ground, feeling very sick and tired, and wholly unaware as to how he got there, his head resting in the lap of the girl Lalonne.

'*Pauvre p'tit! pauvre p'tit!*' she was murmuring tenderly, as with gentle touch she wiped his forehead with her soft handkerchief or smoothed back his hair.

Gavin's first thought, upon recovering his senses, was a very human one. So comfortable was he beneath those soothing fingers that he did not care to move, and his eyelids half-closed against the glaring light of the sun-whitened sky.

But instantly the male within him, which cried shame at any display of weakness, reasserted itself; he sat upright with a jerk, while a deep flush reddened his pale face. 'Must have been this confounded foot and the hot sun,' he stammered half-angrily. 'Sorry if I upset you.'

I'm all right now;' and reaching for his gun where it had fallen, he scrambled to his feet.

The mounting sun, however, in all its summer strength, had indeed caught the Englishman, fresh from a less ardent clime, a slight blow, and this, rather than the pain from his injury, had caused a faintness which again so came over him that he caught at the tree to prevent himself from falling a second time.

'Please sit down, Mr Barrie,' pleaded Anita, taking the gun from his hand and quietly assuming the reins of authority, as womankind ever does when her mate's inherent strength deserts him, their Maker having thus beautifully adjusted the balance when 'male and female created He them.'

Gavin meekly obeyed. Indeed, he had little choice if he were not again to disgrace himself by toppling over; so, inwardly cursing Kenneth Grey's horse, the Californian sun, and his own pig-headedness, he stretched himself in the shade of the pine, propping his head on his elbow. Anita, busying herself collecting the scattered pages of her letter, and searching for her pen, refrained from looking at the crippled Achilles; and presently he remarked in the shy, half-boyish way he had of expressing himself, which wholly belied his *Alma Mater*, 'Sorry I upset all your writing-things. Never made such an ass of myself before.'

'Oh, that's all right,' cheerfully replied Anita, and, relapsing into the crude Americanism that had so jarred upon Gavin Barrie, added, 'I guess it was the hot sun. Something fierce, ain't it?'

'Yes, pretty hot,' rejoined Barrie, honestly struggling to be affable. 'But I suppose without it you couldn't grow water-melons.'

'Oh, that sounds just like Dave!' cried Anita, her momentary reserve vanishing at once, her piquant countenance, full of smiles, turned full upon him. 'Do you like 'em too?' she asked between jest and earnest.

Gavin, feeling that it was 'up to him' to sustain the conversation, answered with well-tempered enthusiasm, 'Oh yes, I like them. Don't you?'

'You bet! on a hot day like this. But Dave—why, Dave would eat water-melon until he was sick,' she went on, throwing back her head and laughing merrily. Then, with a slight shrug of her shoulders and a flutter of her tiny hands, 'As for me,' she said, her eyes growing pensive, as though visioning far other scenes—'as for me, give me an ice, a wafer, a cup of chocolate—yes?' she broke off questioningly, tipping her pretty, dark head a little on one side, clasping her hands, and looking full into Barrie's gray eyes with her great dark ones.

Something in the man's heart, deep buried, long repressed, suddenly burst into life again—something which already for the last day or two, under the subtle influence of this girl's personality,

had, like the first stirrings of an embryonic thing, begun to fill him with a mingled sense of pleasure and unrest. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred in Gavin Barrie's case would, during their return along Bear Creek the previous day, have tried to solve the riddle of this girl who, ear-marked with the most palpable of American crudities, had nevertheless, when startled out of her normal self, addressed him, apparently quite unconsciously, in that language the very timbre of which was the pass-key to the innermost temple of his heart. But the demon (or guardian angel?) of fastidiousness, which ever stood between him and the world of women in general, had held him silent; he could not, nor *would* not, take the first step which might lead to a bridging of the distance between himself and this young woman whom chance had thrown in his way. And so, although more than once had echoed in his ears the unwonted words which escaped from Anita's lips, '*Mais non, monsieur. Ayez pitié de moi!*' he made no attempt, either directly or indirectly, to follow up this clue to her history.

Now, however, a close observer might have noted in Gavin Barrie a swift and complete relaxing, as it were, of an artificial tension.

Stretching his long limbs more at ease, and toying with a cigarette, he said rapidly in French, while a sudden fire lit up the full, dark irises of his fine eyes, 'Tell me, mademoiselle, where did you last nibble an ice and sip chocolate?'

As a spark to tinder then leapt between these two the magic of the tongue so near and dear to them both, transforming their very features and expression, as thought kindling thought bore them together into a little kingdom of their own, far outside the farthest limits of their physical environment. From Anita Lalonne dropped, as it had been a cloak, every vestige of her identity as the crude western school-teacher in some insignificant valley town—bride-to-be of a Californian forester. Sparkling with animation, with flutter of hand and brow, every gesture a word, every inflection of her liquid voice a sentence, she sat there, among the giant redwoods of a Sierra Nevada forest, the very embodiment, to Gavin Barrie's eyes, of a gay little Parisienne; not your *grande dame*, but the pretty, piquant daughter of the people, the life and light of the light-hearted city of the Seine.

As for the Englishman, surely his own father, who ever found him so dull a companion in the after-dinner half-hour, who misinterpreted his reserve as sullenness, and his taciturnity as lack of wit, would never have recognised as son of his the animated youth who, with hands lightly clasped behind his head, laughed, joked, rallied, parried, questioned, and quizzed in a foreign tongue the beautiful girl who seemed fairly to scintillate like a diamond in the brilliant summer sunshine.

Anita, on her side, tacitly on guard not to reveal her identity, since monsieur was apparently

quite oblivious; Gavin, for his part, too courteous to indulge a curiosity now thoroughly aroused, the two contented themselves with the surface of subjects mutually interesting. What mattered it of *what* they spoke, so long as it turned on their beloved Paris? The very names of the streets were music to their ears, and at mention of this or that *place* or *pont*, *magasin* or *marché*, Anita would clasp her hands in an excess of enthusiasm, and launch forth upon a fresh torrent of question and comment.

Wholly forgotten was the pain in Gavin's foot; forgotten Anita's letter to her sweetheart, now crushed and moist in her warm hands; forgotten the very existence of Grizzly Station and its inmates, until suddenly the red-brown dog, who, always ready to adapt himself to circumstances, was noisily enjoying a sound morning nap, woke with a start and barked loudly just as the thick-set figure of Charlie Axel, heavy gun over his shoulder, the inevitable china pipe pendant from his teeth, appeared out of the thicket.

'Gute-mornin', Mees Lalonne.—Gute-mornin', Mister Barrie!' he called out heartily. 'I ain't seen you folks before to-day. Went out awful early to try an' find a *goat*;' and he laughed and winked at Barrie. 'Bin 'way over to Brady's Flat an' seen plenty tracks, but not a horn in sight. Mein Gott, but it's some warm!' he exclaimed, pulling out a large red handkerchief and mopping his streaming face. 'You bin huntin' too, Mister Barrie?' he asked, glancing at the neglected gun.

'Oh no; not I!' rejoined Gavin pleasantly. 'I merely poked about the cañon for a little time; have a foot out of commission! I managed to put it under the hoof of that big horse of yours,' he added casually, beginning to rise from his comfortable position on the ground.

'Too bat; too bat!' sympathised Charlie. 'But Dr Grey—he'll fix it up for you. Seen him since he got back? How's de leetle poy?'

'No,' replied Gavin, all at once aware that the morning must be far spent. 'We—I haven't been about the station.'

'Not bin to *dinner*?' interrupted Charlie, a comical expression of concern gathering on his good-natured face. 'Why, it's half-past twelve, an' mamma'll be *awful* mad!' he broke off, laughing again. 'You'd better hurry or dere'll be nuthin' left; dose men has eat everyt'ing, I guess, 'cept de melon-rinds!—You didn't see de folks *what was askin'* for you, Mees Lalonne?'

he questioned of the girl, as the trio made their way back towards the station as fast as Gavin's foot would permit, while 'Bob,' ears and nose having detected dinner in the air, rushed unceremoniously ahead of them.

'No,' replied Anita. 'What folks?' she asked eagerly. 'Dave?'

'Naw, naw, not Dave, Mees Lalonne,' answered Charlie, and added chaffingly, 'Guess you an' Mister Barrie can git along widout Dave, eh?' then went on: 'It was them fellers what went out yesterday mornin'—Nat Duncan an' de rest of de crew. I met 'em just as dey was hittin' out agen. Momma, she *was* mad, 'cose dey ate most all de dinner, an' she warn't 'spectin' 'em before to-night!' and Charlie chuckled over the poor old body's discomfiture.

'But my letter!' cried poor Anita. 'My letter to Dave! You said they would take it to him, Mr Axel!'

'Well, to be sure; but it warn't in de mail-pag, was it?' asked Charlie. Then, seeing the girl's eyes fill with tears and a look of real distress in her face, he added hastily, 'But *dot's* all right, Mees Lalonne. I tol' 'em to tell Dave dot you was here safe enough, so don't you worry 'bout *dot*.'

'But, Mr Axel, Dave would be expecting a letter. See, I have it all written! Maybe,' she said, looking hopefully at Charlie—'maybe some one else will be going past his home. Don't you think so?'

'Naw, naw, not for a day or two. Dis is de mountains, you know, Mees Lalonne.—Ain't it, Mister Barrie?' he said consolingly, and appealing to the Englishman. 'Dere ain't no reg'lar post; but Dave, he knows *dot* well enough by now. Them foresters has to go sometimes for weeks at a time widout any letters; just depends whedder anybody is goin' in so far. But Nat'll give Dave my message all right,' he again reassured her, before turning aside to the wash-house, where a tin basin and chunk of yellow soap were all the luxuries in the shape of a bathroom that the Grizzly afforded. Barrie followed suit; while Anita, with her heart troubled about her first failure to David Hardy, and rather dreading the reproving eye of Mrs Axel over her tardy appearance, tucked the unposted letter into her blouse, and making a hurried meal before the Englishman should arrive, betook herself to her own room, there to indulge in a 'good cry.'

(Continued on page 116.)

## AN OUTPOST IN THE MAKING.

IN the far-off days of the early summer of the year 1914—days as irrevocably lost to us now as those of the Ptolemies; days when the most important questions were, 'Will Ulster

really fight?' and 'What will the Russians [dancers, not fighters, then] do without Nijinsky?'—four short years ago, in fact, there appeared in the *Morning Post* the following news-item,

despatched from Winnipeg, and dated 11th June:

**'SEARCH FOR DEAD EXPLORERS.'**

'A Royal North-Western Mounted Police patrol leaves Regina about 20th June to search the far north land for the bodies of the explorers Radford and Street, who went north three years ago. It is reported that they were murdered by Eskimo. This is the most perilous task ever undertaken by the famous redcoats. The country is the bleakest in Canada. They will commence their investigations in Chesterfield Inlet, and patrol thousands of miles inland, also maintaining order at the Hudson Bay posts on the way. They will be commanded by Inspector Beyts. The number of men has not yet been announced.—REUTER.'

Reuter, we may suppose, was well informed; at any rate, there are no more inaccuracies in the above paragraph than are to be found in most news-items; and the newspaper man cannot be expected to know everything about everything. 'Most perilous task' and 'famous redcoats' bear the same relations to the average newspaper chronicle of the doings of the 'Mounties' as King Charles's head bears to Mr Dick's memorial. Further, the task was no search for dead bodies, but live ones; not murdered, but murderers. For the rest, the paragraph was as nearly true as it was bald.

The circumstances leading up to the organisation of this special patrol were, briefly, as follows.

In the summer of 1911, Radford, a Yankee, accompanied by Street, a Canadian, left Edmonton on a lengthy journey over that vast, undeveloped, unexplored region of Canada lying a few hundreds of miles to the north of those pleasant provinces which smile so amiably on the globe-trotter as he surveys them from the windows of his luxurious observation-car. Few people have even heard of the Barren Lands, as they are called; fewer still have given them a second thought, though they are big enough, and empty enough, and mysterious enough, in all conscience. The object of this long journey over an inhospitable region was—what? The advancement of science—biology, geology, geography, natural history? Partly. Amusement? Yes, to a certain extent. But more than anything, I think, that nameless something in certain spirits, a something in which curiosity has a large part, which compels them to acts which stay-at-homes stigmatised as fool-hardy.

In order to make clear the itinerary of these men, it becomes necessary to visualise, roughly, the map of the Dominion. This, it will be remembered, is somewhat of the shape of a rather shallow bucket. Right down the left-hand side of the bucket runs the mountain-chain known as the Rockies; parallel with this immense ridge, and a little nearer to the centre

of the bucket, is the lengthy Mackenzie River, ever flowing northwards. The lip of the bucket is well inside the Arctic circle. The handle of the bucket is a great frozen peninsula, and the Hudson Bay, being water, must be represented by a large chunk bitten out of the upper right-hand corner. Edmonton, the city from which the couple set out, lies not far from the lower left-hand corner. The intention of the explorers was to make a vast triangle over the Barren Lands, the southern angle of the triangle lying at Edmonton. The north-west corner of the Hudson Bay was at the eastern angle; and Herschell Island, close to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, formed the apex of the triangle.

But the apex never was reached; for, when they were half-way along the second side of the triangle, that joining the northern part of Hudson Bay to Herschell Island (at Bathurst Inlet, which lies a little to the left of the handle of the bucket), a fatal quarrel arose with some local natives, but newly engaged as guides by the white men. Arms were whipped off the sledges; but snow-knives, already in the hands of the terrified natives, came faster into play, and—the white men were dead men, tumbled over a steep cliff into the sea.

The native who had brought the unfortunate men as far as this fatal point was a Kenipitu, and hailed from the vicinity of the Hudson Bay. He was already returning to his far-distant *igloo*, but, being overtaken by a party from the tribe of the murderers, was told of what had taken place, and sworn to secrecy—an oath as easily extracted as broken.

If he hurried homewards, as a personal acquaintance with the man would very strongly indicate, his haste was bootless, for, as he moved southwards, he came to large rivers loosening under the influence of the climbing sun. These, without a canoe, he was unable to cross. Consequently it was not till some five months later, when the short summer had passed and the rivers were again solid, the snow on the ground, and all life had fled the country, that he was able to make for home once more. In the latter part of the same winter—that is, early in 1913—this Eskimo reached the Hudson Bay. It is, I think, a strong instance of the broad feeling of humanity that does truly lie deep down in the Eskimo character that he reported the whole affair straightway to the factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Chesterfield Inlet, who, of course, communicated the matter to the isolated police post at Fullerton, and also to the police headquarters of the district at Churchill. Naturally, such information was forwarded as quickly as possible; but it was August 1913 before the police in civilisation heard about it. The news had taken one year and five months to get to the right quarters; and bad news travels fast, they say. This is a point to be noted. Travel in the sub-Arctic is, in one

respect, more difficult, and in some instances more hazardous, than in higher latitudes; for the country is only snow-bound for nine months of the year. As a consequence, two utterly different methods of travel have to be adopted—namely, sledges hauled by dog-power, and canoes driven by man-power. Further, each side of the summer, when the snow is melting in spring, and when the snow is falling in the autumn, no form of travel is possible, since the snow is too soft for the sledge, and the ice is either breaking up or forming, as the case may be.

The news, then, got to Ottawa at the close of 1913, where, one supposes, it was deliberated over and commented on, the result being crystallised in the Reuter's despatch from Winnipeg.

So much for the causes of the patrol. But the intelligent reader will at once go deeper, and inquire as to the causes of the disastrous quarrel which led to the swift destruction of the two white men.

There is not the least doubt that Radford was a hasty man. He was also an American; and the Americans have yet to show an instinct for handling native peoples—if, indeed, they have not already shown the reverse. But any one having any acquaintance with the Eskimo character will at once insist that there must be even more yet behind such a murderous assault than the hasty actions of a white man. And there is more. But before we can arrive at what that is, we have to turn back several pages of history.

In the year 1771, Sam Hearne, a man in the service of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Churchill, penetrated, or, rather, drifted, along with a band of Indians, to a spot close to the mouth of a river known as the Coppermine, from the rich deposits of native copper found on its banks, and at no great distance from the place where Messrs Radford and Street later met their deaths. Here Hearne and his Indians fell in with a small tribe of Eskimo, forefathers of our quarry, and here the Indians fell upon them, and spared none—none, save a few women and children who witnessed the massacre from the other side of the Coppermine River. Hearne, if he ever had any control over his Indians, lost it when they sighted their hereditary prey, the timid Eskimo. He named the spot Bloody Falls.

Hearne is dust, and the Indians have long since sought the 'happy hunting-grounds;' but

to this little tribe of Eskimo the white man and danger are synonymous to this very day. I believe that it is true to say that no single white man has gone into this particular stretch of country and come out alive. It is, of course, difficult to say this with certainty, as the possible lines of approach to the country are many, and there are a vast number of unknown fur-trappers, prospectors and the like, ever pushing forward into the wilderness.

On a native people having such a tradition behind them, the effect of a white man becoming heated, perhaps losing his temper—nay, even breaking into a fury, can be followed with only one result. It is kill, or be killed, they think.

There is a name very well known to the student of the Central Eskimo, and also to a small section of seafarers whose business lies in the higher latitudes. It is also as well known, and much beloved, by every Aivillik, Kenepitu, Igloodik, Shaunikumuit, and Padlimuit, the five tribes of Eskimo inhabiting the region about the north-west coast of Hudson Bay. This is Captain George Comer, who has been whaling in that part for the past twenty years or more. He, whose knowledge of the Eskimo character is beyond cavil, was one of the first to assure Government that the fault of the tragedy could not lie entirely with the native. So it became the duty of the Mounted Police to find out whose fault it was, and to 'take action'—a comprehensive phrase, almost equivalent to the 'as requisite' of the British Navy.

The reader may ask what on earth the Mounted Police are doing in this galley. What have mounted policemen to do with driving-dogs and Arctic travel? The native of Canada understands, of course; but it is not so generally known that it was the rush to the Klondike in 1898, drawing in with it the pick of the world's criminals, that caused the Royal North-West Mounted Police to drop their spurs and bridles and exchange them for snow-shoes and dog-whips. And, much to the general satisfaction, they have stuck to them ever since.

Three years have passed since the patrol started. What has been done during those three years it would take too much space to relate; but it may be safely assumed that they will not 'come outside,' as the expressive phrase of the northern traveller puts it, without results. For they, too, have traditions.

## THE WORKER'S HOLIDAY.

### PART II.

A LABOURING-MAN and a man who was fairly well dressed were standing at the counter, upon which were two great copper urns and slices of bread piled high upon plates. Behind the counter was a frowny girl, frying bacon.

He stood alongside the men and waited. The girl handed the fairly-well-dressed man a plate on which lay a slice of bacon and a fried egg. She then got a mug, that was chipped at the top, and filled it full of steaming coffee from one of

the urns. This, with two slices of bread, made up his order. He paid for it, gathered it up, and went off to one of the marble-topped tables that stood towards the back of the restaurant. On his way he stopped to get a knife and fork from a long wooden box.

The man who was very hungry watched his performance closely, for he would have to do the same thing. It was quite a simple performance—just as easy as getting up on the top of a bus. He got a coin from his pocket—a silver one this time—so as to be in readiness to pay.

'Addock, slice o' bacon, two slices o' bread, an' big coffee,' said the labouring-man to the girl behind the counter.

The girl swiftly and deftly dropped a piece of haddock into a small tin boiler, put a slice of bacon into the pan, and the order was ready almost as soon as it had been given.

Never had the new-comer seen such swift cooking; and he made up his mind to give the same order, for he had a weakness for haddock. He liked it very much.

The girl looked questioningly at him, and he gave the order. She looked hard at him, and paused. And for a moment he feared that something had gone wrong.

'Wouldn't you like to go up to the other floor, sir?' she said. 'We've got a special place.'

But he told her the place he was in would do very nicely. She looked at him now in a most interested way. She invariably treated her customers as though they were most inferior persons. But this customer was altogether different. She liked his manner very much.

'Oh, I think as you'd like the special place, sir,' she said again.—'Jimmy!' she called out to a boy with a moderately clean face who was sweeping the floor with a broom. 'Ere, show this gentleman to the room as is special.'

But he again assured her that the place he was in would do. The truth of the matter was that he was afraid to take chances. He knew what to do where he was!

She got the order ready, though not so quickly as she had got the one for the labouring-man. She kept turning round to look at her unusual customer. Why he was unusual she could not have told. He was not particularly well dressed. But there was something about him that impressed her.

'Ere it is, sir,' she said, pushing the plates gently towards him. She then turned and examined the mugs carefully, so as to find one that was not chipped at the top. When she got one to her liking, she filled it with coffee.

He put the coin on the counter, and she gave him the change. Then he took up the plates and the mug, and turned, leaving the change on the counter.

She called him back. 'You've forgot your change, sir,' she said.

He smiled, and told her to keep it.

'Oh, we don't take tips 'ere, sir,' she said.

He picked up the change, and went on and got a knife and fork from the long wooden box. Then he went over to a table that was unoccupied, and sat down.

He tasted the haddock. It was delicious. Never had he tasted such haddock before. It was perfectly cooked. And the bacon was also very good. The bread-and-butter—well, it was only so-so. But he was very hungry.

He found, however, that the coffee was beyond him. A taste of it was enough. It didn't seem to him to be coffee at all. No, he was unable to negotiate the coffee.

A man who was watching him closely from another table now came forward. 'Don't you like the coffee, mate?' he asked.

'Well, it is extremely good coffee,' he answered; 'but I don't care for coffee to-day.'

'I'll drink it for you, mate.'

He looked at the man. His face was pinched and worn. And then he saw what was the matter. The man was hungry!

'Won't you have something to eat, too?' he asked.

'Yes, mate,' said the other eagerly. 'I will. I'm out of luck. I can't get work.'

'Come on, then,' he said. 'I could do with some more myself.' And both men went back to the counter. He was full of confidence now. He knew what to do.

The girl smiled on him, but she had a hard look for the other man. 'We don't want people like you a-cadgin' off gentlemen,' she said severely. 'You get a small coffee, an' you just waits round, seein' what you can pick up.'

But the gentleman told her it was all right, and the hard look passed. She got him the same order again—this time without the coffee—and then she got the order ready for the other man. It was a big one, amounting to one and fivepence. But the man needed the food, and he considered it wise to grasp fully the luck that had come his way. As for the girl's comment, it had passed from him as water passes from a duck's back. His mode of life had turned him into a philosopher.

His companion's first opinion of the haddock was confirmed. He had never thought that haddock could be so delightful. And he determined that he would have it cooked exactly in the way it had been cooked now when he got back again to his usual round of life—the life that seemed so far away. He felt he would have trouble with the *chef*, though. He was a great artist, this *chef*, and he was paid a large salary. He would most likely think that it was beneath him to cook haddock in this particular way. But he made up his mind that he would go down himself personally into the kitchens and see that it was done. He would give instructions for the getting of a small tin boiler exactly like the one that was behind the counter. Yes, he would do this when he got back again. From

now on he would always have his haddock cooked just as it was cooked here.

'Say, mate,' said his guest, after he had eaten the food, 'ave you got a pipe o' baccy on you?'

'A pipe o' baccy!' For the moment he was puzzled; and then it came to him. The man wanted a smoke after his meal.

'I'm awfully sorry,' he said, 'but I've got no baccy with me. I'm so sorry. But I have a cigar. Perhaps you would like one?'

'Well, I likes baccy best,' said his guest critically; 'but I think as I might manage with a cigar. I can break it up an' fill it into me pipe.'

'That's a nice case as you've got,' he commented as he took the cigar. 'An' that's a nice cigar; I 'ardly likes to break it up. I thinks as I'll smoke it, an' keep the end for my pipe.'

'Yes, I would if I were you,' said the donor of the feast. 'You'll find it isn't at all a bad smoke. And—well, as you prefer baccy, perhaps you won't be offended if I ask you to get some for yourself with this;' and he pushed a coin towards him.

'Oh!' exclaimed his guest with profound astonishment. 'It's a sovrán, mate! It's a sovrán! Do you mean it? Do you mean it?'

He assured him that he meant it, and that it would give him the greatest possible pleasure if he would accept it.

'A sovrán!' he said with tears in his eyes. 'An' me so 'ard up! Oh, thank you, mate! You're a real toff. I'll be able to get a bed to-night. I'll be able to get a bed for a week. Thank you, sir.' And he put the sovereign carefully away into his pocket.

'What do you mean by getting a bed?' asked the other.

'W'y, sir, I 'aven't 'ad a bed for three nights. I've been dossin' on the Embankment.'

'The Embankment! How do you mean?'

The man saw that his benefactor did not understand. And he began to explain. 'W'y, sir, it's like this. I've got no lodgin's. I was turned out o' my room four weeks ago. Now an' then I gets a doss. But nearly every night since I've 'ad to sit out on the seats by the river. And now you come along, an' give me a sovrán. You're a gentleman, sir. Thank you.'

The man who held the position that was above all others felt a sudden shock. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been actually confronted with starvation and want. He had heard of it, of course, but he saw now that in reality he had never known anything about it. A curious, choking sensation came into his throat. This poor fellow! It was awful! One of his people!

'My dear fellow,' he said simply, 'I'm very, very sorry. I'm awfully sorry. Here's another sovereign. Cheer up, for I'm sure you will have better luck. Good-bye.' And he shook hands with him and left the restaurant.

He walked slowly back up the street, thinking.

He had been confronted suddenly with the black misery endured by those who have gone under. A veil had been torn from one of the aspects of the tragedy of the under-world. He had often heard of this world. Once he had read a book in which its life was described vividly. But it struck him now that to read a book about it was nothing. The only way to get to know about a thing was to be brought into personal contact with it. A book, however powerful, was after all only a second-hand shadow of real life. This poor fellow whom he had just left! His fate was an awful one. No place to sleep, and nothing to eat. He himself had never known the meaning of hunger as this man of the under-world had known it. And to have no place to sleep! It was terrible.

Still, life was a strange thing, after all. How joyful this man had been when he had made him the small present of money! He wondered if he himself had ever felt so joyful about anything. Surely he never had. This man must be now in the seventh heaven; for he would be able to get a bed for a whole week!

And then, somehow, it was as if the joy this man must feel came to himself. He felt elated. It was a fine thing to bring happiness to a human being, for the happiness came back to one's self. He felt now that he would like to go along doing good to those who were in want, and whom he met by chance. He would like to know things for himself. The knowledge that he had was not real knowledge. The education he had had was not a real education. His position had been to him as a wall of darkness that had shut out the real world—the immense, mysterious world that was now sounding around him. He would like to know it as other men knew it. Real knowledge. It was barred from him. It—

'Ere! What's up? Where are you goin'?'

A stout policeman—whom he had knocked up against as he was going along immersed in thought—was looking at him. His face was round and jolly of expression, and his voice was good-humoured in tone.

'You were walking in your sleep, I suppose!' he continued.

The man apologised.

'Oh, that's all right,' said the policeman. 'But mind and don't knock up against a lamp-post. You'll find it harder than I am.'

Both laughed, and then they talked together for a little.

'I must 'ave seen you somewhere before, sir,' said the policeman. 'Your face seems familiar-like. I wonder where I've seen you! Where could it be, now? Do you live round 'ere?'

'Oh, no.' He felt somewhat anxious, though he did not show it.

'Well, sir, your face is most familiar to me. When first I saw you I thought I could place you. But I can't, though your face is familiar—

most familiar. Oh, thank you, sir,' he went on, as he took and pocketed the healthy tip that had been offered. 'Thank you very much indeed, sir.' And the policeman went along on his beat. 'That's a bit of what you might call all right,' he said to himself. 'I wonder who 'e is! I know 'is face as well as I know my own; but I can't place 'im.'

He felt relieved when the policeman went off. Having a face that every one must be familiar with was somewhat awkward. But it occurred to him that, even though this was so, he was in no danger of being recognised; for no one would ever think that he would be walking about by himself in this ordinary way. The worst that could happen would be that some one would take him for being extraordinarily like himself!

He was back again at the gate of the great park; and he saw groups of men standing whilst they were being harangued by speakers. He had often heard of these groups; but he had rarely seen them. It was a good opportunity to go and hear what the speakers were talking about.

The first group that he joined was being harangued by a man with a long beard. He was talking about religion, and his views were most original. But his way of putting them was not very attractive, and men in the group were making all kinds of interruptions. But the speaker kept on as though the audience were giving him their best attention. He was evidently used to interruptions. In fact, he seemed to thrive on them, for occasionally he would get back at an interrupter in a way that made every one laugh. But, on the whole, he was not interesting, and the group gradually melted away, the members of it joining other groups.

Here was a speaker who had a new, or, rather, a very old, view concerning the earth and the heavenly bodies. He maintained that the earth was flat, and that the sun, and the moon, and the stars revolved around it. He had very hard words indeed for present-day astronomers. According to him, they were pretentious rascals of the deepest dye who had conspired together to dethrone the earth from its leading place in the scheme of the universe. He was a good speaker, and after listening to him for a while one felt that the earth was very flat indeed.

He passed from that group to another. A wild-looking man—who stood on a box—was addressing it. And suddenly his attention was riveted; for the man was talking about him!

For the first time in his life he was experiencing the rather dubious pleasure of listening to some one's real opinion concerning himself. His portrait was being drawn for him whilst he stood there, and, to be frank, it was not as flattering as it might be. For this wild-looking orator portrayed him as a scoundrel of the deepest dye.

'E's no good,' said the orator in strong,

harsh tones. 'It's 'im as is oppressin' us. 'E cares not a rap for anythin' but 'imself. But for 'im we'd be all well off. 'E's a curse to 'is country. 'E's a scoundrel. 'E does nothin', an' 'e 'as the best of everythin'. 'E does no work—not 'e. 'E never 'as done a stroke of work in 'is life. An' 'e gets 'undreds of thousands a year for doin' nothin'. It's a shame.' And he went along in the same strain.

The unfortunate, overworked man, who was now having the first holiday he had ever had in his life, listened to the wild-looking orator with the most intense surprise. At first he felt indignant. But his sense of humour came to his rescue. Evidently people knew as little about him as he knew about them. After all, life was a most amusing business.

When the orator had shown conclusively that he never did any work, he began to attack his private character. This pampered man, he asserted, led the most shameful kind of life. He was a disgrace to the community and to the world in general!

This was somewhat harder to stand. And for just an instant there came to him a wild desire to say something. But the desire passed, and he listened with philosophy.

A champion, however, appeared on the scene. He was a rough-looking workman. 'You're a ——— liar!' he shouted. 'You're a ——— liar!'

'Who's a liar?' exclaimed the orator.

'You are! I'm not goin' to stand 'ere an' 'ear you say that about 'im! 'E's a good sort,' he continued, mentioning his name, 'even if 'e doesn't do no work. 'E's a gentleman, an' if you say that again I'll come an' knock you off that ——— box.'

'I do say it again,' said the orator heatedly.

'Oh, you do!' exclaimed the champion, forcing his way through the group.

He got to the orator, and thrust him off the box. But just as he was about to strike him a policeman intervened.

'Ere,' he said majestically to the rough-looking workman, 'what do you mean? What are you interruptin' the meetin' for?'

'W'y!' exclaimed the champion, 'don't you 'ear what 'e's been sayin' about 'im?' again mentioning his name. 'You've been standin' 'ere all the time listenin'. You're no good yourself.'

'Look 'ere,' said the policeman with supreme dignity, 'you mustn't interrupt the meetin'. If you do I'll lock you up. If you want to 'ave a meetin', go an' 'ave one on your own.'

The champion subsided sullenly, but he did not move. He stood glaring at the orator, who had again got up on the box. He resumed his oration, but this time there was very little ginger in it. The glaring eye of the champion evidently disconcerted him. Finally the orator began on another subject.

So he had some one to speak up for him, after all! A rude but effective champion! He

felt absurdly pleased. Lofty though his position was, he was just as human as any one else. The policeman, of course, was right, but there are times when one may be too right.

He caught the eye of the man who had defended him, and he smiled. The man smiled back.

'It was only fair of you to speak as you did,' he said.

'Yes, mate; an' I'd 'a put it across 'im only for that copper.'

'Thank you. Would you mind accepting—this?'

'Oh no, mate,' said the man, deeply surprised. 'Thank you. But'—

'Oh, that's all right. Keep it to please me. It was very good of you.' And he walked off.

He had rewarded his champion, for he was very pleased indeed with the effort he had made on his behalf. He was like one of the champions of medieval times. A good, loyal fellow. His language was violently pure, but it conveyed what he meant with much clearness. Yes, he was very pleased indeed. The action of this working-man had taken the sting out of the wild-looking orator's remarks. So he was a man who never did any work! He smiled as he thought of what had been said. Well, well, it was a strange world!

It was now getting on in the afternoon. Nothing else had happened to him worthy of note. The great town was filled with soft sunshine. What a wonderful place it was with its millions of beings! A town of mysterious, interweaving sound. He had never grasped the vastness of it till now. Its immensity brought to him awe.

And the sense of his individuality had, in a way, become faint as he had gone along through the streets. His other self, to whom every one paid homage and deference, seemed now to be far, far away. He was only one of these moving millions of people who were going hither and thither, crossing and recrossing, going this way and that way—always going.

Would he really like to be one of these

people? Would he really like to lose his identity amongst them—to be absorbed, to be lost in the mysterious, immense whirl?

He was not as sure that he would now as he had been in the beginning of the day. Onerous though his position was, unreal though it was, he was still some one. A figure-head, but perhaps a significant one. To be swallowed up here in the millions! Well, perhaps he would not care about it. He did not know. But the glamour surrounding the idea of the adventures that would come to him, were he to live unknown here amidst these millions, was wearing away from him.

And there came to him a feeling that he would like to be back again to the round of his usual life. It did not seem to him to be so monotonous now. This day through which he had passed had been as a long time—as years. He was only a unit in the life of the world. He was no more than the homeless and starving man whom he had met in the restaurant. He was just one whom fate had placed in a certain position. He could no more help things than the man in the restaurant could help things.

He was just one who had to work hard for his bread. He saw himself now, as it were, from a distance. And he was going towards himself. He was going back again to take up his duty. He had had his holiday. He had had his look into the face of reality. It had been for him a strange and wonderful day. Would such a day ever come for him again? He did not know.

The shadows were lengthening in the streets of the great town as he got to the place agreed upon. There was his friend, looking worried and anxious. He came quickly forward, his face brightening up.

'Oh, I'm so glad you have come, sir!' said his friend. 'How was it? How did you get along, sir?'

'Oh, very well indeed,' he answered, smiling. 'I'm awfully obliged to you. Thank you very much. It was a real holiday. I enjoyed every moment of it.'

THE END.

## OF GERMAN SPIES.

**A**Severy one knows who has had much experience of it both before and during the war, the German mind touches at once the zenith and the nadir of intelligence. Its boasted genius for thoroughness is as often as not its undoing; for thoroughness without either mother-wit or imagination is a halting steed to ride in times like these even for a soldier. For a spy, it is knock-kneed.

With this limitation, Germans are born spies, and it is probable that many citizens of Berlin are directly descended from them that brought

back figs and pomegranates out of Canaan. Already in the German nursery tittle-tattle is encouraged by the *Hausfrau*, who, far from reproving her children for telling tales out of school, believes in dividing that she may better rule. The passion for espionage made thousands of Germans employed by British firms valuable to their British masters and priceless to their Government, since with a *fleur* for nosing out the business of rival houses they combined a thirst for general knowledge interesting to those who were arming against us. At the head of

them all stood their emperor. It was as a spy that he came so many summers to Cowes Regatta, and went, a self-invited guest, to the Swiss manoeuvres. Clear-headed men doubted his good faith even in those far-off days of peace and goodwill; but the nation as a whole ignored the danger, and the measure of our fatal trust is recorded in mile upon mile of little crosses in France, in Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia.

The German spy now confines his activities to the less risky theatre of neutral countries, in which, acting in this capacity, many Germans of military age, willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, find a safe and fruitful sphere. Switzerland in particular, which offers unique advantages, with one enemy to the west and another to the south, has a perfect plague of these wasps; but, thanks to the complex German mentality above referred to, most of them are without sting. They devote themselves with pathetic zeal to the minutest detail, yet fail consistently in larger perspectives. They glue their eyes to microscopes where the naked eye would often serve their purpose better. They eavesdrop for whispers, and miss information that they could hear openly in the public places. They find something irresistible about a keyhole. They scavenge in dustbins where they should search faces. They are melodramatic in their movements, and their disguises are grotesque. They employ for preference waiters, tramps, women of the town—in short, any one and every one before whom no one but a fool would say anything worth hearing.

Now and then, indeed, their methods of acquiring information verge on the ludicrous. It happened that, during the third year of the war, Berlin wished to inform itself as to the supposed change of opinion in a certain Swiss city which had heretofore been pronouncedly pro-German, an attitude in great measure due to fear rather than to affection. Reports, not wholly devoid of truth, must have crossed the Rhine of a growing movement in favour of the Entente, and the German Spy Bureau promptly set to work to ascertain the extent of the damage. And how did it proceed? Not by the hundred and one tactful ways that would have suggested themselves to any nation of finer calibre, but by the question direct, the surest way of getting an estimate at once flattering and untrue. In brief, an *interné* employed at the German Consulate, but, unlike the majority of his class, dressed in

mufti, made a house-to-house visitation in every shopping quarter of the town, purchased some small article, got into conversation with either the proprietor or the assistant, and then, barely outside the front-door, noted the result down against the address in the bulging notebook. Needless to say, the purpose of his visit became public within the hour, with the result, no doubt, that he was able to give his employers the comforting assurance that the alarmist reports of pro-Entente sympathies were without foundation, and that the retail traders at any rate were *deutsch gesinnt* to a man. The present writer would have deemed such comic-opera folly incredible if he had not actually encountered the man more than once on his futile round.

Of course, there are occasional gleams of better things, but for the most part German ideas of espionage only further illustrate that the genius of that nation is, first and last, an infinite capacity for taking pains, unrelieved by imagination or instinct. Perhaps the brightest inspiration of late was when the Spy Bureau planned to send its agents over the Franco-Swiss frontier disguised as smugglers, and provided with packets of ferro-silicilate, saccharine, cigar-lighters, or some other easily obtainable contraband. Though it went agley, the plan was not bad, since detection meant, at the worst, the light penalties inflicted on smugglers, while success would have involved hobnobbing with the French outposts and bringing back valuable information. On the whole, it was a promising venture, and might well have borne fruit but for a little hitch which no one would be more likely to overlook than a Prussian.

Detail, whether of importance or not, is the fetish of the German spy. He takes an unaccountable interest in the most trifling movements of Entente Consular and passport officers. He posts himself at street-corners, so that he can note the fact that the French Consul goes to church after breakfast, that the Italian Consul walks home to lunch and returns by tram, or that the English Consul occasionally takes his pleasure in the public swimming-bath. His master is kept informed of every restaurant or private house at which these gentlemen take their meals. All this seems fantastic, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and the meticulous care with which these extravagant trifles were recorded came to light more than once in a manner that left no doubt of the labour devoted to such foolery.

## THE SHIP THAT SAILED ON FRIDAY.

By ROLF BENNETT, Author of *The Adventures of Lieut. Lawless, R.N. ; Captain Calamity ; &c.*

SOMEHOW, despite improvements and sanitation and the substitution of dingy red brick for rich old timber, Wapping still retains some of its ancient picturesque qualities, as any one

may see who cares to take a trip down the river. Viewed thus from the water, it looks much as it must have done a hundred years ago or more; and the swirl of black water, eddying beneath

the forest of wooden piles, stunted piers, and old wharfs, is grimly suggestive of dark deeds that used once upon a time to be enacted there when Ratcliff Highway was the haunt of the crimp and ships still weighed anchor to the tune of the fiddle and the chanty.

Nearly all the old wooden houses have been demolished, but there is, or was until quite recently, a tavern there which has altered but little during the hundred and fifty odd years of its existence. And here it is that the barge skippers and the barge mates and the river 'hufflers' congregate, hold their sing-songs, drink, and—sometimes—fight. Many of these men have in their younger days been deep-sea sailors, and there is not a port in the world, from Iquique to the Clyde, that, sooner or later, you will not hear discussed there.

And it was here, in the bar-parlour with its sanded floor and old oak beams, that I met the sailor-man.

He had given up the sea, and was employed ashore in checking barge cargoes or something of that sort—he did give it a name, but I have forgotten it. And it was he, when in a mellow mood one evening, who told me the tale of 'Jerry's Keg.'

'There's a place called Turk's Island, about five days' sail from Jamaica, in the Caribbean Sea,' he said. 'I don't know why it's called Turk's Island, because there ain't no Turks on it, nor never was, so far as I know. But it's called that. The only things the island produces is salt and donkeys, and it produces them in the natural state. There ain't no vegetation there worth mentioning, and there ain't no fresh water except what the folks catches in their water-butts when it rains. Well, what with no grass nor herbage of any sort worth calling such, and the scarcity of water and the tremendous quantities of salt, the donkeys have a hard time of it. How they manage to live and breed at all I don't know. But they do, and when they have an extra dry spell, when even the puddles from the last storm have dried up, the donkeys troop into the village and try to get at the water-butts. All of 'em, big uns and little uns and baby donkeys—they come in at night, and you can hear the patter of their hoofs on the stones.'

'Well, there was a man in Kingston, Jamaica, who used to trade in donkeys. He had a little schooner, and every now and again he'd take a trip to Turk's Island, load a cargo of donkeys, and sail back with 'em to Jamaica. Sometimes he'd go to Bermuda as well, but generally he took 'em to Jamaica and sold 'em there. His name was Jerry; leastways we always called him Jerry, and I never heard him called anything else. Whether it was his surname or his Christian name I don't know, but seemingly it was the only name he had, and he was quite contented with it.

'Now, at the time I'm speaking of I was adrift in Kingston. Owing to circumstances there ain't no call to mention, I'd missed my ship, and she'd sailed without me. So I was on my beam-ends, as the saying is, with not even a black penny in my pocket. Mind you, I've been adrift since then in worse places than Jamaica, but I was young at the time, and hadn't much experience. Well, one morning I was sitting on the wharf watching the niggers load bananas on an American boat. I almost wished I was a nigger myself. I'd tried to get a berth on board the American boat and another that was there, but I hadn't no discharge-papers, and the mates wouldn't look at me; in fact, they were right-down rude.

'So I sat down a-ruminating and thinking what a shame it was that a man who was willing to work couldn't get a thing to do, when up comes Jerry. He was smoking a cigar, and wearing a white drill suit and a straw hat, and looking shiny and prosperous.

"Hello, Tom!" says he.

"What cheer, Jerry?" says I.

"Want a job?" says he.

"Ho no," I answers, "I don't want no job; can't you see I'm here for me health? Doctor said me failing constitution needed a warm climate, so that's why I'm here. Lovely view, ain't it?"

The old blighter started to laugh then, and when he'd finished he give me a slap on the back that nearly sent me over the quay-side to feed the sharks.

"I'm taking a voyage to Turk's, and I want a mate for the *Squirrel*," says he. "How about it, my lad?"

"Not so much of the 'my lad,'" says I. "What are you offering?"

He looked a bit surprised-like, which was only natural. He'd figgered on me jumping at the job at maybe half the usual rate of pay, he being a rare hand at a bargain. He was a tough 'n in his own way, was Jerry, and if anything hurt him worsen than the rheumatics, it was parting with money. Ay, he was a real old miser, and owned a row of shacks back of Harbour Street.

"Oh," says he, seeing, I suppose, that I wasn't shipping at sale price, "the usual."

"Good enough. Then I'm your man," I answers.

'So we fixed it up and wetted it—he didn't like that, but I made him stump up the price of a rum; and then he told me he was going to take a passenger. A scientific gent he said he was, who wanted to study donkeys in their natural state, or maybe it was the salt or the prickly cactus. Anyway, I forget now which it was, and it don't signify. Likewise, there was some cargo and the passenger's luggage.

'It was a Friday when we sailed, and a more unluckier day you couldn't hit upon. But it

was the scientific gent's fault. He said he'd made arrangements to sail that day, and Jerry agreed to it on the strength of an extra quid. If that wasn't tempting the devil, I'd like to know what is. But there, some men will do anything for money, and Jerry, as I've told you, was a rare coin-collector.

'So we got the cargo and the gent and the luggage aboard the *Squirrel*—which was the name of Jerry's old wind-jammer—and was soon bowling out of Kingston Harbour before a stiff breeze. The breeze held, and on the third day out the gent asked Jerry when he expected to sight the land.

"Well, if the wind holds through the night, we ought to see Turk's to-morrow evening," answers Jerry.

'The wind did hold, but come the next evening there was no sight of land, and the next morning there was no sight of land.

"That's queer," Jerry says to me; "we ought to have hit the island twelve hours ago."

"Maybe you've mistook your reckoning," says I.

"Not me," he answers. "I've done this run fifty times, if I've done it once."

'And then the scientific gent comes up and asks how it is we ain't at Turk's per promise.

"Oh," says Jerry, "it's all on account of the currents hereabouts. Sometimes they'll take a ship a hundred miles out of her course. But we'll be at Turk's to-morrow morning, you can take my word for it."

'But come the next morning there was no sign of Turk's Island, nor any other island. There wasn't no sign of land at all. Everywhere you looked there was sea, and nothing but sea.

"Durned if I understand this," says Jerry. "I've never knowed such a thing happen before."

"Perhaps you never sailed on a Friday before," I answers.

"I never did; but I don't see what that's got to do with it," he says. "I don't believe in them silly old suspicions. Friday's as good as any other day."

"Is it?" says I. "Then why are we still at sea, and we running before as good a wind as you'd wish to get?"

'He didn't answer this; and presently along comes the scientific gent and wants to know why we ain't made Turk's Island yet.

"It's because of the season of the year," answers Jerry. "About this time there's always a ground swell, which retards the impetus of the vessel by offering a counter-attraction to the momentum of the propelling forces."

'I don't know whether that satisfied the gent; but, anyway, he said no more that day. Well, the next day came, and still there was no sign of Turk's Island; and the next was the same, and

the next after that. By this time the scientific gent was real angry, and Jerry, I could see, was at his wits' end. He swore he was on the right course; and, sure enough, when he showed me the chart, it was laid out all proper and correct. The worst of it was, we were running short of grub and water, and had even killed the pig which we'd taken on board in case of emergencies.

'Well, sir, early the next morning we was heartened by the cry of "Land ahead!" and, sure enough, there it was on the horizon.

"There!" says Jerry to me scornful-like. "How about your Fridays and unlucky days now?"

"You hold on a bit," I answers; "we ain't in port yet."

'Well, as we drew nearer to the land it got bigger and bigger, and we saw that, whatever else it might be, it wasn't Turk's Island.

"Seems to me," says Jerry, who'd been looking at it through his spyglass—"seems to me," says he, "that there's something durned familiar about the lay of that land."

'So I took the glass and has a peep.

"You're right about that there land looking durned familiar," says I; "we're sailing back to Jamaica!"

'And so we was, without a word of a lie. It was an absolute fact. We was heading straight for Kingston Harbour, and you could sniff the rummy smell that always comes off the island when the wind's in a certain quarter. Yes, sir, we must have made a great big circle and come right round on our track. I'd never see'd the like before. Laugh! I had to laugh; I jest hung on to a shroud and laughed and laughed and laughed. And Jerry hit me over the ear with a rope's end, and still I laughed. Then he kicked me down the fo'c'sle hatch, and I lay at the bottom and laughed. It was the limit; it was the greatest voyage on earth.

'But Jerry didn't laugh. No, sir; he cussed and cussed and cussed. There wasn't a madder man, ashore or afloat, than Jerry that day. He didn't know how to hold hisself. I thought he'd blow up, or have a fit, or run amuck. Wild! You can't guess how mad he was. He didn't see the joke, mind you! Didn't see anything funny in it at all. Neither did the scientific gent. He didn't cuss, but he told Jerry just what he thought of him and his schooner and his navigation. He chewed him up proper. He didn't say much, but what he did say was to the point. He hit the nail on the right spot every time. The way he expressed himself was marvellous, considering he didn't cuss. I wouldn't like to be talked to that way myself—I wouldn't that.

'Well, Jerry blamed it all on to the boy who'd took his trick at the wheel sometimes. The boy'd never been to sea before, but he'd

been allowed to steer off and on, mostly during Jerry's watch, Jerry sleeping in the meantime. That boy got the sack to once, and Jerry shipped a man this time. Because, d'you see, Jerry'd contracted to take the scientific gent to Turk's Island, and the scientific gent held him to it, as there wasn't any other boat leaving just then for Turk's.

'So we set sail once more, Jerry seated on a big keg, steering himself.

"I ain't taking no chances this time," he says; "no more boys for me."

'We had pretty fair winds, and Jerry reckoned we ought to make Turk's about the evening of the fifth day. But we didn't. No, sir, not on the fifth day, nor the sixth, nor yet the seventh. We didn't make no land at all. And the scientific gent kept asking him when we should get there, and Jerry kept telling him lies, and at last we sighted land.

"I knew we'd get there," says Jerry; "it was that durned boy."

'But I didn't say nothing, because I had me suspicions.' And the more I looked at that there land the more suspicions I had. And then Jerry began to have suspicions.

'The scientific gent came on deck, looked at the land, and he began to have suspicions. "Surely Turk's Island has not such a long coast-line as that," says he. "I understood it was quite a small island."

"'Tain't Turk's Island," groans Jerry; "it's Jamaica. We've come back again."

'Yes, sir, we'd done the same thing as before. Been and sailed round in a circle, and come back to where we'd started. It's the truth I'm telling you.

'Well, Jerry was that flabbergasted, he didn't know what to do. And this time I didn't laugh. No, sir; it had got beyond a laughing matter. There was something uncanny about it. Seemed as if the ship was bewitched. I'd never sailed in a bewitched ship before, but I'd heard about 'em. They ain't healthy places to be in. So I didn't laugh.

'This time the scientific gent was real mad, and he gave it to the skipper hotter'n ever. He didn't cuss, but he let him have it. Yes, sir, the things he said to the skipper, and the way he said 'em, fairly made me sit up. And when the scientific gent had done saying things, he makes a suggestion. "There's only one plausible explanation," says he, "which is, that your compass is out of order."

"Lord! now why didn't I think of that before?" answers Jerry. "Why, that must be it, of course. I'll take the compass ashore and have it tested."

'He did, and the bloke what understands that sort of thing told him the compass was all right. It had a variation of about ten west, but Jerry knew that, and always made allowance for it. So it wasn't the compass.

'I think Jerry would have given up ever going to Turk's Island any more, but the scientific gent held him to his bargain. And it wasn't no bargain for Jerry. What with the time he'd wasted, the money he'd paid in wages, and the cost of the grub, he was already at a dead loss. He told me so himself. However, there was nothing for it but to have another try; so we took on fresh provisions, Jerry bought a new chart, and we lifted our mud-hook once more.

'Five days passed and there was no sign of Turk's Island, likewise six days and seven days. On the eighth day we sighted land, but we didn't wager it was Turk's Island. No, sir; we'd got suspicions by this time. Well, it wasn't Turk's Island; it was Jamaica, and we'd sailed round in a circle, same as before.

'This time I'd made up my mind that the ship was bewitched and the scientific gent a Jonah. How else could you explain it? A thing like this had never happened before, so far as I'd heard tell of. There was a cuss on the boat, and maybe on us as well. I didn't like it. No, I was very far from liking it. To tell the truth, I was skeered.

'So was Jerry. He didn't understand it no more'n I did. When I told him about me suspicions he pretended to laugh. All the same, he was skeered too. You couldn't blame him.

'By this time the story of our trips had got about. Half Jamaica came to look at the bewitched ship. And that gave Jerry an idea to make good some of his losses. He charged sixpence a head to whites and threepence a head to blacks to come on board. And they flocked on board. Yes, sir, they came in shoals, and we couldn't take the money fast enough. Not, mind you, that there was anything to see, but I s'pose they just wanted to brag about having been aboard a bewitched vessel. I dare say it sounded adventuresome to them.

'And this time the scientific gent didn't get mad. He said it was a most interesting and mysterious phenomenon. He said he was going to write to the scientific papers about it.

"Possibly," says he, "we have met with some strange and rare atmospheric force. I must look up the records," says he; "perhaps there are other instances. Or perhaps there has been a submarine volcanic disturbance, thus creating a new sub-current, too recent to have been noted. We will try again," says he.

'So he makes a new contract with Jerry; and a day or two later, when nearly every person on the island had paid to come aboard and look at us, we hove the mud-hook and set sail. And the scientific gent stands by the wheel and looks at the chart and the compass, and the way Jerry was steering. He had been doing this on and off for about three days, when, as he was standing

by Jerry one afternoon, he suddenly gives a yell.

"I've got it!" he shouts.

"Got what?" asks Jerry, thinking maybe he'd suddenly had a sunstroke.

"Why, the secret of the astonishing phenomenon," answers the scientific gent. "You're sitting on a keg," says he.

"Sure I am," answers Jerry.

"And every man who's steered this boat since our first trip has sat on that keg when at the wheel?"

"Yes," says Jerry.

"How long have you had that keg on board?"

"Took it on board when you came; it's part of the cargo," answers Jerry, fair mystified at all this.

"And what's inside it?" asks the scientific gent.

"Nails," says Jerry.

'That,' said the sailor-man, rising from his chair, 'is about all there is to it. Them iron nails, being up against the compass, had thrown it all out of gear. And none of us had never guessed it. But I can tell you Jerry didn't have no keg to sit on for the rest of the trip, and you can bet your bottom dollar we didn't make Jamaica that time.'

#### GOD GUIDE AND GUARD OUR SAXON TONGUE.\*

By the Rev. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Now gather all our Saxon bards,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
To celebrate the triumphs of  
Our own good Saxon tongue;  
For stronger far than hosts that march  
With battle-flags unfurled,  
It goes, with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays  
On every surf-worn shore,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far  
As Orkney's breakers roar—  
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms with eloquence and song  
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck  
It scales the rough wave's crest,  
Seeking its peerless heritage—  
The fresh and fruitful West:  
It climbs New England's rocky steep,  
As victor mounts a throne;  
Niagara knows and greets the voice  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,  
And where, on Essequibo's banks,  
Eternal summer reigns:

\* This poem, so suitable for the times, was first printed in *Chambers's Journal* in the year 1849, and came from the pen of a clergyman in Philadelphia.

It glads Acadia's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And bides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texan prairies smile

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam:  
It tracks the loud, swift Oregon  
Through sunset valleys rolled,  
And soars where Californian brooks  
Wash down their sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,  
On seas of fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay:  
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs—  
The dark Liberian soothes her child  
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life  
By Sydney's sheltered beach:  
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes  
Meet oceans broad and blue,  
And Nienweld's rugged mountains gird  
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart  
That, while its praise you sing,  
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,  
And those with flowers of spring:  
It quickens lands whose meteor-lights  
Flame in an Arctic sky,  
And lands for which the Southern Cross  
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desired,  
With all that great apostles taught,  
And glorious Greeks admired;  
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous verse,  
And Milton's loftier mind,  
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flees away,  
As vanishes the mist of night  
Before the star of day!  
But grand as are the victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but as the dawn which speaks  
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace  
With deadly pen or spoiling sword  
Our noble tongue and race.  
Go forth prepared in every clime  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they who counsel strife  
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,  
By good men prayed for long,  
When Christian states, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong;  
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words—  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, AND HOME.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### JOCK'S NEEBORS.

#### TALE OF THE MALTA HOSPITALS.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

#### CHAPTER I.—NUMBER ONE.

'ANE'S neebors are o' as muckle importance as ane's medicine,' muttered Jock McGowan to himself, as he cast a sly glance at the new patient the orderlies were lifting into the next bed.

'He's a Hielan'man, onyhoo. I ken that frae his bonnet.'

Jock was by nature inquisitive, and his mind fastened on any new fact like flies on sugar. That it took the form of a new face made him all the keener. Impatiently he waited until the surgeon and the nurses had transformed the dishevelled, khaki-clad figure into a respectable hospital patient.

Then, turning on his side and facing the new-comer, he asked, 'Are ye verra bad?'

'I'm mair gled than onythin' else,' was the reply.

'Why that?' asked Jock.

'Because I'm no deid,' said the other. 'I was gey near it.'

Jock settled himself comfortably to listen to the story, which he saw the other was as eager to tell as he to hear. The fire in the eye, the startled expression, were evidently the aftermath of some thrilling experience.

'I was lyin' i' my bunk half-awake at the time,' began the stranger, 'when a' o' a sudden I heard the crackin' o' the ship's sides just below me, an' in there glided intil oor compartment somethin' verra like a shark, only it was dark an' shiny. It went richt across the room an' struck the opposite wall. Then it burst, an' for a moment everythin' seemed to be flyin' everywhere. I got this gash on the back o' my heid; but I had ither things to think o' than wounds, I can tell ye. Afore I could get up the sea came pourin' in like a waterfall. It rose up an' up until it reached the level o' my bunk; then it covered me, an' mounted richt to the ceilin'. Chairs an' bits o' tables were dashed about i' the swirl. The stairs leadin' to the deck above had been blown awa'. I couldna swim richt, but I felt for the beams o' the deck above me, and grippin' them, pulled myself along to where the stairs ought to hae been. There I found the way blocked by everythin'

that could float, for by this time the water had risen to the height o' the second deck above me, an' ane micht a'maist think that chairs an' tables were alive, the way they scrambled to get oot o' the sma' openin'.'

The speaker hesitated, and paused, while he cast a searching look at Jock. 'Na,' he said, almost more to himself than his listener; 'I canna tell ye the noo this bit o' it. Mebbe I wull again; mebbe no. A' I can say is, I did a terrible mean thing under the water. Mean is no the richt word, but it wull dae the noo. Onyhoo, I managed to get through the openin', an' struggled up to the next companion-way. By this time I was swallowin' water an' giein' myself up for lost, when a haund reached down an' gripped me, an' pulled me up on to the deck. I can tell ye I was never sae gled to see the licht o' the sun afore; but my dangers were only beginnin'.'

'I should say that ye had had yer share a'ready,' interrupted Jock, whose eyes were glistening with the delight of a boy reading a penny-dreadful.

"To him that hath shall be gi'en," is a sayin' that's ower true to life,' continued his neighbour. 'There was a boat bein' launched, an' as I was ower weak to move, they bundled me intil it, an' I lay in the bottom o' it while ither jumped on tap o' me, until I thoct that they wad never stap jumpin'. The boat was ower full to manage, an' afore they could dae onythin' to prevent it she drifted richt under the screw. From where I was lyin' I could see a big blade comin' slowly down on tap o' us. It seemed ages, but it was only seconds. It took its time, just as if it knew that we couldna get awa'; then, wi' a horrible crashin' sound, it cut the boat fair in half. It missed my feet by a few inches. Next it began to toss bits o' the boat an' men frae the ane blade to the ither. It was awfu', I can tell ye. Hoo I managed to get oot o' the grip o' that propeller I dinna ken. Somehoo the sea caught me an' drew me aside. Noo I thoct the end had come. I had no life-belt on. That had saved me at the first, for if I had been wearin' ane

I could never hae pushed my way through the mass o' floatin' things that blocked the way oot o' the cabin. Noo it saved me again, for I came to the surface near a boat, an' its skipper, seein' that I had no belt, an' therefore a puir chance o' savin' mysel', took me in; an' here I am, mair deid than alive.'

'Ye're gey hard to kill,' was Jock's consolation, 'an' if the torpedo an' propeller failed to dae for ye, I'm thinkin' ye'll get through the doctor's haunds a' richt. I see frae yer board that yer name is Graham. Ye'll no be from verra far north?'

'Kilmachie, if ye ken whaur that is; an' if ye dinna, I can tell ye that it is whaur I wad like to be the noo.'

'Wi' some bonnie lassie, I'll wager,' was Jock's sally.

'Mebbe,' drawled the other in a meditative way. 'There's ane I wad like weel enough to be wi'; only, man, my conscience is no richt, somehow. I never thocht afore it could gie a man sae muckle trouble. It's worse than my wound, by a long sight.'

'Why, what hae ye bein' daein', that ye're sae cut up?'

'No playin' the game. That's hoo best to pit it,' groaned the other.

'Fechtin'?' persisted the inquisitive Jock.

'Na; courtin'. I hae ta'en a mean advantage, an' noo that I hae won by unfair means I wad rather hae lost in a clean contest.'

'Well, if ye feel like that, gie her up to the ither chap.'

'I canna.'

'Why?'

'He's deid.'

'Then that gies ye a clear field.'

'Na; ye dinna understaund, an' I'm no gaun to explain the noo.' With that, Graham turned over on his other side, and Jock was left staring at a shock of tousled hair.

'He's got somethin' on his conscience, sure enough,' M'Gowan thought to himself. 'But I'll mak' him bring it up yet, though it looks gey like comin' up o' itsel', he's sae uneasy about it. I'll gie him time.'

For the remainder of the afternoon and evening nothing was said. The night crept on, the lights were lowered, and the silence of midnight hushed all the sounds of the ward. Jock slept with one ear half-open. He was expecting something, and when suddenly he heard the whisper, 'Jock! Jock!' he was not surprised.

'Ye're no sleepin', are ye?'

'Na,' replied Jock; 'only tryin' to.'

'Weel, I'm deein', an' I thocht ye wad like to know.'

'Ye're richt. I wadna hae kenned if ye hadna teld me.' Jock could use the weapon of sarcasm to some purpose.

His neighbour raised himself, and cast a

suspicious glance at the speaker; but Jock's face, belying his voice, expressed only sympathy.

'I've made my wull.'

'Then there's nae fear o' yer deein'. It's only those who forget a' about wulls that are taken sudden like. That's hoo the lawyers thrive; they maun hae a secret compact wi' the deil to tak' the wull-less anes first, an' gie those left somethin' to quarrel ower.'

Graham thought for a few minutes. 'Mebbe ye're richt,' he said. 'Onyhoo, I want ye to keep my wull. I wrote it oot on this piece o' paper. I hae left a' my property to Dugald M'Callum, the man I took the mean advantage o'.'

'But I thocht ye said that he was deid.'

'Sae he is. But I wad like it to gang to his freends, an' not knowin' who they are, I hae pit his name in. The lawyer wull see that the richt folk get it. I kind o' feel that it's his money, an' that he should hae the richt disposin' o' it. He'll hae named his heirs. It's a' I can dae noo to richt maitters, an' I'll gang wi' an easier conscience.'

'I'll tak' the paper,' said Jock, holding out his hand for the leaf, which had been torn from a writing-pad, and on which was scribbled the 'Last Will and Testament of David Graham, farmer, Kilmachie.'

'I see ye hae signed it a' richt. That's the maist important part o' it. Weel, if ye gang I'll haund it to the lawyers. Ye're sure M'Callum is deid?' Jock's question was intended as a bait to draw out the secret that was troubling his neighbour, and fretting his own inquisitive nature.

'I've only ower guid a reason for knowin' it. I killed him mysel'.'

The confession was made in low, solemn tones that emphasised the terrible nature of the deed; and Jock, fully satisfied that now the whole truth was coming forth, settled himself comfortably in his bed to listen.

'Ye see,' continued Graham, with some satisfaction that he had got a sympathetic hearer and an opportunity of easing his conscience, 'Dugald an' I were lads thegither, an' the best o' freends a' oor lives until Mary M'Millan cam' to stay wi' her uncle i' the parish. Then somehow we fell oot. He didna see that I had the best richt to her, haein' a guid farm o' my ain where I could gie her a comfortable hame, while he had practically naethin'—except his looks, an' I'll admit he was weel set up. Sae I told him straight ane day to keep oot o' my way, an' he laughed i' my face, an' said he would save Mary M'Millan from makin' a fool o' hersel' by marryin' a mau wi' ears an' a nose like mine. After that we never spoke anither word to each ither until we met on the transport. Baith o' us had enlisted, an' oor drafts were sent East thegither. He was lyin' i' a hammock no five yairds frae me when the torpedo struck us. I

saw him tumble intil the water just behind me. A few seconds after, when I was fechtin' my way up to the openin', I felt the grip o' his haund on my leg. I micht hae pulled him up, for I had strength enough left for baith; but I remembered what he said aboot my nose, an' I thoct what a puir time Mary wad hae if she was fool enough to marry a man wi'oot a penny. Sae, to save her—an' oot o' a bit o' revenge, I wull admit—I gave him a vicious kick that sent him to the bottom, an' he never rose again. Sae, ye see, I've got somethin' on my conscience, an' if I should meet Dugald i' the next world I wad

like to be able to tell him that I had done the best I cou'd for him afterwards by way o' amenda.'

'I understaund,' responded Jock sympathetically. Then, satisfied that he had got the whole story, and that there was nothing left to tell, he added, 'Noo, gang to sleep; it wull dae ye a heap o' guid. An' dinna fash yersel' aboot the wull; I'll no forget it.'

So saying, he ended the interview by turning over and showing that example is better than precept.

(Continued on page 157.)

## SWEDISH IRON FOR GERMANY.

By GEORGE LINDESAY.

**I**N a series of articles recently published in the Copenhagen press, the vast iron deposits of Sweden are described. In view more especially of the extent to which Germany has benefited by them, the following summary may be interesting to British readers.

Iron ore is found mainly in two different parts of Sweden, of which Lapland, in association with the names of Kiruna and Gellivara, is perhaps the one best known. But considerably farther to the south there is a broad belt of iron-producing country, the so-called 'Mellersta Sverigis Bergslagen,' central Sweden's mining district, which includes the valuable properties of Dannemora and Grängesberg.

The term 'Bergslagen' is familiar in connection with the important and well-managed railway of that name which runs from Gothenburg to Stockholm, to the north of the lakes Venern and Vettern. Here it may be remarked that for the traveller this is a most interesting route, passing as it does through the great forest and iron districts of Vermeland, Dalarne, Nerike, and Vestmanland, where the inhabitants obtain their living from the interior of the earth and from the woodlands.

The mining district of central Sweden lies between the 59th and the 61st degrees of latitude, and includes Stockholm's, Upsala's, Södermanland's, and Örebro's Lehn, the eastern part of Vermeland, and the southern parts of Kopparberg's and Gevleberg's Lehn. It has a total area of about fifteen thousand square kilometres. Farther south the iron ore deposits are of minor importance, the largest being at Taberg, in the Jönköping neighbourhood.

The other great iron-producing region is Lapland, land of the Midnight Sun and of everlasting snow. As Scania is the granary of Sweden, so is Lapland her treasury. At Kiruna alone there are some 200,000,000 tons of ore.

These deposits are situated mostly within the Arctic Circle, in the districts of Gellivara and

Jukkasjärvi in the north-western part of Norrbotten's Lehn, and between the 67th and 68th parallels of latitude. Within this tract of country, which has an area of eight thousand kilometres, lie Sweden's most valuable deposits of iron, Kiruna and Gellivara, from which of late years such vast quantities have been taken, Tuollavara, and the as yet untouched Luossavara, Svappavara, Leveäniemi, Ekströmsberg, and Mertainen. Outside these districts iron ore in any considerable quantity is only found at Ruotevara, in the Kvikkjok neighbourhood.

All the ores in the above-named mines consist either of magnetic or hematite iron or both, in more or less intimate association with certain minerals, quartz, calcareous spar, apatite, chlorite, &c. The different types of ore are represented both in central Sweden and in Lapland.

The Swedish ores contain as a rule 60 per cent. of iron; the average for the rest of Europe is calculated to be 36·7 per cent., and for the whole world, including Sweden, 45 per cent.

The extent of the deposits varies greatly. In central Sweden the medium-sized ones are from five to ten metres in width, and from two to several hundred metres in length. In some exceptional cases they have a thickness of from twenty to thirty metres, and in two places—Grängesberg and Stråssa—as much as from ninety to one hundred and ten metres, with a length respectively of four hundred and two hundred metres. In Norberg continuous ore is found for a distance of twelve hundred metres, and at Grängesberg for one thousand metres.

As a rule the ore deposits are of larger dimensions in Lapland than in central Sweden. Thus the ore at Kirunavara is from twenty to one hundred and ninety-six metres broad, or on an average fifty metres, for a distance of three thousand metres; that at Gellivara has a breadth of one hundred metres; and that at Ekströmsberg a breadth of from twenty-two to fifty-two metres, with a length of twelve hundred metres. The Luossavara-Kirunavara tract of ore is about

seven thousand five hundred metres, and the so-called 'Stera Malmen' at Gellivara is five thousand metres in length.

The Swedish iron-mines are not, as a rule, deep. Only seventeen of them go down three hundred metres, and only one of them farther—five hundred metres. In none of these places has the ore at the greatest depth attained been found to differ in quality from that nearer the surface, nor have the dimensions been found to vary.

Diamond-boring has been tried, especially in Lapland, in order to ascertain how far down the ore extended; and by this means it has been proved that at Kiruna considerable quantities exist at a depth of five hundred and forty metres below the top of the mountain, or three hundred metres below the surface of the lake Luossa-Järvi, which lies at its foot.

Two years ago estimates were sent to the International Geological Congress with regard to the contents of the Swedish iron-ore deposits. One of the contributors, Herr Hjalmar Lundholm, a well-informed official at Kirunavara, calculated that in central Sweden there existed more than 137,000,000 tons, and reserves of 40,000,000 tons more, which had been incompletely investigated; whilst he credited Lapland with the gigantic total of 1,335,300,000 tons.

Having regard to the very high percentage of iron which the Swedish ores contain, the above figures represent about 845,000,000 tons of metal, 750,000,000 tons of which are in Lapland.

It is not known where iron-mining was first begun in Sweden. There are documents in existence which go to show that work of the kind was carried on at Norberg in the beginning of the fourteenth century. According to the statistics the average annual output rose from 235,000 tons in the period 1833–1840 to 6,728,036 tons for that of 1911–1914. For 1914 alone the output was 6,586,630 tons.

During the last century the mines of central

Sweden produced the largest quantity of ore; but the output of those of Lapland is now the more considerable.

With regard to the amounts of iron and phosphorus in the ores the official statistics from 1909 give details. From these it appears that in the years 1909–1914 over 73 per cent. of all of the first-class ore produced in Sweden contained between 60 and 70 per cent. of iron, whilst only 2·8 per cent. contained less than 50 per cent. of metal. Over 79 per cent. contained 0·1 per cent. of phosphorus, about 8 per cent. contained less than 0·01 per cent., and about 3 per cent. had less than 0·005 per cent.

The value of the iron ore produced in Sweden in 1914 was about 53,000,000 kroner, an average of 8·05 kroner per ton, or a rise of about 3 kroner per ton since 1904.

The number of labourers employed at the mines in 1914 was 10,572, of whom 3736 worked underground and 1869 on the surface.

The total quantity of iron ore exported from Sweden in 1913 amounted to 6,439,750 tons, which corresponds to 86·1 per cent. of the production of the whole country during that year. Germany was the largest purchaser; then came Britain, North America, Belgium, and France.

Until 1886 very little ore was despatched abroad; the amount for that year was only 19,288 tons. In 1887, however, the export from Grängesberg commenced; in 1892 Gellivara followed suit; and in 1901 the quantity of ore exported was 1,729,303 tons. When the new railway, 'The Rigsgränsbanen,' was completed, and the route from Kirunavara to the Ofoten Fjord, on the coast of Norway, became available, it rose at once by a million tons, in 1903 the quantity exported being 2,827,428 tons. Of the seven and a half million tons of iron ore produced in 1913, Germany took about four and a half million tons, and England 672,836 tons.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

### CHAPTER VII.

DOWN the windings of a steep, rocky road, at one moment densely black between copses of stunted pine-trees, at another faintly illumined by the pale light of a first-quarter moon, a weary horse, with drooping head and shuffling hoofs, bore his equally weary rider the last mile or so of a long day's 'hike' through mountain wilds to his lonely little cabin near the grass-flats of Laughing Lake. Isolated and dreary as the small, unlighted house might have appeared to a stranger, the sight of the open spaces, of the roughly fenced corral with tranquil-flowing creek winding through spongy green meadows, of the few yards of soft level road,

and the plain clap-board walls behind which waited bed and blankets, was a welcome one to David Hardy as he dismounted stiffly from his sweating horse, and having quickly unbuckled the harsh cinches and removed the heavy saddle, slipped off the bridle and turned the animal loose inside the corral to refresh himself with a vigorous roll and shake before suppering on crushed barley.

His riding-gear being flung into a corner of an adjacent wood-shed, Hardy's next move, albeit dog-tired and hungry, was not to take from its hiding-place in a hollow log the key to his dwelling, but, with eager hands and

eyes bright with anticipation, to search a small, rough box, roofed with tin, and with door casually closed by a leaning stick, which, nailed to a stump by the roadside, served the purpose of letter-box for the forester of Laughing Lake.

Back and forth in the shallow recess now groped his dusty hands—'So damned dark,' he muttered; felt again in every crack and corner, along the rough edges of the stump, at the short grass at his feet. 'Humph!' grunted David. 'I reckon them fellows didn't come in after all. My word! but poor little Annie 'll be disappointed. No,' he muttered after another fruitless search in the box; 'ain't nothin' here;' and propping the door again, he unlocked the door and entered his silent house, warm and close after the heat of the day.

Another moment, and, lantern in hand, he was back at the letter-box, assuring himself that in the darkness it could not be but that he had overlooked the longed-for missive from his 'girl.' Yet what the flashing light of the lantern revealed to the seeker was not a letter, but something that caused him suddenly to knit his low brows into sharp, dark lines, while from his lips, hedged about with a three-days' growth of black beard, broke something between an ejaculation and an oath. For there, in the thick dust of the road and on the flat edges of the bordering turf, the forester's quick eye discovered the unmistakable trampling of horses' hoofs—of two—no, of three; for here, a few yards in the rear, were other hoof-prints and a pawing up of the dust where a third horse had grown restive with waiting while the other riders—Yes, of course—what a bally fool he was!—Nat and the others had been through; would have left his bread in the wood-shed, and Annie's letter with it.

Immensely relieved, empty stomach and tired body forgotten, Hardy darted to the wood-shed, where in the light of the lantern gleamed white a paper-wrapped parcel, from which emanated a ravishing smell of fresh-baked bread. Hastily tearing open the package, he sniffed at the generous golden loaves (for there was in 'Mamma' Axel's soul, however querulous at times might be her tongue, no streak of meanness), searched among the papers, lifted his lantern high above the neatly piled lengths of wood, lowered it to the ground the while his heavy boot-toe turned over the debris of bark and chips; then the eager look faded from the man's face, leaving it sallow and dour with fatigue and disappointment. Without a word, he carried the parcel of bread to the house, glancing once or twice behind him to see lest by merest chance something fluttered to the ground, and as he set it on the table caught sight of a few words scrawled in feeble pencil on the wrapping-paper: 'See you morning. Miss L. all O.K. Yours, N. D.' Instantly David's face cleared,

and giving vent to a boyish 'Hip-hip-hurrah!' he set to work without further delay to kindle a fire and prepare for his much-belated supper.

Soon a cheery crackle issued from the stove, the coffee-pot danced a jig on the red-hot lide, the while the forester gave his face and hands a badly needed wash, and ran a comb through the dense thatch of his black curls.

'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, grinning at himself in the small looking-glass and running a horny finger over his chin. 'If such a fierce-lookin' sight as I am wouldn't scare you, Annie darlin', you'd as lief as not put your dear little arms round the neck of a grizzly bear! Must get some of this buck-brush off my chin and somehow or another manage a hair-cut before I meet her,' he concluded, and forthwith attacked a great slice of ham and a huge cup of coffee, black and steaming.

As his tired body began to feel the benefit of the food, David's mind, likewise refreshed, reverted to the matter of the missing letter, which the relief of learning that Annie had safely reached her destination had for the time-being dismissed. Now, however, the question began to puzzle him as to why, if she were there, she had not written to him, inasmuch as no one could pass into or out of the mountains without a halt at the Grizzly Station for a meal or drink, or at least to call for the meagre, eagerly-longed-for post, to be distributed to the widely scattered ranchers and foresters on the trail to the Granite Mountains.

Accordingly his 'girl' could not have failed of an opportunity to send him a few lines, unless—and this, he quickly concluded, must have been the case—she had not arrived on the day expected, but been delayed by one of Charlie's not infrequent breakdowns with his heavily loaded wagon and overworked team. If so, Annie, he reasoned, would still have been sleeping when Nat and his companions passed through. Poor little girl, how tired and lonely she would be, and he not there to take her in his arms at the journey's end!

A big lump rose in his throat; he did hope she got his letter and would understand how impossible it was for him to neglect his sick fellow-forester or his duty to the Government. Well, thank goodness Niel was really better! It couldn't be more than another few days before he would be able to wait on himself, and then, David planned, even if he couldn't get all the way to the Grizzly, he would take his fresh horse and run down to the Kings' ranch, where Annie was to stay until he could spare a day to drive her to Keyes Mills to be married, and ask them to take their team and fetch her and her trunk along.

In the meantime, he reflected, the girl would be better cared for and perhaps find the life less rough and lonely at the station than she would do at the Kings'—kind-hearted people, but

tremendously busy with their summer dairy-work and a small house swarming with children.

As to the roughness, David paused in the refilling of his cup and glanced about the two-roomed cabin, scrupulously neat, from the frying-pan hanging on its special nail beside a well-cleaned saucepan, to the worn broom in the corner, and a shelf of books surmounted by a large, framed photograph of Anita, and, in another less gorgeous frame, his forester's certificate. This was the living-room; beyond, through a narrow door, could be seen the small, bare apartment where stood a chair and the forester's bed.

'There ain't no frills about *this* shack,' he mused, his thoughts unconsciously travelling back to the pretty little villa in the valley town, with its muslin curtains and stuffed furniture, where his school-teacher sweetheart boarded. But to a man like David Hardy, trained all his life to endure hardness, the absence of finery and furniture was something barely realised, and certainly not worth troubling about; neither one nor the other could make or mar his own and his Annie's happiness.

Very shortly, his simple supper-dishes carefully washed and set away (for it was part of the forester's creed never to 'put off till to-morrow'), the big key grated in the lock, and David, having long since, for Annie's sake, denied himself the comforting extravagance of tobacco, was ready to roll into the blankets for a well-earned rest.

On the morrow his first waking thought was of Nat Duncan's promised visit, and as Nat was the reputed jack-of-all-trades in those parts, it occurred to David, as his razor bravely mowed its way through the stubble on his chin, to ask him to relieve him of some of his Samson's growth of hair. Nor had he long to wait for the welcome pad-pad of a horse's hoofs in the soft road, followed by the roar of Nat's 'Hullo, there!' and his step on the door-sill.

After the usual exchange of news, local and general, David produced a pair of huge shears left behind by some goat-herd when taking his flock back to the valley, and having successfully approached Nathaniel *re* his services as barber, seated himself for the operation, at the same time remarking half-shyly, 'I suppose you'd hardly likely see Annie—Miss Lalonne, I mean—when you was at the Grizzly?'

'See her?' echoed the amateur barber. 'Well, I should rather say I *did*! By gosh, she's a winner, Dave! I congratulate you, my boy! Want it pretty short behind, don't you?' he queried, pausing in the raucous snip-snip of the shears.

'Yep,' answered David. 'Cut it as short as you like. I don't get hold of a hairdresser every day,' he added jovially. 'But say,' he went on, 'I don't understand. *When* did you fellows

see Miss Lalonne? She wasn't up, was she, when you went through?'

'Wasn't up? What the blazes you mean, Dave? I seen her in the mornin' when we was goin' out. Thought you knew she was comin' in the night before with Charlie's outfit. Man alive! keep your head still, or I'll be takin' the ears off you with these durned shears. Guess you've bin asleep all this time, Mister Hardy,' he chaffed; 'but you'd best wake up pretty peart, or that young English feller'll be waltzin' off with your gal! There now, you bally idiot, didn't I tell you to keep still? You've made me take a slice out of your neck! Here, lend me a wipe; 'tain't deep, but it's bleedin' some.'

The forester, without comment, handed Duncan a handkerchief, and the latter rattled on: 'He come along with Charlie same trip as your young lady; him and a doctor chap, both of 'em English—toffs, you know—come for the fishin' an' huntin', Charlie said. I reckon the tall feller, what baint the doctor, you understand, was mighty took up with your young woman. I seen him watchin' her out o' the tail o' his eye when she was jokin' me an' the chaps about your letter; bright as a new dime she looked, and *sassy*! You're in luck, Dave; but I guess you're not needin' my services to tell you *that*. Hoped I'd get another look at her yesterday, but she warn't nowhere 'round. Here! twist your cocoa-nut this way a bit more till I get a whack at these streamers. This ain't a job for a barber single-handed,' he jeered good-naturedly; but his victim made no reply. He was thinking hard.

Presently, 'What like is the doctor chap?' he asked with an assumption of casual interest.

'Didn't see him. He was off to Silver Creek both times we was through, seein' Mrs Burke's little cove. Broke his arm, Charlie was sayin'. Nope, I guess the doctor ain't in the runnin', Dave; it's t'other chap what needs watchin';' and Nat indulged in a loud guffaw.

The forester's face turned brick-red and his brows knit themselves angrily, but he managed to ask with well-concealed anxiety, 'Suppose you don't chance to have any letters for me lost in your pockets? I looked in the box last night, but thought maybe you'd forgotten 'em.'

'Nope, there wasn't none. Mrs Axel went to Miss Lalonne's room to see if she had anythin' to send, but the ladybird warn't at home. Guess she was on the wing, improvin' the shinin' hour with the English toff. The devil take you, David!' he broke off half-wrathfully. 'Have you got St Vitus' dance or creepin' paralysis that you can't sit still in a chair? I'd like as not have took the scalp off you. But I guess you'll do now,' he added, throwing down the shears and running his big hand over David's poll. 'Want to look at yourself? Thought I'd

leave some of your forelock, 'cause most gals *love curls*, they says.'

Poor David, by this time quite filled with jealous misery, could ill endure further his friend's barbed chaffing; so, without troubling to consult his modest looking-glass, he said, with as much heartiness as he could muster, 'Oh, that'll do fine, Nat. I'll give you a first-class certificate as sheep-shearer. What's the damage, Natty? It's took a lot o' your time.'

'Never mind the damage!' was the rejoinder. 'Just give me a quid. What! you don't chew nor smoke?' he exclaimed as David shook his shorn noddle. 'You aimin' for a short cut to heavenly mansions?' he joked. 'Well, then, it's me for a cigarroot,' he added, pulling out his small

cotton sack of 'Bull Durham,' and rolling the thin paper leaflet. 'I'll let you off this time, Dave; but don't you forget that when *my* turn comes an' the weddin'-bells is tunin' up, I shall drop down on you for some o' your hair for my best mattress. Haw-haw! That's a good un, bain't it, Dave? Well, so long, sonny; and mind you take along a six-shooter when you go to fetch your gal from the Grizzly. There bain't no flies on that foreigner; you may bet your sweet life on *that*.'

With which parting bit of philosophy, he caught up his horse's lines, swung his long leg over the saddle and speedily disappeared in a cloud of dust.

(Continued on page 122.)

## PER MARE, PER TERRAM, PER CÆLUM.

By IGNOTUS.

**T**HE recent recrudescence of submarine activity (signalled to most soldiers abroad by the loss of their mails), together with the free advertisement that many papers were good enough to accord the *Deutschland*, Germany's first effort at a 'peaceful' submarine, is very illuminating to those of us who follow the war with a view to detecting the undercurrents rather than the obvious.

Two facts suggest themselves—first, that the battle of Jutland has not altered the balance of sea-power in the slightest degree, despite all argument; second, that the policy of peaceful penetration can be pursued in war no less than in peace. Indeed, though our control of the seas has irritated Germany to the last hair, it must never be forgotten that it also seems to have galvanised her scientific and commercial ingenuity into fresh manifestations of activity.

This ingenuity was never more plainly brought home to me than by a story recently related by a naval officer, who was one of the actors in the little drama. His ship was on patrol, policing the weary waterways along which our sea-borne traffic, conscious of its safety, contentedly crawls, when a cry was raised from the look-out that a submarine had been sighted to starboard—that is, on the ship's right side.

It should be clearly understood here that *nighting* is everything, for, though the big ship, by reason of her bulk, presents a visible target to every submarine within eye-shot of her periscope, the converse does not hold good. When the submarine submerges, her speed diminishes by exactly the amount of exertion necessary to drag a body *through* the water instead of on the top, but she becomes absolutely invisible except for the periscope (the ship's eye), looking like a walking-stick, which stands from

two to three feet out of the water. This is the submarine's inherent defect, for no method has yet been devised, or seems likely to be, whereby she can travel without the periscope giving away her position when near the surface, by the small V-shaped wake it leaves astern, as it cuts quietly through the water. This wake is the only spoor submarine-hunters have to guide them, and it will readily be conceded that a trained and experienced eye is required to detect even so much. Let any doubter try!

There are various methods of dealing with these sea-wolves, but in this instance the captain of the patrol-ship determined to ram her, and altering course accordingly, he rang down to the engine-room for full speed, and went for his target. They were not far from it when the sharp eyes of one aboard missed the familiar little wake of the periscope, but detected instead a kind of bobbing, dancing motion, quite new to him, and, risking ridicule or a snubbing, reported the fact forthwith. Almost as it was reported, the trap was seen, and the skipper altered course once more, only just in time.

The Germans, with the most devilish ingenuity, had lashed a three-foot stick of wood on to a floating mine and sent it adrift in the evident hope that a patrol-ship would attempt to ram it, and go to glory. Their hopes were, however, frustrated in this instance by the mine being fired at and destroyed. The scheme was fiendish, but no one can withhold the tribute of ingenuity from the designer.

It is probably known to most people by this time that mines are laid not only by mine-laying ships, such as the *Königin Luise* that was sunk at the mouth of the Thames at the outbreak of war, but also by specially adapted submarines; in fact, these do all the work since the Kiel Canal has become such a popular

place of residence. To deal with this special type motor patrol-boats have been largely used, and one of the latter was specially told off some time ago to find, and seize or sink, a German *Unterzeeboot* that had 'sent up' four mine-sweeping trawlers within twenty-four hours. The scene was on the sea-coast not a hundred and fifty miles from London town, and dodging to and fro, the motor-boat eventually sighted her prey, which incontinently dived. The motor-boat doubled on her tracks, taking the precaution to station men meantime to port and starboard with bombs to fling at the submarine should she emerge sufficiently close, while the remainder of the hands were suitably disposed, to make things warm with rifles.

Up came the submarine some distance ahead, and off went the motor-boat like John Gilpin, and as she got nearer and preparations for a warm reception could be plainly seen, the *Unterzeeboot*, not liking the look of things, resubmerged. Nothing daunted, the patrol-boat hung about till the submarine made a third bow to the daylight, and, as luck would have it, as close to the patrol-boat as its delighted commander could wish. Hastily seizing his speaking-trumpet, he hailed her in a stentorian voice: 'Do you surrender? If not, I'll bomb you;' only to receive the following reply in excellent English, 'Why, you crimson-coloured fool, isn't that what I've been trying to do for the last three hours, and you won't let me?'

Expressed in tabloid form, this war has resolved itself long ago into traps and targets. With the former I have just dealt; hear, therefore, an amusing instance of the latter.

When my regiment was holding a certain line near Neuve Chapelle about two years ago, we had two companies up in the trenches and two others in support not very far back, disposed in farms and houses of various stages of disrepair, according to the amount of strafing they had undergone. The best way to our trenches was a road which, running past the support-billets, took a sharp, left-handed, dog's-leg turn straight past us into the German lines. When I say 'best' I do not mean safest, as Fritz used to shell the turn and the latter half of the dog's-leg in order to stimulate the circulation of our blood as we marched up on relief at night. Personally I never thought they did much damage, but one of the regiments in our brigade marked what they thought was the danger-area to be hurried over with two little red flags, thereby gaining for themselves the name of the 'Windy Gents.' But I am getting off the line.

Parallel with our billets, and on the other side of the turn, was a small hamlet that we had never occupied, but which the Germans vigorously shelled and damaged on odd days, in the

belief that troops were massing behind it for an attack—a belief that was quite wrong.

We had at this time a battery of 'heavies' in the division, commanded by a Highlander. Genial to a fault, absolutely without nerves, and radiating cheerfulness as he walked, he ate, drank, and slept 'targets' for his beloved guns, and was never so happy as when he had one in prospect. He used to come up to an old building behind our front line every day, and, lying flat on a heap of straw, scan the country for hours through his glasses to try to discover signs of the German gun emplacements.

One morning they knocked half the hamlet to pieces again, and incidentally exposed their hands to the watchful M.K., who, spotting at last where they were firing from, quickly put them out of action with his heavies, and so gave every one concerned a little peace.

It was there that I first made acquaintance with the 'fixed-rest' sniper, or it might have been a machine-gun. By a fixed rest I mean a rifle lying in a specially prepared holder and sighted on to a target. When a man behind the rifle is satisfied with his sighting, he clamps the screws of the fixed rest, and the rifle can then be loaded and fired by any duffer with a certainty of hitting the mark; indeed, he can't miss it.

At one of these billets a sniper used constantly to hit a particular brick in the wall, just about the height of a man's head. You might walk past it in the dark for an hour without the least danger; then suddenly he would begin, and a bullet would smack into the wall with a crack that made you jump. You *had* to pass this wall to get into the billet; consequently the only wise thing to do after dark was to bend low and skulk, in which case you were as safe as a house. My regiment was up there twice, and the last time the sniper had eaten his way three parts through the first brick, as testified to by the neat little layer of brick-dust lying on the stone-flagged path. Why he never caught any one I don't know, for men got awfully careless at last; and another strange thing was that by daylight you could lean against that spot and smoke a pipe with perfect safety. I suppose he was afraid of giving himself away. If that be the correct explanation, what devil of distortion or misapprehension possesses them that they describe themselves as cultured?—a claim that I am perfectly certain the lower orders put forward with absolute seriousness and belief in its accuracy, even if their rulers have their tongues in their cheeks! I recall a very striking instance of that fact.

I had been hit in a show, nothing serious, but was being sent down to the base, and as I could walk perfectly well, I strolled along the Ypres platform to the hospital train, while the overworked orderlies were entraining the stretcher cases. I was accompanied by the Belgian station-

master of Poperinghe, the next town to Ypres (all this, of course, was before Ypres was laid in ruins), and we came across a few German wounded, including one Landwehr sergeant, who, in a querulous voice, demanded to know why they were being left so long unattended, adding, as an afterthought that might quicken our movements, '*Die ganze Welt weiszt, dasz wir die gebildeten Leute der Welt sind*' ('The whole world knows we're the best-educated people in the world'). To my surprise, and before I could reply, the station-master had explained to the Hun in excellent German the system of collection. 'First the English, then the French, then the Belgians, then afterwards, if there's room, and nobody has anything better to do, the Germans.' As a matter of fact, it wasn't true, because no question of nationality entered into it; they were putting the worst cases in first, naturally, and leaving the easier ones to be lifted in afterwards; but it effectually silenced the Hun.

But what, in the name of Heaven, can one expect from a nation so eaten up with conceit that even lying wounded in enemy hands it will attempt to prate of its educational superiority?

One point of difference that will always set the German Tommy apart from the English one is his absolute lack of humour (I had almost written 'honour'). Who but Tommy would have thought of setting the drill-book to music? To illustrate my meaning, I should explain that some years ago an excellent but rather misguided society attempted, with the full approval of the powers that be, to teach Tommy to sing on the march. Tommy was quite willing to sing, but intended to sing what *he* liked, and not what the society put into his mouth, whereby the experiment came to an anæmic and unlamented end. However, to return.

There is a movement whereby a body of men in fours forms line, not in the least difficult to perform, but requiring that the men should remember their numbers on parade and keep their wits about them. The drill had been drummed into this particular regiment's head to such an extent that it became automatic, and eventually some barrack-room wag set it to music, and sang it to the air of 'Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.' It ran thus:

At the 'alt, on the left form platoon—  
At the 'alt, on the left form platoon.  
If the hodd numbers don't mark time two paces,  
'Ow the 'ell (crescendo) can the rest form platoon?

I heard the Shropshire Light Infantry sing it, and a capital marching tune it made; but I don't know if they were the authors.

Thomas is a marvellous person for gadgets—that is, adapting things to purposes for which they were never intended.

Some time ago (I forget exactly when) a tooth-brush was issued to each man in the army, hygienic requirements having been satisfied for many years previously with the sybaritic provision of a comb, to which latterly a hair-brush became linked in holy matrimony. Never having used one previously, T. A. showed it in all its maiden purity at the weekly inspection of his kit, till ordered to take it into wear, which he promptly did—to polish his buttons. Again authority intervened, and Tommy, cheerfully complying, adapted it to its original purpose, and the long-suffering tooth-brush now cleans teeth and buttons with the utmost impartiality. Whether the medical faculty are satisfied with this division of labour I have yet to learn, but that profession itself is not altogether free from the charge of gadgets, if all one hears be true.

Not long ago a man in the — Rifles was blown up in France by the explosion of a mine, and, as the result of shock, became dumb, and was invalided home. Nerve cases of this sort are not rare in this war, and are very difficult to cure. Be that as it may, however, ordinary methods appear to have failed in this instance, till one day, while still in hospital, the patient required to have a tooth extracted. The surgeon in whose care the man was instructed the dentist not to use an anæsthetic, in the hope that the pain would restore speech, and he was not disappointed, for out with the tooth came a flood of language, beginning, 'Good Lord! you'll pull me [censored] 'ead off,' the rest of the pent-up flow of eloquence being very prudently omitted from the report. I think one might fairly accuse the doctor of trying a gadget, in this instance crowned with success; though, even so, I can find it in my heart to feel sorry for the victim.

Thomas loves a situation that gives his whimsical humour full play, and I remember a friend telling me of a delightful case that happened to him on one occasion when dining with a Highland regiment. Officers of these units invariably affirm that their men are Scotch, and so they may be in bulk; but at the risk of offending their susceptibilities I am bound to say it is not my experience, for I was attached to the Mounted Infantry company of a very celebrated Highland regiment during the Boer war, and though *most* of the men were Highlanders, quite a percentage were Englishmen, some few even being Cockneys. At the mess dinner pipers, as is customary, came in and played round the table, one of them, as a compliment, being stationed behind my friend's chair to finish the air. When he was finished, my friend turned sideways in his chair and courteously thanked the man, adding, in his pleasant way, 'I expect you come from the far north, don't you? I know Inverness myself.' Replied the piper with a rich southern brogue, 'I do not, yer anner; I

come from the County Cork,' an unexpected reply that set the table in a roar.

Nothing illustrates this humorous faculty better than a little side-play I witnessed recently. We had come in from the desert to one of the biggest cities of Egypt, and while we were marching up from the railway station to camp, the orderly-room sergeant (in whose hands are all the regimental papers and documents) passed us in an open fly, shepherding the boxes of papers for which he was responsible. Whether he knew it or not, the biggest crate bore a label, 'Lemonade only,' and a rumour, quite without foundation, flew down the battalion like a priority telegram to the effect that the orderly-room sergeant had been seen bolting with the sergeants' mess stores!

I wish our politicians could realise what a shrewd and well-informed critic T. A. is of public affairs. It might well give them pause. The other evening I was sitting alone in my mess, reading, and overheard some of the servants outside talking. One in particular was holding forth. He had been in the Dardanelles landing on that historic 25th April, and through all the subsequent horrors, and his account differed in no degree from a dozen others, except that he was rather inclined to blow his own trumpet—a very unusual feature in the regular Tommy—and for a remark he made in conclusion, 'And we might 'a saved the 'ole lot if it 'adn't 'a bin for our goin' and givin' a rap at the door, and comin' away, just for to warn 'em as we was goin' to call ag'in,' referring to our unsupported abortive naval attack when the Red Marines swarmed all over ground on which we were never after able to get a footing. For a concise summing up, that seems to me to leave nothing unsaid, and I could have wished Winston Churchill to hear him.

It was very interesting to watch Lloyd George in his former rôle of War Minister, and to read his speech on 'prematures'—that is, shells that burst either in, or on leaving, the gun; at any rate, before they got to the Germans. Reading it, I recalled a ghastly affair in my brigade at the Rue d'Epinette. In the early trench warfare period, when we were not doing very much, the gunners one day took it into their heads to put a few shells across on to the German line. We had two companies of a rifle regiment just on my left, and about 1 p.m. the captain and two subalterns assembled in the captain's dug-out for lunch, when a premature landed bang on the dug-out, killing the captain and one of the boys, and severely wounding the other. Such things shake one's nerve.

First cousin to the premature is the 'short'—that is, a range is underestimated by the gunners, and a shell detonates on *our* front line instead of the Germans'. Nowadays such a thing is impossible, because a forward observing officer from the artillery is in the infantry

trenches, and telephones back the result of every shot to the battery, but in 1914 we had not arrived at these refinements.

Of course, one realises that where the difference between safety and shambles is only a question of one to two hundred yards, mistakes *must* occur; but they are very unsettling. I remember, at the beginning of what was afterwards the first battle of Ypres in October 1914, we had advanced over some three miles of country towards Becelaere on the Roulers road, and not being able to push on, dug ourselves in at dusk. The night was occupied in alarms and excursions—alarms because the Germans fired wild bursts which we thought portended an advance, and excursions to try to get up some rations from the rear. Towards dawn the fire slackened greatly, and a young gunner subaltern came up from the rear to ask if we could show him any targets. We showed him where we wanted the Germans gingered, and added, 'Pitch 'em well up, too, because we simply *hate* getting them in the small of the back ourselves.' He promised, and departed; nevertheless, when he began shelling, one of the shells dropped on my trench and wounded a man. I got behind a house that was my headquarters, and semaphored a message through that the guns were short and had wounded one of my men, yet before it could arrive (far less be acted upon) they fired again and wounded another. Again I got under the lee of the house, where, secure from German view, I semaphored a still more urgent message. Again they fired and wounded a poor chap in the brain, who was brought into the house, and died shortly afterwards. For the third time I semaphored back, stating that if they couldn't pitch them up they had better stop, or we couldn't, for flesh and blood wouldn't stand it; and eventually this message got through, and they lengthened, but we felt very jumpy for some time when we heard one coming.

Nothing has surprised me more in this war than our airmen's exploits. For one thing, I never thought we took the job sufficiently seriously; and for another, I thought that in anything demanding scientific knowledge we were bound to run second to Germany. I reckoned evidently without the sporting spirit necessary to achieve success, a quality in which Germany is so conspicuously wanting. It is, therefore, with the more pleasure I confess my mistake and relate the following episode.

Some considerable time ago, four airmen were detailed to attack the railway junction at X., in enemy country. Each of them had his load of bombs, and starting at short intervals, they were to bomb the station and return. A dropped his bombs well on his target, but in doing so either got his machine hit, or engine trouble developed, I am not sure which. As a result, he had to descend miles away in enemy country,

where he at once found the trouble to be insuperable. Nothing daunted, he at once formed the desperate resolution to set fire to his machine, so that it could not be repaired, and to make his way back across that part of Europe on foot. This *reads* like a fairy tale, but is nothing of the sort, and carrying his resolution into effect without delay, he fared forth.

B. dropped his bombs, and, by a miracle, caught a glimpse of the flames from the burning machine on his way back, and at once descended for further investigation, noticing as he did so a knot of simple peasantry, with pitchforks, guns, and other joyous aids to agriculture, hurrying up to take a hand in the game. As B. dropped lower A. saw him and divined his intention, and set to work waving his handkerchief to attract attention. B. immediately realised the situation and came to the ground, risking capture in order to pick up A. All the machines for this trip, I might add, were single-seaters, built for one man only, and it was very much a question whether they would bear the weight of two; added to which, there was no room for the second man—

a mere trifle, of course. A. ran alongside and scrambled in somehow, trying not to stop the machine, and stowed himself in a knot on the floor with his face to the tail of the machine, and his legs (apparently) round his neck. At this point the engine stopped. B. jumped out and by desperate exertions started it off again just as the merry husbandmen arrived; and, incredible though it seems, the machine did its one hundred and sixty miles home, where they arrived with A. so numbed that he had to be lifted out, and then fell down.

The other two airmen returned safely, having seen nothing of the burning machine. Such a story makes one proud of being an Englishman.

In conclusion, let me relate the story of an enemy flying raid. They came over (either Turks or Germans) on a recent moonlit night, dropped nine bombs, and fled. What they wanted was our aerodrome; what they actually got, though I am sure they would not believe me, even on oath, was three donkeys, two killed and one wounded.

## THE PREVENTION OF CANCER.

By ROBERT BELL, M.D., F.R.F.P.S.

AT this terrible crisis in our nation's history, when it is our imperative duty to conserve as many lives as possible, and while so many are being so ruthlessly destroyed in defence of our national honour, freedom—yea, our very existence—it may be excusable in me to call attention to an enemy in our midst which, if we do not mend our ways, will speedily exact more toll of life than this terrible war has done or will do. Its overthrow is, therefore, of equal importance with even that of the unscrupulous Hun. Moreover, I am positive that this can be accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life in making the attempt.

My plan consists in discarding the *laissez-faire* which at present is so characteristic of our mode of life, and in its place bringing to bear a little common-sense upon pernicious habits which have been in existence so long that they would appear to have become a very part of our lives, but which all the while have so materially tended to shorten them.

I refer to disease, and especially to cancer, which I maintain is an easily preventible malady, and yet one which has been making such rapid strides in recent years, and which, I venture to predict, will continue to increase in virulence if we do not call a halt in many of those ways in which we have been so complacently travelling, and which can only end in disaster.

It has been said, and probably truly, that 'Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly

upward,' but most assuredly he is not born unto disease, which is of his own cultivation; and this statement I make advisedly.

It is not, however, my intention to adduce proofs of the truth of this assertion at present, though it would not be difficult to do so. My intention is to show that cancer is a preventible disease—in other words, that it is a self-inflicted disease, and therefore it depends entirely upon the mode of life which the individual chooses to live whether he has cancer or not. Evil habits must be subjugated by common-sense, and the stomach and digestion and excretory organs be considered in preference to the palate, which is the great culprit in tempting one away from the arcadia of health, and surreptitiously piloting one to the pitfalls of disease. Disease is no more an inevitable part of man's life than crime. The only difference is that the former is due to a contravention of nature's laws, the penalty of which is disease in its various forms, whereas the latter is the term applied to the breaking of man's laws, and they are both respectively penalised according to the gravity of the offence.

It is an appalling fact that during the past forty-five years the death-rate from cancer has risen close upon 300 per cent., until the annual mortality in this country alone has reached the enormous total of thirty thousand; while, if we take the habitable globe into account, there are at present living upon the earth twenty-five million persons who are destined to die of this scourge, if

we do not bestir ourselves and take measures to nullify the causes which lead up to its incidence.

These statistics, which I vouch for as being absolutely correct, surely do not go to demonstrate that operation for cancer has proved of any avail in saving life. On the contrary, I am absolutely certain, and have ample proof to substantiate this, that operations are largely responsible for this terrible state of affairs. My reason for making this sweeping statement is that I know, and every surgeon knows, that in no single instance has cancer ever been cured by the knife. I had seventeen years' experience of treatment by this means, being under the impression during these years that cancer was a local and not a blood disease, as I know now that it is. The result was that I succeeded only in aggravating the suffering and shortening the life of the patient; and on inquiries directed to those who had much more experience than I at that time had on the subject, I was met with the reply that in no instance, in their experience, had cancer ever been cured by operation. Of course, I admit, and have had many instances in my own practice, that tumours in various parts of the body have been removed without any recurrence taking place, but these were not cancer; though I have frequently seen cancer assert itself in the site of such operations which otherwise would never have manifested its presence. But the provoking part of the business is that every one of these tumours could have been dissipated by therapeutic and hygienic measures, and that without the least risk to the patient's life or health.

It is a notable circumstance that forty-five years ago the importation of chilled meat into this country was five pounds per head of the population, whereas now it is over sixty pounds per head; and when we consider that the flesh of animals is produced entirely from vegetable matter, and weight for weight contains no more food units than whole-meal bread contains, how on these grounds alone can we look upon it as an essential article of diet? Moreover, when we consider that the natural salts contained in wheat are essential to the health of the blood, and these are entirely absent in flesh meat, does it not appeal to one that the former is preferable as an article of diet to the latter? Furthermore, when we realise the fact that our digestive organs are so constructed as to indicate that the natural food of man should only be derived from the vegetable kingdom, every edible member of which supplies these essential salts in abundance, salts which by the usual methods of cooking are washed down the sink, we can readily understand how important it is that our foods, as far as possible, should be partaken of in their natural condition. If, however, they are subjected to cooking, it is essential that this be accomplished in a manner which permits of their not being deprived of these important salts. Again, it must be borne in

mind that the act of cooking deprives the article so treated of two-thirds of its nutritive value.

Then it must be remembered that man is the only member of the animal kingdom that destroys its food value by cooking. There is, however, another point worthy of notice in reference to the effect of diet upon health which is of supreme importance—namely, that the decomposition which results from a flesh diet is of a most offensive character; hence the alimentary canal of the carnivora is only about one-third the length of that of herbivorous animals, in which class man is included. Now flesh food is of a constipating nature; consequently there is a tendency in those who indulge in a flesh diet for the débris of this to be retained for an undue length of time in the colon, during which period the fluid contents of this decomposing mass tend to be absorbed into the blood, there causing the development of auto-toxæmia, which means that the blood becomes charged with ammoniacal products in place of the normal salts I have referred to, and these act most deleteriously upon cell life, and render the cells prone to take on an unhealthy form of existence, which may degenerate into malignancy, and thus cancer be the outcome. I am daily in contact with cancer patients, and I have never seen a case of cancer in a person who lived on the fruits of the earth, where these were eaten in their natural condition or cooked in such a manner as to preserve their natural salts. As to lower animals being subject to cancer, it has been ascertained that it is only when they come under the domination of man that this is so; their natural diet and environment being changed for the worse, they become subject to cancer and other diseases which are quite foreign to them in their wild life.

In short, my experience has compelled me to arrive at the conclusion that cancer is entirely due to the ascendancy of these ammoniacal products over the natural vegetable salts in the blood-stream. This being the case, as I am convinced it is, it is not difficult to recognise how readily cancer may be blotted out of existence; also rheumatism and gout, which are closely allied to cancer in their natural history.

Permit me to put the following question. Is it no mere coincidence, but a case of cause and effect—in fact, is the increase of the mortality from cancer largely, if not altogether, due to over-indulgence in the consumption of one article, which, instead of being normal food, only takes the place of a stimulant, and, in the long-run, acts as a slow poison? This may appear to many to be an extraordinary question to put, but I have no hesitation in replying that 'The answer is in the affirmative.'

The importance of grappling with this fell disease is emphasised by the announcement that a sum of money, estimated at about a quarter

of a million, has been left to Edinburgh, in reversion, by the late Mr George Fisher Melville, with a view to combating the disease of cancer. The money, when it becomes available, is to be used for the care and cure of cancer, which may mean the founding either of a school of research or a hospital.

In conclusion, may I suggest to the readers of the above notes that they give my dietary a fair trial? After which, I feel assured, they will

derive so much benefit from it that they will not readily revert to the conventional mode of dieting.

If I might, without ostentation, put myself forward as an example of the benefits derived from it, I may, without any attempt at boasting, but with an expression of thankfulness, state that at the age of seventy-three I am as fit to-day for work, both physically and mentally, as I was thirty years ago.

## THE CATERPILLARS.

By C. F. TOWNSEND.

'**ROTTEN!**' said Gardner, gazing gloomily at the fire in the club smoking-room.

It was the first I had seen of him for over a year since he had gone out to France as a lieutenant in the Motor Transport, and now he was home on leave and his name was not Gardner; but that does not matter. The exclamation was in reply to my question as to how he was getting on at the front.

'A few months ago, if I could possibly have chucked it up I would have done so, but things are moving now, or will do before long. What you fellows at home don't understand is that the worst thing about the war is the infernal waiting for month after month with nothing whatever to do. You come out for active service, and when you get there you wait, and wait, and wait, until you wish you were dead. We did have one little excitement in about a twelvemonth, but that was all.'

'What was that?' I queried.

'Well, it is so long ago that there is no harm in telling you. As I was saying, it had been deadly dull on our bit of the front ever since the Somme business had opened—I was farther north, you know—and we were all getting absolutely fed up with having nothing to do. The Motor Transport headquarters was like a Government office, where we played from ten to four, with two hours for lunch, and I do not know who were the more weary of it, the officers or the men. There were always odd repairing jobs going on, just to keep us from being absolutely idle, but that was all. The Boches were as quiet as mice, and I really believe that you might have stood on the parapet of the front trench and admired the view without having a shot fired at you, for Fritz seemed to have received orders not to make trouble. As for a German aeroplane, we did not see one for weeks at a time. The fact was that all the big guns on both sides had gone down to the Somme, and without big guns in trench warfare there is nothing doing. What few we had got we banged off now and then just to show the Germans that we had got them; but they hardly ever replied. I think they were worse off than we were.'

'One morning, however, as I was strolling into the one-time barn, which served as our repairing-shop, an orderly handed me a "chit," in which I was instructed to take six lorries down to the railway station at the rear. There I should find two large naval guns, with their crews and ammunition, waiting; *item*, two caterpillar tractors to draw the said guns. I was to bring the guns to a certain spot not far from Divisional H.Q., and leave them there with all the rest of the set-out.

'Just as I had finished reading it, up comes Farquhar of the H.Q. staff, and says, "Hallo, Gardner! the general has sent me to hurry you up. He is awfully anxious about those guns. They are on their way to the Somme, and he has only got the loan of them for two days. They must be back on rail to-morrow night. Our airmen tell us that there is great activity at the junction at —, behind the German lines. None of the guns that we have left will touch it; but these boys will. We have got the emplacements all ready for them. Whatever you do, don't bring them beyond —" (the spot mentioned in the "chit"), "for it would spoil the whole show if the Boches were to spot them."

'I lost no time in getting the lorries, and was at the railway under the hour. Here I found the guns and crews and ammunition waiting; also the two caterpillars. I soon got the naval men and the ammunition into the lorries, and then hitched both caterpillars on to one of the guns, which was also on caterpillar wheels. I had never seen these caterpillars before, and when we started they gave me a fright. Of all the fearful noises, these things made about the worst. They rattled and snorted so that you could have heard them for miles, and I quite understood why I was ordered not to bring them beyond —. There had been no rain for a week, and the roads were in good condition, so we went along in fine style, although the caterpillars would have got along all right even if the roads had been bad. I got to my destination without any mishap, and then took the caterpillars back for the other

gun, which presented no more trouble than the first.

'As soon as it grew dark the guns were dragged over the hard ground—it was a clear, frosty night—by men and horses, over the hill, down the other side, and nearly to the top of the next rise, on the other side of which were the trenches, and got on to their emplacements almost without a hitch, and nicely *camouflaged*. It was rather dangerously close to Fritz, but it was a question whether the guns would reach their objective if they had been three or four miles back, where they ought to have been for safety, and the general took the risk.

'The next morning that railway junction was completely smashed up. Our airmen reported that we had hit two trains full of troops, and had reduced the whole station and all the rolling-stock lying there to matchwood. And the guns only fired six or eight rounds between them. The Germans were taken completely by surprise, and it was a long time before their guns started to reply. But by that time it was all over.

'So far, so good; but about the middle of the day it began to rain, and it rained, and it rained, and still it rained. By nightfall everything was a mass of mud. I had had orders to be ready with the caterpillars as soon as it was dark, at the point where the guns had been left originally. There I waited expectantly in the pouring rain beside the caterpillars. One hour, two hours, three hours went by, but no guns appeared.

'Presently I saw two misty figures coming down the road, and heard my name called out. It was Farquhar speaking. "Is that you, Gardner? Are your caterpillars ready? We're

in a nice fix. We hadn't got one of those infernal guns half-a-dozen yards off the concrete when it stuck fast in the mud, and an earthquake won't make it budge an inch. We shall have to take the caterpillars right up. Wait a bit before you start. Blenkinsop is on the phone with the general, and we are going to give Fritz something to think about and try to distract his attention, so that he won't twig what we are doing. If he hears those blessed caterpillars it will be all up with our 'posh' guns. As soon as you hear the racket begin, go ahead as fast as you can. I know the ground well, and I am to stop with you and guide you. Curse this rain! If it hadn't been for that we should have got on all right. Now, if these engines won't do the trick we shall be nicely snookered. Those guns must be on rail by the morning."

'We waited for about half-an-hour, and there was hardly a sound. Then all of a sudden hell was let loose. Every gun, every howitzer, every trench-mortar, everything that would go off started. And they fired for all they were worth. The Germans must have thought we were preparing a grand offensive. The noise was deafening, and through the infernal din we moved the caterpillars up. Even their snorts were lost in the general pandemonium. At last we reached the guns, and hooked both engines on to one of them. Thank Heaven! it moved; and slowly, almost inch by inch, we dragged it through the mud and over the hill on to the comparatively hard road. Then we went back for the other. Directly we got over the hill the pandemonium stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and before daylight we had dragged those guns to the railway, and the general had kept his word.'

## THE WHITE HORSE BOOM.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.

ONE of the most remarkable episodes in the history of Australian gold-mining, and one which had a strange and tragic ending, was that which was known as the White Horse Boom. It was all the more remarkable because it was brought about by a youth of twenty, James Coyle by name, who jumped into fame as the Boy Speculator.

The meteoric career of this youth, before he vanished mysteriously from the scene, was truly astonishing. At seventeen he was a junior reporter on an evening journal in Melbourne. It was at the time when speculation in gold-mines was at its height; when shopkeepers, farmers, and even artisans hazarded their hard-earned savings in the hope of waking up one morning to find themselves rich. Coyle may have been bitten by the craze, or else—being an enterprising and long-headed youth—

he may have found newspaper work too slow for him. At any rate, he forsook his journal and plunged into the vortex of speculation at Ballarat.

From the first his success was remarkable. He appeared to have the Midas touch. Every mine into which he put money yielded him large profits. The Boy Speculator quickly became a prominent figure on the Exchange at Ballarat, and even experienced brokers watched to follow his lead. Before he was twenty he had amassed a fortune bordering on twenty thousand pounds.

The mine known as the White Horse had been worked unsuccessfully for years. It was one of those unlucky ventures in which nobody had the slightest faith. The shares had dropped almost to zero, for the meagre yield was barely sufficient to pay working expenses.

When, therefore, it became known that Coyle was buying these, apparently worthless shares, it caused a flutter of excitement in Ballarat. He knew something—that was evident. It was rumoured that he was on friendly terms with the underground manager of the White Horse, one Zadok Raymond; and the conclusion arrived at was that the latter had furnished him with secret information. It was sufficient, however, that Coyle—whose judgment never seemed at fault—was buying the shares, and buying heavily. There was a rush to secure them before they rose too high. The Exchange was besieged by an eager, excited crowd, drawn from almost every walk in life. The rich trader rubbed shoulders with the artisan in his working-clothes, the shopkeeper with the clerk who had saved a few pounds.

The shares went up literally by leaps and bounds. The first day they jumped from a few shillings to one pound, then to thirty shillings, then to two pounds. The market closed at that price. There were buyers in abundance at two pounds or over, but no sellers. The brokers were nonplussed. They had held off at first, not knowing what to think, and vainly seeking information in every direction. Coyle, when appealed to, preserved a Sphinx-like attitude. There was an enigmatical smile on his boyish face. Telegrams were despatched to the mine, begging for information; mounted messengers posted away in hot haste to make inquiries on the spot. No information was forthcoming, however. Those in charge of the mine declared there were no grounds, so far as they were aware, for the excitement. No lode had been struck, no fresh discoveries made. They expressed surprise at the phenomenal rise in the price of the shares, for which they professed themselves wholly unable to account.

In spite of these damping reports, however, the shares continued to mount in price. The brokers could no longer stand out. They were drawn into the speculation, with the result that in one week White Horse shares rose to seventeen pounds.

Then came a startling, though welcome, surprise. News reached Ballarat that a reef of gold-bearing ore had been struck in one of the old side-shafts of the mine—a shaft long abandoned as hopeless. It was impossible to gauge the extent of the reef, but the sample of the ore sent to Ballarat showed gold in plenty. Another wild rush for White Horse shares followed. Up, up went the price, until it touched thirty pounds per share. Nor did it stop at that figure. People appeared to have lost their heads in a mad desire to grow rich. While the boom lasted, the shares were quoted as high as sixty pounds.

It was at this juncture, as was afterwards ascertained, that Coyle began to unload his shares. He did so in a very cautious and

secret manner, through certain agents in his employ, he himself still professing unshaken faith in the mine. The market was easier for a time; but fresh speculators were not wanting, and the shares maintained a high level all through.

Then came the crash. The reef had given out. It proved to be a solitary vein of limited extent, and search revealed no further gold-bearing ore in the vicinity. Down tumbled White Horse shares. In an incredibly short space of time they could have been bought for sixty shillings instead of sixty pounds. They fell lower still, for it was sadly apparent that the mine was now as worthless as it had been before the boom. Hundreds were ruined, some lost every penny of their life-savings; in one or two cases despair drove the unfortunate speculator to suicide.

Coyle had vanished. It was ascertained that he had left the country secretly, having previously realised his shares in all his mining ventures, and carrying away a large fortune with him. This alone was suspicious; but when it was found that Raymond, the underground manager of the White Horse mine, had disappeared also, there was little room for doubt that they had worked a clever swindle of some description between them.

Inquiries were set on foot, and resulted in a surprising fact being brought to light. It appeared that some six months prior to the boom Coyle had entered into negotiations with a New Zealand broker, from whom he had purchased twenty thousand pounds' worth of gold-bearing ore. Investigations at the mine itself led to a still more astounding discovery. In a disused shed, covered up with lumber, a trap-door was found. Underneath, leading down to the abandoned side-shaft, was a secret passage. The conclusion was obvious. Coyle, with the aid of his friend Raymond, had constructed the reef himself! It was for that purpose, beyond doubt, he had purchased the ore from the New Zealand broker. It must have been conveyed secretly to the mine and stored away until required, probably in the disused shed. Raymond was in a position to see to that, and also to prevent any premature discovery. Then the two confederates had carried the ore down through the passage they had constructed, and built up the supposed reef.

Coyle and Raymond had taken to flight after their daring fraud. Every attempt to trace one or the other failed. Rewards were offered for their capture, but without result. Yet the affair, as already stated, had a curious and tragic sequel, which took place years afterwards in a far-off land.

It happened that a mining engineer named Sedgwick, who had been at Ballarat during the White Horse boom, was travelling in a remote

part of Brazil. His journey brought him to a small town, where he heard much talk of a wealthy stranger—supposed to be an Englishman—who had built himself a magnificent abode in the neighbourhood. The house, which was described as resembling a palace, crowned an eminence, while the slopes were laid out in terraces or planted with shady orange-groves; and there, in solitary splendour, but surrounded by a staff of native servants, lived the wealthy and eccentric Englishman. He was known to be eccentric, because he made it a practice to close every entrance to the house after dark, and rarely set foot outside his own beautiful grounds.

Sedgwick's curiosity was aroused. He determined to visit this mysterious Englishman. It was with some difficulty he was admitted to the grounds; and, as he climbed from terrace to terrace toward the white mansion on top, he could not help reflecting on the wonders that wealth can accomplish. It had transformed this hill from its native wilderness into something approaching fairyland.

He had almost reached the house itself, when, in stepping on to a broad, sunlit terrace, he came face to face with—James Coyle. He described him afterwards as looking almost as boyish as ever; but there appeared to be a curious restlessness and watchfulness in his eyes, as though he had to be perpetually on his guard. Sedgwick had not the least doubt of his identity. He was so convinced that this was the erstwhile Boy Speculator that the reception he met with took him by surprise.

'Well, Mr Coyle,' he said, 'just fancy coming across you here! It brings one back to the old days in Ballarat.'

The other stared at him in a cold and repellent fashion. Whether the attitude was assumed or not, there was no trace of recognition in his eyes. 'You mistake, sir,' he said in a haughty tone. 'My name is not Coyle, and I know nothing of Ballarat.' He turned away and walked straight into the house, never once looking round, until the door had closed upon him. Sedgwick was compelled to accept the rebuff, and turn back. He rode away, wondering if by any chance he could have been mistaken. From inquiries he made in the town, it seemed that the stranger was not known by the name of Coyle; but that counted for little, as it was only to be expected he would seek to cloak his identity by assuming a different name.

If any doubt remained in Sedgwick's mind, however, it was set at rest in a tragic manner. While he was still detained in the little town, a native servant from the mansion on the hill rode in one evening in breathless haste. He had a startling story to tell. Less than an hour before his master had been found lying in one of the beautiful orange-groves, shot through the back. There was no doctor in the little town,

and Sedgwick volunteered to accompany the man to the house and render what aid he could. On his arrival he found the boyish-looking owner stretched on a couch in the magnificent vestibule. He was breathing with difficulty, for he had been shot through the lungs, and it was evident his end was near. He only lasted a few minutes, indeed; but before he expired he managed to gasp out these disjointed words: 'Zadok—shot—revenge—forgive.'

To Sedgwick, and to those in Ballarat who subsequently heard the story, the tragic affair needed no further elucidation. They recalled the fact that Raymond's Christian name was Zadok—a name so uncommon as alone to reveal the identity of the assailant. It was plain that Coyle had not kept faith with his partner in the White Horse fraud. He had fled with the entire plunder, leaving the other to fare as best he might. Raymond had pursued him for years, seeking revenge, until at last he ran him down in his beautiful retreat in Brazil.

Zadok Raymond, it may be stated in conclusion, was never traced.

#### THE PRIEST'S GRAVE, ST MAWGAN.

By OSWALD H. HARDY.

'BROTHER AUGUSTINE' and an old-time scrawl  
Of date and 'Jesu Mercy' on a stone;  
A thrush is singing from the convent wall;  
Thy grave, the bird, and I are here alone.

That rough-hewn cross, seared with the scars of  
time,  
Was old long centuries before thy day.  
It linked thy hermit musings with the prime  
When wandering saints stopped here their  
northern sway.

Fresh from the Cross, those early Fathers bore  
Its message to the lands beyond the sea,  
And here, implanted near the Atlantic roar,  
Left this mute image of its sanctity.

What was thy life?—thy round of daily dole,  
Of daily masses and monastic bread?  
What eased the hunger of the living soul,  
From what high source was thy best nature fed?

What was thy solace as the hours went by,  
And men, thy fellows, fought the world and sin?  
Were all thy thoughts bent on thy breviary—  
Sole mirror that to view thy failings in?

No, more than these, the breath of whispering pine  
Told thee of secrets hid from worldly eyes;  
The flowers that clustered round this hoary shrine  
Were decked for thee with life's infinities.

Thy lonely life rebukes our daily coil  
The ill-wrought web our restless lands entwine.  
Could we but spurn the joys that lure and foil,  
And pass our days as near the Cross as thine!

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

A CONSEQUENCE of the war, as lately we had occasion to remark, is our attainment of a certain comprehension of the million. The gathering of men and the spending of pounds in the largest quantities available—or unavailable, as it has sometimes seemed—have trained us to some sort of understanding and realisation of the units, or at least the hundreds and the thousands, that go to make the million. It is not only our new familiarity with this colossus, as a sum or a number in regular use for the most practical purposes, that has brought us to this comprehension—or contempt, perhaps, such as comes with familiarity—in the same way that all our thoughts and our imaginations have been widened in three years of the most impressive demonstration that life and possibility are not so narrow as had been unthinkingly assumed; there is also the evidence presented to us unceasingly that the million has become small in comparison with its former self, and that the eminent milliard, from being a luxury, has become, with Governments at all events, a necessity for common reckonings. Upon these obscure nights we look so often with new thoughts and questions, and sometimes apprehensions, to the starlit skies, wondering, it may be, if among those twinklings also there are wars, and if the terrible testing of fitness for survival progresses there as on poor, struggling Earth. We may wonder, now that humans have definitely left the surface in their enterprises and soar upwards, if ever, at some far reach of time, there shall be contests between these sparkling entities; and then we may recall what a learned astronomer lately informed us, that there are, it is believed, between one and two milliards—in other words, from one to two thousand millions—of stars in the full expanse of the skies. These stars, better perhaps than anything else we see and try to understand, convey to us a vague apprehension of infinity and an omnipotence beyond. On the deck of his ship in the waters of Egypt one night Napoleon, who also had his apprehensions, joined a group of his officers who were conversing as materialists and worldlings, and observing, 'Tell me, gentlemen, who made all these?' pointed upwards to the heavenly lights. Even in the matter of quantities they, as nothing else,

so it seems to-day, present obstacles to our new comprehension. The astronomer tells us that two faint patches of light which are to be seen in the southern hemisphere, called the Magellanic clouds, contain a group of twenty-five stars, which are six hundred times more luminous than the sun; and the experts have calculated that they are so many miles away from the earth as is to be suggested only by the figures 186 with fifteen round ciphers following (186,000,000,000,000,000), which is really 186 thousand million million, or, as it may be better put, 186 million milliards. That is a long way. But, in considering it too far for thought, let us reflect that not so long ago a traveller who dared the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York seemed to have approached the boundaries of earth; yet now this New York is, as one fancies, sitting at our very table, and the whole world is shrunk, and has been completely gathered into one bloody scheme of war like a game upon a board. We have come to realise that the world in various ways is too small for an undisciplined and much-multiplied man, who unfortunately, and to his own undoing, has been entrusted with a number of wonderful and beautiful secrets of Nature, and has merely maddened himself by misuse of the materials with which he might have achieved an extent of glory and happiness which to our poor minds is hardly more comprehensible than is the distance of those Magellanic clouds. It is shown that even if the war were now to end, this country of ours would be left with nearly two hundred millions of pounds to find every year for interest on the new national debt incurred in the struggle. Once a year. Looking upon the little children for whom we say we fight these wars, one may turn to wonder what could have been done for the training and welfare of our little Britons with two hundred millions every year. What a race might have been made of them! How much of the millennium, as one might fancifully put it, might not have been bought and paid for on their behalf with the money exploded in these three years of war expenditure! Some remember how in the past but two or three timid little millions were often grudged for such a purpose. Necessity, necessity—yes, it is necessity; yet necessity with a 'but' to follow. The lights in

the firmament of night were surely hung there for a suggestion to emerging man—and long before him—very long. Perhaps they will continue there for a million years, and what will the men of earth be like then, and the beings of other planets, or the anythings, as we can only vaguely suggest the possibilities of evolution? How for that struggle of the survival of the fittest? In what form will it be still continued? To what strange shape will humanity have developed? What will have become of its mind and body, misused as they had been? How many separate ages, like the ice age, will have been lived through? Will humanity be erased, as having been a failure, and creation of living form be begun again from the mass of germinating matter? Perhaps such changes, and more, might be effected in a million years, or, if that were not enough, then a milliard. The grand creation, in its long development, you see, can wait, as poor, wayward man, it seems, can not. There is infinity at the disposal of time.

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Thinking men have found it serviceable in these days, when careless minds are sometimes tempted to move towards an utter abandonment and materialism, to look at the starlit sky at night and meditate upon the limitless. The war is a thing of enormous importance, to ourselves, to our children, to posterity, and to the future of civilisation, as we put it. Yet in too many of the pompous considerations of these times does it not seem to be subconsciously assumed that not merely the twentieth century and the world, but the fate of infinity and the universe, are enwrapped in this struggle? Is it not a further pretty axiom that man in his present form, in some respects if not all, is an ultimate? Never was egoism more naïve than in this assumption. Man with his diseases, his habits, his errors, his selfishness, insincerity, and materialism, and his remarkable wars—behold him for an ultimate achievement! Regard the stars, consider in bowed humility a Creator, and infinity, and millions of years of time ahead, and ask again if this man that we see performing now could be the last effort of a Power with infinity at disposal. Is he not rather an experiment, and, as it may seem for the present, not the most successful? The most impressive thought, fullest in meaning of the infinite, in all the hymns of the Church is contained in those tremendous, shaking lines, simple as they seem:

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone.

There is more truth and revelation in those two lines than in a million ordinary sermons. Not long ago we here, you and I, were considering some discovery that had been made at Mizamar—which is, I think, in South America—of stone implements and human objects, seeming to indicate that man already existed in the Tertiary

epoch, which may have been anything from a hundred and fifty thousand to half a million years back from now. This age in which we live, and so painfully struggle to-day, will it be better known and remembered—or respected—in a million or a milliard years than the Tertiary is, man probably having died out, or nearly, a few times in the interval, and having, perhaps, been redeveloped? With our new comprehension of millions, do not let us lose our sense of proportion amid the obsessing difficulties with which we are at present concerned. This struggle may seem important to us; but in the scheme of the universe and infinity, in which we may be but the experiment of a moment in an odd corner of a grand system, it may be nothing. If we try to imagine or suppose a line of progress from the plainest matter, simple stirring earth just beginning to germinate, to some ultimate ideal of an infinite Power, is it not almost certain that we still, as men at war, are much nearer to the animals behind than to the gods ahead? Yet some have likened us to gods! However, we are, for all that, in the Power's control, and though but an experiment, it may happen that this experiment will prove of extreme importance and consequence in the development of the great scheme, and it is clearly our business and duty to strain with it to the limits of our capacity. That is our part in the process of development, and though we know of important experiments in destiny in ages past, we are aware of none that, the world being now so full and so much developed, has seemed so big with the fate of humanity—humanity as we know it now, and as it has subsisted through one short 'evening' of the Power. Here, then, is a test of duty, discipline, and endeavour, a clear charge to proceed with the war as well and as thoroughly as we can. This age of the world may be the critical second in the development of the universe towards some dazzling end of perfection, and there is the stupendous responsibility upon us to take the chance and exert ourselves to the utmost according to belief and strength. As a second though it be in that one short evening of a thousand ages, this era of earth, after all, has its place in the universal march. In the simple life of a human being, how often does it not happen that all his destiny, his place and circumstances, his occupation, friends, relatives, his veritable issue, and so his influence upon time and man, have depended, as it appeared, on the turning of a head, the crossing of a street, the missing of a train, or any trifle that has changed the intended action of a moment to some other, and with such change introduced a chain of other events of ascending importance! So with the war; we do not know to what it leads.

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The foregoing, though it may lack the appearance thereof, is a simple introduction to a glance at one of the strong features and symbols of

Washington, U.S.A. Upon first thought it may not seem reasonable intimately to associate the headquarters of America with these considerations, such as they are, of the evolution of man and his unknown fate; with the stars, the Power, the great infinity, or even the millions and the milliards with which we began. But yea, the millions, they are American things, and it was a first thought of Washington that led one to think of our modern familiarity with the massed formations of these figures which daily make great demonstrations in the newspapers. We seem to estimate their power precisely. We know the extent of their efficiency, their buying, fighting power in days of war. Above all in these days, American milliards and millions become the dominating influences. The dominance, the offensive, is with them. Washington—which we were considering a month ago—seems as a spiritual home of the million. It seems to be the power-house of the seven-figure standard; from here a golden current, giving life and energy to the Allies at war, flows to their nerve-centres across the seas. Gold of Washington roars from the mouths of guns on the Western front, in Italy, out in the East, and elsewhere. The United States—saying it with respect and admiration and, in the case of many of us, affection—is the centre of the new life of the world; only now does she begin to be thoroughly and deeply touched by some spiritual workings, and to think of destiny—of the stars and life and infinity—in a new way. Those stars upon her banner may indeed murmur a new story, make a new suggestion to her; the blood-red stripes beside them begin already to sing of sacrifice. William Gibbs McAdoo, of the Treasury, is a grand ordainer of American force. Daily the cables tell us of the achievements of this marvellous institution in which is represented the great work of the American people for a hundred years, the token of their splendid and honest labour. The other day we were informed that there was approximately a milliard of money in circulation in the United States—that is to say, about nine pounds eight shillings per head, which, in the American term, is 'the best ever,' the record. Although the Government has endeavoured to withdraw gold from circulation as much as possible, there was then still the equivalent of more than seventy-four million pounds moving in gold coin in the land. This, added to what is held in reserve, amounted near the end of last year to over eleven thousand million pounds, which was two hundred million pounds more than the previous year. A few days later there was the announcement that the Treasury Estimates reached two thousand seven hundred million pounds, of which all but half a milliard was needed for the war. Then Mr McAdoo mentioned that two milliards of pounds (keep in mind that a milliard is a thousand millions)

would have to be issued as securities in the following seven months. He reported that the cost of the war to the American people, including the Allied loans, for the two years which will end next June twelvemonth will exceed seven thousand two hundred million pounds; but he specifically warned his countrymen that 'exigencies of the future may cause changes,' and many financial experts in America believe that the total cost to the United States in two years may reach ten thousand million pounds . . . . This is the new way of reckoning the American progress in supplementary figures. It may seem to some that it is like a timid step towards infinity, and the stars on Old Glory may lead to thoughts of the stars of night and all eternity.

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For me, I am brought to think again of Washington, and of the Treasury there, which is the fountain of strength to the cause of the Allies. I remember a visit to the Treasury late in the afternoon of a day in the early fall. Two circumstances caused the experience to be deeply struck upon the mind. One of these was the obvious, the acute, impression of national wealth that is afforded by what is seen within that vast and majestic building at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 15th Street, which, with its grand dimensions, its array of Corinthian columns, and the rest, is second only to the Capitol itself in architectural importance. The other circumstance was that here a wanderer encountered again one of those fine courtesies in the exercise of which the Americans are equalled, if by anybody, by the Spaniards alone. The Americans, wishing always to give an honest stranger some good impression of their land and people, never cease to strive after the utmost effect on the mind of the visitor. They will even incur risks and break rules. Of necessity, the regulations about strangers looking through the Treasury are strict; they are very strict indeed. No such caller is supposed to pass within the portals after two o'clock; that is a stern decree. I had postponed my visit until my last day in Washington, and then by some mischance had overlooked this rule. At half-past three I realised the unhappy truth; the single extenuation was that of having been over the Potomac out Mount Vernon way, where George Washington lived and died. However, it was necessary for me to see the Treasury, and see it well and thoroughly, be American laws what they might. Entering at a side-door in 15th Street, I explained the case to a sympathetic official. He referred the stranger to another, and the second to a third. The belated aspirant was then sent on with a certain introduction to a high official entitled the Captain of the Watch, the name suggesting for once in America something of old France, or the England of the days when there were fine uniforms about the

Tower. He was arrayed neither in colours nor in silks, nor had he a gun or a sword. He wore a black coat, and he sat at an American desk. He was told of the pitiable state a curious wanderer would find himself in did he sail the seas again towards the rising sun without having contemplated the inside of the American Treasury. The Captain of the Watch rose, shook the stranger's hand, and told off his chief secretary to afford him the most thorough inspection and explanation of the Treasury that was possible.

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Here are to be seen the notes prepared and new, ready to go out into the world and do their business, great masses of them representing wealth unthinkable; here too one sees others just come home again, weary and worn, being done for finally in the macerator after being cancelled. When enormous forces like millions of money are dealt with, there must be strict rules and regulations, to be obeyed with delicacy, for it is as if lightning were being handled. One observes the majestic order and system in the great Cash-Room, with its walls lined with American and Italian marble, one of the costliest apartments in the world; and one wonders upon the precautionary formalities with which the old notes that have had their day are brought to the macerator. The birth and the life of the note are interesting enough, and it is highly entertaining to look upon the extraordinary specimens of forgeries, rare as they are, that are exhibited, and to know that the most expert examiners in this special department of the Treasury are ladies; but somehow there is an odd instinct in the stranger that gives him a special interest in the place of the executioners, where, with more niceties and regulations than old-time French revolutionaries would have observed for the removal of aristocratic heads by guillotine, the authorities here work a macerator and put an end for ever to dollar and other bills that have done their duty. It is so necessary that, sentence of destruction having been passed on such a time- and work-worn note, it should be really destroyed after its formal cancellation, and not permitted again to attempt some unhallowed operation. There has already been a knife at work before the macerator is employed. The doomed notes, or bills, as they always call them in the States, are counted and made up into a thick package, and this is cut down the middle by the big blade of a special cutting-knife. One half of this divided package then goes to the Register's office, and the other to the Secretary's department. The half-sheets are counted in each office, and if the countings correspond the two lots are despatched to the macerator. The object of this process, and the reason for the care with which the final destruction is accomplished, are clear—to prevent the possibility of two halves ever being made into one note again.

There are clever people in America, and no man knows where they may not be found. And in these precautions to prevent fraud in a country where paper money was universal during generations when we affected to despise such flimsy stuff and weighed our pockets down with metal, we see something of that thoroughness which America is now applying to her tremendous part in the war. Every day the macerator does its business. It is a big spherical receptacle of steel, which contains water, and is fitted inside with a series of knives closely set together. The lid is very heavy, and is fastened down by three Yale locks, each with its own key. The Treasurer keeps the key of one lock, the Secretary has a second, and the Comptroller of the Currency keeps the third. At one o'clock every day these three high officials or their deputies, and with them a fourth appointed by the Secretary to represent the banks and the people, meet by the macerator to deposit in it superannuated money that has been sentenced to extermination. Each personage unfastens his particular lock, the ponderous lid is lifted, the packages of halved bank-notes are tumbled in, and a million dollars are done for by the one hundred and fifty-six steel knives. The mass is cut and ground finely, and more finely still, and some time later the committee of four unlock a valve, the liquid pulp of what once was notes flows out and is screened into a pit underneath, then transferred to the bureau of engraving and printing, and there rolled out into sheets of bookbinder's board, and sold for forty dollars a ton.

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This is the storehouse. It was stated the other day that the net balance of the Treasury had reached the new high record of one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight million dollars. They told me that they generally kept in the building a stock of about seven hundred and fifty million dollars. They led me to the wonder of wonders, where, beyond cagings and iron bars, and with hidden electric appliances which would catch up any madman who thought he might steal from the money bosom of the United States of America, I saw a great safe, standing boldly in the light, amid an impressive stillness. This, I saw, was the Altar of Wealth. That idea leaped instantly into the mind. One would have thought it right had there been ambient golden vapours and a strange incense. Within the safe there was wealth uncountable, and—here for one of the contradictions that arise whenever we pass beyond ordinary reckonings and stride out for the country of infinity—there were other representations of wealth so great that the safe was not safe enough for them, and they had to be placed outside, on the top of it, in full view, so that the watchers and the high authorities passing by at intervals might always know that they were there. This symbol of wealth so great that safes were too unsafe for it con-

sisted of one neat packet containing four thousand notes, each of which was of the ten thousand dollar denomination, so that the package stood for forty million dollars. It rested there above the safe like an appalling concentrated power. This package of paper was stronger than many men. One felt timid in looking upon it. This is the kind of terrible power that controls the world. It is for this that men and races live, and fight, and die. It is even for this that wars are made. But at that time neither I nor my guiding American friend knew that the sum reposing on the safe would be only sufficient to pay the costs of one day of the war that was coming on. The vault in which it was stored was closed by a combination of a clock and a lock that only permitted it to be opened when a certain time-limit expired. The vault could not be entered

at any other time save by destroying it. If you or I, turned adventurous, developed a scheme for penetrating it, the only result would be that electric bells would instantly warn the chief of police and the military authorities at Fort Myer and the Arsenal, and police, cavalry, and foot-soldiers would bear down upon us. The Captain of the Watch could immediately arm a thousand men in the place itself, who would probably be able to cope with us—with you and me—even before the army from Fort Myer and the Arsenal assumed a palpable offensive. The truth is that there is a marvellous arrangement here for guarding the Treasury. It is one of the many reflections that lingered in my mind after each visit I paid to America of a tremendous thoroughness where most needed, and those memories are a comfort now.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER VIII.

**W**ITH hard, unseeing eyes David Hardy stood staring after the vanishing horseman; then, rousing himself with a jerk, he re-entered the cabin, and began setting it in order for a long day's absence. This done, he arranged his practical forester's dress as neatly as though for a holiday jaunt—clean, dark flannel shirt snugly buttoned round his short, bronzed throat, broad leather belt with furnishings of hatchet and cartridges, corduroy breeches, and heavy nailed boots, laced and buckled to his knee. Although of only average height, he was well knit, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and a face at first sight so attractive by reason of bright brown eyes, ready-smiling mouth, and firm square chin, that only a physiognomist would have noted other less amiable traits in the black brows rather too nearly meeting, and a certain dourness which brooded upon his features in repose.

Reaching for his wide-brimmed felt hat, about which by way of band was twisted the mottled skin of a rattle-snake with tassel of several well-developed 'rattles,' he caught his own reflection in the hanging glass, revealing Nat Duncan's handiwork in all its grotesque defiance of tonsorial art. From the back of his head and round about his ears the hair had been shorn so close that barely would pincers have availed to pick it up, whereas upon the crown, and tossing wildly about his forehead, survived a great touse of jetty curls, which, when pressed down below his hat-brim, gave the whole countenance a sinister expression.

For a moment the unfortunate victim of this outrage gazed half-startled at his own image; then, angrily exclaiming, 'The infernal fool!' flung out of the cabin, slamming the door behind him, and consigning the key to its usual hiding-place, betook himself to the wood-shed,

snatched up a bridle, and hurried across to the corral.

A long search for his horses in the wide-lying meadow, with its constantly encroaching bush and groves of young spruce and pine, did not improve a temper already sorely tried. David Hardy, however, was not the sort of man to avenge his own personal grievances upon an animal, albeit it was with neither caress nor friendly greeting that he slipped the bridle over the head of the fresher of his two horses and led it away to saddle. David was that type of person whose animals, though they may not fear, yet never aspire to the proud dignity of friendship, because an unerring instinct informs them that to such a one an animal is merely an 'animal,' and 'nothing more.' Thus to David no horse ever came on the gallop with glad neigh and soft, caressing muzzle; dogs only sniffed at his boots and passed by; cats (canniest appraisers of man's best-concealed idiosyncrasies) crouched and hid at sight of him, or fled on swift, soundless feet. This misfortune on the forester's part—for a misfortune it assuredly is, thus to miss a host of friends in the anteroom of life—was, to do him justice, not the result so much of natural temperament as of certain conditions and influences that shaped his childhood.

The eldest of a large and ever-increasing family of children, whose parents had little leisure from the pressure of the moment in providing food and clothing for rapidly growing bodies to lavish caresses upon them, his earliest recollection was of his father's sharp command to 'sit down in a chair and not bother,' when, as a very small boy, still in pinafores, he had cried to be taken on his mother's lap, upon which perched a fat little brother, while already in the cradle a tiny sister made faces and wailed to be lifted.

Their mother, hearing the rough chiding, had hastily wiped the tear-stained little face of her first-born, and whispering into his ear, 'David is a *man* now!' had sown in the child's swelling heart the first seeds of that self-repression which forms so large a part of the thorny crown of maturity. From that hour all infantile indulgences were sturdily thrust aside in a pathetic endeavour to prove himself the man his mother said he was, and in this he was encouraged by her secret ambition that this eldest son of hers should rise to a fitting place in the world. For David's mother came of good stock, the daughter of a schoolmaster in a town not large, but sufficiently so for his social position to be no mean one; and although as a mere girl she had rather stepped outside of her own circle by marrying a young master builder, she carried to her new home, and later to the cradle of her first-born, the determination that her father's grandchildren should not disgrace him. But a rapidly filling nursery in a small house that was *all* nursery, the scarcity of money and of help in the household laying upon her devoted pair of hands the work of half-a-dozen, had compelled her to concentrate all her energies upon the physical well-being of her children, and the hurt to her pride resulted in a seeming austerity towards them and a rigid economy in the management of the home. Toys were few; pets there were none. The dog which followed his master to and from his daily work had no place in the family life; the fear of dirty paws prohibited his entering the house, kennel he had none, and his bed, summer and winter, was the door-mat. The one cat, suffered to exist solely because of the depredations of mice in the larder, took pot-luck with the dog, was never allowed to come into the kitchen, let alone to raise a kitten, and fled at sight of the children.

'There are mouths enough to feed, and sufficient work keeping you children fed and clean, without having cats and dogs all over the place,' Mrs Hardy would insist when one of them begged for a kitten or a puppy.

So, although no children better dressed and shod attended the village school, they entirely missed the wholesome influence and happiness of living creatures dependent upon their care, and grew up on purely self-centred lines. From his mother, too, the little David early learned the precept that 'a penny saved is a penny earned,' she having given him a wonderful savings-bank in the shape of a large metal dog, painted brown, by the pressure of whose stiffly feathered tail the big mouth opened, and any fraction of a dollar, from a copper cent to a silver 'quarter,' was greedily swallowed down a vermilion throat. Once within its spacious stomach, there was no recovering the valuable provender without smashing the dog; and so, although at first David had been delighted to feed it with every available penny, he soon

learned to regard the toy with anything but a friendly eye, inasmuch as all his slender store of pocket-money was invariably consigned to the metal dog and beyond retrieve.

Added to this, his first glimpse into another home, and a philosophy other than that in which he was reared, resulted not in a softening of his early view of life, but rather the reverse. It happened on this wise. When David was about eleven or twelve years old, already adding, during his holidays, small earnings to the family income and more 'food' to the metal dog, there came to live in the village some Scotch people, whose tow-headed, rosy-cheeked, sturdy-legged offspring were schoolfellows of the Hardys, and who for a time bought milk of the Hardys' cow. David, being one evening commissioned to deliver the new milk, tapped at the door of the kitchen, which the Andersons, unlike the majority of their Californian neighbours, used also as the family sitting-room. David, being admitted, and sitting awkwardly on the edge of a chair, rolled his quick, brown eyes round and about him in mute astonishment. It seemed to him as though the room were filled with animals. On a rug before the fire a large collie lay watching his mistress busily stirring a goodly pot of oatmeal; another dog, of a nondescript kind, was curled up (wonder of wonders!) in a deep, cushioned chair beside his master, on whose knee, as well as on the foot of the stove-oven, on a corner of the table, in the window, were lying cats of all sizes; while kittens rolled and romped, and raced up and down the curtains, the entire family laughing merrily over their antics. Then, just as Mrs Anderson, pouring the porridge into bowls and adding milk, had set it on the floor for the two dogs, there was a scrape-scape at the door, a skirmish among the children as to who should be first to open it, and then there bounded in a great, clumping puppy, his big paws brown with mud, and began leaping up at his mistress. Mrs Anderson, hastily gathering up the clean apron with which her ample waist was girt, laughingly made pretence of scolding, while the children shrieked with delight; and even their father, taking the pipe from his mouth, joined in the fun, saying, 'Have a care of your braw apron, mithers. "Jock" cares na ane straw for clean claes.—Ah, but you're a bad laddie, "Jock,"' he went on, shaking at him a reproving finger, and then leaning forward to pinch the ear of the truant, who, unabashed, was fawning on his knee and licking the cat's face. 'Best gi'e him his parritch and a drop o' the new milk, Jean,' he said to his wife. 'It'll maybe learn the prodigal that there's nae place like hame.' And Mrs Anderson, half-protesting, nevertheless took the lid from the milk-tin, and added a judicious cupful to the puppy's portion of supper.

All this time the boy David had sat a mute and amazed spectator of this domestic miracle—

play. Too young and uninstructed to see beneath the surface or rightly to appraise the relative value of things in life, he felt his heart swell and harden at sight of so much affection and tenderness, of which he himself had had so small a share, lavished upon mere animals; and when before his eyes the great, dirty pup, with forelegs well apart and head thrust forward, began gulping down the sweet new milk, the very drops of which David's own mother almost counted, it seemed to him as though his metal dog had come to life, and were swallowing down good money. Feeling he could endure no more, David rose abruptly, and holding out his hand for the empty tin, bade the Andersons good-night, and hurried out into the quiet street. All the way home the lad puzzled and brooded over what he had seen, and, ere he reached his mother's door, had left childhood behind in registering a vow that one day he would have a home of his own such as the Andersons' seemed to be, with food and drink to spare, but never a wastrel dog to devour his substance.

Thus had David reached cross-roads, and his mother, all-unconscious of the initial reason, secretly rejoiced to see how the boy, though by no means clever, suddenly set himself to forge his way through both the primary and the high school. It was then that David, his parents being unable to send him to college, got his chance. An old friend of his mother, who by his own efforts had risen to a position of wealth and influence, took a fancy to the brown-eyed youth of whose grit and steadfastness he heard such good reports, and contrived to procure for him, despite his qualifications not being quite up to the standard which the State required, a post as assistant-forester on the National Reserve of big timber.

'He'll make good,' his sponsor had assured the powers that be; and David had so far not disappointed him that within a few years he was appointed full forester of the Laughing Lake district, and consequently felt himself in a position to propose to Anita Lalonne, the pretty

little school-teacher in a valley town, with whom he had fallen violently in love.

His long-inculcated spirit of prudence dictating that they should not be married at once, David had for two years scrupulously saved his salary; had even, realising the risks that beset a forester's life, managed to pay the premium on a small insurance to provide for Anita in case of his death; while she, on her part, laid up a nice little nest-egg by giving French lessons to the would-be young ladies of the town into which, like a brown beech-leaf, she had one day been blown from somewhither on the wings of an autumn wind.

Now, however, the forester had at last felt justified in taking the final step towards making Anita his own, and as it was impossible for him to leave his mountain post to wed her, had induced the girl to come to him, promising her protection with kind people until they could go together to the lumber, mushroom village of Keyes Mills, where a minister could be had to tie the knot.

Having counted the weeks and days until school closed and she was free to come, bitter indeed was David's disappointment when, his fellow-forester, Jim Neil, being temporarily laid by with injuries from a falling tree, double duty and the care of the sick man devolved upon himself, and his cherished project for meeting his 'girl' had to be abandoned. When to this was added the failure of the expected letter and Nat Duncan's unintentionally mischievous badinage as to his sweetheart and the stranger Englishman, David's somewhat morose and jealous temper was thoroughly roused. It was, therefore, with black brows and brooding thoughts that the forester again turned his horse's head up the long, difficult trail that led to Niel's distant cabin, savagely reflecting that probably at that very moment another man—an interloper from across the sea—would be enjoying the company and admiring the beauty of his own betrothed wife. In his heart David Hardy cursed Gavin Barrie.

(Continued on page 150.)

## VISIONS OF DANIEL, PROPHECIES OF JOHANNES THE MONK AND OF HERMANN ABOUT THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

By R. C. WYNDHAM, Author of 'Predictions and Prophecies Relating to the Kaiser.'

**T**HE visions of Daniel, and their interpretation, as recorded by the prophet in chapters vii., viii., and ix., would appear to refer to different events, for it is evident that the 'seventy weeks' (chapter ix. 24) have no reference to the 'seven weeks and threescore and two weeks' of the next verse. A careful examination of verse 24 will show that the seventy weeks had no connection with the Babylonian captivity and the return of the Jews (536 B.C.) to their own land.

Besides, Daniel says in chapter ix. verse 2: 'In the first year of his [Darius] reign I Daniel understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem.' Daniel then prayed for an interpretation of the visions which he had in the first and third years of Belshazzar, and this was vouchsafed him, as we read in chapter ix. 'The king of fierce coun-

tenance' (chapter viii. 23) evidently had no connection with the captivity or with the other periods mentioned in chapter ix. He was not to arise till the mystic 'seventy weeks' were accomplished. The seventy years reckoned from 606 B.C., when Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem and carried away the inhabitants captive, till the year 536 B.C., when Cyrus gave them permission to return to Jerusalem. The seventy weeks represent seven cycles. As the mathematical cycle is calculated by the number 10, so there would be seven cycles in the seventy weeks, and as the Jewish solar cycle numbers 360 days, so in seven times 360 we get 2520; then by subtracting 606, the first year of the captivity, we have the number 1914, the year the present war broke out. This was illustrated in *Chambers's Journal* for 1917.

The predictions *Vaticinium Lehninenses* were given by Hermann of Lehn in Brandenburg in the year 1240. The manuscript was presented to the public library of Magonza (or Mayence, as the city is now called), and is probably still there, by Albert, the brother of Joachim I., Margrave of Brandenburg in the fourteenth century, and the first printed edition of it appeared early in the eighteenth century. Several editions were afterwards issued at various times, the latest being in the year 1891, by Desclée & Co., of Lille, with branch houses in Brussels and Rome. This edition was entitled *Hermann et Hohenzollerns*.

The following are those clauses which refer more particularly to Germany and the Hohenzollern dynasty:

**1319 to 1373.**—'Brandenburg begins to languish without being mortally stricken. The habitation of the house of Otho is now transformed into a den of lions, and the rightful heir of the blood of Ascanias shall be excluded from the succession. The energy of the Cæsar will triumph.'

**Fulfilment.**—Dissensions in Brandenburg during this period gave Ludwig of Bavaria (the Cæsar) the opportunity of making his son Margrave of Brandenburg.

**1373 to 1411.**—'Brandenburg is hidden under a refuge but little secure. For the second time the royal line is directed elsewhere, and our country ceases to see in its direction its legitimate rulers and nobles.'

**Fulfilment.**—On the death of the Emperor Charles IV. his sons Wenceslaus and Sigismund abandoned Brandenburg. The former became Emperor of Germany, but was deposed in 1411, and succeeded by his brother Sigismund. For the assistance rendered him to ascend the imperial throne by Frederick of Hohenzollern, Burgrave of Nuremberg, he invested the latter with the title and dignities of Elector of Brandenburg (1411).

**1411 to 1440.**—'Thou, my beloved Branden-

burg, will issue from thine obscurity and will have possession of two burghs. Called to long life, the race which governs thee shall have a limited territory until it can issue beyond its bounds and conquer its vassals.'

**Fulfilment.**—The Hohenzollerns laid claim, and made good their claim, to Pomerania, a territory lying between Brandenburg and the Baltic. The Hohenzollern dominions were now divided between the electoral and the Franconian branches of the house.

**1598.**—'The ruler of Brandenburg during this funest year will die in a splendid castle.'

**Fulfilment.**—In 1598 a dreadful pestilence ravaged all Brandenburg, and the Elector John George fell a victim to it in his splendid castle on the river Spree.

**1640 to 1688.**—'Now arise those who inscribe three burghs among their titles. Under the reign of a grand prince Brandenburg will have a still further extension.'

**Fulfilment.**—At the beginning of the eighteenth century the Franconian line became extinct, by which Joachim Frederick, Elector of Brandenburg, acquired Pomeranian Cleves, Julich, part of Silesia, and part of East Prussia. Silesia the elector bestowed upon his son John George, and Franconia on his half-brother.

**1797 to 1815.**—'Germany will groan under much trouble, and will be greatly cast down.'

**Fulfilment.**—In 1797 Napoleon I. sent an army against Germany under the command of General Moreau; this was called the army of the Rhine and Moselle. The German army sustained in 1805 defeat at Austerlitz, and again at Jena in the following year. By the Treaty of Tilsit (October of the same year), Prussia lost half of her territories; however, by the Congress of Vienna, in 1814 she regained all that she had been forced to resign at Tilsit.

**1830 to 1861.**—'Disturbances in Europe will cause troubles in Prussia.'

**Fulfilment.**—The revolutions in various parts of Europe during this period had their effect on Germany. Riots occurred in several parts of the Empire, especially in Berlin, Cologne, Frankfurt, &c.

**1861 to 1888.**—'The son [of Frederick William III.] will have a glorious reign. He will possess what he never dared to hope for. I see approach the time in which he will have a marvellous stroke of fortune. Finally the sceptre is in the hands of him who will be the last of this royal line. He will have for his successors a king of Poland, a king of Hanover, and a king of Saxony.'

**Fulfilment.**—The first part of this prediction was fulfilled by the results of the wars of William I., German Emperor, in 1870. In 1864 he gained possession of Schleswig-Holstein; in 1866 he drove Austria from the German Confederation, and seized on Hanover; and in 1870 he acquired Alsace and Lorraine, and was

proclaimed German Emperor. The second part of the prediction was fulfilled by the accession of the present Kaiser to the imperial throne in 1888; the last part has yet to come.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE HOHENZOLLERNS.

Brandenburg, the original nucleus of the Prussian kingdom, was at first an inland district inhabited by the Suevi, a people which comprised a great number of migratory tribes, and were so called in contradistinction to the more settled tribes of the Ingaevones. Cæsar represents them as divided into a hundred cantons. They were subsequently supplanted by a race of Vandal origin. In the seventh century A.D. the provinces on the outskirts of the German Empire, of which Brandenburg was one, were called marks or marches, and were administered by governors called marchgraves or margraves. Under successive rulers the country made some figure, especially under the Ascanian margraves, descendants of Otho the Great of Germany, but in 1411 Sigismund of Bavaria (as before stated) created Frederick of Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg. The rest is told above.

With regard to the prophecies of Johannes the Monk, which were uttered by him about the year 1600, the manuscript is in the archives of S. George, in Venice. As it is not easy to get at it just now, it may be interesting to know that there exists in Rome a book called *Vaticinia Sæ Prædictiones Illustrum Virorum*, published in Venice by Gio. Battista Bertoni in the year 1605, in which the prophecies are annotated. This book the writer has had the advantage of

seeing and perusing, and it can be seen any day. It is printed on vellum, in Latin and Italian, and is in fairly good condition, but somewhat discoloured by age.

The English poet Thomas Joseph Moulton about the year 1500 prophesied many events connected with the present war. Among other things, he says: 'In 1917 there will be a new form of government in a great empire.' The fulfilment was certainly in the revolution of Russia.

Another English poet in 1762 wrote: 'The last Emperor of Germany shall be paralysed in the arm, and will mount his horse on the opposite side.'

Many other instances of predictions being fulfilled in their time I might give, without fear of being accused of superstition. What of Agabus (Acts xi. 28), who prophesied the dearth which should take place throughout the world, and 'which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cæsar'? Nor need we inquire too strictly into the sanctity of those individuals thus gifted with second-sight. Was Balaam a good man when he prophesied the star in the East that should arise at the birth of the Saviour?

We are told in I. Corinthians xii. 10 that to some is given the gift of prophesying; and again in I. Thessalonians v. 20: 'Despise not prophesyings.'

It is to be presumed that St Paul's Epistles, though written expressly to the various Churches, were yet intended for the edification of Christians through all time. Shall we not, therefore, accept his admonition: 'Wherefore, brethren, covet to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues' (I. Corinthians xiv. 39)?

## JOCK'S NEEBORS.

### CHAPTER II.—NUMBER TWO.

**T**HOROUGHNESS was Jock's strong point. When he slept, nothing would wake him, not even a 'Black Maria,' so long as it did not hit him. Therefore it was not surprising that he was unconscious of all that was taking place around him in the early hours.

When at last he rubbed his eyes open and stared about, the first thing he noted was that the next bed was empty, the mattress was rolled up, and all the linen removed.

'He's been richt efter a,' he muttered to himself. 'Wha wad hae thoct it? An' noo I'm left wi' a lawyer's job.—Hey, nurse, at what oor did Dauvid Graham slip awa'?'

'At six this morning,' replied the sister, as she stopped in passing. 'He'll find it hot enough where he's gone to.'

'Nurse, ye're irreverent,' retorted Jock in a shocked tone. 'What ails ye at Dauvid Graham? He was a decent sort, an' a Scotsman.'

'I have said nothing against him.'

'Weel, ye hae pretty clearly implied it, onyhoo. Why should ye send him whaur ye said? He never did ye ony harm.'

'Jock, you are the funniest creature out,' laughed the nurse, 'and the most provoking. You always take people up wrong. How could I say where he was to go? It is the colonel, of course, who decides that.'

'Then the colonel tak's a mighty deal mair on hissel' than he ocht to'—

'Jock, be quiet, or you will get into trouble,' said the nurse warningly.

'An' then ye'll be sendin' me next to the same place.'

'Yes; if you develop any more temperature you will go at once.'

'Ye've an' unco' queer way o' pittin' it, nurse, no to say callous. Ye can tell the colonel frae me that it's no i' his haunds to send puir Dauvid whaur ye said. I'll hae naethin' to dae wi' they papish doctrines.'

The nurse looked critically at her patient, put her hand on his brow, and felt his pulse.

'Now, Jock, you must lie very quiet, and not talk, or else they will be sending you after your friend, and we do not wish to lose you. Besides, remember, the nurses there will not be so good to you.'

'It's the first time I ever heard o' there bein' nurses i' that place. Dae they keep a stock o' ice tae?'

'Yes, for the worst cases.'

'Weel, I wish I was the Kaiser, then.'

The nurse looked puzzled, then anxious. 'You must just shut your eyes, and try to go to sleep,' she said soothingly.

'No likely. I've got Dauvid's wull to attend to first, an' it doesn't maitter to the lawyers whaur he's gane to, as lang as he's deid.'

'But he is not dead, or anything like it,' responded the nurse, with a new light in her eye. 'They have only taken him to the fever hospital.'

Then Jock's bed shook as if it were in the throes of an earthquake, and peal after peal of uncontrolled laughter startled the ward.

'He told me last nicht that he was deein', an' when ye said that he had gane I thocht it must hae been true.'

'Oh, it is only a slight touch of dysentery. He will be well in a few weeks,' the nurse replied, laughing now herself as she realised the grim misunderstanding.

'Ay, that's aye the way wi' they dysentery patients; they live i' their boots,' muttered Jock, 'an' spend their time writin' wulls.'

Later in the day a new neighbour arrived for the empty bed, and Jock's interest was aroused again. From divers moans he concluded that the man was pretty badly wounded, so he did not obtrude himself. But tea has a wonderfully social influence, and the new-comer could not resist a smack of the lips and an exclamation, 'That's guid!'

'Ye're feelin' better noo?' asked Jock, ready to take advantage of the smallest opening.

'Ay, better than I'll be for mony a day to come.'

'Weel, if that's the way ye look at it, I expect ye're richt,' Jock remarked with a touch of sarcasm in his tones. 'If ye expect trouble ye'll get it i' this warld. I aye notice that the applicant for a situation, for instance, wha lets his mouth droop gets juist what his face foreshadows—disappointment. Sae cheer up, old man. I have had one neebor wi' dysentery a'ready, an' I dinna want anither.'

'It's my leg that's the maitter wi' me,' responded the new-comer. 'I got it badly smashed when oor ship was submarined, an' they're gaein' to operate on it to-morrow, an' perhaps tak' it aff. Sae I hae guid reason for what I said.'

'Sae ye were on that ship tae. I wonner if

ye kenned anither Scot named Dauvid Graham?' asked Jock, with a curious smile on his lips.

'Dauvid o' Kilmachie? Rather! He an' I used to be great pals. Weel, up till last year. But I maun forget a' that's come between us, for he saved my life. If it hadna been for him I wouldna be here the noo.'

Jock's eyes kindled with a new interest. He was certainly on the scent of something fresh in human nature.

'Hoo did he manage that?' he questioned.

'We were baith i' the same cabin whaur the torpedo exploded. The water rushed in an' filled it to the roof afore we could dae onythin'. I saw Dauvid get oot o' his bunk an' feel his way towards the exit above us. I tried to follow, but at that moment a big table that was floatin' aboot bumped richt on the tap o' me, an' I was caught a prisoner underneath it. I made an' effort to shout to Dauvid, but the water only got intil my mouth. He had seen my deeficulty, hooever, an' though he was gey exhausted hissel', he did a brave thing.'

'What was that?' demanded Jock breathlessly, for the story was taking a most unexpected turn.

'He lowered hissel' down, an' liftin' his leg, he gave the table a mighty kick that knocked it clean aff the tap o' me, an' I got free, an' rose to the surface juist efter him. He was ower exhausted to notice me, an' I was ower done oot to gae up to whaur he was lyin' on the deck. They pit us intil different boats, an' I hae never had the chance o' seein' him to thank him for savin' my life; but I'm gled I've met a freend o' his. Whaur is he noo?'

'He was in this very bed ye're in; but they took him awa' this mornin' to the fever hospital. He's no very bad, the nurse tells me. I'm thinkin' he'll be gey gled to hear ye're alive,' Jock said with the emphasis of conviction. Then he added, 'Ye'll be Dugald M'Callum?'

'Ay, that's my name. Did he tell you that he had saved me?'

'Na,' answered Jock truthfully.

'He's been gey modest aboot it, an' that mak's it a' the mair praiseworthy,' remarked Dugald M'Callum with enthusiasm. 'He was aye a guid sort, an' I did wrang to think ill o' him; but I'll mak' it up to him noo. Ye're a stranger, but I think ye'll dae ane thing for me.'

'Onythin' i' my power.'

'Weel, I hae a kind o' feelin' that I'll no staund the operation to-morrow, an' if onythin' was to happen to me I wad like to leave Dauvid somethin'.'

'In yer wull, ye mean?' suggested Jock, who was now beginning to feel a bit of a lawyer.

'No that exactly,' said the other hesitatingly.

'I understaund,' interrupted Jock. 'Ye're no quite sure hoo to work the document. Tak' a piece o' paper, an' I'll tell ye'—

'Na, ye dinna grasp it quite. What I want

to leave him canna be pit down i' a wull. It's no siller or guidas. I havena muckle o' that, onyhoo.'

'What is it, then?' asked Jock, puzzled. He had already torn a sheet from his writing-block, and made a flourish or two with his pencil. Now he stopped, mystified.

'It's a young leddy,' began M'Callum.

'Ye're richt,' interrupted Jock again. 'We canna pit her on to paper.' He dropped his pencil, and glanced inquisitively at his neighbour.

'Weel, it's this wey,' continued the other. 'We are baith i' love wi' Mary M'Millan; but it's clear to a' that she's ta'en a fancy to me. I was sorry for Dauvid, but, o' course, life has its disappointments. Hoosomever, efter I'm gane I dinna want Mary to be left a widow, so to speak. Sae, if I dinna get through the operation to-morrow, I want ye to send word to Dauvid sayin' that I've left her to him.'

'I'll dae that for ye,' said Jock. Then he added meditatively, 'Div ye think I ocht to mention the maitter to the young leddy hersel?'

'Ay,' replied the other after a pause. 'It wad maybe be best. Ye can tell her that it was my last wish, an' that she's no to judge Dauvid by his face, but by his he'rt, and'—the speaker gulped something down in his throat—'for my sake she maun mak' a guid wife to him.'

'Noo,' said Jock, assuming a more important air, 'I think I ocht to tell ye somethin'. Yer freend, Dauvid Graham, made oot a wull, which he entrusted to me. Here it is. Perhaps I ocht not to show it to ye afore he's deid; but the nurse says he has only a mild attack o' dysentery, sae it micht be a lang time to wait, an' as ye hae been sae generous to him, it's but richt that ye should ken that he's left everythin' he has to ye.'

'Ye dinna mean that!' exclaimed M'Callum, sitting up in bed.

'Ay, it's a' here i' his last wull an' testament, an' it's no as if he hadna muckle, for he telt me hissel' that he had a lot o' property.'

'Weel, a' I can say is that it's juist like Dauvid. He's aye been a real guid sort, an' I hope he'll no dee.'

'Ye're the richt kind o' freend to hae,' responded Jock in tones of admiration. 'I'm thinkin' ye're weel matched, an' I hope that ye'll baith live lang an' be the best o' pals a' yer days.'

#### CHAPTER III.—NUMBER THREE.

THE bed was vacant again. Dugald M'Callum, after his operation, which turned out to be a slight one, was taken to another ward. So for some weeks Jock had no immediate neighbour on his right, until one forenoon a big Australian was carried in and laid between the sheets.

Jock waited his chance, and some hours later, when the new-comer had turned towards him, their eyes met.

'What's happened to ye?' asked the inquisitive Scotsman.

'The best stroke of luck I have ever had in my life,' replied the Australian.

'Ye're the richt sort o' man for a neebor. I thocht oor nurse said that ye had broken yer leg.'

'Something a great deal worse than that, my dear fellow,' laughed the other with the outspokenness of the Colonial. 'I had two accidents on the ship coming out from England. The first and least was the breaking of my leg. I slipped during a rough sea, and fell down the companion-way. I had got a run to England after being wounded in Gallipoli, and was on my way back.'

'An' what was the second accident? The nurse didna mention anither,' was Jock's inquisitive comment.

'Not likely. I did not tell her. Women are not to be trusted with these secrets. But you look a decent sort, Scotty, and when a fellow is happy he has got to tell somebody. The fact is, the next thing that snapped was my heart. They got me a perfect daisy of a nurse. I should call her a bluebell, for she is a Scot like yourself. That is why I have taken to you already. I know a good thing when I see it; so I was not long in telling her that she had to mend something more important than a fractured leg—something she had broken herself; and she did it. My heart is all right now, and I do not mind about my leg; in fact, I will be rather glad if it keeps me in Malta a bit. She has come to be a nurse here. I only hope she is sent to this hospital. Then my luck would be complete. I will introduce you to her some day, for she will be sure to find me out. You see, we are engaged already, and as soon as I can stand up we'll get married. Hallo, here she is! Speak of angels!—'

Jock looked round to see a sprightly V.A.D. tripping down the ward, her fresh cheeks tinged with a deeper glow than that of the sun. 'Ay, she's as bonnie a Hielan' lass as I hae seen,' he muttered to himself.

'Let me introduce you two Scots to each other,' said the Australian, after he had welcomed his fiancée. 'What did you say your name was?'

'Jock M'Gowan.'

'And this lady,' continued the Australian, 'is Miss Mary M'Millan of—of— I'm afraid I can never get my tongue round these Scotch names.'

'Kilmachie,' she answered. 'Have you heard of it?'

'Rather!' exclaimed Jock. Then he could not refrain from adding, 'I have two friends there. Perhaps you may know them—Dauvid Graham and Dugald M'Callum?'

He watched with a smile her cheeks getting even a deeper red.

'Yes,' she replied.

'Baith guid pals?' he continued.

'They used to be, anyhow,' she laughed slightly.

'Weel, I never!' Jock startled them with his exclamation.

Two men in blue were coming down the ward. David Graham was giving his arm to Dugald McCallum, who was limping along at his side.

'We thocht we wad pay ye a veesit thegither,' said David, his eyes too closely fixed on Jock to notice who was standing beside the neighbouring bed. 'I'm convalescent noo, sae I cam' ower to see Dugald, an' found him able to limp a bit; sae we made up oor minds to come along an' see hoo ye were gettin' on.'

'Ye couldna hae choslen a better time. I dinna need to introduce ye to this lady?' responded Jock.

'Mary!' Both uttered her name at once.

The girl's colour fled, and she remained silent in her astonishment.

Jock, though he was inwardly laughing, came to her rescue. 'Ye'll hae to congratulate her, boys,' he said. 'She is to marry oor Australian freend here; an' I'm thinkin' they'll mak' a richt guid pair.'

Then, turning to the Colonial, he said, 'Here are twa o' the best pals ye hae ever met, an' I'm thinkin' they are muckle indebted to ye for the continuance o' their freendship.'

It was wicked of Jock, but sometimes he was mastered by a spasm of naughtiness; and, besides, only three understood the real meaning of his words.

'It will always be a pleasure to do my utmost for Mary's friends,' the Australian answered.

'You have done your best already,' was Jock's puzzling reply.

The two turned away, and limped down the ward in silence, their friendship more cemented than ever by their mutual disappointment.

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### NEW SOURCE OF PAPER-PULP.

**R**EFERENCE is made in the *Indian Trade Journal* to experiments which have been carried out by a well-known agricultural and technical chemist in Queensland, Australia, with a view to utilising the lalang, or 'blady' grass, for the manufacture of paper-pulp. This grass is very similar to the esparto grass found in North Africa and Spain, which is said to make the best paper-pulp known. These experiments, which have been entirely successful, should lead to a valuable industry, as the growth of blady grass in Queensland is so extensive that it has become a serious nuisance. Moreover, it yields three crops a year.

### SOUND-WAVES ACTUALLY SEEN.

According to correspondents of *L'Astronomie*, sound-waves can sometimes be actually seen against the sky near the front when heavy gun-fire is going on. The appearance takes the form of rapidly moving waves of light and shade, and on one occasion this phenomenon was witnessed by all the members of a battery of artillery. The waves vary in size, being larger for heavy artillery, and smaller for lighter guns. In another instance, sound-waves seen by a French curé took the form of circular arcs having a very large radius, the appearance being similar to that caused upon the surface of water when a stone or other object is flung into it. A third observer describes the appearance on another occasion as resembling the spokes of an enormous wheel.

### MOTOR FIELD-KITCHEN OF CAPACITY.

In preparing the equipment for her army, America had the advantage of being able to utilise the experience of the Allies during the last three and a half years, and naturally she has done her best to 'go one better.' Aircraft manufacturers have co-operated to produce what is known as the 'Liberty' engine, which is claimed to be as near perfection as existing knowledge and experience permit, while lending itself to standardisation and manufacture in large quantities. Another item of equipment which has been evolved on similar lines is the 'Liberty' truck, an army lorry of the heavy type, capable of carrying loads up to five tons. A still more recent invention is the motor field-kitchen, which is capable of serving three hot meals a day to two thousand men. The idea for this truck originated with Mr J. C. La Vin, the manager of a well-known hotel at Newhaven, while the chassis was supplied by Mr C. M. Bradford, and the body by Mr H. D. Baldwin. The cooking utensils consist of two ninety-gallon kettles for stew or fruit, and two coffee-urns, each of fifty gallons capacity, all heated by steam. The steam is derived from a boiler of ten horse-power, and the chassis is driven by a powerful motor, which gives it a speed of nearly fifteen miles an hour. Two of the field-kitchens are capable of feeding a full regiment, either in camp or on the march; and one, with its complement of two cooks, is said to carry out operations previously requiring two kitchen units of eighty men and forty horses.

At a recent demonstration at Newhaven, Connecticut, one thousand seven hundred and fifty men were fed in less than an hour. An electric dynamo is to be added to the equipment, which will be driven by the motor when the kitchen is stationary. Enough electricity will be available from this source to light up the men's quarters, and to operate a search-light and a field wireless station.

#### VISIBLE WIRELESS SIGNALS FOR GERMAN AEROPLANES.

Owing to the deafening noise from the engine exhaust and the propeller, a pilot or observer in an aeroplane cannot hear wireless signals in the ordinary way; and, according to Mr William Dubelier, a New York radio-engineer, who actually saw in Vienna the apparatus which he recently described in *The Electrical Experimenter* (New York), the Germans have perfected apparatus whereby wireless signals are transformed into visible representations of dots and dashes. Described generally, the instrument consists of a sensitive galvanometer (an appliance which indicates the passage of electric currents) in co-operation with a lamp and a mirror that project the movements of the galvanometer into a prismatic binocular, through which they are seen by the observer. These movements are long or short according as dashes or dots (Morse code) are being received. The messages are picked up as usual by antennæ, in the form of intermittent currents of electricity, these being passed through the galvanometer, with the results already described. The outfit is provided with 'tuning' apparatus, which can be adjusted to suit the wave-length of the instrument transmitting the message, this adjunct being needed by all wireless receiving appliances.

#### POWER FROM THE INTERNAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.

Under the heading of 'Volcanic Steam as a Source of Power,' reference was made here last February to the utilisation of the natural steam which is obtained from bore-holes in certain parts of Tuscany. When the above-mentioned note was written about twelve thousand horse-power was being generated from this source, but it was suggested that, 'as the supply of steam is almost unlimited, we may expect to see a very large development of this natural source of power in the near future.' It is now reported that extensions are being added to the generating plant which will increase the output to fifty-five thousand horse-power; while a project is on foot for utilising the sources of volcanic heat near Naples, where high temperatures are met with at comparatively shallow depths below the surface. These schemes are, however, dependent upon exceptional natural conditions, and it has occurred to an American engineer, Mr Nathaniel B. Wales, that similar conditions could be produced arti-

ficially. According to Mr Wales's plan, two or three tubes should be sunk in the ground where heat is likely to be met with comparatively near the surface, until a temperature of 350 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit is reached. These tubes are of different sizes, and arranged one inside the other, leaving space enough for steam to come up between them. Water is to be pumped down the central tube and into the heated crater at the bottom, where it would be turned into steam, and rise up through the spaces between the inner and the outer tubes to be utilised for generating power at the surface. Many areas are said to exist in the United States where the necessary temperature would be met with at depths of under five thousand feet. Whether such sources of power will prove a commercial success depends upon the cost of the tubes compared with that of coal; that is to say, if the interest on the capital needed to sink the tubes, together with the annual charge for depreciation thereon, comes to more than the cost of coal for a given horse-power, the natural power will not prove a commercial success. The extent to which such power is likely to be utilised, therefore, depends very much on the depth below the surface at which sufficient heat is to be found.

#### FERRO-CONCRETE SHIP LAUNCHED BOTTOM UPWARDS.

Since the subject of concrete ships was treated here in April, developments in this direction have been proceeding rapidly, and ferro-concrete vessels are being built in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the United States, Canada, and this country. A motor-ship of six hundred tons is already in service, while another of one thousand tons has been launched, and will shortly run her trials. One interesting development is the plan of launching ferro-concrete vessels bottom upwards, which has been originated by the Porsgrund Cement Company, Norway. This method has been adopted to simplify the moulds for running the concrete, while it is said to give better results. As already explained in our previous note, a framework is built up of bars and wire-netting, and it is essential that this steel-work should be embedded in the concrete with an equal thickness on each side, and not thin at one side and thick at the other. This requirement is said to be more easily met when the vessel is built bottom upwards, as the concrete can then be applied to the whole of the bottom with moulding-boards on the inside only, instead of having to be run in between boards on both sides. The vessels are not only built bottom upwards, but are also launched in this way. One would naturally expect that they would sink upon taking the water, but the deck is so arranged that enough air is imprisoned in the hull to float them, and by the admission of water at one side they are made to turn over. A sea-going lighter has already been built and

launched by this method with satisfactory results. This vessel took six weeks to build, but it is anticipated that the next one will be constructed in half the time.

#### SEA-WATER FOR MAKING BREAD.

One would reasonably suppose that many culinary operations involving the use of water and salt might equally well be carried out with clean sea-water. This, however, is only the case where a very small quantity of water is needed, or where the water is rejected after the cooking operations have been completed. For instance, sea-water for boiling potatoes is perfectly satisfactory, but it is far too salt for making Irish stew. French housewives situated within reach of the sea have long used sea-water for making bread, which does not become dry so quickly as when made with fresh water, this being the result of the magnesium chloride contained in the sea. Moreover, sea-water contains other mineral substances which are valuable in promoting health. The practice of making bread with sea-water has recently been advocated by M. Albert Saint Sernin, a French naval pharmacist, in the *Revue Scientifique*. This authority urged the reduction in the salt traffic which would result by the making of bread with sea-water in the coast towns; and in proof of the advantages from a health point of view, M. Sernin mentions a voyage of five months by a sailing-vessel in which one hundred and eighty-five passengers and crew were carried, during which bread made from sea-water was used exclusively, and no case of illness occurred on board. He further recommends the use of bread made with sea-water for growing children, convalescents, and all those who need to repair the waste due to fever or to hard labour. Preferably sea-water for making bread should be taken at some distance from the land, and from a depth of twenty feet. Fresh water must, however, be used for preparing the yeast, the salt water being added to the flour when the dough is mixed.

#### ARTIFICIAL WOOD MADE FROM STRAW.

Although various uses are found for straw in this country, it is mainly a waste product in the huge wheat-growing districts of Canada and other parts of the world. Consequently any process for transforming straw into a valuable product should prove of great advantage to such countries. This problem has recently been solved by a Frenchman named Carré, who has invented a process whereby straw can be converted into artificial wood. The straw is split lengthways by a cutter, which delivers it upon a travelling table, where certain binding materials are added, while heat is applied by steam, as in the process for making paper. The straw and binding materials are next subjected to a pressure of two to three tons per square inch in a hydraulic press. Various depths of the materials

are arranged on the table to give different thicknesses of the final product. In general appearance the material resembles American white wood, and it can be sawn, cut, or planed with wood-tools, while it does not easily split when nailed. Where large quantities of straw exist it can also be made up into briquettes for burning, and matches and the corrugated packing now made from strawboard can be readily made from it.

#### STANDARDISATION IN INDUSTRY.

As most of our readers are aware, fine wire-gauze is used in funnels and containers for petrol, one purpose being to strain out any foreign matter, and another to prevent fire from passing through into a container. At the outbreak of war much of this gauze was imported, and many different grades of fineness were used, according to the fancy of the manufacturers. As the result of a consultation between the Air Board and the leading manufacturers of wire-gauze, and of experiments at the Royal Aircraft Factory, a standard gauze has been agreed upon, which will much facilitate the manufacture. The gauze is to be known as the 'Air Board Standard Petrol Gauze.'

#### AIR-RAID DANGERS.

There has been much excitement and nervous apprehension among Londoners in regard to danger from air-raids, also such a variety of different advice as to seeking shelter in underground railway stations or other places, that an estimate of the risks—or, rather, small risks—Londoners run when comfortably sheltered in their own homes or other cover may be of interest, and will, it is hoped, convince the nervous ones that the risk, under those circumstances, is really exceedingly small—so small, indeed, that it may be described as a *quantité négligeable*. The fact that insurance companies are all eager to accept the risk at a merely nominal premium should be sufficient proof of this statement without further argument. However, figures, although dumb, are irrefutable. Suppose we take greater London as representing a space stretching 14 miles north to south, and 14 miles east to west; this will give us 196 square miles, or say, roughly, 200 square miles, covered to the extent of about one-half by bricks and mortar, and the remainder represented by parks, public and private gardens, rivers, canals, roads, open spaces, &c. Let us now divide the 200 square miles into square yards, and we get approximately 600,000,000 square yards. Taking every residential building and its garden to occupy an average space of 300 square yards (which is probably on the liberal side), and dividing this 300 into the 600,000,000, we get 2,000,000 spaces of 300 square yards, some with houses, and some without; so that Mrs Jones, who lives

in Hampstead, or Mrs Brown, in Ealing, stands 1 chance in 2,000,000 of getting a bomb on her house. If after a warning or during a raid the town-dweller is away from home, he may be well advised to get home as soon as possible. If there is any difficulty in this, then take cover anywhere, not necessarily in a Metropolitan Railway Station, which has great disadvantages. Where there is, of course, real danger is from falling fragments of our own shells, but if we are under cover there is very little cause for alarm.

#### MUSSELS FOR PEARL BUTTONS.

The raw material for making pearl buttons is largely taken from mussels, and in the United States the latter are obtained from the mussel-beds in the Mississippi and other rivers. These beds recently showed signs of becoming exhausted, and experimental work has been carried out by the Federal Bureau of Fisheries at the Fairport biological station with a view to restocking them artificially by breeding the mussels. The first investigation carried on concerned the propagation of the mussel, during which Mr George Le Fevre and Mr W. C. Curtis discovered that the young mussel could only come to maturity by attaching itself to the gills, fins, or tail of a fish. According to *Popular Science Siftings*, various members of the fish family were infected with the young mussels, or glochidia, and placed in ponds to await development, while two thousand eight hundred fish infected with over three hundred million glochidia were liberated. The fish and young mussels are placed together in tanks for a period of about half-an-hour, when the former are liberated. The glochidia bury themselves beneath the outer skin of the fish, and each fish of average size can carry one thousand to two thousand of these parasites without injury. In about a fortnight the young mussels come through the skin and fall to the bottom of the river, where they grow in the ordinary way. By these means the mussel-beds can be restocked in a period of three years, thus keeping up the supply of raw material for the manufacture of pearl buttons.

#### ABOLISHING KNIFE-EDGES IN WEIGHING-MACHINES.

It is essential that the beam in a pair of scales should move entirely without friction, and this result has hitherto been achieved by 'knife-edges' at the fulcrum. In the heaviest weighing-machines, however, knife-edges have not been found satisfactory, more particularly those for weighing railway wagons, which in the United States range up to a very big tonnage. The knife-edges in such machines very soon get out of order owing to heavy loads and rough usage. A recently invented device to overcome this difficulty is a thin flexible steel plate, which bends with the movement of the scale-beam.

Naturally the bending of these plates requires a certain amount of force, but the movement is so slight that the force required is practically negligible. Moreover, the movement always being the same, the force needed is compensated for when the scales are adjusted. A new weighing-machine has recently been constructed for weighing railway wagons on the Pennsylvania Railway, in which all the fulcrums consist of thin flexible steel plates. This machine is capable of dealing with weights up to one hundred and fifty tons, and by means of intermediate scale-beams between the main beam and the actual weighing beam, the adjustable weight of the latter is multiplied eight hundred times. Consequently the short arm of the weighing beam is pulled down with a force of only three hundred and seventy-five pounds when a weight of one hundred and fifty tons is on the weigh-bridge. This force is still further reduced by the ratio between the short arm and the long arm of the weighing beam. The latter is graduated up to three hundred thousand pounds at one-thousand-pound intervals, and a supplementary beam is marked in units of fifty pounds. The new system has received the sanction of the United States Bureau of Standards, which, in fact, has ordered a master-scale with flexible plate fulcrums. It is expected that weighing-machines with these fulcrums will retain their accuracy for very long periods.

#### POTASH FROM PRICKLY PEARS.

Attention has recently been drawn to the possibilities of obtaining potash in commercial quantities from the Australian prickly pear, and already the work is in progress at Dulacca, in Queensland. The prickly pear plants, as soon as they have finished bearing, are killed by spraying them with trichloride of arsenic. The dead plants are then burned in the open air and without any special precautions, and the ashes are found to contain 15 per cent. of potash. From five acres of the plant recently burned ten hundredweight of 80 per cent. carbonate of potash was obtained. Experiments have also been made in Mexico with the ash of prickly pear, cacti, and even sage-brush. It has been found that the Mexican prickly pear produces nearly 5 per cent. of ash when burned, and that this ash contains nearly 10 per cent. of oxide of potash, which is equal to a content of  $14\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. potassium carbonate. The plant, when alive, contains about 84 per cent. water, and from this and the above data it can be calculated out that the fresh green plant contains about 0.7 per cent. carbonate of potash, which works out at fifteen and a half pounds per acre of growing plant. When it is remembered that in Australia, in Mexico, in all Central America, and in parts of the United States there are millions of acres growing nothing but prickly pear, and that the yield, being annual, is in the nature of interest rather than a drawing out of

principal, as is the case with natural potash deposits, it would seem well worth while to exploit this source of supply at the present time. It is almost certain that all forms of cacti contain a high percentage of potash, and could be burned to make fertiliser.

#### THE PNEUMATIC MORTAR.

During the present war a number of devices and appliances long considered hopelessly obsolete have been revived in a slightly modified form. Among these is the pneumatic or compressed-air gun, which was in use so long ago as the time of Napoleon. According to the *Scientific American*, the French are now using a considerable number of trench-mortars in which compressed air or gas is used to propel the bomb into the enemy trenches. The operation of these mortars is very simple. A bomb is placed in the breech, and a puff of air or gas is admitted at a pressure of about one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. The air is drawn from a steel cylinder charged at the above pressure, which will provide a number of shots before the pressure falls low enough to be ineffective. These cylinders may be charged behind the lines and brought up ready for use, or they may be charged in the trench by a hand-pump. The puff of air is released by a trigger exactly as is the case in the ordinary mortar. Compressed-air mortars, although having longer barrels than the explosive type, are very much lighter. They can be worked quickly, and at a low cost. Moreover, the results with them are very accurate, the bombs falling exactly where intended.

#### OIL-SUPPLIES FOR THE EMPIRE.

An enlightened member of Parliament has said that oil is probably more important than anything else. You may have men, munitions, and money, but if you have not got oil all other advantages will be of comparatively little value. We require fuel oil for the naval and the mercantile fleet, and in some cases for locomotives; benzine for motor transport and aeroplanes, for lubrication, and incidentally for the manufacture of explosives. This makes the report of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company of more than usual interest. We learn from it that our Government holds a million and a half of the shares. The capital of the concern has been recently increased to five millions sterling. Von Tirpitz, more honest than many of his compatriots, has acknowledged that Germany must recognise that Britain had won more in the war than she had lost. 'Not only has England taken our colonies and Mesopotamia, but everywhere she has made deeper and firmer bases for her maritime and colonial supremacy.' Of such is this Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which owes its existence to the enterprise and foresightedness of the late William Knox D'Arcy, the son of a Devonshire

gentleman, who went to Queensland, where he followed legal, pastoral, and mining pursuits from 1866 to 1889, returning to England in the latter year. He was a large-hearted man of great integrity. The Anglo-Persian oilfields are among the most extensive and prolific in the world, and it is regarded as possible that in the near future Persia may one day be as big an oil-producer as the United States. One field has the capacity of yielding four million tons of crude oil annually, and a well which has already produced over one million seven hundred and fifty thousand tons of oil continues to produce as freely as ever. The whole yield is now larger than the pre-war produce of the Roumanian and Galician oilfields. One of the latest contracts is to supply the Indian Government with oil, which is to be used instead of coal on western Indian railways. This is the result of a long series of trial runs and experiments, which demonstrated the greater efficiency and economy of oil.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

#### GRANDMOTHER'S LETTERS.

Draw them gently from their hiding,  
Echoes of a bygone day.  
How their faint, sweet perfume lingers  
Like a half-forgotten lay!  
Dust, long since, the hands that pen'd them,  
Yet these fragile records stay.

How they conjure up old faces  
Lost in swiftly passing years,  
Memories of joys and sorrows,  
Vanished hopes, forgotten fears!  
Still their music haunts and vibrates,  
Moves to smiles and melts to tears.

Touch them softly, faded tokens  
Of a friendship left behind  
When the world had time for loving  
And for being just and kind,  
When war's horrors did not darken  
All the light of heart and mind.

Put them back, mute, tender relics  
Of a sweet and tranquil past  
(Mark the polished, stately phrases  
Writ to bind affection fast).  
Lay them by again, and fondly  
Fragrant rose-leaves on them cast.

BARBARA PENSON

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE MAN WHO SCOFFED.

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER.

#### PART I.

DENNIS MONTAGUE emerged from his bath, glowing and talkative. A luxurious deep-blue dressing-gown was wrapped about his form, the colour in it accentuating the gray-blue of his eyes and his light-brown hair. His valet stood beside his bed, on which reposed a complete and expensive set of garments suitable for a gentleman bent on spending his evening out.

'Ah, Sylvester! that's right. We poor devils of men must look as well as the abominable fashions will permit. What is the time?'

'Gone past seven, sir.'

'Dear me, I shall be late! I am always late, Sylvester. It partly accounts for my extraordinary popularity. A hostess is so relieved to see me by the time I turn up at her dinner-party that for years afterwards she always associates my face with pleasant sensations. Any mail, Sylvester?'

His servant crossed to the table, on which there reposed four letters. 'These came in this afternoon, sir.'

'Read them to me while I dress.'

'Read them, Mr Montague?' The valet's face was a study of respectful expostulation.

'Is the idea so preposterous, my dear fellow? I believe most people write letters with the idea of having them read.'

The decorous Sylvester sighed, and broke the seal of the first letter. "I would beg to remind you," he read, "that your account"—

Montague made a deprecatory gesture. 'How polite these trades-people are!' he said. 'I shall expect one some day to enclose forget-me-nots. The next letter?'

Sylvester solemnly opened a diminutive envelope. "'Mrs W. De-Ponsy Harris requests the pleasure'"——

'Another request! What is it—a tea or a dance?'

'A dinner, sir.'

'Good! I shall go. Mrs Harris is the worst hostess in the city, but she keeps the best cook. Proceed.'

The worthy Sylvester took from the table a delicately scented letter that breathed its delightful suggestion of romance to his grateful nostrils, whereupon he promptly blushed a deep, unlovely,

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tomato-like red. 'It starts,' said he, "'My Dearest Love'"——

His master glanced at him. 'Don't blush,' he said. 'The *grande passion* is nothing to be ashamed of.' He carefully adjusted his tie. 'What is the young lady's name?'

'Myrtle, sir.'

'Ah yes; poor little Myrtle! What a pity a woman clings to a romance that is dead! There is something morbid in women that makes them do it. It is like embracing a corpse.'

'Shall I read it, sir?'

'No, no; don't bother. I know what is in it. On the third page she declares she hates me, and on the fifth page she denies it. Myrtle runs so deucedly to form.'

A look of relief crossed the rotund countenance of Mr Sylvester as he took up the last letter. 'It's from a society for educating the poor, sir.'

'Tear it up. What we need is a society for educating the rich.' Completely dressed, he turned around and struck an attitude. 'It is my intention some day,' he said with grandiloquent airiness, 'to found a *Conservatoire Universale*, where philanthropists will be taught charity, ministers of the gospel will gain humility, musicians will learn to feel, and newspaper writers will take up the elements of language. Heavens! such a scope as I should have! Stick your head out of the window and see if a taxi is waiting.'

Sylvester raised the window and surveyed the street below. 'It's there, sir,' he said, drawing his head in.

'Then I shall leave you. Mrs Le Roy is giving a dinner-party this evening, and she invariably has guests who listen charmingly. Good-night, Sylvester.'

'Good-night, sir.'

When he was gone, William Sylvester scratched his thinly covered head. He then shrugged his shoulders, and followed these actions by pouring out a glass of sherry. He took a sip. 'Eavens!' he said aloud; 'ow 'e do talk!'

Dennis Montague of Toronto, Canada, was twenty-eight years of age, and had an income

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FEBRUARY 2, 1918.

which made consistent toil unnecessary. To be true, he wrote for one or two magazines and dabbled with law in a desultory manner, having been called to the bar some four years previous. But he remained an utter stranger to work, and loved luxury with the sensuous delight of an Eastern houri. The present was delightful, and the future was simply the present carried on. When, on this particular evening, however, his taxi stopped at the home of Mrs Le Roy, it left him at the place where his whole life was to be altered in a single evening.

After his usual apologies for tardiness, he led Mrs Le Roy in to dinner, and in five minutes his wit and repartee were dominating the entire party. Whether or not his brain was gold, Montague always glittered, and people love things that glitter.

After dinner they danced. Mrs Le Roy was not a gifted hostess, but she acted on the principle that food, wine, and music—providing the food and wine were high-class, and the music was not—would make any evening a success. Few of her guests disagreed with her; their feet and tongues were light, and they danced and talked without self-consciousness or mental effort.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Dennis Montague led Vera Dalton into a moonlit recess of the conservatory. 'What a night!' he said, as they stood together surveying the silver glints of the moonlight upon the lawn outside. The girl was silent, but a lifting cloud caused a ray of light to mingle with her hair. Montague turned towards her, his eyes brilliant and his face flushed. He took her hands in his and drew her towards him.

'Don't,' she said quietly.

'Women always say don't,' he replied. 'I suppose they like to have a preliminary *tête-à-tête* with their conscience before they commit an indiscretion.'

'But I mean it, Dennis.'

'All women mean it, Vera.'

'Please let go of my hands.'

'If you pay the price.'

'And you call yourself a gentleman, don't you?'

'I have a valet and three addresses.'

The girl bit her lip, and then looked quickly up as though she would read into his very soul.

'Why,' she said hesitatingly—'why do you want to kiss me?'

Montague smiled. 'The eternal question, my dear. It has trapped more men into proposals than all the wiles of a generation of fond mothers.'

'But you don't love me,' she said searchingly, questioningly, utterly ignoring his flippant sarcasm.

'On such a night as this,' he answered, 'who could help but love you?'

The girl tried to free herself, but his grip held her.

'Dennis—I mean it—I shall call for help.'

His brow contracted with a sudden frown. 'You come here,' he said, 'at midnight—into a deserted conservatory . . . with me. Then because I do what you knew from the first I would do, you suddenly decide to play "Little Miss Prude from the convent."'

'I did not want to come here, Dennis,' she said slowly, hesitatingly. 'I fought against it. I—I had to come.'

A light of conquest crept into his eyes. This was a charming surrender. He drew her to him with a swift encircling movement of his arms.

'I have admitted, Dennis Montague,' she said breathlessly, 'that I came here because you fascinated me. It's true; you have always fascinated me. But I tell you that down in my heart I loathe you, detest you, for the coward that you are.' Montague drew back as though fired upon by a masked battery. 'In all the years I've known you,' she went on furiously, as though fearing that her courage would leave her before the finish, 'you have done nothing that was not selfish, mean, and cowardly—above everything else, cowardly. Look at the girls you have known'—Montague interrupted her with a furious gesture, but she went on: 'More than a dozen I could name have given you the depth and sweetness of their first love, inspired by you, called forth by you. Do you realise what a woman's heart is and what she gives you with it? And you—you are too cowardly to face marriage, too cowardly to love with your own heart—too selfish to leave women's hearts alone.'

Montague took a cigarette-case from his pocket. 'May I smoke?' he said coolly.

'You are a coward about your profession as well,' she hurried on, ignoring his interruption. 'Your mother, I know, had great dreams for you. She planned, worked, sacrificed for you. Yet you are too much of a coward to face competition with what you choose to call "the little legal minds of the city."'

'And thirdly?' he said, lighting a cigarette.

'Yes, thirdly,' she said desperately, although his easy nonchalance was fast undermining her courage, 'you are not in the army. Yet no one could say that Dennis Montague is not fit. I can only presume, like every one else, that you are afraid.'

'And lastly?' He was still calm, although keener eyes than hers would have noticed a dark, ominous flush under his eyes.

'And, lastly,' she said, unconsciously repeating his formula, 'you scoff at everything that is good and pure, sneering at religion, and drawing yourself aside from your fellow-creatures as though they were loathsome. Yet I say to you, Dennis, that there is not a man in the slums whose soul

isn't far, far richer than yours. It is only a coward, afraid to face the real things, who scoffs at life.'

Weak from the effort she had made, her voice tumbled into silence and a cold sweat broke out on her brow and the palms of her hands.

'Will you smoke, Vera?'

'No, thanks,' she answered faintly.

'Do. It would soothe you.'

'No, I thank you.' She repressed a sudden desire to fly from the conservatory. She had become suddenly afraid of the cool, smiling figure beside her.

'As far as girls are concerned,' he said quietly, replacing the cigarette-case in his pocket, 'just as long as they angle for us with every artifice of dress and rouge and coquetry, so long will they catch us and the consequences. As for the law, which my mother planned for me, I regret that my father left me the instincts of a gentleman, not an attorney. I am not bothering you?'

'No, no. Go on.'

'As for the army, I don't happen to be interested in the war. I disapprove of the crudeness of our Canadian civilisation. I disapprove of England's lack of the artistic. I disapprove of German militarism, Scotch bagpipes, Swiss cheese, Chinese laundries, and American politics. Why should I fight for one when I disapprove of them all? As for my fellow-man, I dislike the ordinary man of the streets because he does not think, read, or bath often enough. I am not hostile to him; I merely ignore him. I am not a coward at all, my dear Vera; I am merely an artist among artisans.'

With a graceful movement he offered his arm to her. 'Let us return to the dancing,' he said.

With a frightened, inquiring glance, she took his arm, and without a word they left the conservatory. At the door of the ballroom they paused, and she laid a timid hand on his arm. It will ever be a mystery to men how women can love and despise the same object.

'Dennis,' she said, 'will you try to forget what I have said?' Her courage had gone, fled before his coolness and the fascination he held for her, though she had striven with all her womanhood to free herself from it.

'I wish to Heaven I could,' he said grimly.

The morning sunshine invaded the rooms of Dennis Montague with pervading cheeriness. It was nearing the end of April, and a hundred birds sang of the wonders they had seen during the winter, of arid Africa, of the witcheries of the Nile, where they had seen Pygmies at war with the butterflies, and had heard the great god Memnon raise his mighty shout to greet the dawn of day.

Oblivious to the sunshine and everything but his thoughts, Montague lay in bed the following morning, and sought to wrestle with the truth he had heard the night before. It was impossible to dismiss the thing from his mind. His brain throbbed with resentment, questioning, searching her words—striving to convince himself that her charge of cowardice was the vituperation of an unrequited love. But it was useless. He could explain her actions, dissect her motives, applaud his own pose, but he could not eliminate the feeling of personal nausea which clung to him, as though he had suddenly sickened of his whole nature.

A knock at the door interrupted the thread of his thoughts, and his valet entered with a tray of breakfast-things.

'Good-morning, sir.' Sylvester carefully arranged the tray on a little table beside the bed. 'It's a beautiful morning, sir, and I see by the paper that the 'Uns are giving the Canadians a rough time of it, what with gas and what not.'

His master gazed listlessly at the breakfast-things. 'Sylvester,' he said quietly, 'for years you have ministered to my body. What can you do for a soul that is starving?'

The valet beamed reassuringly. 'That's halright, sir.' He rubbed his hands in genial encouragement. 'A bromo-seltzer will fix you up.'

A large and varied experience as a servant to young gentlemen had inured him to morning-after reproaches.

The sound of a military band drew Sylvester to the window. 'Ow, look!' he cried, his natural decorum suddenly dispelled by the inspiring sounds of the music. 'There must be blooming near a thousand of them. Seems like 'ome, it does, when the Guards used to do London in all their swankin' regimentals.'

A battalion swung past in steady rhythmical tread to the stirring strains of the Welsh hymn of freedom, 'Men of Harlech'—a splendid body of men with their chests expanded, arms swinging freely, and their whole bearing one of vigorous, unconquerable manhood. The last man passed, and the music ceased as suddenly as it had come. The birds resumed their chorus, and William Sylvester reinvested himself in his imperturbable mask of deference. Languidly Montague rose from his bed and lit a cigarette.

'Our civilisation,' he said quietly, 'need not pride itself on raising these men. Men have always been brave since they were men. The terrible failure of our times is that it has produced men like me—a coward.'

The valet scratched his head. 'You ain't a coward, sir,' he ventured. 'Lor' bless me! I've seen you ride a buckin' mare that'—

His master turned on him with a vehemence that his valet had never before seen in him. 'I tell you I am a coward,' he said fiercely. 'Don't I know that my place is with these men?'

In that battalion that passed there are married men with families, there are only sons of widows, there are brothers, sweethearts. Who is there to care if I go? My death would not cause a single tear; and yet I stay, not that I am afraid of bullets or death, but because I know that I shall have to sleep beside men who are filthy, unclean, and because I shall grow filthy too. I detest it. I abhor it, and yet I stand aside and let others go.'

'You—you are a gentleman, sir.'

'A gentleman!' He burst into a rasping laugh. 'My own definition last night was, "A man with a valet and three addresses." What a fool I was! No, I am not a gentleman. I've never been one. The greatest gentleman of all time was a carpenter. That is the truth I have to burn into my soul.'

A perplexed and troubled look spread over the vastness of Mr Sylvester's countenance. This was a new phenomenon to him. He was frankly puzzled, and reached for the breakfast tray with a melancholy slowness of movement that quite inadequately expressed his inward perturbation.

A cool shower and a shave having failed to dispel the brooding mood that had fallen on him, Montague hastily dressed himself, telling his servant he would not return before dinner. Clothed in an immaculate gray suit, with a velours fedora and a walking-stick, he strode into the street, a handsome, striking figure of a man, whose lithe athletic figure spoke of vigorous strength, a strength devoted to sporting activities, but a stranger to toil.

(Continued on page 167.)

## WHERE DIFFERENCES COUNT.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

IF one set out to write a book on things not generally known, he might find material for a very considerable chapter in the differences in tradition, custom, and form which mark the ordinary procedure of one House of the British Legislature as compared with the other, but which nevertheless almost entirely escape public notice. Yet some of these traditions are deeply cherished by members themselves. Some are not without importance, and nearly all have great historic meaning.

Take, for example, a few of those that cluster round the office of Speaker in either House. In the House of Commons the Speaker is always elected by vote of the members, and during his term of service he is above all party, while usually he may continue in office as long as he feels able to bear its burdens. On the other hand, the members of the House of Lords have no voice in the selection of the Lord Chancellor, who acts as their Speaker; for the Lord Chancellor owes his appointment to the Prime Minister, and goes out of office with the Ministry. Again, the Speaker of the House of Commons never takes part in debate, though he may, of course, give his decision on points of order and on all matters that pertain to order; whereas the Lord Chancellor is a frequent speaker in the House of Lords. In the House of Commons, members in debate always address the Speaker, and it is a gross breach of propriety for any one to pass between the member who may be speaking and the Chair; but in the House of Lords the practice is reversed, as each speaker addresses, not the Lord Chancellor, or the Chair, but his fellow-peers. Tradition also prescribes that in the House of Commons the Speaker should not vote in any of the numerous divisions that take place, though in the rare event of a tie he may

give a casting vote; contrariwise, the Lord Chancellor may vote like other peers in the House of Lords, but has no casting vote, the rule being that should a tie occur the 'Not contents' have it, so that the motion falls to the ground. Curiously enough, also, in the Lords, the peers who vote are counted as 'Content' or 'Not content'; in the Commons the members vote 'Aye' or 'No.'

Further, in the House of Commons it is the Speaker who calls upon the members to speak, and the effort to catch the Speaker's eye is among the standing humours of parliamentary life; but in the House of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor but the peers themselves who may decide should there be a competition between two would-be speakers determined not to give way. Other differences are equally notable. Whoever, for instance, is appointed to the office of Lord Chancellor is immediately made a peer, so that he may take his seat upon the Woolsack and act as Speaker of the House of Lords; a peerage is just as invariably conferred upon whoever is chosen to act as Speaker in the House of Commons, but in his case it is necessarily deferred till he lays down the duties of office, when, there being little further distinction to offer in the Lower House, he passes almost as a matter of course to the House of Lords. On the same line there is also this difference to be noted, that a new Lord Chancellor enters the House of Lords to preside forthwith over its deliberations, while a member of the House of Commons is seldom chosen to act as Speaker of that assembly until he has had years of experience as a member and shown that he has special qualifications for the post. It is often supposed that the Lord Chancellor, with 'a round ten thousand pounds a year,' is more

highly paid than the Speaker of the House of Commons. But there again there are differences that should be explained. For many years the emoluments of the Speaker of the House of Commons have been five thousand pounds a year and an official residence, with a pension of four thousand pounds a year on retirement, and a peerage. As compared with that, the Lord Chancellor has received four thousand pounds a year for acting as Speaker of the House of Lords, and a further six thousand a year, the salary of a Lord of Appeal, is assigned to him for presiding over the judicial proceedings of the House; and it was not till the beginning of 1917 that an agreement was made whereby he was allowed as an official residence the house formerly occupied by the Clerk of the Parliaments.

In other directions also curious distinctions may be found. An Irish peer, for example, may be chosen to sit in the House of Commons for any constituency outside Ireland, and Earl Winterton, an Irish peer, has for more than thirteen years been member of Parliament for the Horsham Division of Sussex; but, on the other hand, no Scotch peer may be elected for any constituency. Peers of the United Kingdom, of course, have seats in the House of Lords, and peerages of the United Kingdom are frequently conferred on Scotch and Irish peers. Thus it comes about that a Scotch or an Irish earl may receive only a United Kingdom barony, with the result that he sits in the House of Lords as a baron, although outside his title of earl is always used by courtesy. The case of Earl Curzon is almost unique. First, in 1898, he was created an Irish peer, which gave him the title of Lord Curzon, while Viceroy of India; then in 1908 he was chosen as one of the Irish representative peers, which gave him a seat in the House of Lords; in 1911 he was created an earl of the United Kingdom, and as an earl he sits and votes in the House of Lords, although, as Irish representative peers are elected for life, he remains an Irish representative peer also.

In matters affecting the Church and the two Houses there are various rules and traditions. There are nearly forty bishops in the Church of England to-day, but only the two archbishops and twenty-four bishops may sit in the House of Lords at one time, most of the bishops entering in order of seniority of consecration as vacancies occur. But as against that, no clergyman of the Church of England may sit in the House of Commons unless he first allows himself to be unfrocked. Should, however, a clergyman of the Church of England succeed to a title in the peerage, he may at once, as a peer, take a seat in the House of Lords; and there are now at least three clerical peers in that House—the Earl of Strafford, who was at one time chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Byron, and Lord Thurlow. While, however, clergy of the Church of England may not enter

the House of Commons, Nonconformist ministers of any denomination may do so. The late Rev. C. Silvester Horne, for instance, was member of Parliament for Ipswich while in charge of Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road, London; and the Rev. Towyn Jones, formerly a Congregational minister in Wales, is now not only a member of Parliament, but a member of the Government as Junior Lord of the Treasury.

Among the men of law the distinctions as between Lords and Commons are equally clear. Should a member of Parliament be made a judge, he must, of course, leave the House of Commons, but does not enter the House of Lords, unless appointed to one of the higher posts, such as that of Lord Chief-Justice, Master of the Rolls, or Lord of Appeal, with the added dignity of a peerage. That he should be addressed in court as 'My Lord' does not imply connection with the peerage. But should he succeed to the peerage he may act both as a peer and a judge. Lord Coleridge, succeeding to the barony first bestowed on his father, is now both a peer of the realm and a judge of the King's Bench Division; and Lord Ilkeston, succeeding to his father's barony, is both a peer and stipendiary magistrate for Birmingham. While a judge may not sit in the House of Commons, a recorder may do so, though he must seek the approval of his constituents by submitting himself for re-election. Curiously enough, although judges are often appointed from among members of the House of Commons, and seldom from among the peers, the House of Commons does not exercise the judicial authority entrusted to the Lords, who sit as the final Court of Appeal, that court consisting of the Lord Chancellor and six Lords of Appeal, with such peers of Parliament as hold or have held high judicial office.

But that by no means exhausts the differences that mark tradition in the two Houses. The number of members of each House is now much the same—six hundred and seventy in the Commons, and six hundred and eighty-six in the Lords; yet forty members are needed to form a quorum in the House of Commons, and only thirty in the House of Lords. The Lords are not paid for their legislative work; but members of the House of Commons are paid four hundred pounds a year each; and the members of the House of Commons now included in the Government outnumber the peers in the Government by about three to one, so that the emoluments of the commoners are considerably more than those of the peers. Financially there is another distinction. Should a member of the House of Commons become bankrupt his seat in due course falls vacant; but peers who become bankrupt, or in Scotland have their estates sequestrated, are simply disqualified from sitting or voting till after a discharge is obtained or bankruptcy is annulled. In any event, a member of the House

of Commons is chosen for the Parliament only, and has to seek re-election at each dissolution; a peerage of the United Kingdom carries a seat in the House of Lords for life, with reversion to the eldest son or other heir.

In matters of legislation also there are differences that always count. Thus a money bill, or a bill imposing taxation, must always 'originate,' as it is termed, in the House of Commons, that being one of the most important distinctions in the whole series here spoken of. By way of balance, bills relating to such subjects as restitution in blood or honour or 'pains and penalties,' originate in the House of Lords, custom in these last-mentioned matters being traced back to a time when the Commons had not the power enjoyed by the Lords of examining witnesses on oath. As there is a difference in originating bills, so also there is a difference in treatment when they have passed both Houses. An ordinary bill so passed remains with the Lords till the royal assent is given to it, but a bill of supply is sent back by the Lords to the Commons for presentation by the Speaker at the bar to the sovereign, or the Royal Commissioners, for the royal assent—a custom that

further marks the power of the House of Commons over the purse.

Even when the royal assent is given there is a difference in form. A bill of supply takes precedence, and the royal assent to it is in these terms: '*Le roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veut.*' To a general bill the royal assent is given in the simple words, '*Le roy le veut.*,' while to a private bill it takes this form: '*Soit fait comme il est désiré.*'

Such are a few of the distinctions that attend the course of legislative procedure from year to year. Possibly some of them may seem trivial, but it may be gathered from what has been said that all have grown with time. It may have been noticed, for instance, that the royal assent is still declared in Norman-French. Others are but as symbols of issues long since dead. But whether as symbols of the past or as active rules of to-day, they are cherished in the House which they specially concern, for nothing is so dear as precedent to Parliament men. That traditions should count for so much makes it worth while to know them, and to understand their import in modern usage.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE long letter Anita wrote to her lover that morning of her first venture alone into the forest was destined never to reach him, and this notwithstanding that, contrary to Charlie's prediction, a party of campers *en route* for the lake-fishing passed through the Grizzly the next day, and gladly undertook to carry mail and parcels to all the scattered dwellers along the mountain road. Not that the forester was again left wholly without a message from his 'girl.' It was a very sweet, very tender little scented note which his eager fingers extracted from the letter-box on the evening of Nat Duncan's ministrations as barber.

It began, 'Dearest Dave,' and ended, 'Your own Annie;,' the possessive adjective doubly underscored, and no mention from first to last of the Englishman.

As he read it David's face cleared. Nat was a fool, and himself another—a scoundrel he felt himself to be for nursing unworthy thoughts of that sweet girl. It was all his nasty, jealous temper cropping out again. A wretched life he would lead poor little Annie (his thoughts ran on in a contrite passion of self-arraignment) if he let it get the better of him whenever she looked at some other man. Still, it *was* odd. He re-read the note. Perhaps that might be the very reason she had avoided any mention

of her travelling-companion. David shook himself angrily in supreme self-disgust.

'If you're *that* kind of a chap, David Benedict Hardy,' he argued with himself, 'you'd just best not marry at *all*—leastways not a sweet, sensitive, loving little soul like Anita Lalonne. You'd break her heart with your beastly suspicious ways of lookin' at things!'

Filled with compunction, David pressed the little letter to his lips; sniffed at the delicate fragrance that reminded him so vividly of the writer; took her photograph from the pocket in which it always reposed, feasted his passionate eyes on the great, soft ones looking back so candidly into his own; then, with the last trace of the thunder-cloud banished from his brow, he set to work on his usual routine of bachelor housekeeping, a cheery whistle on his lips.

Thus it happened that at the very moment when the flame of a kindling newspaper in the forester's stove was dyeing his rugged countenance crimson and yellow, a tiny ball of crumpled, closely written pages was darting pinky tongues of colour and pencilling soft shadows on the smooth, round cheeks of his 'girl,' crouching over a diminutive bonfire of cones and twigs in front of her hut at the Grizzly Station. For Anita Lalonne had that day reached a doubtful place on the trail of her new life, and, like many

a one before her, had taken a wrong turning, ignorant of the bogs and boulders towards which it might lead her.

The girl truly loved her forester; so it was with deep distress, mingled with contrition, that after the hurried midday meal she had shut herself up in her room, and there, picturing David's disappointment when no letter reached him, had taxed herself severely for neglect of him. The poor child was, at most, guilty of the very pardonable sin of losing note of the flight of time in the enjoyment of a congenial companion; but that which gave poignancy to her self-reproach was the disquieting knowledge that in the society of this other man not only had David been quite forgotten, but she had felt more exhilarated and more in her element than ever she had done in the company of her American fiancé. Thus troubled and dissatisfied, Anita took from her dress the unposted letter, smeared and creased from careless handling, and glancing through it, became uncomfortably conscious of the oft-recurring words 'Englishman' and 'Mr Barrie.' Written as they were in all innocence, Anita suddenly caught herself wondering as to how David Hardy might regard this prominence of a stranger in her first letter to him on the threshold of their married life. That her lover was intensely jealous she had, by experience, already long since learned, and although to a certain extent this was pleasing enough to her feminine vanity, she had on occasion found it extremely irksome, and an open quarrel had been averted solely by her own sweet, well-controlled temper and readiness to fall in with David's wishes. Even to see her fondle a kitten had seemed to vex him; and when one time, in a sudden gush of pleasure over a beautiful young dog, she had kissed the smooth, satiny muzzle, David had quite frightened her by his stern bidding 'never again to do such a thing in his sight,' and had even made show of refusing to allow her red lips to touch his own until she had promised that in future none but himself should know their pressure.

As all this surged through Anita's mind, while with paling cheeks and tearful eyes she sat perched on her bed, the letter in her listless hands, there came the sound of hurrying feet, a sharp knock on the door, followed by the voice of the genial Charlie crying out, 'Oh, Mees Lalonne! I say, Mees Lalonne! Dere's come a party of campers goin' up to de lakes. Dey'll take your letter to Dave Hardy!' And, as Anita hastily opened the door, 'Eh? What? Bin cryin'?' Why, dot's all right, Mees Lalonne. You just gimme de letter, an' Dave'll have it to-morrow evenin'. Dese folk are goin' as far as Rainbow, an' dot's a good bit de furdur side of de Laughin'.'

Charlie stood smiling up at her kindly and holding out his hand for the letter.

'Oh, Mr Axel,' stammered Anita, 'would the

people—oh, won't they *please* wait just a few minutes? The letter—I—I want to add a postscript!'

'Yah, yah; I understand, Mees Lalonne,' laughed Charlie. 'Dey're awful nice people—*awful* nice. Guess *dey* know what lovers is like! I'll tell 'em, and dey'll wait all right. Only, you'd better be quick, 'cause dey've a long way to go to de first campin'-ground before night.'

'Yes, yes; I'll be as quick as possible,' replied Anita eagerly. 'Thank you so much, Mr Axel!' Then, as the man walked away, she flew to her bed and snatched up her letter. Suddenly she crumpled it in both tiny hands. 'I'll write him another!' she cried, and dragging from her trunk some dainty note-paper, scribbled the few lines that were to bring such happiness and consolation to her sweetheart. 'There!' she exclaimed, hurriedly imprinting several kisses on the pages and sealing the envelope; 'that's much better. I can tell him all the rest by-and-by.'

Then, with a lighter heart and the dimples again playing hide-and-seek about the red ribbon of her lips, she ran down the steps, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the campers, with their precious burden of mail for the in-dwellers of the forest wilds, rattle out of the station-yard.

It was not until the following evening that a draught from the open door sent the ill-shaped paper ball rolling to her feet from under the bed where it had fallen, and Anita, not caring to leave it blowing about, ran out with candle and matches, and heaping together a miniature pyre, cremated the pages wherein Gavin Barrie's name figured so conspicuously, and with the toe of her childish boot rubbed the soft gray ashes into the rich forest loam.

In the meantime that mischievous little god—Chance yclept—whom oftwhiles even the most faithful of us are sorely perplexed to differentiate from 'the divinity that shapes our ends,' had busily continued forging the fine links of a chain wherewith to shackle this man and woman whose lives, according to the natural course of things, should have remained as far asunder as the Poles. Had not a wild west wind nearly exterminated beneath a torn-up tree a certain forester; had not Charlie Axel's clumsy horse trampled on Gavin Barrie's foot; last, but not least, had not Kenneth Grey inherited from a long line of medicoes the conscience that suffered neither rest nor pleasure to deter him from daily attendance upon his feverish little patient at Silver Creek, the fellow-passengers in Charlie's outfit would, in all likelihood, have travelled together not a yard farther than Grizzly Station. But granted all these trivial circumstances, which inevitably threw together two young people of magnetic personalities and strong mutual interests, and who shall say but that they were bound to tread at least a Sabbath-day's journey: the self-same trail?

The latter half of each day found the two Englishmen absorbed in the comfortable, quasi-busy-lazy fashion peculiar to young men on a holiday, killing time with all diligence, taking to pieces and cleaning guns already spotlessly clean, unreeling endless yards of lines to reel them up again, comparing flies a hundred times compared, discussing details of a prospective camping trip, visiting the salt-lick and bear-trap, or merely sitting in one or other of their tent-doors, smoking in happy silence, broken only by the satisfied snores of the red-brown dog.

The morning hours, however, when Kenneth Grey's mission of mercy took him away from breakfast until dinner, left Gavin, his game-foot still obstinately painful, and the solitary girl in sole possession of the station. The unwontedly early hour of rising, too, with its exhilarating freshness, and the allurements of dewy, fragrant woods to wander abroad before the heat of the day, all conduced to the same end; and as Barrie's moccasined foot and Anita's timidity tended respectively to limit their rambles, the two were constantly running across each other in what Anita called their *petits voyages*.

That these *rencontres* with the pretty, lively girl should have been other than agreeable to the young man would have been scarcely human; and although her frankly appealing '*Où allez-vous maintenant, monsieur? May I come too?*' evoked nothing more enthusiastic than a brief 'Yes, if you like,' his tongue was soon limbered up, and the slow, reluctant English speech gave way to a ready flow of the language which was the natural exponent of his second self.

As for Anita, her fears of the wilderness being, thanks to his influence and companionship, steadily overcome, she was full of pretty eagerness to learn all that he could tell her of bird and beast, of tree and flower, so that their talk increasingly turned on the immediate present; and as Gavin made no sign of having guessed her identity, the girl became less and less inclined to reveal it—nay, rather on guard not to do so. After all, what did it matter? So she reasoned with herself. All that part of her life—how unreal and remote it now seemed! She, an obscure little school-teacher in an insignificant Californian town, the bride-to-be of a plain, self-made man; and he, this tall, handsome Englishman of the grave eyes and grand air, whom the strangest of chances had again thrown across her path. All things considered, she reflected, it was doubtless far better that the long letter to David had not been despatched; the Englishman could not interest him, and that chapter of her life in which he had played so large a part lay so wide of the forester's own experience that he could neither sympathise nor understand.

Mr Barrie, too—evidently her very appearance must have faded from his mind; while she—yes, in the innermost temple of her heart he was

enshrined, and worshipped there not as mortal lover, but as some hero-god far above her, and beyond the dreams of human desires. It was this childish deification of a perfectly normal, matter-of-fact young Englishman that had at first made it difficult for Anita, after a lapse of several years, to recognise in her fellow-traveller of the prosaic dust-coat, and surrounded by the commonplace contents of Charlie Axel's wagon, the fair young god of her visions.

That her own identity might, by the wholly different circumstances of her dress and environment, be equally obscured never crossed her mind. Nor did she once reflect that if the wide, wide world had swallowed beyond her ken this man whose memory was so dear and sacred, no less so did it apply to her own case, and that in the over-smartly-dressed young woman, represented to him by Charlie as a schoolmistress on her way to marry a forester of the National Reserve, Gavin Barrie could not reasonably be expected to recognise her. Great, therefore, would have been her surprise had there been visible to her, just at the time that the forester was delighting over his sweetheart's missive, and she herself destroying the ill-fated letter, a little scene occurring within the neighbouring tent.

The two friends, Barrie and Grey, having smoked their final pipe together and parted for the night, the former, closing the tent-flap and pulling forward his portmanteau, began emptying the contents on the floor. From the very bottom he finally lifted a small, flat parcel, and unwrapping it, held at arm's length, and in such a position that the full light of the candle fell upon it, a sketch in pastel, of rare delicacy as to line and colour, on the back of which was roughly written in pencil: '*Les Cérises*.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Barrie in a low tone of suppressed excitement. '*Of course it is! What a blind fool she must think me—unless*'—

This way and that he turned the sketch, scanning critically the contour and every feature of a delicately poised head, with bare throat and shoulders, the draperies about which were vaguely indicated in filmy blue. It was that of a young girl—a child as yet—her abundant black hair cut short and lying in thick, loose waves about the nape of her neck, about the small, shell-like ears and low, white forehead, the whole face seeming to serve merely as a setting for a pair of enormous black-brown eyes. But that which caught and held one's attention was neither the hair nor eyes, not even the classic shapeliness of the head daintily erect on a lily-stem of pure white throat; it was the lips—full, ripe, crimson lips, like unto a true lovers' knot of brightest ribbon. Other colour there was none, save where, in a corner of the sketch, the artist had, as it were, dropped from his brush a triplet twig of ripe, red cherries.

(Continued on page 163.)

## RAILWAY REFORM.

## LARGE WAGONS: THEIR UTILITY AND ECONOMY.

By JOHN ORR.

**SOME** years ago—a good many now—all eyes were turned towards America, where, with characteristic enterprise, the Americans had equipped their practically new railways with everything that applied science and ingenuity could suggest, with results entirely satisfactory to themselves—quick service and economical working, the perfection of railway management. It is just possible, however, that in their hurry the Americans overlooked the essential condition here—‘safety first.’ One of the factors of their success, perhaps the principal one, is undoubtedly the almost universal use on the American railways of freight-cars of large carrying capacity compared with the standard British wagons and vans for merchandise traffic, also the wagons used for mineral traffic, especially coal and dress.

The obvious gain and advantage in the use of large wagons for the working of goods and mineral traffic are economy in engine-power, time, and haulage; less shunting and marshalling; more steady and smooth running, thus making for greater safety and freedom from accidents alike to the trains themselves and the merchandise carried, this last probably the greatest economy of all, as there can be no doubt whatever that more than 50 per cent. of the claims for damage by breakage, chafing, tearing, leakage, &c. are directly due to the excessive shunting of long, loosely coupled trains in station yards and at roadside stations, which, under present working conditions and type of plant, cannot be avoided. Why the British companies have not boldly adopted the American type of wagon with all its advantages is difficult to understand. Perhaps our insular prejudice or conservatism is the cause; or it may be the hesitancy is due to fear of the cost. Whatever the reason, it is not complimentary to the British companies, and would seem to indicate a lack of enterprise or courage. ‘Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity ’tis ’tis true.’ They must wake up and bestir themselves to perform their part in the great industrial organisation of the country, and by developing their resources, and changing (revolutionising if necessary) their system, be better equipped in the material sense at least to overtake the tremendous increase of traffic that will surely follow the declaration of peace. The adoption and use of large wagons of thirty, forty, or even fifty tons capacity would, of course, necessitate a change in the system of working; but this would not be so formidable as at first appears. Indeed, when worked out in detail, the difficulties (financial and otherwise), which bulk so largely in theory, would simplify

themselves in practical working operations and be falsified by experience. The Caledonian Company is the only one, in Scotland at least, to show any enterprise in this direction. It has a number of large wagons, but no large vans. The tendency, however, to adopt the principle is certainly making progress, particularly in regard to coaching stock, as is evidenced by the large, sumptuous corridor trains and the dining, sleeping, and Pullman cars now in use, all purely American, even to the adoption of the name ‘car.’ But why not extend the principle to the merchandise and mineral traffic? What is there to fear? Nothing! It would simply be a change to a better condition, which results would amply justify. The iron road is now heavy and strong; the engines are likewise heavy and strong; the other conditions have therefore, I fear, been more largely magnified in our horoscope than would be found in actual working experience.

While a number of small wagons may still be required for private works and siding traffic, also certain traffics, such as oils, chemicals, ice, draff in bulk, &c., which cannot well be mixed with other goods (although even such consignments could be conveyed in large wagons by having them built with tight bulkhead partitions, which, when not required, could be opened and the whole space thrown into one), nevertheless fully three-fourths of the present merchandise trucks could be dispensed with altogether, and practically the whole volume of traffic dealt with in large wagons, open and covered.

The manner of dealing with the traffic would, as already indicated, necessitate certain changes, and the following examples or illustrations of traffic-working are probably the lines on which these would be conducted.

First, local traffic, usually the most difficult to handle, so as to secure full loads for the proper utilisation of the plant. From all large cities or centres (such as Glasgow) the traffic for local stations, say from twenty-five to thirty miles out, serving fifteen stations, would be despatched twice a day (perhaps only once under present conditions); the evening train leaves with anything up to forty wagons, containing, roughly, one hundred and sixty tons goods traffic, the whole of which could quite easily and more safely be carried in five or, at most, six large wagons, the goods to be loaded and stowed at the starting-point in station order, thus at the outset avoiding shunting and marshalling. Two or three porters, called ‘train porters,’ would accompany the train, and, with the assistance of the station staffs, discharge the traffic on to the

station shed platform, or, in the case of small stations, into the store on passenger platforms. Goods to be uplifted would then be loaded up in the right wagons in like manner. Traffic for stations on branch lines would be put out at the junction stations, but when there was sufficient for one of the large wagons it would be detached and taken forward by the branch train. The work of loading and unloading merchandise at the stations by the train porters and station staffs would be expeditiously performed, and in less time than is at present occupied by the train men, the guards, and yard staffs combined, in the shunting operations of placing wagons inside the shed and sidings, shunting out, marshalling, and placing outgoing traffic on the train (it is usually in this process and at this time 'transit' damages occur). This is simply an extension of the sundry-van system, the invoices taking the place of the van way-bills. Many advantages would thus accrue: the goods would be checked forthwith; discrepancies, shortages, condition, and actual damage, if any, at once discovered and noted; and the goods safely put under cover, so that no subsequent damage might occur. Under the present conditions and system of working, especially at country stations, the merchandise is allowed to lie in the wagons until consignees take delivery, who, for one reason or another, may not do so for four or five days after being advised. All this time the wagons with their contents are exposed to the weather (and our weather is often unkind); they are also subjected to shunting operations several times each day, when further 'transit' damage occurs. In this connection heavy claims are being made at present. It is really surprising they are not much heavier when valuable goods are exposed to such unnecessary risks, but under the present working conditions there is absolutely no hope or prospect of any reduction of this serious loss to the companies; in fact, the number and value of claims have now reached alarming proportions, and are still steadily increasing. On this head alone, for the prevention of claims, the system recommended is entitled to the serious consideration of the companies, as only in this direction is there any guarantee that an improvement could be effected, even including 'pilferage' in transit, a source of claims at once the most prevalent, the most costly, and the most difficult to locate or check. Demurrage would give place to storage charges. These would be easier to collect, and more profitable, but would have to be rigorously enforced to prevent abuse of shed accommodation.

Second, through traffic arising at roadside stations on the main line, but requiring transshipment, would be dealt with in the same manner as local traffic, including also branch line traffic. It would be loaded up in the large vans on the main line trains, labelled direct to the regular and common transfer stations, such as Carlisle, Leeds, Preston, Crewe, Newcastle, &c. These

stations would, therefore, only receive from the north four or five large wagons tranships from each district instead of forty or fifty separate wagons as at present, traffic flowing from south to north being dealt with in like manner. Note: the cost of the train porters might be met by reductions of staff at the country stations, whose work they partly perform.

Through traffic in full wagon-loads is much easier to arrange and organise than local and roadside traffic already referred to; train porters are not required, as the goods are loaded and unloaded at the terminal stations, where large staffs of porters are employed. The traffic is, therefore, more economically manipulated, and the saving of plant is enormous, as the following will show.

To take Glasgow again as a centre, there are despatched from the principal stations fifty merchandise trains daily with traffic for Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Greenock, Ayr, Newcastle, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Nottingham, Birmingham, London, &c. Each of these trains consists of thirty wagons (a low estimate), containing, roughly, one hundred and fifty tons of merchandise (a high estimate), because, on account of the limited cubical capacity of the British standard wagon (if there is a standard wagon), it is filled up long before its weight-carrying capacity is reached; hence the duplication of wagons and the creation of long trains. To follow this out, it will be seen that these fifty trains are hauling no fewer than one thousand five hundred wagons, carrying probably five thousand tons of merchandise dead weight.

Under the large-wagon system now advocated, the whole of this traffic could have been stowed in two hundred and fifty wagons, each of thirty tons capacity; fewer still if forty or fifty ton wagons had been used. These figures refer to the traffic from only one city and centre; but multiply that, say, by fifty cities and centres throughout the country, and the enormous saving effected would be clearly demonstrated to, and appreciated by, every railway official. The trains could be reduced nearly one-half in number, thus securing at once great reduction in locomotive power, train mileage, rolling stock, siding accommodation, and claims—this last not the least; indeed, the economies effected would be both large and manifold, but can only be realised to the full by practical experience as the system unfolds and develops itself.

Third, the same principle can also be applied to mineral traffic, especially coal and dross, which can be most advantageously dealt with in large consignments, so that to secure full loads in the larger wagons would be simply a matter of arrangement between senders and consignees. The smallest coal-merchant can, generally speaking, deal with twenty-eight tons at one time—that is, one large wagon, say, once or twice a week, equal to four or eight wagons respectively.

the case of large merchants handling over a hundred tons daily, the economy in plant is, of course, greater in proportion. This quantity could be carried in four wagons instead of perhaps fifteen, as at present. The new wagons would have end doors, and also be fitted with partition doors—the latter, when not required, could be opened—so that small consignments for private parties could still be carried; but it would be incumbent on senders to have consignments sufficient to fill all the compartments each journey, senders to declare the weight of each consignment, as at present.

The wagons would not require to be detained more than one day, which would be essential for their proper economical working. Merchants would, therefore, require to discharge into the coal-bing any part of the contents not immediately disposed of to works or houses. Depots in future would consist of larger bings, and more of them. On the other hand, the sidings would be practically empty, or, better still, cleared each day, because the wagons would be kept moving. The collieries would also have a regular, steady supply; demurrage would practically cease for station traffic, as the charge would then be on ground rent, which would be more easily collected and more profitable to the companies; though the charge for demurrage, when it was found necessary to levy it, must be heavy—prohibitive, in fact—consequently there would be no inducement to risk it.

Shipping and sea-borne traffic could also be dealt with both expeditiously and advantageously. With suitably enlarged harbour facilities, gangway hoists, and shoots, a cargo of, say, one thousand tons of coal carried in thirty-five large wagons could be put on board in much less than half the time occupied in shipping the same quantity out of one hundred and twenty-five wagons of the present type. The time taken to tip the contents of a large wagon is practically the same as in the case of a small one. The saving of ships' time alone is obvious, and would be much appreciated by shipping companies.

A further advantage which would accrue through the speedy clearing of steamers, either when loading or unloading, is the practical solution of the 'congestion of ports' difficulty, as the only possible relief port authorities can hope for in this regard is a large reduction in the excessive number of wagons about the docks. Any change that would effect this, without reducing the railway facilities—that is, the carrying capacity of the wagons supplied, also their mobility to meet all the present demands of shipping, with power to increase same, which is confidently expected to be required in the very near future—would be heartily welcomed by port authorities. By the adoption of the large-wagon system, a reduction of from 50 to 75 per cent. of wagons about the docks could be secured. What an immense improvement in the shunting and general work-

ing of harbour traffic could thus be effected! It is, in fact, the only proposition or scheme yet suggested whereby congestion at ports may be overcome, so far, at least, as the railway companies are concerned. The confusion and congestion so common at large railway stations—in fact, almost chronic at some places—are a source of serious loss, trouble, and vexation both to the trading public and the companies. This condition of affairs is not really the result of, or caused by, the volume of traffic passing, heavy as it is, but is due entirely to the extraordinary number of wagons involved or used in carrying it, which, in turn, necessitates the large number of trains to manipulate them. At present there is an insistent, clamant demand for more station and siding accommodation, more trains, and more loop-lines to run them along; and this demand must be acceded to if the work is to be carried on under the present unsatisfactory system. But to continue the present system would be most unfortunate. It would simply be a sop to Cerberus—more wagons, more sidings. To increase the one necessarily involves an increase of the other, which merely perpetuates the evil, and the expensive increase of both wagons and sidings would become imperative and absolute. The position in this regard is parallel with that in pre-demurrage days, when the coalmasters filled the wagons (and kept them standing under load) as fast as the railway companies could build them. Like *Oliver Twist*, they demanded more, the excuse being to keep the collieries working; yet the demand was wholly unreasonable and unwarranted, as the thousands of useless wagons left on the companies' hands clearly proved, whereas under this new system of large wagons the companies would find themselves with miles of sidings at their disposal.

In like manner, therefore, the solution of this difficulty is clearly in the use of wagons and vans (mostly vans) of large carrying capacity of thirty, forty, or fifty tons each. The proper working and utilisation of such plant would involve changes in the method of handling the traffic as demonstrated, and shown in outline, in this article.

The British companies should tackle this question, this revolution, in fact, at once. No more wagons of the present type should be built; but perhaps in this epoch-making age the duty will fall to the Government, when they take over the railways wholly (as rumour confidently assures us is coming). *Inter alia*, this would be a fitting reform with which to begin the many and great improvements expected and hoped for under the new regime. The deeper this matter is gone into, the more it is considered in detail for practical working operations, the more railway officials and men are impressed with the almost unlimited possibilities our railways now actually possess not only to cope expeditiously and satis-

factorily with the existing traffic—which, under present working conditions, has nearly overwhelmed them—but also to develop, under the new conditions, resources and facilities for dealing

with further large increases of traffic more freely and more economically, as scarcely 'even dreamt of in our philosophy.' But it must be grappled with thoroughly.

## 'VON TIRPITZ:' THE TRUE STORY OF A SUBMARINE HUNT.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON.

'AND this,' moaned Lieutenant Augustine Reginald Batty, Royal Navy, commanding officer of his Majesty's elderly and disreputable Torpedo-Boat O 36, 'is what they call a patrol station. In my opinion, it's a blinking refrigerator, and I should like to have ten full unofficial minutes with the bounder who detailed me to look after it.'

He snapped out an order to the helmsman which sent O 36 gliding well to the starboard of a monster iceberg, and buttoned his lammy suit closer to his chin in the keen air. His sub-lieutenant and second in command, one Marmaduke Bliss, smiled happily at his senior's outburst. He didn't mind the loneliness at all, and the cold left him unaffected.

'I wouldn't moan about anything at all,' went on Batty, as O 36 steadied on her course once more, 'but we never see anything worth *strafing*. Now, if only an occasional chance submarine would lose her way and meander in this direction, so that we could *strafe* her, we might bring the fact of our existence to the notice of the powers that be, and get removed to some more exciting beat.'

Bliss stiffened suddenly, and flung out a pointing hand to the northward. 'What more do you want than that?' he queried. 'Old Von Tirpitz himself come to pay you a call.'

'Glory be!' exclaimed Batty. 'It's actually a submarine, I do believe; though what the dickens she's rigged up with beats me. Give her a round from the fore-castle gun, quick, and for the Lord's sake plug her! We haven't had a chance like this before in all our lives.'

With the aurora borealis making delicate tracery on the night sky behind her, and with gigantic icebergs encompassing her on almost all sides, lay a German U-boat. In the light the two officers could even see the black-and-white diapered lines on her upper part, and the white-painted U on her conning-tower. But she was not as other U-boats. From her bows, extending on each side and outwards, curved like the claws or pincers of a lobster, were a pair of antennæ, the invention of her own *oberleutnant*, and the means whereby she had up to now managed to cut her way through various nets set to catch her.

Night-time was her favourite period for breathing, and, like other of her sisters, it had indeed proved to be the only safe time for coming to the surface. Therefore, when O 36

called to her with the fore-castle six-pounder, she resented the interruption, but stayed not to argue. Deeming the depths safer and more peaceful, she dipped hastily, just as the six-pounder shell, flying wide, exploded near the summit of an attendant iceberg. And the chunks of ice flung apart by the explosion fell crashing into the sea, some even sinking as fast as she did. Indeed, one huge piece, weighing some fifteen tons, dropped clean on the starboard claw of her net-cutter, and snapped it off like a rotten carrot.

O 36's officers swore heartily and unashamedly, and very loudly, at that unlucky layer of the six-pounder.

'Best chance we ever had, and we missed it,' they cried in unison, as the boat reached the spot lately vacated by the German. 'But he won't get any peace now we've seen him. We'll make his life a mizz.'

And they did. Their wireless called to all the other boats of the patrol, reported 'Von Tirpitz,' and made arrangements to ensure the complete misery of her life thereafter. And by means of their own, possessed by all U-boat hunters, they shadowed that one-whiskered submarine so that she became a fugitive. Wherever she went some craft with designs upon her life showed up and headed her off. A drifter caught her one day, and it was only after three hours' bitter fighting with the bomb-charged nets that the submarine got away. On another occasion a trawler ran a wire-hawser sweep under her keel as she lay on the bottom, and the submarine only got clear in time. Three minutes more, and that red tin of gun-cotton, with electric wire attached, which they slid down the taut wire, would have rested against her hull, and, upon the touch of a button, have sent her sides crashing inward like a squashed bully-beef tin.

They headed her back into O 36's sphere of influence at last, and one night she came up for breath as usual. The six-pounder again snapped angrily, and this time the port leg of her antennæ flew circling through the air, leaving her as any other boat.

She slid downwards rapidly, and pushed blindly southward again at a horrible depth, while her storage-batteries sparked badly and gave off fumes which almost choked her crew. By good fortune she managed to hide herself for one full day in a Scottish inlet; but at the end

of that time a scouting motor-boat asked her, *via* a three-pounder semi-automatic gun firing twenty rounds a minute—and the motor-boat spoke for a full minute, too—what she wanted.

As 'Von Tirpitz' had no convincing answer ready, she evaded the question in her usual way, and added a second bloodthirsty tracker to the list of her immediate foes. For nearly a hundred miles across the North Sea the torpedo-boat and the cockle-shell motor-boat followed her, and the submarine began to hope that at last she was bound for home. But she ran into a long line of more than usually dangerous nets, and turned back disgustedly, running again to the south-east. Although she did not know it, she passed once more from O 36's ken; but the motor-boat, being tied down to no restricted area, accompanied her as if towed. They made the mouth of the Channel, just off Dover, and here a paddle-boat added herself to the chase, an elderly paddle-boat, whose name ended with 'Belle,' and who had once carried holidaying crowds to 'fortified towns' on the south coast, such as Ramsgate and Margate. She ran up alongside 'Von Tirpitz' one night, just at breathing-time, and failing to ram her, owing to some trick of tide or helm, tried to drop a lump of dynamite down her open conning-tower hatch. But the light was bad, and the bullets from the German *oberleutnant's* revolver whistled round the skipper's ears; so the attempt failed.

She shook off her trackers, save for the motor-boat, who now became so weather-stained and short of fuel and provisions that she had to appoint another small pigmy craft as her deputy. And some inquisitive vessel, seeing the strange motor-boat on the job, spread a rumour that there were now two submarines instead of one in the hunt, and hopes rose accordingly. The disappointment, when it finally came out that it was still the same old craft who was being hunted, was intense, but made the hunters all the more determined to kill.

Then came a day when 'Von Tirpitz' found herself surrounded, quite close to shore, and well within O 36's beat, by a host of small craft—trawlers, drifters, ocean-going tugs, paddle-steamers, mostly from the Clyde and the Forth; motor-boats, and one or two torpedo-boats, who proclaimed their presence hoarsely, and stood aloof to watch or to bear a hand as the necessity arose.

The submarine tried to break through to the open sea; but the snares were too strong for her. Fighting bitterly all the time, she was driven towards the land, over the mud-flats and sand-banks. She tried to dive, but the bottom was too close for safety, and she bumped upwards at an alarming rate. Then she turned, and really, before she knew it, discovered an ancient runway, unguarded by nets. She promptly took it, leaving behind her periscope—a six-pounder shell from a resentful drifter snapped it off—and

emerged at the other end temporarily free, but blind.

Another day of grace was accorded her, during which she rigged her spare eye; but this time wandering coastguards turned her into a rifle-practice target, and succeeded in scoring bull's-eyes on three of her crew.

Followed another week of hunting, during which 'Von Tirpitz's' crew grew sullen and discontented, and only their hatred of the hunters prevented their mutinying incontinently and surrendering their craft to the patrols. But their *oberleutnant*, like the sportsman he was, told them that it was up to them to see the game through, and read them extracts from German newspapers which stated that all submarine crews captured with their ships were towed astern of their own boats and drowned.

'But,' he added, 'I have every reason to believe that if the boat is lost, they simply intern the crew till the end of the war; but even that is not good enough for us children of the Kaiser. So, if the end comes, we must destroy the boat. That, of course, means that we shall all be killed outright.'

Now, I have said he was a sport, and he did not want his men to be killed. One should die for the safety of the others, he explained. 'We will all draw lots,' he went on—'I with the rest of you. The man who has the ace of spades'—or its German equivalent—'dealt to him will be the selected man. When the end comes—if we cannot escape—that man will stay below while the others go on deck, and he will have a bomb with an instantaneous fuse ready in his hand. When the hunters come to take off the prisoners, I, or the senior man on deck, will kick hard three times in succession on the hull. Then the bomb will go off, and if the accursed British get the men, they will lose the boat. Is it so?'

'It is so,' growled the crew, and the cards were dealt.

Breathlessly each man grabbed his little pack as they came to him, and a little fair-haired youth gasped with terror. Then he straightened his shoulders and looked his officer between the eyes. 'The honour has fallen to me,' he said simply. 'It is enough. The Fatherland demands it.'

For the next day, and the three following that, the little fair-haired Saxon prayed that the God of Battles would see U 72 through the mess. But stores ran short; provisions were giving out at an alarming rate, and the storage-batteries were running dry. U 72—or 'Von Tirpitz'—decided to seek another friendly inlet, ignorant of the fact that there were now three motor-boats acting as her shadows.

She sought shallow water, where she could lie secure and rest. But she found it not till the third day, when the battery almost refused to give off enough current to run her motors. And then, with the three motor-boats close on her

heels, she ran into shoal water once more. No runway opened to her this time, the bay she had chosen was landlocked, and the way to the sea barred by those three boats.

'The end has come,' remarked the *oberleutnant*. 'You are ready, Johann?'

The fair-haired boy went to a locker, and removed a small case. From its interior he disinterred a spherical object. He withdrew the safety-pin, and handed it to his superior. Then he placed his thumb on the trigger—the loosing of which would immediately detonate the bomb—and knelt close to the hull.

'I am ready, Herr Leutnant,' he said.

'Surface; blow all ballast,' ordered the officer. The boat shot upwards, twenty yards away from the trio of hunters. The conning-tower hatch sprang back, and the crew filed slowly out on to 'Von Tirpitz's' whaleback. One of the motor-boats' captains seized a megaphone.

'Anybody there speak English?' he commanded.

'I do,' replied the lieutenant, sure of the next question.

'Then what about it?' came the words. 'Do you surrender?'

The German shrugged his shoulders. 'I have little option,' he replied. 'Yes, of course.'

The three motor-boats moved slowly, cautiously ahead, their pigmy guns ready for immediate action at the first sign of treachery. Those men who were not guns' crews loosened their automatics.

Twenty yards away two of the boats slowed and stopped, keeping their guns trained on the U-boat's conning-tower. The third shot alongside, a brown-faced officer, R.N.V.R., in the stern-sheets.

'All there?' he asked. 'Nobody below?'

'No one at all,' replied the *oberleutnant*, as he made to step into the boat.

'Hang on a minute, then,' was the order, and the brown-faced young man swiftly counted the Germans. Then, pistol in hand, he clambered to the submarine's whaleback. The *oberleutnant* stepped quickly towards the conning-tower.

'Wait a minute, Herr, I said,' interposed the R.N.V.R. officer. 'Don't be in a hurry.'

He thrust the muzzle of his automatic under the German's nose, and the latter gave back a step.

'Bates,' called the Englishman to his coxswain, 'just keep your pistol on these chaps, and if any of 'em try to approach the conning-tower, plug him. I'll stand the racket.'

He drew himself swiftly to the top of the tower, and dropped within. Inside, close to the hull, he saw a fair-haired youth, crying bitterly, but with his ears cocked for a signal. And in his hand was a bomb.

'Don't drop that thing,' said the R.N.V.R. man quietly in German, 'or it might go off, and then you'll lose that nice, comfortable internment-

camp we've got ready specially for you. Besides, if you do drop it, your mother will miss you ever so much. And don't forget I've got a pistol pointing straight at you. Best come on deck with me, and don't be a ruddy fool.'

The fair-haired youngster, at the first words, started. He thought swiftly. The signal—the three kicks—had not come; therefore his comrades were still on deck. If he exploded the bomb he would kill them all as well as himself, and that was what he didn't wish to do. And at the mention of his mother he broke down completely.

He stood up, and, with the few words of English at his command, intimated his willingness to accompany the captor. The latter pointed to the ladder with his pistol, and followed close on the Saxon's heels.

'Now then, over into the sea with it, quick!' he ordered, at the top. The explosion drenched the German crew, but did no other harm. The transhipment took three minutes, the run to shore and the posting of armed guards on the landed prisoners another three, and then the motor-boats returned to the carcass.

They searched 'Von Tirpitz' thoroughly. They found quite elaborate plans and charts on board her, some of British ports and others of German harbours; and they also found the huge store of gasoline which she had not been able to use through being kept below the surface by the barriers.

'And that reminds me,' said the R.N.V.R. skipper, 'I've wired to — for the torpedo-boat which usually beats in that neighbourhood to come and take this boat in tow, and, as we've used quite a lot of Government gasoline in the capture of the packet, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't fill up from these tanks. Anyway, it'll be something to do while O 36 is on her way down here.'

The tanks had scarcely absorbed the last drop ere O 36 poked her inquisitive nose into the inlet. Batty was quickly put in possession of the facts and of the 'kill,' and as he passed a wire-hawser for towing her, even as he rang down for speed on his engines and went ahead, he gave vent to his feelings once more.

'Once in a blue moon we saw a submarine, and worked like devils to catch her. And then, after three weeks of the most harassing work we've ever done, we have to come and take her in tow, somebody else having got the credit and prize money. If there wasn't a war on I'd send in my papers, and start a farm.'

'And,' chipped in Sub-Lieutenant Bliss, 'you'd be back to sea again in a week, even if they sent you Arctic-exploring.'

He would have said more, but a flying log-book took him neatly by the back of the head, and when he had recovered his composure the only words he found handy were profane, and therefore unprintable.

## SIAM IN 1863.

By F. NICOLLS.

**I** SOMETIMES wonder if there is any other Englishman alive who visited Siam over half-a-century ago. There is certainly not one who went there twice, travelling what used to be called 'overland' from Burma, though to get to Bangkok, the capital, most of the journey has to be performed by boat. I was trading in timber in those days, and my first visit was from Moulmein to Raheng, a journey which occupied some ten days by boat and elephants, and then from Raheng by boat to Bangkok down the river Menam, which took nearly as long. Roads in the wilder parts of Siam and Burma are very much what they were fifty years ago, mere paths in the jungle made by the constant passage during three or four months of the dry season of the year of traders and pack-animals, uphill and down dale, through thick forest growth. The pack-animals may be elephants, which open out a fairly wide path, but oftener consist of bullocks, mules, or ponies. If a large tree is blown down by the high winds which often accompany the change of monsoons, no one in a caravan of traders, as a rule, thinks it worth while to cut through or remove the obstacle. A detour is made twenty or thirty feet on one side or the other, which becomes the road of the future. Where there are many of these fallen trees in a day's march of ten or twelve miles, the journey is considerably lengthened. Jungle grows fast in a tropical country with an annual rainfall of perhaps eighty to one hundred and twenty inches, and large trees sometimes fall across the new pathway, necessitating, as no one will undertake the trouble of clearing them away, a fresh detour, and thus a fresh addition to the length of the day's journey. There has been some talk of laying a railway between Moulmein and Siam, but in the meantime the jungle track is much like what it was when I travelled on it just fifty-three years ago. Raheng was then a fairly large and prosperous-looking town. There were numbers of well-built teak bungalows, and each house had a compound with fruit-trees and flowers surrounding it. The Siamese Governor did all he could to assist us on our way, and during the week we were in his jurisdiction sent us daily presents of fruit and fish. He eventually obtained for us two comfortable boats, in which we proceeded down the Menam to Bangkok.

We did not come across anything in the way of game between Moulmein and Raheng except green pigeons and jungle fowl, but on the banks of the streams where we encamped at night we saw marks of tiger, deer, and wild pig, which had evidently come down to drink. There were said to be small villages

of hill-folk within a few miles of the route, but we did not come across any. We were carrying our stores with us on hired elephants, and our object was to get to Raheng as quickly as possible. Game was doubtless to be had in the vicinity by those who could spare the time to look for it. During many years of forest and jungle life I have never seen a tiger in a wild state, though constantly coming across the marks of their claws on sandbanks and the banks of streams. They have not the objection to crossing water which cats have, and sometimes are seen swimming a large river like the Irawadi in Burma. About the beginning of last century there seems to have been a pretty general belief that elephants would not breed in captivity. I suppose this has vanished now, for many young ones have been born amongst those kept by the Commissariat Department in India, and by the Burma Forest Department. In Siam elephant-breeding is fairly extensive. I have seen as many as eight young ones following their mothers in the forest near a village of not more than a dozen houses. The mothers take great care of their young, and female elephants seem to act on the co-operative principle, feeding near one another and helping to surround the young ones at the least sign of anything like danger. The male elephants of the same village are kept at a distance, usually grazing with their hind-legs hobbled with cane, half a mile or so from the females. There is always a demand for hire of elephants either for dragging timber or for baggage purposes. Prices have more than doubled in Siam and Burma during the last fifty years, and three thousand to four thousand rupees each are given for animals which might have been bought fifty years ago at from eight hundred to one thousand five hundred rupees apiece.

Bangkok in 1863 presented a very different scene from what it does now. The Suez Canal had not been opened, and such trade as there was with Europe was by sailing-ship round the Cape. There was only one road, and communications were all by water. The houses were mostly floating, attached by cane-ropes to large teak logs sunk in the river, or the numerous canals leading to it from all sides, something like the hobbles attached to the legs of elephants when they are let loose to graze in the forests. These went up and down with the tides, keeping the houses always on a level. I spent a very pleasant week in a floating house, the guest of a young Frenchman employed by one of the Bangkok firms. Unless one looked outside it was hard to guess that the house was floating at all, except that occasionally the cane attachments

made a squeaking noise in the process of going up or down. We used to have our morning coffee and toast seated on the open front veranda, with hundreds of boats, of all sizes, and sampans passing to the markets laden with fruit, vegetables, betel-nut, tobacco, fish, and almost everything required for domestic consumption. There was no necessity to go or send to the market at all, for all supplies could be bought from passing boats. My host told me that at certain seasons of the year he could catch large prawns off the posts of his house in a butterfly-net he had for the purpose, and that he often had curry for dinner made from prawns which he had caught an hour or two previously.

Sir Robert Schomberg was British Consul-General when I was in Bangkok. He had been a great traveller in Brazil and South America, and was an enthusiastic botanist, but he was getting past work, and the business of the Consulate was principally carried on by Thomas George Knox, the first assistant. The names of others in the Consulate, I remember, were Alabaster and Edwards, and the medical officer was Dr Campbell. Alabaster was a studious man, and afterwards wrote a book on Buddhism, *The Wheel of the Law*, which had a great vogue in its day. Knox had served as an officer in a British regiment in the Punjab, and after he had resigned the service gravitated to Singapore and Siam, where he was appointed by the King of Siam to drill the Siamese army. He learnt Siamese thoroughly, and was employed as interpreter in the British Consulate, eventually, I believe, becoming Consul-General. The then King of Siam was the grandfather of the present monarch, and one of the few Eastern rulers who took some trouble to improve himself and to become acquainted with affairs. He could read and write English, and corresponded with President Lincoln of the United States, suggesting that he would find it advantageous to introduce elephants into America, and offering to send him some to make the experiment. Lincoln, who was then occupied in putting down the Confederate rebellion, wrote a courteous letter in reply, thanking the king for the kindness he had always displayed towards citizens of the United States in his dominions, and to the missionaries who had settled there. He pointed out that the climate of most parts of America would be against the acclimatisation of elephants, and that the extension of railways and steam navigation seemed to afford better means of carriage, both for men and merchandise, in temperate climates.

Siam at that time possessed no railways or tramways. She has now over two hundred miles of railways, and a tramway in Bangkok. There are said to be about fifty miles of roads in Bangkok at the present time, whilst when I was there in 1863 there was only a single road little over a mile in length. Siam is the

one remaining country of tropical Asia that has been able to preserve its independence, and this is doubtless due in a large measure to the wisdom of her rulers during the last fifty years, and to the spread of education. Her future will no doubt largely depend on the continuance of good government. The country is fertile, and her position would seem to be favourable for attracting the trade of the southern provinces of China. It is noteworthy how German trade interests increased in Bangkok in the closing years of the last century, when they managed to acquire Holt's line of steamers plying to Singapore and Hong-kong. The war should give British traders an opening for renewal of their trade with this progressive state, which it is to be hoped they will not neglect, and of which the friendly and pushing Japanese have partly availed themselves already. The Siamese have learnt in the last twenty-five or thirty years that low-priced articles are not necessarily the cheapest in the long-run. British manufacturers, if they want to push their trade in Siam, will have to study the demands and requirements of their customers after German fashion, and not act as if they thought that their particular makes must be the best, and should therefore satisfy all tastes.

#### THE TOWER OF THE PICTS.

WHO are the folk by the Loch that dwell ?

Can you understand ?

In the birch-trees that grow in the shadowy dell,  
Or the bracken that climbs on the side of the fell,  
Or the silver strand ?

Do you see them gliding from tree to tree.

Or among the bushes,

Mounted astride the humble-bee,  
Or the dragon-fly, shimmering o'er the lea,  
Or over the rushes ?

Who are the folk that built yon walls

Hoar with the ages,

Which echoed with war-like cries and calls  
As they gathered the cattle into the stalls,  
While the combat rages ?

They all are gone, and we do not see

Their faces peering

Over the walls, with gibbering glee  
And fiendish shout, nor ever do we  
Now hear their jeering.

For the men have gone, they have passed away

Into history's dream,

And naught is left but the peaceful bay,  
And the gray old ruin of yesterday,  
And the murmuring stream.

But the kindly folk will come to you,

And do you no wrong ;

Though not to many, but yet to a few  
Is given the sight, ever old, ever new,  
Of the Elfish throng.

J. M. H.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### FREE PASSAGE.

By C. G. NURSE.

**SERVICE** in the Indian Army has its attractions in the way of pay and larger pensions, but it has also its disadvantages. In peace-time an officer of the British Army serving in India has many opportunities of getting a spell of service in Great Britain, either on promotion to another battalion or by getting detailed for a couple of years at the depot. In either case he gets a free passage home and out again if he has subsequently to join a unit serving in India. The Indian Army officer, on the other hand, can only get home by taking leave, in which case he not only loses a considerable amount of pay, but also has to bear the cost of his passage both ways. It is true that if a subaltern of the Indian Army is sent home on sick leave, he gets a free passage; but even then he has to find his own way to India on the expiry of his leave. The cost of a passage to England and back is, more especially to a married officer, a very heavy expense, even if he travels second-class, and a considerable number of officers consequently never attempt to take leave home while serving in the junior grades, but content themselves with leave to Kashmir or the Himalayas. A few of the more enterprising, if impecunious, spirits manage to get cheap passages on 'tramps,' and I have known one or two cases where officers worked their passage as stewards or in some such capacity. Such methods do not commend themselves to the authorities, and are usually kept dark by those concerned.

In my subaltern days I once got a passage to India at about half the usual fare in a boat carrying fifty tons of dynamite on deck. We had a pretty bad passage, and arrived at Bombay several days behind our time, so that I overstayed my leave. But as the dynamite did not explode, and my leave was extended in due course, I was eventually none the worse.

Some twenty years ago I was serving at Aden, where, for my sins, I have been unfortunate enough to put in two terms of duty. I have occasionally met men who said they liked Aden, though it was generally when they were well away from it; but I cannot remember having come across any one who professed a liking for it during the hot weather. When I was there one of our favourite discussions at mess used

to be whether we would rather put in May to September serving in Aden or in prison in England. The general opinion was that, if the disgrace of a conviction could be eliminated, six months' hard labour in a jail at home would be far preferable. But then none of us had tried the latter, so far as I am aware.

Like Jack Bassett, who went, however, to Quetta, in Kipling's verses, I had been for some time

Doing two men's duty  
In that very healthy spot,

when at length my turn came for leave, which was duly sanctioned. The next thing was to obtain a passage, and as several liners call at Aden, I had a fairly wide choice. But here a lucky accident served me. I am usually, like most men who have been in the army, punctual both on and off duty. But, just as I was about to leave my quarters to book my passage home, I was delayed for about fifteen minutes on a matter of duty. During this quarter of an hour I received a note from a friend, which I should have missed had I been able to start punctually.

My friend wrote as follows: 'Glad to hear you have got your leave. If you have not taken your passage, H.M.S. *Tyne*, carrying naval details from Australia, is expected in a day or two. The captain is a very good fellow, and he may be able to give you a passage if you ask him nicely.'

This was a chance too good to be lost, so I got my kit packed, and made all arrangements to leave at short notice. I had only a day to wait, for H.M.S. *Tyne* arrived next morning, and I went on board and asked to see the captain. I explained the situation, and told him I should be very grateful if he could give me a passage to England, in case he had a vacant berth. The captain's reply was not encouraging.

'Well,' he said, 'I know nothing about you, and you may be fleeing from justice for all I can tell.'

As I was in uniform, I thought the remark rather uncalled for, and my hopes of a free passage fell to something below zero. However, he asked me to breakfast, during which things began to thaw, and at the end of the meal he

said, 'I am going ashore to call on the general, and will make inquiries about you. If things are all right, I may be able to give you a passage, at any rate as far as Malta, so you had better remain on board till I return.'

All the officers on board, except one subaltern of the Royal Marines, belonged to the Royal Navy, and I ascertained from them that H.M.S. *Tyne* was returning to England with invalids, time-expired men, and transfers to other ships, after having taken out relief crews to the Australian station. Orders had been received to call at Malta, with a view to taking on board any invalids, &c., for home. I found the officers very friendly, and soon made up my mind that, if I were offered a passage as far as Malta, I would accept it, as I felt pretty sure that if I got so far some one would find me a berth or a hammock for the rest of the voyage.

In due course the captain returned, and informed me that he had ascertained from the general that I was not a fugitive from justice, but that I had duly obtained leave. He said that, if I were willing to pay the usual messing charge of six shillings and sixpence a day, he would give me a passage, at any rate as far as Malta, and probably the whole way to England. I naturally thanked him heartily, accepted his offer, and went ashore to get my kit. Besides my ordinary personal luggage I had four large cases of skins, horns, and other natural history specimens, and I really had not the cheek to present myself on board with this amount of baggage. Every one who has been at Aden knows Messrs Cowasjee Dinshaw's establishment, where one can buy almost anything from a packet of pins up to the necessary outfit for an expedition to Somaliland. As the firm in question are agents for several steamship companies, I went there to arrange for the transport of my heavy luggage. But here again luck favoured me. Just as I was making inquiries regarding ships and freights, a couple of officers of H.M.S. *Tyne*, whom I had met at breakfast, appeared. I explained that I was coming with them as an 'indulgence passenger,' but that really I had not the face to bring such a lot of kit with me.

'My dear fellow,' said one of them, 'don't waste good money. Bring the whole of your things on board. We have lots of room.'

It was not without some trepidation that I acted on his advice, as I feared that the captain might not be altogether pleased if he saw all my baggage. However, I soon got it stowed safely on board, and probably the captain never knew anything about it.

Everything had gone well so far, but we were not to leave Aden without experiencing one of the worst sandstorms I have ever seen. The wind, which was blowing from the shore, increased almost to a gale, bringing with it such clouds of dust that it was impossible to keep

one's eyes open for more than a moment or two. Some barges that were alongside the ship were nearly swamped, and when we sat down to dinner we were obliged to have the 'fiddles' on the table, though we were still at anchor in harbour.

The hot weather had not yet begun, and the passage up the Red Sea was by no means unpleasant. Several of the officers on board had been serving on survey-ships on the Australian station, and their experiences were full of interest to a landsman like myself. We played cards a good deal, and eventually arrived at Malta, where we took on a few more invalids for England. But, fortunately for myself, I did not have to vacate my berth. Among the officers who joined us at Malta was a sub-lieutenant of the R.N.R., who had been attached to the Royal Navy for a course of instruction. He was supposed to be suffering from sunstroke, as he had jumped overboard from the flagship while at sea, and had been picked up with some difficulty. I will call him Sub-Lieutenant Robinson, though that was not his name. He was placed in the charge of the ship's doctor, and was kept to some extent under restraint.

Our destination was now Plymouth, and as the weather was fine, the voyage, if a bit slow, was quite pleasant till the Bay of Biscay was reached. Sub-Lieutenant Robinson, or 'the Looney,' as he was generally called when out of hearing, seemed quite normal, and after a time the doctor somewhat relaxed his supervision, and allowed him to join us at cards, and to take part in anything that was got up to relieve the monotony of life on board ship. In fact, he turned out to be quite a pleasant young fellow, and soon became popular among us. When we arrived near the Channel some one proposed that we should have a sweepstake as regards the time we should reach Plymouth Harbour. The matter was soon arranged; twenty-four tickets were issued, one for each hour, at half-a-crown each, and an amusing evening was spent in selling and drawing for them. The winner was to be the owner of the ticket on which was indicated the time we passed the lighthouse on the breakwater outside Plymouth. The captain and 'No. 1,' on account of their official position, took no part in the proceedings, but the latter officer agreed to be judge of the time when we actually passed the lighthouse. Most of us, including Sub-Lieutenant Robinson, took a ticket or two, and the list of tickets and owners was duly posted up on the notice-board.

A day or so later, when we were already within sight of Plymouth, and had passed the Eddystone Lighthouse, most of us were assembled at lunch, when we heard the cry, 'Man overboard!' and felt the engines stop. Going up on deck to see what had happened, I found that a boat had just been lowered, and a man could be seen swimming in the sea several hundred yards astern of us.

The boat's crew being men of the Royal Navy, it did not take long before the swimmer was safely on board, together with a life-belt that had been thrown him. When the boat was hauled up it was seen that the man who had gone overboard was Sub-Lieutenant Robinson. As he came on deck, clad only in his shirt and trousers, he remarked apologetically, 'I'm very sorry to have given so much trouble, but I felt I must have a dive.'

It appeared that, when the deck was clear owing to officers having gone below to lunch, he had taken off most of his upper garments, which he had carefully folded up, and then jumped overboard, not from any wish to commit suicide, but from an overpowering desire to have a swim. The engines again started, and an hour or so later we passed the lighthouse on the breakwater,

the time being given by the first lieutenant as 3.10 P.M.

'By Jove!' said one of the officers, 'the Looney wins the sweep;' and such proved to be the case. He held the ticket from 3 to 4 P.M., and had, by jumping overboard, *delayed the ship just long enough to win*. As the total amount was only three pounds, less the usual 10 per cent. for naval charities, he was acquitted of any design in the matter, but the coincidence was certainly curious.

The ship's doctor, however, did not care to take any more risks, and, on our arrival in harbour, duly handed him over, together with the sweepstake money, to the naval authorities. I never heard what became of him, or whether he eventually got rid of his peculiar desire to jump overboard at unreasonable times.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER X.

'**WHY** didn't you tell me?' The question, suddenly rapped out in tones of hurt reproach, sent the blood rushing to Anita Lalonne's fair cheeks. Then, ebbing as rapidly, it left them snowy white. 'Why didn't you tell me?' he repeated, while the girl's great eyes, dark with emotion, strove to meet the gray ones, pained and perplexed, looking down upon her. For Gavin Barrie had sought and found her—his little waif from far, fair France; found her among the sprawling roots of a giant pine, like a small brown mushroom among the russet needles.

As he came towards her, down a lofty aisle of the forest temple, he heard her singing, for Anita was feeling light-hearted now, and tranquilly happy. Another chance messenger from the lakes, passing through, had left her a note from David. Only a few days more, and he would be free to come for her. And so she sang—sang with a voice of no great compass, but exquisitely sweet and clear, like the notes of a bird:

*'Chantez, chantez, ma belle,  
Chantez, chantez toujours. . . .  
Chantez, chantez.' . . .*

Then Gavin Barrie! The song died on her lips. 'Why didn't you tell me?' he asked a third time; and she, poor child, feeling a sudden clutch at her heart as, in bewildered amaze, she saw something passing belief and very mortal in the eyes of her 'god,' flushed and paled, and stammered low, 'I—I thought you had forgotten me.'

'You *knew* I had not forgotten you,' came the half-bitter reply; and Anita, feeling the reproach in his voice, sat mute, her fingers nervously twisting the forester's letter.

'Come!' bade Gavin; and in silence the girl, obeying, followed him down the path to the

scene of their first forest meeting, beside the musical waters of Bear Creek. Motioning her to sit, he began mechanically fitting together the joints of his rod, and, without looking at her, said, 'I don't understand any of this, and you need not tell me unless you wish; but why did Axel call you Miss Lalonne?'

'Why did he call me Miss Lalonne?' the girl echoed, bewilderment in voice and face. 'But why *not*? I am not yet'—she hesitated, flushed crimson, then hurried on—'not yet married to David Hardy!'

They spoke in English, as though by common consent avoiding the greater intimacy of the language dearly familiar to them both.

Barrie savagely bit the fragment of gut with which he was deftly tying a fly before replying, 'The name Lalonne is equally new to me; you must be quite aware of that. But I have no right to press for an explanation.'

'Mr Barrie,' the girl exclaimed, suddenly rising to her feet, 'there is—there must be some misunderstanding. You—you mistake me for some one else. My name is Anita Lalonne, step-daughter of Monsieur Pierre Grossier of the "Rose d'Or" at Amiens, and afterwards of the "Café Bon Repos" in the Rue Saint Jacques, Paris; and you—you say you never *heard* the name Lalonne!' she ended, with a quiver of deep hurt in the slow, low words.

A light broke over Gavin Barrie's face as, with strained attention, he listened to her. 'Monsieur Grossier of the "Rose d'Or"! Was he, then, your step-father?' he asked in surprise.

'*Mais oui*. My own father had been dead a long time,' answered Anita; 'and mama—she was an American singer. You knew that, did you not?'

Gavin nodded. 'Yes, I knew that. Tell me

all about it, Nita,' he added quietly, and sticking his rod in the ground, began practising the lately acquired knack of rolling a cigarette.

'My father was a French Canadian,' Anita narrated, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, and her eyes, now sad and misty, fixed on the sparkling stream that hurried past them. 'He came of a good old family in the province of Quebec, but he was poor and a musician. By some means—I know not, nor would it interest you, m'sieur—he drifted back to *La belle France*, the land of his ancestors, and there he played premier violin in the orchestra of a small company. So he met my mother—very young then, and with a wonderful voice. *On dit*, had she lived, the world would have worshipped her in grand opera. They were married, and, being very poor, she continued to sing, and he to play. So it happened that, when they were touring the provinces, they came to Amiens, and my mother falling ill, my father lodged her with Monsieur Grossier at the "Rose d'Or," while he continued to tour with the company. There I was born. Monsieur will remember the little garden, the vine-covered arbours, the cherry-trees, and the river flowing so smoothly just beyond the gate. And "Jean Marie," the parrot. Does monsieur remember "Jean Marie"?' she asked, a tender little smile on her red lips and tears in her voice. Ah yes, Barrie remembered it all; but he merely nodded as, throwing away the newly made cigarette, he prepared to roll another. 'In that garden,' Anita continued, 'my beautiful young mother nursed and sang to me, and waited for papa to come and see her *poupée*, as she called me. But, alas! he never came. There was an accident in the crowded night streets of Paris. (*M'sieur sait tout ça bien.*) Some one brought to *ma pauvre mère* the fragments of his violin, but him she never saw again. Money she had none, nor friends, nor relatives, except in far-distant California—only her *poupée*. So, after a time, just as the *poupée* began to toddle about the garden and play with "Jean Marie," she consented to marry M'sieur Grossier, feeling so ill, *ma pauvre mama*, and fearful of dying, and leaving her child without home or guardian.'

Anita's eyes filled with tears, and impulsively

she turned towards her companion, who had seated himself on the farther end of the recumbent log; but his face, half-concealed in the concave of his hands, in which he was fostering a feeble match, being still averted, the girl, with a brave effort at self-control, continued a little unsteadily: 'She lived long enough for me partially to realise her homesick longing for the "golden state" of her birth, and to have her little daughter grow up among her own kindred; and she wrote an address on a slip of paper, sewed it in a tiny silk bag, and bade me never to lose it—carefully to keep and use it if I at any time should be in trouble. I was still too young to understand all her anxious fears for me; but afterwards—*Mais, m'sieur!*' she suddenly broke off, rising to her feet and facing Barrie, 'surely—surely you knew all this. I believed—I was led to believe by Monsieur le Pasteur de l'église Américaine in Paris that it was you—you who'—She stammered, flushed, and looked piteously up at the man, who had also risen. Then there dawned on Gavin Barrie's mouth his rare smile, so tender and sympathetic that the beholder stood amazed at the revelation of the real man behind the mask of assumed indifference.

'You understood quite right, my little Nita,' he said gently; 'and you understood also—surely you understood why it was I took myself quite out of your life? You have never regretted being sent away from Paris and restored to your mother's country?' he added in a tone questioning, yet wistful.

'N-no—no, of course not,' she faltered; 'only, sometimes I still feel a stranger here. My mother's relatives, to whom I was sent, are dead, but I had kind friends who found a place for me as school-teacher; and now—well, now I have *David*,' she ended softly.

'Yes, now you have David,' repeated Gavin in a hard, dull voice, preparing to throw his line.

For a few moments Anita watched the light fly dancing among rippled shadows; then, saying, 'I am going back to the station now, Mr Barrie,' she turned her steps slowly and thoughtfully towards the Grizzly.

(Continued on page 184.)

## INDUSTRIAL AMERICA AND BRITAIN.

### INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION AFTER THE WAR.

By E. T. GOOD.

WILL the big United States or little Great Britain win the coming trade war, as it is called? Germany, our greatest competitor before the war, will suffer from such a loss of man-power, such restrictions on her supplies of raw materials, such a weakening of her finances

—of her ability to subsidise exports—and will suffer such a world boycott, that she will be quite unable to regain anything like her pre-war position in commerce. The international trade race for supremacy in manufactures will be between America and Britain. But of one

thing we may be quite certain: we shall not experience from the United States any of that Government and syndicate subsidised 'blackleg' under-cutting that characterised German competition. The rivalry will be fair, honest trading, and that nation will take first place which can produce, ship, and sell its products the cheapest.

American manufacturers, with a huge, rich, and well-protected home market, will certainly enjoy great prosperity without troubling very much about foreign trade. But many of them are desirous of cultivating export business on a big scale—of displacing the Germans and competing with ourselves and others in neutral markets.

Before the war we had the remarkable spectacle of the United States, with almost fabulous reserves of raw material, with a manufacturing capacity equal to that of Britain and Germany put together, occupying quite a third-rate position in international trade. But the war is effecting a mighty change. To what extent this will prove permanent will depend partly upon the real competitive powers of the Americans, partly upon how far the Germans are permitted to resume trade connections, and partly upon how far we utilise our resources, how far we organise ourselves, and how far we embrace our opportunities. At all events, the industrial capacity of the United States is well worth a brief review.

The Americans, who have been enjoying an unexpected and unprecedented trade boom, free from war taxation for two and a half years, whilst we and the Germans have been concentrating our energies upon fighting, intend making a bold bid for a foremost place in international commerce after the war. They are adopting big measures and making bigger plans to retain permanently the footing in foreign markets and shipping which the war has given them temporarily. The future of the world's trade, in which we have such a vital stake, depends largely upon how far these American measures and plans succeed. The natural resources, the works capacity, and the manpower of the United States are such that that country may easily beat us in trade, providing she can build and sail her ships and sell her goods cheaply enough. Our manufacturers, shippers, and workmen must clearly understand that their future depends mainly, if not entirely, upon cheap—upon economical and large-scale—production and efficient organisation. We are confident that we shall beat Germany in the new trade race. But what about America?

President Wilson has expressed the opinion that it will be a long time before Europe can recover her economic balance, and that the United States will be in a better position than any other country to compete in the world's markets after the war. State Secretary McAdoo

has declared that it is absurd to think that American prosperity will wane after the war. Ambassador Page says his countrymen will lead us a merry dance for our money. Representative Americans even believe that they will be able to develop enormous shipping and ship-building trades. One high New York authority, the *Annalist*, in summing up the possibilities of future competition a little while before the United States entered the war, concluded that 'it was probable that for many years to come the cost of labour and materials in the United Kingdom and Germany would be as high as in the United States, and that the start which American yards had obtained, thanks to the war, would enable them to compete successfully with foreign shipbuilders.'

When the war broke out the tonnage of United States shipping engaged in foreign trade was only, in round figures, 1,000,000 tons. Between 1850 and 1910, in spite of the enormous growth of United States population, industry, and trade, the shipping of that country declined from 2,500,000 tons to 1,000,000 tons. Since war broke out more than 1,000,000 tons of shipping has been purchased by the United States; nearly another 1,000,000 tons has been launched by American builders; about another 1,500,000 tons is in course of construction; and a further 2,500,000 tons is under contract for American ownership. The United States Government has appropriated and is spending hundreds of millions of dollars on new shipping. If the full programme is carried out America will have 10,000,000 tons of ocean shipping in a few years, on the top of her 5,000,000 tons of lake, river, and coastal shipping.

In manufacturing and engineering the Americans are vastly increasing their already enormous capacity. In the iron, steel, and engineering group of trades the United States capacity of production, measured in terms of ingot steel, was nearly equal to an output at the rate of 40,000,000 tons a year at the end of 1914, though that tonnage was never attained, against a German capacity of less than 20,000,000 tons, and a British capacity of less than 10,000,000 tons. By additions which have been made, and are in course of being made, the American capacity will soon approach a 50,000,000 ton level. The Americans will require a positively enormous foreign trade in steel and engineering goods, in addition to their own home trade, adequately to employ that capacity. Similarly in the textile and other manufacturing industries, capital is being literally lavished on new plant and extensions.

Leading American firms and trusts have sent travellers nearly all over the world, and they are doing all they can to make long-date contracts. The Government has appointed ten special trade commissioners and agents to obtain information concerning the demand in foreign markets for

particular lines, and to issue reports to enable American manufacturers and shippers to plan their business campaigns. Organisations of manufacturers are devoting special attention to foreign markets. Over a thousand business delegates assembled at this year's National Foreign Trade Convention of the United States. The necessity for a large and permanently sustained export trade was emphasised. The discussions demonstrated a very strong determination to cultivate foreign business. It was announced that many schools had already been started for teaching foreign languages and trade customs; that the leading banks were giving free instruction to their staffs; that they had decided to establish many foreign branches; and it was determined to agitate for a special 'bargaining' tariff.

In weighing up the trading possibilities it is necessary to note that in spite of the vast resources of the United States, that country is not nearly so well situated, naturally and economically, for building and operating ships and exporting manufactures as is the United Kingdom. In the States the iron ore is deposited a thousand miles from the coalfields, and the steel-works, on account of the coal, are mostly between four hundred and five hundred miles from the seaboard. In spite of their low railway rates, it costs the Americans much more to assemble their raw materials at furnaces and carry the finished products to port than it costs us, for their haulage distances are enormous, whilst ours are short, and our general shipping facilities are almost infinitely superior to theirs. Again, skilled labour is extremely scarce in America, notwithstanding the enormous population. Wages, salaries, and general costs are abnormal in that country. Save in one or two specialities—motor-cars and typewriters, for instance—the Americans could not compete with us before the war; nor are they likely to beat us after the war, unless we fail very badly to organise our resources and exploit our opportunities.

Much is said about the greater per capita value of the output of the labour in America. We often have figures given us—particularly by a German with an English name who conceives it to be his duty to dictate the entire economic policy of the British Empire—making it appear that American workmen produce two or three times as much, and in some industries even five times as much, as British workmen. These figures are more than misleading—they are a gross libel on British labour and the managers of British industry. These figures, or the people who hash them up, ignore the inflated American prices, the higher costs for machinery or power,

and the generally extravagant charges for plant, machinery, automatic appliances, and management. If half what we have heard about American labour efficiency had been true, British goods would have been swept clean off the world's markets, and British ships off the sea, long ago.

Mr Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Trust, is under no illusion about America's competitive powers. He has expressed the opinion that European nations, especially Britain, will not only not be prostrate, but will emerge from the war better equipped than ever for manufacturing and exporting. And so we shall. During the war we have spent hundreds of millions on modern machinery; we have built hundreds of acres of new workshops; skilled workers have learnt to speed up; vast numbers of unskilled workers have become efficient; and our manufacturers are learning how to organise and specialise. Even our lawyer politicians have come to realise that productive industry is of some importance. But that by the way. Before the war the wages of the workmen employed by the American Steel Trust averaged no less than nine hundred and seventy dollars per man per year. Since the war started those wages have been increased by 46 per cent. Add to that the fact that the capitalisation of American works is between three and five times as heavy, per ton of output, as our capitalisation, and it will readily be seen that the chances of the United States cutting us out of neutral markets, even if they desired to do so, are small indeed.

Mr J. W. Powell, president of the Fore River Shipbuilding Corporation, testified before the Trade Convention last year that the average wages in shipbuilding in Great Britain were 50 per cent. less, and the net output per man 14 per cent. higher, than in American yards. Just before the war reports submitted to the Trade Convention showed, among other things, that a steamer costing £66,000 in England would cost £136,000 in the United States, whilst the cost of sailing was £80 per month more in wages and £20 per month more for food, stores, &c. under the American than under the British flag. The truth is that in this little Great Britain we have our coal and iron supplies, works and ports, all practically side by side; we have the best labour, in spite of all its faults; and we have absolutely unique shipping facilities. With anything like efficient commercial organisation and reasonable harmony between capital and labour, coupled with fair encouragement for industry from the State, we can obtain and retain the first place in international trade, and adequately employ all our plants and workpeople.



## THE MAN WHO SCOFFED.

## PART II.

HIS walk, unplanned as it was, drew him towards the centre of the city. He mechanically avoided the streets that were crowded, and, like a bit of flotsam on the ocean's surface, was guided and buffeted until, turning down a quiet side-street, he emerged upon the corner of a huge stone building. He glanced up to realise that it was the Armouries, and was about to change his course when a recruiting sergeant, noticing his hesitation, stepped up to him.

'Beg pardon,' he said, 'but was you lookin' to sign up?'

'Sign up?' Montague repeated the words automatically.

'Sure—sign up with the Brindle's Battalion.'

'The Brindle's Battalion?'

'Come off that parrot stuff,' growled Sergeant Saunders.

Montague shook himself together. 'I beg your pardon,' he said stiffly.

The sergeant shuffled uneasily. 'Say, don't be so dashed polite,' he said, not ill-naturedly. 'I'm here to get recruits. We're a tough bunch; we're a rough bunch; but we're men. Our boys ain't strong on polish or eddication, and they're no boozeless, anti-cigarette crowd; but they're straight; and they're game; and they're men.'

'They're men,' repeated Montague, dazed by a dizziness that seemed to wrap himself and the sergeant in an enveloping mist.

'That's what I said,' reiterated Sergeant Saunders, mentally noting that he would make Montague drop his sing-song if he ever got the opportunity. 'What do you say, old scout?'

Montague glanced up. 'Will you take me?' he said.

'Will we take you?' A broad, brown hand grasped Montague's arm, and he found himself being led into a room in the Armouries, where he discovered that his full name was Dennis Oliver Montague, that he was twenty-eight years of age, that he was an Anglican, and that his uncle Charles was his next of kin. He further found that he was the property of His Majesty King George the Fifth, for the duration of the war and six months after. 'So 'elp me; and shove 'im in to the medico.—Glad you signed up, my lad; you'll never regret it; we've got a man's job for you, and—close that bleeding door, Nokes—all right—next!'

With whirlwind rapidity he stripped for the doctor, who pronounced him an excellent example of cannon-fodder; and, still dazed, he put on his clothes and emerged into the open air, a red band about his arm proclaiming to the world that he was now Private D. O.

Montague, of the Brindle's Battalion, C.E.F. He gasped, shrugged his shoulders, then went home.

Sergeant Skimps surveyed the squad of recruits with the eye of a man who has seen recruits for twenty years and is impervious to any emotion on the subject.

'You're soldiers now,' he began, his dialect strongly reminiscent of Bow Bells; 'you're in the service now, so, kiss me, 'Arry, get your 'air cut, all of yer. We don't go in for Paderookies in the harmy. Then 'old yer 'eads hup and put yer chests hout has though you was somebody. You ain't, but don't go to tellin' no one.' (A gentle murmur greeted this sally.) 'Halways respeck yer hoficers and non-commissioned hoficers, and don't go to slapping the colonel on the back and hoffering 'im a cigar. You're in the harmy—that bloke on the hend, spit out that there tobacco—g'wan!—a filthy 'abit on parade, and it'll get C.B. for yer. Where did you 'ail from, hanyhow?—a nice specimen, I don't think—chewing when a sawgeant's talkink to yer. Now, then, fall in—hanother 'arf-hour's drill.'

For five hours that day Sergeant Skimps alternately talked, and his weary squad turned, marched, and wheeled about the gravel parade-ground. Weary to the point of exhaustion, already deaf to the interminable harangue of Sergeant Skimps, the hour of four-thirty found Montague with his first day in the army finished. He had only one desire—to seek his apartment, to feel the cool shower upon his body, and to lounge in languid repose in his dressing-gown, soothed by the inevitable cigarettes. He broke away from the little group, but was hailed by a ruddy-faced Little Englander, who had made various overtures to him during the day.

'Going up?' said the other, his accent proclaiming his British birth, tempered by ten years of Canadian citizenship.

'Yes,' said Montague; 'but I'm in a hurry.'

'Right-o! I'm with you.' He swung along beside Montague. 'This is the life,' he said cheerily.

'What?' asked Montague.

'Soldiering—a dollar ten a day, short hours, and no work—what ho!'

'Do you mean to say you like it?' asked Montague, wishing his companion reeked a little less of his recent exertions.

'Why not like it?' said Private Waller. 'We're in it, ain't we?'

'I suppose so,' said the other shortly.

Private Waller rubbed his hands together. 'He's a sergeant, ain't he?'

'Do you mean that strutting bounder who drilled us to-day?'

'Lordee! don't let him hear you say that.' The little man went pale at the thought. 'Say, if you don't like him, just wait until you see Sergeant-Major 'Awkins.'

A Cockney of even ten years' Canadian citizenship loses his h's when excited. Montague began to wince under it, and wished a dozen times that his companion would hold his tongue and give him a chance to think, to separate the varied experiences of the day, and to edit his thoughts. He shrugged his shoulders and acknowledged the greeting of Mrs Merryweather from a huge motor-car. Waller's eyes bulged.

'I say, you know some swells, don't you? What was you—a chauffeur?'

Montague considered. 'No; I was a jester, a sort of social buffoon.'

Waller considered. 'Something in the plumbing line?' he ventured.

'Not exactly,' answered Montague, and muttered, 'Duration of the war—and six months after—with plebs like this!'

'I'm a carpenter by trade,' vouchsafed Private Waller, and then emitted a shout of delight. 'I say,' he cried; 'blime, if it ain't the missus!'

In a few moments they reached a little Englishwoman, not much more than a girl, who was guiding a baby-carriage containing a chubby little youngster of some two years of age.

'Ello, Bill!' she said. 'Ow's the harmy?'

'Great,' said her husband; 'but meet my pal, Private Montague.—Private Montague, meet my old woman.'

'Glad to know any friend of Bill's,' said Mrs Waller warmly.

Montague bowed. 'Thank you,' he said gravely. 'You are giving up a lot in letting your husband go to the war.'

The girl pouted. 'E would go.'

'You said I had to, Emily.'

'But you wanted to go, Bill.'

'Of course; but I said'—

'I know—about the biby; but'—

'There you go again. Didn't you say I must?'

'Oh, well, Mr Montague—the little woman looked frankly into his gray-blue, unreadable eyes—the biby's a boy, and when he grows up I cawn't say to 'im, "'Arry, your father was a slacker!' Now, can I, Mr Montague?'

He made no answer, but a thoughtful look crept into the hard, unsmiling eyes.

'Come and have a bit of supper, pard?'

Private Waller rubbed his hands together at the prospect.

'No—no, thanks,' said Montague hastily. He was longing for privacy and the solace that comes with solitude. 'Some other night, perhaps, when we have our uniforms.'

'Good enough!' cried the cheery little man.

'Then we'll do Queen Street together and show the girls—what ho—oh no!'

Montague raised his hat. 'Good-evening,' he said.

'So long,' said Private Waller. 'See you in the morning.'

When they were alone the husband turned to his young wife with an air of pride. 'What do you think of my pal?' he asked, with an air of proprietorship.

'G'wan,' said Emily disdainfully; 'e ain't your pal.'

'He is too.'

'E ain't!' She tossed her head. 'Don't I know one when I sees one; me, the daughter of a footman in Lady Swankbourne's! 'E your pal! 'E blooming well ain't—e's a gentleman!'

Far up the street Montague was striding towards his home, wondering if any one had seen him with the Wallers, or had heard the garrulous little Cockney call him pard. Good heavens! what would his friends say; or, for that matter, how could he face Sylvester if he had been seen by that polite scion of servitude? He bit his lip. 'But I'll see it through,' he muttered savagely, 'if only to prove that the under-dog, like all other dogs, is a thing without a soul!'

It was late in October when Miss Vera Dalton, returning from her self-imposed task of helping in the Military Convalescent Home, found a letter from France awaiting her. She broke the seal, and at the first word the blood left her cheeks, and then returned to make them glowing. The letter was from Dennis Montague, and was postmarked with the heading which will cast its unique spell over us and our children for years to come—'Somewhere in France.'

#### 'SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.'

'MY DEAR GIRL,—In a couple of hours we are going over the parapet to reach the German lines or gain oblivion—or worse. All around me the men I have worked with, slept with, fought with, are writing to, or thinking of, some loved one at home. I do not know whether the love you once felt for me has died or not, but it was once strong enough to hurt me as no one had ever done before—to tear my soul out to where I could see its rottenness with my own eyes. I could not live with myself after that, and as you must have heard, for I believe it was a drawing-room jest for some time, I joined a battalion composed almost entirely of men from the factories, workshops, and streets.

'It was partly a spirit of bravado made me do it, and partly a desire to wrestle with truth. I cannot say how hard it was at first to endure their company, their incessant, meaningless profanity. I hated every one of them. To salute an officer in the street caused me such humiliation that I thought of desertion a dozen times.

From my contempt of my fellow-soldiers to an understanding of their nobility has been a hard, cruel road to travel; but I have travelled it, and I think that somewhere on the road there is a cross whereon my pride was crucified. Vera, my prayer is no longer that of the Pharisee, but of the Publican. I was offered a commission; I was urged to join the signallers or the machine-gun section, because there I should find men more after my own stamp; but I refused—the memory of your words made me stick with the men I started with.

'I have found them crude, uneducated, unambitious, but true as steel, and asking no better reward for their heroism than that their "missus and kids" will be looked after at home. I tell you, Vera, that when the war is over we shall have to realise that it is not only the consumptive and the imbecile that deserve care and thought. There is a grandeur and manhood in the ordinary, unlovely, unkempt man of the streets that our civilisation has failed to bring out, but which war has done. So much has war given to us; so much has peace failed to give.

'Life has become a riddle to me, still fascinating, but fascinatingly puzzling. Perhaps I shall find the answer in No Man's Land.

'Good-bye, dear girl. Don't think from the tone of my letter that I have forgotten how to smile (this is where real humour is found, for humour was always a twin to tragedy). But I am forgetting how to scoff. I suppose, though, that I haven't changed beyond recognition, for I believe behind my back I am called "the Duke."

'Like my comrades, I have written to a loved one at home.

'I trust, Vera, that it is *Au revoir*.

'DENNIS.

'D. O. Montague, Pte. No. 673,895,  
'Brindle's Battalion, C.E.F.'

'Four minutes!' Lieutenant Gray, the youngest of the Brindle subalterns, stood watch in hand, his back to the parapet. Half-a-dozen rifles spat at the German trench opposite. The attack was to be a surprise, without preliminary artillery fire.

'Three minutes!' There was a slight catch in the subaltern's voice as he watched the ominous course of the hand of his watch ticking off the seconds. A signaller looked up from his phone. 'O.C. wants to know if everything is ready.'

'Two minutes! Has every man his gas-helmet, water-bottle, iron ration? Right. Tell the O.C. everything's O.K.'

'One minute!' Every man crouched for the spring—there was a mumbled prayer—a curse—a laugh. Montague took a deep, quivering breath, and his trembling hand felt for the bayonet-stud to see that it was firm.

'Come on, Brindles; give 'em hell!' Subaltern Gray leaped to the parapet, stood silhouetted a moment against the dull, cloudy sky, and, without a word, fell back into the trench a corpse. Cursing, shouting, laughing, the men scrambled over the breastwork, and were met by a torrent of machine-gun fire that swept through their ranks with pitiless accuracy.

'Something's wrong!' yelled Major Watson from the centre. 'They knew we were coming;' and he whirled around twice and dropped in his tracks. Montague leaped forward with a hoarse, inarticulate shout when he felt a blow on his arm as though it had been struck by a red-hot iron. He fell, but rose immediately, madly excited, muttering words that meant nothing. The charge had stopped half-way, and all about him his comrades stood irresolute, desperate, unable to advance, determined not to retreat.

'Come on,' shrieked Captain Greenshields, the adjutant, 'for God's sake!' And he fell, choking, vomiting blood, with a bullet in his throat.

Without an officer left, the men looked wildly about, the bullets spitting around them and taking their steady, merciless toll. With a great feeling of ecstasy, Montague staggered to the front.

'Steady, the Brindles!' he yelled hoarsely. 'Shake out the line to the left—cold steel, Brindles! Charge!'

'Follow the Duke!' roared a dozen voices; and they hurled themselves forward.

They hacked their way into the trench, but their triumph was short-lived. Things had gone badly on the left, and the signal to retire flashed along the line. With horrible blaspheming, the Brindles gave up their trench and started back for their own line. When he was half-way across a bullet struck Montague in the shoulder, and another in the thigh, and he sank to the ground unconscious.

When he awoke the moonlight was streaming over the stricken field. He bit his lip to keep from crying out at the sudden spasm of pain in his shoulder, and then something he saw almost stopped the beating of his heart. A figure was slowly crawling towards him, inch by inch, but steadily, ominously coming nearer with every moment. His left arm was helpless, and he tried to reach for his bayonet by turning over.

'Pard, are you dead?'

Never did sounds of sweetest music fall more gratefully on human ears than the words uttered by Private Waller on the night of October 16, 1916, on No Man's Land, Somewhere in France.

'Thank God!' cried Montague, his voice weak and quivering. 'Waller—old—boy.'

'Damn!' muttered Private Waller. 'The Germans, with customary fiendishness, were searching the ground with rifle-fire to prevent any attempt at rescue. 'Are you hurt much, pard?'

'I'm used up pretty bad,' Montague answered weakly, and in incorrect English. Things change in No Man's Land.

'I'm the third as has come after you,' whispered Waller; 'Sykes and Thompson got theirs.'

'Coming—for me?' Montague's voice trailed off into a querulous sob.

'Sure—those of us as got back shook hands on it that we'd get the Duke back dead or alive.'

Montague tried to speak, but only two scalding tears slowly trickled down his cheeks. He was weak from loss of blood, and he was learning a bitter lesson in the moonlight on the stricken field.

'I'll hoist you up as easy as I can,' whispered Private Waller eagerly, 'and I'll sort of crawl; and if they spot us, I'll let you down as easy as I can. Come on, pard.'

Fifty yards—that was all—but fifty yards of unspeakable agony. The blood flowed again from his wounds and matted over Waller's hair. A dozen times he would have fainted, but he grit his teeth, and crawling, grasping, falling, Waller took him to the edge of the trench. And then a bullet caught the little man, and he dropped.

'Good-bye, pard,' he said. So died Private W. Waller, of His Majesty's Canadian Expeditionary Force.

Almost a year later, a one-armed man was walking along a quiet street in the northern suburbs of a great Canadian city. He paused at a pretty little cottage that nestled in a well-kept garden to speak to a young woman whose black dress was mute testimony to her tragic bereavement.

'Ow can I ever thank you, Mr Montague,' she said, 'for giving me this cottage and going guardian to little 'Arry? And your wife, too,

is that kind and beautiful that after she comes here—and she is in and out nearly hevery day—I feel as if an angel had been 'ere. Well, if here ain't little 'Arry with his face all dirty!'

A sturdy little urchin stumbled forward, and in some way the one-armed man hoisted him to his shoulder.

'Hello, pard!' said Montague.

The little chap chuckled and pulled at his hat.

'I often wonders,' said the little mother, 'why you always calls him pard. Bill used to call you his pard, but I knew all along you wasn't. You was a gentleman, Mr Montague.'

'Mrs Waller,' said Montague, and his voice was very low and soft, 'I lay one night, wounded and dying, on No Man's Land. Your husband came for me, and he called me "pard," and he died for me. Perhaps you may understand a little of—what it means to me now.'

Tears, bitter tears, the heritage of war. Mrs Waller wept silently, and Montague's eyes looked past the garden, past the countryside, and saw neither trees nor houses, but a strip of land guarded by two wire entanglements, and two lines of trenches where men lived, and laughed, and learned, and died.

Fifteen minutes later the same one-armed man stood at a gate that gave entrance to a splendid lawn. It was his home, and as he stood for a moment drinking in the calm and peace of Nature at sundown, a girl emerged from the house and came towards him with outstretched hands.

Wonderfully happy, maimed, but filled with deep content, Dennis Montague, the man who had scoffed, went forward to meet his wife, who had had the courage to hurt the thing she loved. And the deepening rays of the setting sun spread a golden carpet for them to walk upon.

THE END.

## CAMPING IN LONDON.

By REGINALD B. SPAN.

**D**URING the course of many years of gipsy life in various parts of the world I have camped out in many strange places, generally far from the haunts of men and the frontiers of civilisation. For months at a time I have travelled in my wagon through the Rocky Mountains, the vast prairies of Wyoming and Colorado, the torrid deserts of Arizona, and the garden-like country of California; also 'carried the swag,' like any 'sundowner,' in the 'bush' of New Zealand; and have pitched my tent on the banks of rivers and streams seldom seen by white men, though the favourite haunts of Red Indians and Maoris.

From this wild life I went to the other extreme,

and lived for years in the luxurious hotels of the Riviera—at Monte Carlo, Nice, Mentone, &c.—where, at fancy prices, one can obtain all that an advanced and luxurious civilisation can produce.

In this time of war and stress I find myself in London. From hotels at four guineas a week, I turn my attention to rooms at four shillings a week. Too long had I tasted of the 'flesh-pots of Egypt,' and obedient to the cry of the 'simple life,' I was constrained to return to the primitive and natural. The idea of camping in London took my fancy; so, obtaining two attics 'with every convenience,' including the use of an excellent bathroom, at the modest weekly rental

of four shillings, I removed my 'goods and chattels' to the roof of a house in a pleasant residential locality near Kensington Gardens. I say the roof, because that is where my attics are situated, isolated from the rest of the house. There are fine views from my windows over the greater part of London, and I can survey the vast expanse of the heavens, the starry sky at night (with the prospect of hostile aircraft making further illumination), the gorgeous glow of the sunset at eve, and the delicate hues of the dawning day, just as I have observed the skies hundreds of times on mountains, deserts, and seas. There is no sound but the wind and twittering of birds in the tree-tops, and the rumble of distant trains on the Great Western Railway. Surely there is no quieter spot in London. At this spot one obtains pure fresh air, and all the sunshine that there is.

Outside my windows there is an expanse of roof bounded by a parapet about three feet high. Here I can sit and smoke unobserved, save by a stray cat, which makes the roofs its home. Puss and I are now great friends—an Ishmaelite and recluse like myself. On the sun-baked roof I spread my bedding each morning, just as I always did on the sands of the deserts or rocks of the mountains, after arising. When winter comes I shall perforce discontinue the habit, but by that time I shall probably have left my London camp, and facing the peril of submarines and inconveniences of foreign travel, have found another camping-place amid the palms and orange-groves of the Sunny South, beside the sunlit and ever-blue Mediterranean, where in times past I have spent many blissful winters.

The few things I have in my attics are very simple and inexpensive, and of the camping-out order—tables which fold up and come to pieces, camp folding-chairs and stools, folding camp-bedstead, light 'kopak' camp-mattress, warm travelling-rugs, and soft cushions and pillows. Sheets I dispense with, also linen of all kinds. My floors are bare, save for several Indian mats, which are light, cheap, and easily rolled up and carried. There are gas 'cookers' in both rooms, also gas illumination. A penny-in-the-slot gas-meter procures abundance of gas for cooking. My breakfasts are simple and easily prepared. In a few minutes water is boiled on one gas-ring for my cocoa or coffee, and on another eggs are cooked in my little enamel saucepan; a tin of sardines is quickly opened; then there are a couple of pots of jam, a plate of sliced ham, and a dish of fruit. No restaurant could give me better fare.

Lunch I always have out at restaurants. Tea, if I happen to be in the locality, is as pleasant in my rooms as anywhere else, and takes no time to prepare. There is only the water to boil on the ever-handly 'gas-ring.' A cake is kept in one tin, bread in another, biscuits of two kinds in others. Condensed milk and cream are

more convenient than the fresh articles, so I always keep them.

Dinner between 7 and 9 P.M. is too much trouble to cook, so I always have it in a restaurant, preferably one I know of in Piccadilly, where prices are not exorbitant.

I keep an abundant supply of water for washing and drinking in separate pails on the roof outside my window. This water I carry up two flights of stairs every morning. It reminds me of how I used to carry pails of water up to my tent from the waters of rivers, streams, and lakes in the wilds of the earth. I always took care to pitch my tent well above any water I might camp near, as being safer and more healthy. Once, in Colorado, I omitted the precaution, and in the middle of the night a sudden storm with a deluge of tropical rain caused the stream to flood my tent and carry everything away. I was glad to escape with my life. Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park are but a few minutes' walk, and thither I repair in the fine summer weather with my pipe and a book to while away an hour or two before wandering farther afield, to Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, Richmond Park, Virginia Water, Burnham Beeches, and the numerous delightful spots in and around the most beautiful and interesting city in the world.

To really know and appreciate London, one must explore it free and unfettered, with plenty of time and no limitations. To tie one's self down to an hotel or a boarding-house, where one feels obliged to return to meals at stated times, is fatal. I have my meals anywhere, at any time, and have just what I want, though quite simple and inexpensive. London abounds with restaurants where one can obtain refreshment at very moderate prices, well cooked and served in pleasant, clean rooms. Then for a change there are picturesque country inns, by 'forest, mead, and stream,' within easy distance of the metropolis.

In fine warm weather one can be out all day and half the night, returning to one's abode only when so disposed. During the wet weather I can stay in my rooms reading and writing, or go to the splendid reading-room of the British Museum, and read there till 4.45 P.M., with the largest collection of books in the world at my disposal, and a staff of civil, obliging attendants to fetch any book I require. This might not appeal to every one, but I confess I am a book-worm, and consider books my greatest friends and pleasure. There are, however, any amount of places of amusement for those whose inclinations are in that direction.

Visitors to London, as a rule, do not understand the art of living. They tire themselves with rushing about sight-seeing. They complain of the incessant and terrible noise and bustle, the crowded pavements, lack of sleep and appetite, and general fatigue, and soon get run down, and

are glad to return to the country. If they lived as I do they would escape all this, and find London an eternal delight, and remain in the best of health all the time. In my camp on the roof of a five-storied house I do everything for myself, and am not dependent on servants or help of any kind; and really one's little camp duties don't take long. A few minutes' application of a broom to the floor, water to fetch, the bedding to shake out and air on the roof, and occasionally one or two things to wash (so as to be more independent of the laundry), and one is free for the rest of the day. The bed is re-made, the kettle filled with water, and all made snug for nightfall; and, locking the doors, one goes off on one's travels, to return (if the weather be fine) only after dark.

The rest of the house is let out in unfurnished flats to 'quiet and respectable' people, who mind their own affairs and respect the privacy and rights of others. One has a latch-key, and can enter and leave the house at any time without questions or restrictions. A civil and obliging woman acts as housekeeper, and is ready to give

attendance when required for small payment. She looks after the letters and brings up parcels, and cleans the rooms—if required to do so. The landlady, who has four or five large houses near by, all let out in flats and rooms, lives in another of her houses in an adjoining street. Though she charges such small rents for some of the rooms, she makes the enterprise pay *well*; but she is a well-educated woman, with 'her head screwed on the right way,' and the sound, sensible, thrifty business ways of the Scotch. Others, not so well endowed with brains and tact, might try the same business and fail altogether. Personally, I have the attics as a permanent *pied-à-terre* in London. Whether I occupy them or not, they will serve as a good storing-place for my numerous books, pictures, papers, &c., which I have now arranged in shelves, &c., all round the walls.

This is my camp in London, to which I can return at any time from camps in other parts of the country—or world. My next camping-ground will probably be amid the sunlit splendour of the ever-verdant Alpes Maritimes.

## CHEROKEE ROSES.

By DOROTHY E. PAUL.

I HAVE great hedges of them in my garden, to the wonder of my friends, and the slight annoyance of my wife.

'I cannot think why you cultivate them, William,' she often says. 'They have hardly any scent or colour. And such thorns!'

I have never given her a reason. I feel that she would hardly understand why it is I prefer these white blossoms with their thick, heavily thorned branches; flowers that have neither exotic scent nor colour to commend them, but only a certain delicate, elusive perfume and broad, exquisite petals which surround a golden heart of close-pressed stamens. Yet above all other flowers I prefer these—Cherokee roses.

It was when my college days came to a close that I became possessed with a fervent desire to take up missionary work. I set aside a curacy, with a tempting hint of a speedy rectorship to follow. I had no wish to work in an already crowded field; I wanted to go out into the waste places of the world and take the word of the gospel to those that dwelt there.

So it was that, very raw, young, and inexperienced, but filled with zeal for my work, I set out for the vast and silent plains that roll between the Great Lakes and the Polar Seas.

I had a tedious and not too comfortable journey. When I had gone as far as 'steel' could take me, I had to travel the rest of the way by river. Not in a steamer or ordinary passenger-boat, but in a clumsy scow manned by an Indian and half-breed crew.

For transit in this scow I had to wait a week—there being no other mode of travel to Murray's Portage, my final destination—while it and others loaded up with provisions, mail, and trading wares, which they took twice a year up the great river to the lonely outlying settlements and the desolate trading-posts of the Great Slave Lake.

There were six scows in all, and I was a solitary passenger in the foremost, along with a crew of men whom I at first thought rather picturesque. But their manners and habits left much to be desired, and it was only at sunset, when they sang some old-time boating songs, adding a wild poetry to the scene, that they were at all romantic. I wearied of the unceasing chatter and quarrelling of the half-breeds and the sullen monosyllables of the Indian crew.

I felt no less out of place when I arrived at Murray's Portage. There was, of course, no one to welcome me, and none to give me a helping hand. I was a stranger in a strange country, where men glanced at me with indifferent or with alien eyes.

I was making my way up from the landing-stage towards the straggling settlement, when I became aware of a scuffling ahead of me, and the next moment I received a buffet on the face. I knew, of course, that the blow had not been intended for me, but I was tired and sore in spirit, and disposed to resent the fact that no apology was offered for the mistake.

'You might at least have apologised,' I said,

glancing reprovingly at the girl who had dealt the blow, which had, I saw, been intended to keep her male companion at a greater distance.

'You might at least have got your silly head out of the way!' she mocked, and in such perfect mimicry of my English accent that the man with her, a rough, loose-limbed fellow, burst into a guffaw.

That is how we first met—Rose and I.

Cherokee Rose some wag from the south had dubbed her. But whether because he found a resemblance between the petals of the flower and the girl's pale, exquisite skin, or because he had guessed that her rough exterior and sharp tongue guarded a heart golden and true, even as the long thorns of the branches guard their blossoms from the too rough hands which seek to pluck them, I cannot tell.

Scornfully she eyed me up and down. Weary and dispirited as I was, I could not fail to observe her beauty. Her skin was white and clear; neither rain, sun, nor wind had been able to spoil its flower-like delicacy. Thick, dark hair waved about her face; her eyes were gray and steady, matching the resolute curves of her red lips. She was dressed in the roughest of clothes, and wore moccasins on her feet. I took her for what she was, one of the 'poor whites' of the district. But my appearance evidently puzzled her.

'What are you?' she asked abruptly.

'I am a missionary,' I replied, wondering how this information would be received.

The man again burst into a laugh; the girl curled her lips.

'Do you suppose we want missionaries up here?' she cried. '*Doctors* is what we want!'

'I am a doctor of souls,' I answered, feeling my position keenly.

'Reckon you're too late, missionary-boy,' she replied. 'All the souls up here have got their tickets to Hell long ago!'

She turned from me and went up towards the settlement, her companion following. I heard them laughing, no doubt at my expense.

After one glance at the accommodation offered by the only hostel in the place, I decided to sleep under canvas until I was able to put up a cabin of some sort.

Luckily I had come provided with a tent, and it was while trying to fit it that I realised how thoroughly 'green' I was. Perhaps the strong wind which was blowing had something to do with my lack of success. I wrestled with that tent for over an hour, and it was when I was crawling for the fifth time from under the collapsed canvas that I saw the girl Rose standing near, watching.

'Should say you're used ter campin' out,' she cried, with a mocking smile on her lips.

I gulped down my mortification. I thought I detected a not unfriendly gleam in her eyes, and so I smiled and went towards her.

'If you'd help me, I'd be ever so much obliged,' I said.

She was won over at once. In a very few minutes the tent was pitched. She did, moreover, what I with offers of money had failed to do, and that was to commandeer a sulky Indian to go down to the landing-stage and fetch up my belongings. She went to the store and got me such things as were necessary, and that being done, she eyed her work with satisfaction.

'I can't thank you enough. You're a brick!' I said, holding out my hand.

She seemed pleased, and remained a moment or two looking in at the tent entrance. 'Say,' she began, 'what are you doin' up here, anyway?'

I explained why I had come, and the nature of the work I meant to do.

She looked sceptical as regards my power to perform what I professed. 'Reckon you'll find gettin' converts up here about as hard as growin' cabbages on the Portage,' was her remark.

I soon discovered she was right. The Indians alone I might have managed with some show of success had it not been for the evil influence of the white settlers. They had no time, these latter said, for 'Bible talk.' They jeered at my efforts, laughed at my failures, and enticed away those converts I might have gained.

For my own accommodation I had a rough shack built, cheerless and bare in the extreme. Adjoining it I had erected at considerable cost a barn which served as a chapel.

I held service twice on Sunday and two or three times during the week. The rest of my time was occupied in carrying the words of the gospel around the district and into the Indian cabins and wigwams—squalid, miserable places, where there was not a gleam of hope or comfort.

At the cost of strenuous labour I succeeded in persuading quite a number of people to attend the Sunday services. The poor, faded white women of the settlement were my principal congregation. Some Indians came, and they would squat in their rags and dejection on the benches at the back of the barn. They listened attentively, and those that knew enough English made some attempt to join in the singing.

I made no headway with the white men or the half-breeds. Among the former my principal trouble was Young Jake. Young Jake was the brother of Cherokee Rose. Old Jake, the father, was a drunkard, the son was a bully, and both were incorrigibly lazy.

Young Jake caused me any amount of annoyance. I realised at length that I could only hope to settle with him in the one way he would understand.

In the middle of a Sunday service he strode into the mission hall and demanded that one of the Indians there should go on with the work he was doing for him, and in threatening tones he said that I was keeping the man from this duty, which he had been paid to perform. I had

had sundry interruptions of this sort before. My blood was up. I refused to allow the Indian to go; moreover, I offered to fight Young Jake.

Outside a crowd gathered. I sickened at the thought of having to fight with this bully, but I realised he had to be punished once and for all. In height and weight he had the advantage of me, but I knew something of the science of boxing; therefore, after a few rounds, and at the cost of a swollen eye, I had reduced Young Jake to sullen submission.

The girl Rose, who was a spectator, glanced at me with a certain amount of admiration. 'That was fine,' she said.

'It was disgraceful—horrible!' I retorted, thinking of my interrupted service and of the pollution of the Sabbath Day. 'I came to preach, not to fight.'

'But isn't preachin' a kind of fightin'?' she asked.

'Ye-es; in a way it is,' I admitted.

As the weeks went by, and the bitter, immeasurable cold of the northern winter approached, my heart ached at the misery I saw around. I could not become accustomed to the sight of the shivering natives in their rage, knowing that they had but a few mouthfuls of food between them and starvation.

I bought food for them at the store, until the store-keeper warned me that supplies would not last till the spring, and that he could sell me nothing further. Then I drew from my own supplies, so that in the middle of winter I found I should have to go on very short rations until the spring thaw liberated the river, and the scows came up from the south.

Cherokee Rose discovered my plight. She came one day, unasked, to my cabin, to find me looking ruefully into an empty tea-canister.

'Been givin' it all away to them red fellows?' she inquired.

'They asked for it. I couldn't refuse; they looked so wretched,' I stammered in defence of my folly.

'Oh, they'd ask, sure enough,' she retorted dryly. 'They'd chew the clothes off you and not mind. Reckon you're a bit of a fool, missionary-boy. If you starve, who's to hold the meetings?'

'I sha'n't starve,' I answered. But my heart sank as I thought of my depleted store and the long, long weeks that must pass before the coming of the scows again to Murray's Portage.

I didn't starve either. Cherokee Rose saw to that. From her own supplies she kept me going, and would take no denial.

'Tisn't no good your comin' up here to save souls if you don't feed your own body, is it?' she argued; and I had to admit the force of her logic. In fact, she was right in most things. I don't know what I should have done without her help and advice during the first months.

I wondered why she did so much for me;

certainly it was not because of my work. She never attended the services; nor would she ever listen when I remonstrated with her upon her disregard for religion.

She was fully aware of her personal attractions. The men of the district had seen to that; and it was to keep away their unwelcome attentions that she wielded, with all the strength she had, her one weapon, the satire of her sharp and ready tongue.

Old Jake would have sold her for dollars to buy drink. Her brother often tried to bully her into alliances, from the very vileness of which it was his place to protect her. It was her own innate purity which kept her as she was and guarded her among her evil surroundings.

With the passing of winter my congregation dwindled. Outside attractions, hunting and fishing, proved too much for the faith of my proselytes. They came in sparse numbers to the mission hall, and I was forced to admit that the Indian is most often a convert when there is anything to be gained. In the winter I could give them warmth and food; in the summer they could get it for themselves. I was disheartened; my labours seemed in vain.

It was Cherokee Rose who helped me through this, my black hour.

'It's always the hardest work is the best,' she would say; and then, to please me it seemed, she would listen to my sermons, to my teachings and moralising, and all the while she was a hundred times better than I! I believe she detected the weakening of my purpose before I did, and tried to keep my former zeal burning within me. Without her encouragement I should have given in long before I did.

I looked forward to my second winter at Murray's Portage with a certain amount of horror. I dreaded the cold and the endless darkened days. The glamour which my missionary ardour had helped to wrap round the people I worked amongst was quite gone. I saw these people as they were—dirty, evil, hopeless. It needed a greater patience, a more enduring zeal, than mine to deal with them. I had not the courage. I was unfitted for the task. I could not go on.

It was while I was in this wretched state of mind that one day I got a summons to attend the death-bed of an Indian. The fellow who brought the message was a relative of the dying man, and although he himself refused to act as my guide and go back the fifty miles he had come, he implored me to make haste and go, as his relative could not die in peace until he had seen me again and heard me preach.

Then I *had* made one convert, after all! For a little while my former zeal blazed up, and I made ready to start on the long mad journey over the snow. By the time I had started I realised the folly of it, and only a kind of stubborn pride made me go on. In all prob-

ability I should never reach the place alive, as I had only the barest details of the way to go. I didn't care; in fact, I welcomed any enterprise, however foolhardy, to keep me from unpleasant thoughts about myself.

I was struggling on in a kind of blind desperation, when I heard a faint call from the distance behind. I stopped and glanced back. Some one on snowshoes was coming towards me. It was Cherokee Rose.

'I've heard where you're goin'. You're mad!' she cried.

'What business is it of yours, anyway?' I asked. It was the first time I had ever spoken roughly to her. She saw me then less of a parson and more of a man.

'Out here we make it our business when *cheechahos* like you go wanderin' out on the Barrens. Come back!' She spoke with stern reproof.

But I was filled with a dogged determination to go on, which, I fear, I regarded as a kind of martyrdom.

'I'm going,' I said.

'You can't go. You aren't fitted,' she cried.

'Oh,' I retorted bitterly, 'I'm tired of being a weakling. I'm no good, no good at all, I know. But I'm going. The man is dying; he wants me. I've never been wanted before! I'm going to him.'

With that I turned from her and went on. She followed me, whereupon I stopped again.

'Why do you follow?' I asked. 'You won't turn me from my purpose.'

'I know,' she answered; 'but I'm comin' to show you the way.'

I stared at her. Her cheeks were glowing; her gray eyes, steadfast and clear, sparkled as she gazed up at me. Little tendrils of dark hair escaped from beneath her fur hood. I had never seen her look so beautiful. Wholly a man was I as I stared down at her, and a kind of fierce warmth suddenly ran through my veins. For her sake I again told her to go back; I entreated, implored. She shook her head.

'Missionary-boy,' she said, 'you'll lose yourself out here. I am used to it; I know the way, and I'll show you.' She came nearer and touched my hand. 'I wouldn't do it for any other fellow. I can trust you.'

So she came with me. Together we travelled, and her companionship was sweet. Cheerfully she helped me over the dreary way, her courage inspiring me to further efforts of endurance.

When we reached the wretched *tepes* of the dying Indian, it was to find it was not so much religious solace that he wanted, but that I should give food and clothing to his squaw. When the man was dead I left what I could ill afford, entirely against the advice of Rose, who warned me we should need what I had parted with.

As in other things, she was right in this. It

was during our second day's return travel that a blizzard arose. In the teeth of blinding snow and cruel wind we struggled, making very little progress.

Very wretched, hungry, and almost frozen, we crouched for the night's shelter beneath a clump of dwarf pine. The girl somehow managed to start a fire, which added some comfort to our miserable plight. She cooked our wretched meal, bidding me swallow the hot tea. I felt useless and a burden. My frozen limbs refused to move; I was ill bodily and mentally, and had no wish but to remain where I was and die.

It was while we lay that night, close side by side for greater warmth, the one blanket covering us, for the other I had given to the squaw.

'Rose,' I whispered. The little face that lay so near my own turned as I spoke. 'Why do you do all this for me, when it is I who should be protecting you?'

She was silent for a moment, then replied, 'I guess it's because I feel kind of sorry for you. You must have given up a lot to come out here for us folks, so we owe you something in return; that's how it is.'

She *pitied* me! This daughter of a 'poor white' pitied me. I felt a stab of contempt for myself.

How we reached the settlement again I never knew, and afterwards I lay dangerously ill for many weeks. It was then I realised the truth of the girl's words, that it was doctors who were needed, and not missionaries.

Throughout my illness she nursed me, her only assistant being the rough young fellow whose name was Dave. Dave was the only man in the settlement she would speak to in a friendly way, and every one knew he loved her.

My convalescence came with the spring. When the scows came up the river I should go back with them. So I planned. For my work at Murray's Portage was done, or, rather, defeated—I was leaving the field.

It was when I went out for the first time since my illness that I heard the talk about Cherokee Rose. Evil tongues wagged because she had gone with me over the snow, and because she had nursed me since. Her father chose to consider his honour insulted. Young Jake was more foul-mouthed. I challenged him before every one. I was weak physically, and had no chance; but I challenged him for the liar that he was. He would have killed me had not Dave and some others more merciful come to my rescue. I had always to be helped—always, it seemed! But there was one thing I *could* do alone. I went straight to Cherokee Rose. When she saw me she knew by my expression that I had heard the slander concerning her. She lifted her head proudly, but did not speak.

'Rose,' I said, 'will you marry me?'

She looked at me for a moment; her eyelids quivered over her dear gray eyes; then she spoke.

'Missionary-boy, do you love me?' she asked.

Something within me thrilled at her words. Again that fierce warmth ran through my veins. She was my first love; I wanted her; I needed her desperately.

'Rose, Rose!' I cried, holding out my arms. 'I love you. Oh, my dear, I love you!'

Her arms crept round my neck as she came close to me; her lips quivered on mine. I shivered with the delight of a first embrace. Then she freed herself and stood away from me.

'Boy,' she said in a sad little voice, 'I'm not goin' to marry you.'

'Why not?' I cried. 'You love me, Rose. I love you, and I want you. You've helped me so much, and you're going to help me more!' I stepped forward eagerly to take her in my arms again, but she drew back.

'Yes, I reckon I love you, sure enough,' she answered quietly. 'It's because of that that I'm not goin' to marry you. I shouldn't be a help if I did. I'm not your sort, boy; and you know it.'

I hung my head in silence. She had pierced through the glamour of my protestations and seen right down into my heart; she knew what I proposed was impossible.

'What will you do when I am gone?' I asked her on the day of my departure.

'Me and Dave'—she began.

I felt a stab of jealousy.

'So it's Dave you really love!' I cried.

She shook her head.

'No; not in the same way. But he understands. He's been waitin' a long time, so I guess I'd better have him now. 'Sides'—She stopped.

But I understood. I knew she was thinking of the evil tongues which still wagged, and which I was leaving her to face alone.

'Rose,' I cried again, 'I wish you'd marry me. Come right away with me. You won't believe I love you; but I do. *I mean it!*'

'No, you don't,' she replied, smiling a little sadly.

But for once *I* was right and *she* was wrong. I did love her. I love her now.

In memory of her I have turned my garden into a wilderness of impenetrable thorny hedges, on which blossom pale, delicate white flowers.

I love them as I love her; and when the twilight falls upon my English garden, I have only to close my eyes to see again the sunset glories of the northern sky, the foaming of the river unloosened by the thaw, and the magic of the great, vast, silent land wherein I had laboured.

Laboured in vain, since I had gained no converts. But during the wind-swept, sweet spring days I had learned to do one thing thoroughly, to remember and love her always—Cherokee Rose.

## THE SHIPS OF ENGLAND.

'The first word is ships, the second word is ships, and the last word is ships.'—MR LLOYD GEORGE at the Guildhall, London.

WHAT is the Empire's foundation, the rock of Britain's might?

Ye ask in shame with bended head, and, heavens, well ye might!

We and our fighting brothers form the unshakable base,

The bottom rung from which has sprung your splendid pride of race,

We, the merchant ships of Britain, from Mersey, Clyde, and Tyne,

That brave the deep so ye may keep intact the battle line.

The lone Pacific knows us well from Yokohama Bay To the Strait Magellan crags round which the tide-rips play;

From Auckland, past the frowning Horn, with cargo frozen through,

Full fifty days without delays in calm and tempest too;

From China and Vancouver, through the Panamá's white heat,

Day after day we thresh our way that ye at home may eat.

Across the Indian Ocean, where coral-reefs abound, And the lazy, long-backed seas raise a soothing slumber sound,

With the flying-fish a-scuttling, the porpoise on the beam,

We forge ahead with awnings spread to join the endless stream

Of tankers, tramps, and troopships which flows by night and by day,

With ready help from bush and veld to say the War Lord, Nay!

Up in the frigid Arctic, where the seal and walrus play, And the polar bear and reindeer have undisputed sway,

Through the dark, awesome silence of the long, long northern night,

By berg and floe, in driven snow, like spectres, ghostly white,

We grope along the ice-bound ports that skirt the cold White Sea,

From peak and mast the frozen blast blows out your standard free.

On the great Atlantic highways we know each crested wave,

From Sandy Hook to Table Bay, back to the White Man's Grave;

We dare the blind Newfoundland Banks—our plaintive fog-horns cry—

By reck'ning dead and deep-sea lead we creep 'neath the shrouded sky,

And when the western wind whips up the great green seas astern,

Stagger home through the danger zone that ye may live and learn.

We are the bed-rock of Empire for which your fathers bled,

We stiffen the keel they laid, with our brave unhonoured dead—

We, the merchant ships of England, from Humber, Thames, and Tees,

Chance the blow of the unseen foe, we feed the unfed seas,

And our riven hulls lie rusting amid the weed and slime,

For we're the base on which ye place your heritage sublime.

J. VICTOR.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE OWL AND THE EXPRESS.

By E. H. LIDDERDALE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

IF Robina Forsyth had been less solitary, or if day by day the express for which she used to watch had passed within sight of the silent old-world house where she had lived for so many years, she would probably have cared very little for it. It would have become as unromantic a part of her daily life as the punctual arrival of meals or the long hours when she read the newspaper to her father while he dozed. But though the railway passed barely two miles from her windows, it was invisible in the landscape, for it ran at the bottom of a deep cutting. Only the far-off rumble of the trains, and a faint wreath of smoke quickly melting over the fields, told where the highroad lay that links the bleak northern moors to London town, and through London even to the plains of France, to olive orchards and the blue seas of the magical South.

Robina came to Bonrigg when she was a tall, dark, vigorous girl of twenty. Her father had retired from a prosperous business career, and bought the place as a home for his leisured years. His wife had long been dead; he had no son; his elder daughter had lately married and settled in Glasgow. Robina was his obvious and predestined mainstay.

Old Mr Forsyth, as people even then called the gaunt and silent man, was by nature a solitary; in his eyes the aloofness of the house of Bonrigg was not the least of its charms. A low, irregular building of gray stone, it is set against a shallow cleft between the green sheep-hills of the border. On its western landward side, the long shoulders of the hills come close to it with their gorse and bracken, their little gullies whose dark foamy streams run twisting among hoary boulders. Upon its eastern side the windows of the living-rooms look into a small garden, where, after the homely Scottish fashion, flowers, vegetables, and small fruit grow together without partiality.

A low stone dike encloses the garden and separates it from the fields beyond. Three miles of level corn-land, broken here and there by a square of turnips as by a green carpet, and crossed by the invisible railway, lie spread between the old house and the rim of the

Berwickshire cliffs. Beyond the corn-fields the sea closes the view, its illimitable spaces contracted to a grave and distant floor.

It is a lonely country upon which the old house looks, and well-nigh as bleak as the open sea. The avenue of ancient sycamores which runs from the end of the garden towards the railway catches early in the year the parched and rusty look of wind-swept trees.

In the heyday of her youth Robina was not oppressed by the solitude of Bonrigg; she accepted the sober life she led there much as from childhood she had accepted her relation to a father who was never playful, never tender, sometimes irritable, yet not unkind. But gradually, as Mr Forsyth's unsociability increased with the lapse of years, Robina's sense of isolation deepened, and she began to suffer under it. The visitors whose appearances at Bonrigg her father had unwillingly endured became so irksome to him that she ceased to invite them. She lost touch with her women friends; men she never met, except at rare intervals in Glasgow. Her little niece Effie remained at last the only person whose presence in the house her father welcomed.

Slowly and without outward revolt, though with secret tears, the romantic, buoyant creature who had come to Bonrigg long ago was subdued to the efficient single woman: attentive, unexact, and cheerful by profession. Her neighbours saw in her a perfect daughter, a woman who had made without demur her sacrifice of youth and hope to age. A few there were who roundly called her father selfish, and in her inmost heart Robina did the same. But she ceased to think it when, in his ripe old age, Mr Forsyth had a long illness which left him frail and broken. Then at length he, who had never sought her affection by any show of tenderness, won her pity by his pathetic eagerness to survive, to regain his failing powers.

Secretly she laid her own strength at his feet, and the bitterness of her lot was transfigured by that final dedication. She could not, indeed, restore him. He tottered where once he strode: watched from the garden the

work of shepherd and ploughman. But he became easier to live with, and more lovable in his infirmity than he had ever been in his strength. Robina began to feel towards him as towards a child, and the knowledge that he looked to her for succour sweetened her monotonous round. Often in those years of the old man's slowly growing dotage the doctor said to her, 'He'll see his hundredth birthday, thanks to you!'

It was when the last glimmer of Robina's youth had faded that she began to find a strange satisfaction in the fleeting company of the London-bound express which daily passed Bonrigg in the late afternoon. At that hour old Mr Forsyth was dozing in his deep arm-chair after tea; she could safely leave him and take her walk, knowing that if he woke, Mrs Christie, her trusty housekeeper, would bear him company till her return. Usually she went to the hills, her first love; but as she grew older she more often turned her back upon these, and crossing the garden, slipped out at the little wicket gate in the dike, and so into the sycamore avenue beyond.

On either hand lay the quiet fields, beautiful at all seasons to her nature-loving eyes; far off the sea glimmered between the dark branches of the trees. The lane they enclosed soon emerged from their shade, and dwindled to a grassy path which ran between low stone dikes towards the railway, then turned and continued beside it, dropping to the level of the metals just where they issued from the cutting into open ground. There was here a curve in the line, and it ran sharply uphill for some miles before reaching the spot. Robina could hear the panting of the engine long before it appeared.

Often as she had waited for it at her trysting-place by the fence that bordered the line, she had never lost, never wished to lose, the leap of the heart with which she beheld the labouring monster round suddenly the intervening bank. Then to the engine succeeded the huge and sinuous body of the express, and gazing up, she scrutinised in hungry haste the faces at the windows as they flashed by her, the debonair groups round the little tables of the restaurant car. Sometimes she waved, and a passenger would wave back; and always she was greeted by the drivers, who knew her well by sight and looked out for her. She never saw the train dwindle and vanish in the distance without a pang of longing envy. These travellers speeding from all parts of the north to that friendly yet alien England she knew so little were not necessarily happy; she was too wise to suppose that. But they were alive, as she was not alive. Her life stood still; theirs went its changeful way; not without tears, heartache, hopes made vain, but surely with sunshine and adventure too.

The passing of the express filled Robina with a wistful pleasure which she never confessed to any one. It touched her imagination; seemed to link her for a moment, if but as a ghost, to the life of great cities and splendid enterprise. She would return less lonely than she set out. And if it were dusk the owl in the great sycamore beside the garden gate would be hooting, and the soft eerie sound seemed to utter afresh, as it had uttered for years, the passionless and static calm of her existence. Sometimes as she listened to it she fancied that she had heard ever since she was born that mysterious symbol of the gray, unchanging order by which she was encompassed. Nay! it was no bird; it was her own soul, resigned and solitary, that called to her in the silence of the avenue.

When the Great War broke upon Europe Robina read with wonder of the upheaval it had caused in quiet lives and places the most remote from the clash of arms. Amid much that was strange and terrible, this seemed to her of all facts the strangest, that not the least ripple of the storm troubled the charmed sleep of Bonrigg. By contrast with the harrowing fate of Flanders, life at home seemed to move with even greater placidity than before. She had not even to enlarge the subjects of her daily reading to her father. For Mr Forsyth was now, at ninety, childish, and had lost all grasp of current events.

So alone was she in her hopes and fears that at times she almost wondered whether the Great War were not a figment of her brain. She had long given up her rare visits to the neighbours, because Mr Forsyth was too old and fretful to bear any interruption of his daily round. His little meals must appear to the moment; Robina must be always at hand. And active service was denied her for the same reason; she could help her country only by her knitting, and—upon her knees. The enlistment of the Bonrigg cowman, and of Sandy, the big ploughboy, made the war real to her for a while; but it lost again the keen edge of fact when they were gone. Only the express brought her country's emergency before her in a brief and dream-like way, for now it was often late, and when it arrived was full of ruddy men in khaki, who smiled at her as they passed.

There came a windy day in March when the wind shifted suddenly, as it were, from some distant planet to her very door. It was her niece Effie who brought Armageddon to Bonrigg.

Effie was now twenty-two, a fine, sweet-tempered girl, whose buoyant energy recalled to Robina her own young self, though it was accompanied in the niece by a slightly complacent self-confidence which the aunt had never possessed. And she came from Glasgow trailing clouds of glory—a V.A.D., whose brother had

won the Military Cross, who for months had done her shift in hospital and canteen; had even broken down and been sent away for rest by doctor's orders, and was not unwilling to impress her aunt with the fact.

Effie was delighted to talk of all that she had seen and done, and to tell again the real adventures of real Tommies as confided to her by themselves. It alleviated the horrid dullness of Bonrigg to be able to thrill Aunt Robina.

But she was genuinely surprised when, one evening while she was treating Robina to a spirited instalment of 'Things Seen,' that lady exclaimed with a sort of trembling passion, 'Lucky Effie! Lucky girl!'

They were sitting in her aunt's old-world parlour, while in the adjoining room old Mr Forsyth slumbered with the door open, that they might hear him if he woke. The sunset had faded, and over the sea a little crescent moon was climbing the cold gray east. Robina had been gazing into the fire as though in a dream. Her sudden exclamation upset Effie's preconceived ideas both of Robina and of herself.

'Lucky!' she said, surprised, for she had not hitherto regarded the war-service of Miss Effie Macalister in the light of a frolic.

'Yes—to be young, to be free, to have so much to give!'

'Why, auntie, do you want to nurse too?' she asked.

It seemed to her impossible that any one aged fifty and 'a bittock' should harbour such longings.

'Well, suppose I did?' said Robina lightly, that she might screen her heart from those clear young eyes. 'Don't you think I might make a good nurse? After all, I've been grandpapa's nurse for many years.'

'Grandpapa's not wounded,' replied Effie with a touch of severity, as though she rather wished he were. 'Besides, you could never stand it, auntie dear; you'd be dead in a week.'

There passed before Robina a vision of the glorious lives laid down with laughter and a song, that she and her kind might draw their breath in safety. What had she done to deserve such a gift, who could not lift a hand to save them? 'Perhaps I don't want to survive this war,' she hazarded; and though she smiled, she meant it.

'I do,' said Effie succinctly.

They lapsed into silence, and Robina felt as never before the chasm that parted her from the young girl at her side. Hitherto she had adored in all simplicity the fair-haired creature who came to Bonrigg like some rare bird of bright plumage. Now for the first time she envied her bitterly; the splendour of Effie's opportunity cut her to the heart.

While she herself sat and knitted, this child had been plunged in the tide of the country's mighty effort; young, untried, hers had been the priceless happiness of answering, 'Here am I—send me!' to Britain's call.

Robina, too, at Effie's age had been in harness; but for whom had she spent herself from that day to this? For one whose heart had never leapt for love of her, and who had silently accepted her lifelong sacrifice.

Not for a moment did she doubt that her duty had lain, as still it lay, with her father. Europe might reel, but she must keep her watch lest he should drop his book, or the screen behind his chair need shifting. No outward call could remit her task.

But, quickened by Effie's presence, Robina's deep desire to minister to her country passed from mere longing into active pain. It was as though the voices of wounded men called to her by name.

And at their call the hidden fire of her nature revived, the romance which the gray years had starved and overlaid until she had thought it dead. In the passion which swept over her the young Robina lived again, impulsive still, yet disciplined, and wholly bent on sacrifice by the long habit of her soul. It was no excitement, no distinction, that she would seek for herself, as little Effie, for all her real devotion, sought them; not even the answering light of happy, thankful eyes; only leave to toil, to be spent, at length to fall and lie forgotten in the dust, that those she tended might live!

Robina turned away, and looked out at the darkening garden to hide from Effie the tumult of her heart. And as she did so she heard the hooting of the owl in the great sycamore, and the soft, persistent cry, monotonous as duty itself, seemed to her the passing-bell of all desire.

(Continued on page 200.)

## THE CORRIDOR-EMPIRE.

### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF GERMANY WON THE WAR.

By WILLIAM J. HARVEY, Author of *Denmark and the Danes*.

THE single purpose of the German nation is the establishment by all means and at all costs of *Deutschland über Alles*. The character of her people is such that, even if she is defeated,

she will resume her methods of espionage and penetration in an effort to regain what she has lost, and ultimately to win that world-hegemony upon which she staked the issues of war in

August 1914. British people of all classes and creeds will do well to remember that it will take several generations to change the German character, deliberately trained as it has been for one express purpose—the creation of the German Empire.

A forecast of what would happen if Germany triumphed in this struggle would be open to the objection that political speculation has invariably proved to be one of the most unprofitable forms of prophecy. But a certain number of things, facts grave and sinister, and of serious import to Britain and her Allies, can be said with certainty; and it is to these things that the writer wishes particularly to direct the attention of those individuals in this country who, by their actions, would seem to value peace more than freedom.

If, at the end of the war, German militarism holds the field, undefeated, arrogant, and ambitious in victory, the Potsdam Junkers will pursue with renewed vigour and energy the dreams of *Deutschum und Welt-politik*, Germanism and world-politics. The military domination of Europe and Asia will have been secured, and the political stability and sovereignty of every other European and Asiatic Power will be menaced. The highways of northern commerce; the gates of the East; Egypt, India, our Southern Empire, even our African dominions, would be threatened. The Prusso-Austrian-Islamic Empire would be self-supporting, practically independent of blockade. Most threatening of all would be the vast land, sea, and air forces which would be necessary to maintain inviolate such an immense and powerful combine.

Modern Prussian policy has always been Turcophil, because a strong Turkey, Germanised and bolstered up, means that Roumania and the Balkan States can be easily controlled in Prussian interests. This policy, however, has its dangers. The peculiar position of the Osmanli in the Turkish Empire, and the fact that the political and religious capitals of Islam are not the same, has always weakened the central control of the Turkish dominions. Many millions of Mohammedans live in the British Empire, and are loyal in their adherence to it. But they are Osmanic neither by racial affinities nor by sympathy. In fact, the interests and sympathies of the greater part of the Mohammedan world are British. Moreover, the Arabs and the free nomads of Africa and Mesopotamia are not willing to surrender their autonomies in favour of a Prussianised Turkish overlordship. The real and natural protector of Islam is Britain.

Abdul Hamid, conscious of the fact that friendship with Germany would ultimately involve the political and military vassalage of Turkey, threw in his lot with Britain, and struggled for the independence of his throne and of Islam. Germany supported Enver Pasha and the Young

Turks. Abdul was dethroned, and since that day Turkey has been a tool in Germany's hands. The pompous journey of the Kaiser to Constantinople and Jerusalem has at any rate been justified by the success of its influence on German trade in the East, and the impression it produced in certain important Oriental circles. At the same time, the situation in the Turkish dominions is essentially mechanical and unnatural. It is opposed to the opinions of the greater proportion of the Islamic Empire, and it can exist only by means of a perpetual policy of frightfulness. It is a battle of Osman against Islam, a struggle between central autocracy on the one hand and federalistic and democratic principles on the other.

The people of Britain and the Allied nations should, therefore, remember that a Prussian victory will imply a reign of terror in the Balkans and in the Near East, and probably a holy war between the true followers of Islam and the politico-commercial adventurers of Constantinople.

Another fact of overwhelming significance to the future of democratic principles is the tremendous war-machine which would have to be created by the Central Empires to defend themselves from attack from without. The snaky frontiers of what we will term the Corridor-Empire, extending as they would across Europe and Asia, would be particularly vulnerable to local attacks and to depredatory raids. Therefore, Prussia, to maintain her powers of defence, would be compelled to put all her energies and resources into the service of the State. She would be always aggressive—always ready to enlarge herself by war. The present military-social war-organisation would develop into a permanent institution, and the world would live under the everlasting shadow of armaments and aggression.

The Ukraine, the most productive region of European Russia, already inundated by German agents and concessionaires, would fall into Germany's hands, and would become a wedge, cutting off Russia proper from her dominions in Siberia and eastern Asia.

Berlin would continue to rule at Bucharest. An Austrian writer, Dr Rusch-Reglin of Innsbruck University, has declared: 'The influence of German factions; the commercial relations between Roumania and Prussia; and strong pressure exerted by Prussia through and together with Austria, forced Roumania to become the unwilling opponent of the Balkan Confederation. *The Roumanian people will not be free until the Turks and the Bulgars are defeated.* Let the people of England remember that a German victory will mean the moral and political enslavement of the Balkan peoples, and their reduction to a condition of complete and ignominious vassalage.'

Austria, after the war, will present the German

politicians with their most difficult problem. Those who are competent to judge believe that, in the event of Germany's defeat in the field, the breaking up of the Dual Monarchy into its component entities may be taken for granted. In the event of victory the military caste of Germany will be faced by several anti-German factors which during the war have grown so powerful that only the most resolute repression will serve to keep them under. Court and official circles in Vienna are now largely dominated not so much by anti-German as Hohenzollern influences. The Catholic groups are violently opposed to Prussianism. The commercial and trading communities have realised to their cost that German industrial competition is rapidly destroying Austrian trade. Finally, there has lately grown up a considerable sentiment in favour of some form of rapprochement with Britain which would, it is alleged, enable both countries to force Germany to come to terms, and would free Austria from pursuing the wars with Italy and Russia.

What factors can Germany count on in Austria after the war? The influence of the powerful Magyar group is undoubtedly pro-German. There are also the so-called German Irredenta, the secret societies of Hungary, and the racial jealousies of that heterogeneous mixture of Slav, Teuton, Pole, Croat, Serb, and Czech which forms the Dual Monarchy.

No people in modern times have shown themselves so skilful at playing off one set of interests against another, or at deliberately creating disturbing and disintegrating factors in order to use them for their own ends, as have the Prussians. Militarism secured the temporary unification of all the varied and conflicting interests of Central Europe. Militarism alone can hold those interests together. If, therefore, Germany wins, it follows that the small nationalities living under the Hohenzollern wing will be condemned to a régime of perpetual repression and virtual martial law. It is the considered opinion of the writer, however, that Austria may yet surprise her Ally, and prove to be the burial-ground of Prussian hopes and ambitions.

The condition of Poland under Prussian 'protection' would be no whit less parlous than that of Roumania or Belgium or Alsace-Lorraine. The Central Powers in November 1916 undertook to create an independent Poland. At the time of writing they have abandoned their promise in this direction, and are negotiating with Austria-Hungary for a new partition. It is suggested that Poland shall be incorporated in a triple kingdom, composed of Austria, Hungary, and Poland. This scheme would, according to one of the leaders of the Polish party, 'strengthen the German element in Austria proper by getting rid of the Poles and Ruthenians.' It is quite unnecessary here to emphasise the fact

that the wishes of the Polish Nationalists have neither been desired nor asked for. It is proposed that the projected frontiers between the two empires shall be drawn from south to north along the river Varta in the former government of Kalish; then turn eastwards along the river Bzura, famous for its battles in this war; and then along the river Narey. The Austrians intend to unite Galicia with this new territory, and thus create the third party in their new empire.

If, therefore, Germany is not humbled on the field we shall witness the unhappy spectacle of the ancient and tragic kingdom of Poland being swallowed in the maw of a Teutonic-Turco-Austrian combination.

Another Prussian 'victory-aim' is to create a 'German-controlled Scandinavian Union,' the objects of which would be to secure the outlets of the Baltic, eliminate the Scandinavian Powers from that splendid sea-carrying trade of theirs which they have created by courage and ability, and to use their ports and railway communications from the west as a perpetual threat to Russia. The writer has seen a map of Europe, printed by one of the great Berlin daily papers, in which the whole of the territory from Calais in France to the Skager-Rack in the north of Denmark was represented as German.

Finally, Germany's victory would involve the permanent occupation of Belgium. Germany would fortify the coast, and Britain's dominion of the sea would be ended, inasmuch as she would no longer control the chief trade highways of the world, which all pass through our island waters. In these circumstances, Holland, with Germany on every one of her frontiers, with her ports and outlets watched by the tireless and all-seeing eyes of Prussia, would rapidly degenerate into a German province.

Upon Britain's efforts, therefore, and the efforts of her Allies, depend the fate of Belgium, Serbia, and Poland; the security of Scandinavia and Holland; the future safety of Britain, Egypt, and our African dominions. The Corridor-Empire, swollen by the ill-gotten gains of her treachery, would become the world-tyrant—terrible in military might, autocratic in diplomacy, treacherous in trade. She would Germanise by force. She would develop to even greater lengths that policy of 'peaceful penetration' which she has employed with such effect in the past against her unsuspecting and hospitable victims. In industry she would persist in that trade system which has brought her wealth and power—a system the symbols of which are *cheap production, cheap substitutes, inferior imitations, inferior value, smart jobbing.*

Mr A. D. M'Laren, the author of *Peaceful Penetration*, and a traveller and sociologist of repute, has studied and very ably described the German method of 'cadging trade,' a method

which, he believes, in common with others who know their Germany, would be intensified a thousandfold in the event of a German victory, and which even defeat will not entirely eradicate. His conclusions are so startling and so admirably put that we take the liberty of quoting them extensively. Mr M'Laren writes: 'As regards our commerce and industry it was warfare on scientific lines. In every quarter of the globe, but especially where the Union-Jack was flying, Germans were to be found as bankers, stockbrokers, merchants, tradesmen, clerks, mining and shipping agents, and artisans. They were all apostles of Germanism, and their activities and methods went far beyond legitimate commercial enterprises and exploitation. London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sydney, Melbourne, and many other large cities were honeycombed by the underhand methods of these secret agents and commercial spies. The German banks in particular were the foremost factors in developing Germany's commerce and industry along "national" lines. Take the Deutsche Bank, for example. The annual profits of the London branch from acceptances alone were about two hundred thousand pounds. Much of this business was, of course, legitimate. But it is now an open secret that the Deutsche Bank, like other German banks, used the trade secrets of its British clients to advance German interests. Every bill, every invoice, every letter that passed through its hands was closely scrutinised with a view to diverting business into German channels, with what success British manufacturers and merchants know to their cost.'

'Precisely the same thing was going on for years in the overseas dominions. Canada, Australia, and South Africa, to say nothing of India, have all suffered from the effects of peaceful penetration, from a political as well as a commercial and industrial standpoint. In the Dominions the Germans played a bolder, though still secret, and, to the British Empire, a more dangerous game. They gained control of "key industries," mining products especially; and partly by this means, partly by her admittedly superior scientific attainments and equipment, Germany was slowly but surely reducing Great Britain to the condition of an economic vassal. That this grave danger did not threaten Britain alone is proved by the unanimity of the Allied Economic Conference held in Paris in June 1916. Representing so many antagonistic interests, economically, there was yet complete agreement in calling for common action to put an end to the vassalage to which Germany was reducing other countries. *For Germany worked on a plan, an organised system.*'

One striking illustration of the German method and persistence in this direction came to the writer's personal knowledge. A certain German firm dealing in a special kind of engine of

inferior quality, but considerably cheaper than the same engine could have been produced in this country, obtained a small market in England for its goods. In a very short time the firm established repairing-shops here to deal specifically with its own engines. It sent over engineers, mechanics, and English-speaking commercial travellers from Germany to push its products; finally it built a factory in England, thus saving the costs of transport, and, by using *German labour*, was able almost completely to beat its English competitors out of the market. German newspapers were sent in great quantities to the neighbourhood; a colony sprang up; a German *Verein* or club was promoted; information anent commercial possibilities in the district was carefully collected, annotated, and despatched to the German Ministry of Trade in Berlin. Rivals were under-cut, 'side-lines' introduced, and in a few years that particular locality had been, in the term used by Teutonic politicians, successfully 'Germanised.'

This is only one instance of the German system. The same method was adopted in Austria and in every country where Germany desired that political influence should follow trade monopolies. In Bohemia, for example, the method has been attended with singular success, and the Bohemian factories now flood the Austrian, Hungarian, and Oriental markets with their goods. German clubs and *Stamm-birche*, which are small societies meeting in inns, restaurants, and such places, grew up, where business experiences were regularly exchanged, and ideas for future expansion discussed. Secretly these clubs developed an active political propaganda which has often seriously embarrassed and compromised the Austrian authorities.

One of the most influential of these so-called clubs is the *Schlaraffia*, which was founded many years ago by a rich Bohemian brewer, and which now has branches in every part of the world. Its constitution is said somewhat to resemble that of the Freemasons. Its members undertake to assist each other in every possible way, to find employment, provide information, and assist in the 'removal' of non-German competition. In return for this help the members of the *Schlaraffia* bind themselves to forward by all possible means the work of Germanisation. Although the club originated in commercial circles, its ranks now include members of all grades of society—officers, diplomats, professors, doctors, lawyers, bankers, and traders. It has also formed associations with other German propagandist clubs of a similar character, such as the *Allgemeine Deutsche Ritterschaft* (Union of German Knights) and the *Rosenberger* club. In the United States and in Southern America the *Schlaraffia* exercises a considerable underground political influence, although it is gratifying to note that in Brazil the club has recently received a severe blow, from which it is hardly

likely to recover. One of the outcomes of the *Schlaraffia* is the *Zentralbank Deutscher Sparkassen* (Central Bank of German Saving Institutes in Austria), a powerful combine operating in Bohemia and the Alpine districts of Austria and Hungary. It is a notorious 'centre' of pan-German propaganda.

Within the last few months a German-Persian Union and a German-Chinese Union have been established (*Deutsch-Persischer und Deutsch-Chinesischer Verband*). On 3rd April 1916, at the headquarters of the latter organisation in Berlin, a lecture, entitled '*Was Geht Uns China An?*' was delivered by an influential member of the Prussian Parliament, in which the lecturer claimed that German world-empire could be established only on a basis of an *overland* dominion extending from the North Sea to China by way of Turkey and Persia. The reasoning behind this suggestion was not only sound, but subtle, and deserves the attention of every imperially minded Briton. It is an idea which must be combated as vigorously and as strenuously as we are now shattering Germany's naval idea.

The speaker argued that the present war would be followed by an era of economic strife, and that many of the world's best markets would be more or less closed to Germany. In any future war the British navy would be able, even more effectually than now, to prevent raw material and foodstuffs reaching Germany from the Americas. A British blockade, however, could be rendered absolutely ineffective if Germany controlled the ancient trade highway from Europe to the East known as the 'Silk Street.' Persia and China could easily provide the legions of 1927 (the date of Germany's next attempt for world supremacy) with all the food, petrol, copper, and cotton required finally to establish the Teuton as the master of Europe and Asia.

It is known that at the present moment Germany is busily negotiating for valuable railway, canal, and trading concessions in China; that her system of commercial and political espionage has been strengthened and ramified throughout the whole of Siberia, in the Ukraine, from the Black Sea through Irkutsk and Teheran to the Far East; and that the powerful Siemens combine, which owns the rich copper ores in the Caucasus and in Armenia, has recently sent bodies of specially trained experts through Persia with the object of discovering and opening up new sources of mineral wealth. A mere cursory perusal of the *Veröffentlichungen des Reichskolonialamtes* at Berlin (Publications of the

Berlin Colonial Office) for 1916 is sufficient to prove that the German authorities are alive not only to the commercial possibilities of this new idea, but also to its *political and military value*, for these publications contain frequent reports of Asiatic exploitation, and point out the important results, commercial and strategic, which will accrue.

Two other facts only need to be mentioned here to prove the truth of this contention. The Hamburg-Amerika Line has suddenly revealed a suspiciously vivid interest in Persia, and has heavily invested money in certain Germano-Persian schemes. Finally, a prominent German economist, by name Quessel, has declared that Germany, by controlling the Asiatic market, can become self-supporting so far as cotton and copper are concerned.

Martin, the Prussian writer and privy councillor, in a remarkable book entitled *Berlin-Bagdad*, published in 1907, declared that Germany's future '*lies in Asia and in the air*.' Perhaps the most significant chapters in this book are those which contain a close and clever exposition of the strategical value of the region between the Altai and the Himalaya Mountains, known as the Gobi Desert. This region is spoken of as the 'key to Asia' and the 'central tableland of the Old World.' Martin states that were Germany to control this vast plateau it could be developed into the most formidable '*air-base in the world*.' A thousand super-Zeppelins could be stationed there. India could be threatened on the one side, Russia on the other. But Germany must be 'first in the air.' Then, and only then, will she be able to 'hold the principal overland route to the East,' and to 'establish her transcontinental empire.'

These are the facts. That German statesmen are contemplating a change of Imperial policy after the war is regarded in well-informed neutral circles as practically certain. The present writer recently sought the opinion on this subject of a responsible neutral politician, who said that 'a transcontinental empire from Antwerp to Shanghai would undoubtedly be Germany's reply to the decisions of the Paris Conference.'

For these reasons the Allies must fight on. The barbarism and litter of war must be cut out by the roots from the fabric of our civilisation. Germany must be defeated; for not until the mailed colossus is humbled to the dust will Britain sleep secure or the stars heave up and the lights flare out across unguarded seas.



## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

## CHAPTER XI.

FOR some time Gavin Barrie continued to thresh the water, though all his usual cunning seemed to have deserted him. He pricked his fish, tangled his line, broke his tackle, finally hooked a fine trout, only to let it scud away with his best fly. Not a muscle of his face, however, moved during this series of catastrophes; but finally flinging away his cigarette and reeling up his line, he did something, for him, rare indeed—sat down to think, the rod idly leaning against a tree, while the hours of the day best for fishing slipped unheeded away. For the life of him he could not get away from the thought of Anita. Was she happy—or going to be? Well, he supposed she must be. Why not? This forester of hers—he was well spoken of, and one of her mother's countrymen. True—true; and yet—

Back over the years flew Gavin Barrie's mind, and passed in review all the incidents of the first happening in his life that had really mattered. Vanished from before his eyes the towering trees, the running stream; deaf were his ears to the hammering of a woodpecker, to the scruff-scruff of scattered earth and the tearing of roots where the red-brown dog, with frantic paws and strong, white teeth, pursued his quest of some elusive beast deep entrenched. In their stead rose the white walls of a low, red-tiled house, enclosing a quadrangle of smooth green turf, of arbours veiled in roses, of cherry-trees in vestments of purest white. Small tables stood here and there beneath the open sky, and at one of these he saw himself seated, and in his hand a sketch, a fragment in sepia of the façade of the fine old cathedral at Amiens. He is regarding it critically, his mind lost in some detail not altogether to his liking, when a sweet, childish voice suddenly rouses him.

'*Bon jour, m'sieur. Que veut-il, s'il vous plaît?*' and looking up, he sees, standing under a canopy of drooping cherry-blossoms, a child of about twelve or thirteen years, exquisitely proportioned, *petite*, yet perfect, a short skirt of blue, covered by dainty frilled apron, revealing her beautifully moulded legs and tiny feet, while a bodice open at the throat, the short sleeves exposing slender arms fashioned as of wax, completed her dress. Her hair, blue-black against the snowy blossoms; her large eyes, dark 'like twilight fair;' and her mouth! Oh, what a living cherry of a mouth! That in itself, now impatiently reflected Barrie, ought to have identified her at once; never was so sweet, so red, so tempting a pair of lips as those of his little Anita. 'A mere child,' he had kept assuring himself, and the garden of the 'Rose d'Or' a restful spot after the hot, noisy place over which presided the ancient cathedral.

And so thither his steps constantly led him. Of small consequence that he must lend a polite ear to the reiterated platitudes of Monsieur le Patron. Enough that near at hand waited *petite Anita*, fetched his coffee, lighted his match, smiled at him, and tossed back with her tiny hand the soft black waves of hair from her smooth forehead.

The cherry-blossom dropped; the luscious fruit hung ripe and red; fluttering leaves shrivelled and fell. Winds and weather of winter-time drove tables and customers under shelter of the snug, warm inn; but of the grand old cathedral, the interior, as well as its noble façade, offers many attractions to an architect's pencil, and each recurring season found Gavin Barrie treading the streets of Amiens.

Anita was now already in her sixteenth year, but still a child in stature and dress, which suited well her slender build, when one day the Englishman, about to enter the well-known gate, came face to face with Harry Champion, an artist friend, brilliant but poor, warm-hearted but profligate, a roll of sketching materials under his arm. Loath to show him his small paradise and its presiding houri, yet unable to frame an excuse, Gavin invited him into the garden. Coffee was brought. M. Grossier served the new customer with something stronger, and began the usual flow of urbanities born on the tongue of your true Continental inn-keeper.

But Harry Champion favoured his garrulous host with but slight attention, and when, napkin over his arm, Grossier had hurried away for some fresh order, 'Look here, Gavin!' he exclaimed, 'why didn't you exhibit the little Venus before? Gad, man, you call yourself my friend, and here you've been hiding the very model that'll make poor Hal's fortune!—Come here, little one!' he called in colloquial French, and rising from the table before Gavin could interfere, strode across the green-sward to where Anita stood demurely waiting.

'*M'sieur, veut-il encore rien?*' asked the girl, retreating slightly as Harry advanced. Even after all this lapse of time Gavin Barrie, living over again that memorable afternoon, felt himself tingle afresh at the remembrance of how Harry Champion, without apology, placing his long fingers under the girl's chin, tilted back the beautiful little head so that he might feast his own bold eyes on Anita's soft dark ones, into whose depths a look of alarm had crept. At sight of this, however, Harry had removed his hand, and addressing her in tones of mock chivalry, asked whether he might have the honour of sketching her there and then. Anita had looked appealingly towards Gavin, still seated

at the table, and at his slight but encouraging nod the cherub-like face flushed rosy, the red mouth smiled and dimpled. 'Oh yes, if m'sieur so pleases.'

Champion held up a finger. 'Just where you are!' he cried. Then out came pastels and paper. The artist's genius held him, and beneath his fingers grew the miracle of his art. 'Voilà!' he exclaimed, flinging down his pencils and bowing grandly to Anita. '*Merci millefois, mademoiselle!*'—Now where the devil has that loquacious old rascal disappeared to? We'll drink a cognac on this, Gavin,' he went on gaily, tapping the sketch, 'and I'll make a bargain at once with the "pocket Venus" to pose for me. She's exactly what I've scoured Paris to find for my picture with David as cup-bearer to Saul. Now—why—didn't you—discover her—before, *mon ami?*' he asked with jocular emphasis, and punctuating each word by a sharp rap on Barrie's shoulder.

The latter had writhed. The last thought he could endure was that his innocent little Anita should become an artist's model. He hoped her father would interfere, for, alas! what right had he? He instantly resolved, however, to make the effort. 'See here, Harry,' he said, suppressing any anxiety in his voice; 'I consider myself by way of sponsor to the Rose d'Or, and to all the other flowers in the garden! So, if you propose borrowing cherry-blossoms, I shall claim the prerogative of protecting their bloom; and as a pledge that you agree, you must give me this sketch.'

Champion looked at him; but whatever it was he had meant to say died on his lips before the cool steadiness of Barrie's gray eyes. '*Mon Dieu, Gavin!*' he exclaimed lightly; 'I didn't know you were a poet! However, I suppose I do owe you something for introducing me to the sweet bud of the "Rose d'Or," and to monsieur's equally inspiring cognac. Better have a glass? No! Well, now to business,' he went on, setting down his empty glass and addressing Anita. 'Where's your father, little one?' And the girl hastened to call him.

In a brief moment everything had been arranged. Indeed, much to Barrie's secret indignation, Grossier made no demur. The pay was good; his daughter had plenty of time on her hands; monsieur could come and make sketches of her here; and in the autumn they were, in any case, removing to Paris, where the matter could be further discussed.

As to Anita herself, she seemed pleased; naturally flattered, doubtless, yet timid, and very grateful to Barrie, who, at whatever cost to himself, never failed to be the third at the artist's appointments in the garden of the 'Rose d'Or.'

As it turned out, however, Harry Champion, being by temperament first and foremost an artist, was so absorbed in the studies of his beautiful model that any misgivings Barrie had cherished by degrees subsided.

Then had come the removal to Paris, and with it the further step of Anita's constant attendance in Champion's atelier. An old servant who had cared for her since her mother's death took her there; but, early or late, rain or shine, it was Gavin Barrie who came and escorted her home. No saint was he, or Puritan; yet none ventured to chaff him about this young French girl whom, quixotically perhaps, he had pledged himself to protect. In the meantime Anita was fast growing into womanhood, the while her fame as the model for Champion's picture that won for him an enviable position in the Salon led to an eager competition among his fellow-artists to secure her services.

The realisation that this girl was rapidly drifting into the career of a professional model came to Gavin Barrie with a disagreeable shock, the more acute because, his own disinterested objections notwithstanding, he had no valid right to interfere with the disposition of Anita's life, or to remonstrate with her father for his ready acquiescence in her following a path so beset with dangers for a young and beautiful girl. Thus far the petals of the cherry-blossom which unconsciously he wore so near his heart had remained unsullied; he dreaded to think how soon over-eager or careless fingers might crumple and cast them away. Yet how to prevent it? and why? To neither of these questions had Gavin been able to find an answer quite satisfactory to himself, when a sudden summons home hurried him away from Paris.

Yet no sooner was he in England than an unbearable restlessness took possession of him; in his mind, day and night, was the image of little Anita left behind in the maelstrom of the great French capital, with no guardian except a callous and grasping parent. Should harm befall her during his absence, Barrie had felt he could never forgive himself. Worse than useless it was to upbraid himself as a fool, quixotic, un-English; useless the struggle longer to blind himself to what his own heart now told him only too plainly was the reason that the thought of the artist world acquiring this sweet child to make or mar was intolerable. How he cursed the wretched business which month after month detained him! What was the settlement of an estate and an added few thousand pounds to his income if the price of it should chance to be the ruin of *la petite Anite*? Granted that his own anxiety exaggerated the dangers to which she was exposed; granted, too, that he did injustice to his friends in the Quartier Latin; nevertheless, the spectre of Anita being pressed or induced to pose for—it was unthinkable!

When the first two flights of dark, draughty stairs that led from the street to the *étage* of Harry Champion's studio had been rapidly climbed, Gavin Barrie, his clothes damp and

clinging from the mist of a chill November evening, came to an abrupt halt as a sound of revelry greeted his ear—loud laughter, fragments of song, the clink of glasses. But why hesitate? His friend Harry was making merry, and never had Gavin been an unwelcome guest; he would open the door quietly and give him a surprise. Gently turning the handle, he stepped in, unobserved by the revellers, then suddenly stood stock-still as his eyes, growing accustomed to the change from the darkness of the stairway to the brilliant light of the spacious room, took in the assembled party. At a table of old black oak, in whose polished surface were reflected the sparkle and colour of wine and glass, sat Harry Champion and some half-dozen of his special friends—men, like himself, of undoubted genius but doubtful habits and views of life. With flushed faces and reddened eyes, they were at that moment raising their glasses to drink to the health— Oh God! yes, there could be no mistake. There, in the midst of these profligate men, her dainty figure but scantily attired as a bacchante, a wreath of vine-leaves crowning the thick clustering curls of her black hair, cheeks aflame, red lips parted, sat enthroned his little Anita!

Spell-bound, he stood for an instant an unnoticed spectator, contending waves of anger and pity sweeping over him, while a chorus of voices, half-insistent, half-threatening, began to urge something upon the girl, upon whose lips the smile was dying, the colour fading from her burning cheeks, a look of terror and supplication dawning in the great dark eyes.

Then, just as Harry Champion, rising heavily, pressed towards her, crying, 'She shall! She shall! Is Art to be denied a form as fair as Venus!' Anita, with a terrified cry, pushed back her chair, turned deadly white, and totter-

ing forward a few steps, fell fainting—into the arms of Gavin Barrie!

Crash fell the glasses to the floor as the party of merry-makers stampeded to their feet and stared in amazement at the apparition from whose clothing the smell of damp tweed mingled oddly with that of flowers and wine.

Harry Champion alone, in spite of his besotted condition, seemed all at once to feel the goading of his outraged conscience. 'Gavin!' he stammered—'I—I—believe me—as I'm a living man, not a soul has touched the child!'

But Gavin answered not a word. Silently, with two quick strides, he gained the door, carefully but swiftly descended the narrow stairway; out into the night air, tenderly pressed against his rough coat, he bore the fainting girl.

Thud—thud! Two great cones fell heavily to the ground at Barrie's feet, and here was 'Bob,' dirty and exhausted, but triumphant, bringing to him a wretched little gopher that he had at last succeeded in unearthing. With a start, Barrie came to himself. How unreal, how impossible, all that now seemed! How had he ever found the strength of mind irrevocably to sunder his life and hers? Yet even the callous old Grossier had been accidentally killed during Gavin's absence in England. The girl stood alone. There were her mother's dying wishes, and the American chaplain had been very kind, had arranged it all.

Gavin Barrie flung far the long-neglected cigarette that he had been absent-mindedly rolling, snatched up his rod, and, preceded unproved by the red-brown dog, limped back to the stream. But the birds and the running water and the sough-sough of the swaying pine-trees all sang together, Anita! Anita! Anita! 'Damn!' cried Barrie, and pricked yet another trout.

(Continued on page 197.)

## ANIMAL LIFE IN WINTER.

By the Hon. G. GRAHAM MURRAY.

**W**INTER-TIME is, in the animal world, the period of greatest stress and strain, and therefore Nature has allotted to her various children different means of supporting existence during these stern dark days. The intoxicating season of spring is the period of courtship, mating, and subsequent reproduction. Once the vernal winds do blow, then 'are the authentic airs of Paradise abroad;' and with the kiss of spring nature wakes anew to the full mystery of life. Winter is the season of inactivity, of waiting, of existing, and that all things come to him who knows how to wait holds true in the riches of nature.

The problem is then faced and solved in various manners, though man cannot always explain the why and the wherefore. To many animals

life continues pretty much the same, only with the added stress of the more severe conditions; but to others a complete change is afforded. One may say that three especial ways exist in the animal world of passing the winter. These are: (1) hibernation and the storing of extra provisions; (2) a change of coat, or the donning of winter clothes; (3) migration, or shifting of quarters.

The physiology of hibernation is quite distinct from that of sleep, though certain physical adaptations and changes take place also in the latter condition; and though the explanation of hibernation is far from complete, yet a few general statements may be given.

During this period of winter torpor many animals exist upon the reserve stores of fat, &c.,

collected within their own bodies, for hibernating animals show a distinct slackening of all vital functions. Thus it is only a question of keeping the machine from entire cessation. Consequently the minimum supply of fuel will achieve this. The heart-beats are feeble and irregular, the respiration faint and intermittent, whilst the excretion from the kidneys either ceases or greatly diminishes in quantity, the muscular reflexes are weak, and, in short, during hibernation the wave of life is at its very lowest both in quantity and quality.

With hibernating animals there seems to be a temporary loss of the normal warm-bloodedness; that is, the usual average temperature of the animal as in health is abandoned, and a temporary cold-blooded condition (about the same as that of the outdoor world) is assumed. During hibernation experiments have been made which recorded the sleeper's temperature as practically equal to that of the room where the animal was sleeping. The experimenter also affirmed that the vernal reawakening was not occasioned by the rising temperature of the outdoor world, but was due to some as yet undiscovered internal cause.

Another interesting point noticed was that during the awakening the body temperature rises rapidly, gaining in force until it reaches its normal height, this vital increase of body heat taking place without any vigorous movement on the part of the sleeper. Hibernation is, therefore, a very effective solution to the difficult problem of how to face the rigours of winter. It is a cessation of the daily struggle, affording a thorough rest for all the various organs and tissues. It is a present from Nature to some of her children who could not otherwise weather the storm.

The density or profundity of this winter torpidity varies. Some animals may be described as the heavy sleepers, others as the light. Again, some animals when they retire have accumulated their food-supply *within themselves*, existing on the fat of their own bodies. Others again have a secret cache of stores to which they resort at intervals of waking.

The more severe the cold, the sounder will be the hibernation, till the approach of spring bids the sleeper awake.

The bears are some of Nature's children who pass the winter in hibernation. The brown bears retire into winter quarters in autumn, and do not emerge until April or May, during which period the cubs are born (generally two in number). At the commencement of their winter sleep they are in splendid condition, but when they emerge it is with emaciated forms. The brown bear usually 'dens up' early in the season, making for itself a half-hut, half-burrow. This bear is found all across northern Europe, northern Asia, and again in the forests of North America (slight modifications occurring in the

different races). The grizzly bear is a very distinct race of brown bear, with a distribution peculiar to itself—namely, western North America. Whether or no the grizzly is a species distinct from the brown bear is a question of discussion among specialists. In the northern part of its range the grizzly bear hibernates, but it is probable that in the south it remains active throughout the winter.

The black bear of America is one of the lighter sleepers, whose period of hibernation is dependent on the external food-supply. The female, however, is forced to seek shelter early on account of the yet unborn young, which are dropped in January or February. The winter den of the black bear is a 'dug-out' beneath some fallen trees or logs, whilst a few leaves and bushes are scraped together to form a bed. If the cold weather sets in early, the den is usually a better thought-out and more thorough affair, which the snow completely covers over, and the bear is then literally walled in until the next spring. The black bear of the Himalayas is one of those animals which only partially hibernate. General Kinloch wrote that 'it passed a good deal of the winter in a state of semi-torpor, sallying forth from time to time in search of food.'

The hamster is another of the heavy sleepers. This is a yellowish-brown little rodent, about ten inches long, and common in many parts of Europe and Asia. During the winter the little hamster hibernates curled up in his burrow until the touch of spring awakens him, and then he refreshes himself from the secret stores of grain and other eatables which he collected before his winter siesta began.

The marmot is a small mountain rodent found in the Alps and the Himalayas. This little animal is considered to be the most thoroughly hibernating of all the mammals, since it lays up no hidden stores of food, whilst the long winter sleep appears to be unbroken.

The hedgehog and some of the bats are also heavy sleepers, hibernating throughout the winter; whilst the dormouse and the harvest mouse are among the light sleepers. The dormouse will retire within 'his cosy corner,' to emerge again whenever a spell of sunny weather occurs, for his is not a deep state of hibernation.

In the colder parts of its area of distribution the badger likewise sleeps through a portion of winter, though in Britain this hibernation appears always to be interrupted at shorter or longer intervals, according to weather conditions. In Sweden the badger is stated to retire in November, and not to reappear until the following spring, the mouth of the burrow being kept blocked from the inside.

The dear little squirrel indulges in winter naps, but not in true hibernation, so it accordingly keeps a plentiful hidden supply of stores in the shape of hazel-nuts, beech-nuts, acorns, &c. Likewise does the wise beaver, whose

storehouse under the water is kept liberally supplied with plenty of branches and spare wood, its usual table of diet, collected and carefully piled up during the autumn days.

Frogs and toads, as well as vipers, all pass the winter in a semi-torpid condition, the vipers congregating in small parties, and twining themselves together for additional warmth.

Among those frail children of the air, the butterflies, some species also resort to the lighter type of hibernation. The small tortoise-shell, the coma, the brimstone, the peacock, may all possibly be seen on a sunny day in midwinter, having awakened for a short spell of sunshine ere they turn again to slumber.

Thus to some of her children does Nature send her greatest gift of sleep as the means of solving the problem of how to face the rigours of winter. To others, again, she allots a different solution to the problem, and this time it is in a change of apparel, the donning of the winter coat.

What an immense boon it would be for us poor mortals could we but turn to nature to furnish us with our winter wardrobe! So many mammals grow a thicker and longer coat of hair or fur as a protection against the 'rude, roaring winds' of winter, this being especially noticeable in animals dwelling in Northern and mountainous regions. The fur of the snow leopard, for instance, is one of the thickest and finest of pelts, a magnificent protection against the piercing cold of those high and exposed regions where this animal dwells. The changing of the colour of fur and feather is yet another key to the puzzle. This peculiarity is exhibited by various Northern animals, but it is a different characteristic from the permanent white suit of so many dwellers in the North, such as the polar bear, the Greenland falcon, and the snowy owl.

There appear to be many advantages in a white dress for cold and snowy regions, for to those animals whose temperature is above that of the surrounding world, the loss of heat is less if the winter suit of fur or feathers be coloured white. This is a curious physiological fact which Nature turns to her account by clothing some of her children in white 'overalls' for the winter. Again, in snowy regions there will be the added advantage that this will be the least conspicuous garb, an advantage alike both when hunting and being hunted.

The acquiring of the white coat is wrought in different manners by different animals. With the stoat or ermine, which dons the white livery in place of the brownish-red coat of summer, this change is effected by the substitution of new white hairs in place of the brown pelt of summer. The change of colour for the acquisition of the winter coat has a distinct relation to environmental conditions, as is shown by those Arctic animals which at the approach of winter don a white garb in place of the darker

coat of summer. This change, however, is not universal to all the denizens of the Far North. Some of the mammals and birds retain the ordinary colour of fur and feather, whilst other animals, again, are garbed in white all the year round. The musk ox and the glutton, two well-known inhabitants of the Arctic regions, indulge in no winter suit; whilst the pelt of the reindeer is a mixture of brown and white. The polar bear and the Greenland falcon remain garbed in white throughout the year, as do also the snowy owl and the American hare.

Turning to those animals which acquire a white coat for the winter, we find the Arctic fox, the ermine or stoat, the American hare, the Hudson Bay lemming, and the ptarmigan. (With the Arctic fox and the Alpine hare the change is modified according to the latitude of their habitat.)

The ptarmigan, a close relative to the grouse, is found in summer with a light-brown plumage; but, as this bird inhabits high ground where the snow falls early in the season, it is of the utmost value to the bird that its plumage should harmonise with its surroundings. Hence the protective value of the white winter suit. This fact also applies to the Arctic fox, 'a true child of the North,' as well as to the other animals noticed; whilst the Scottish stoat in its northern ranges will take on the white coat for the self-same reasons.

With the American hare it has been found that the change of colour is effected without the shedding of hair. The entire process takes about three months, beginning in early October. With other animals the change is more rapid.

The third solution to the problem of winter life offered by nature is that of migration. It is at once noticeable that this course is offered to but few of the mammals. The caribou and some of the foreign bats are really the only mammalian migrants. Lemmings occasionally indulge in long treks, but these are not regular winter movements. It is the birds that really indulge in migration.

Considering first our mammalian travellers of such entirely different calibre, we find that the bats of Europe all hibernate throughout the winter, but the North American species (the *Vesperugo borealis*) migrates to a certain extent; whilst two species of Canadian bats regularly perform extensive winter migrations to avoid the intense cold of their Northern winter.

The barren-ground caribou, or American reindeer (*Rangifer grælandicus*), is found in the Arctic districts of North America, and in order to pass the winter in the forest regions this animal makes extensive autumn migration. So also does the Newfoundland caribou indulge in regular winter migrations. All who desire to study the journeyings of the latter should read Mr Dugmore's delightful book on the subject, a book of which the letter-

press is as charming as are the photographic illustrations.\*

But, as has been said, it is the birds who are the great travellers. The winter migration among them is undertaken in quite a different spirit from that of the spring migration. The latter is made when life is at its highest tension, when the breeding organs are all stimulated with the desire to mate, when the frenzy of love is in the air; then do the birds 'fly north again.' In the autumn they make the return journey, undertaken in order to escape the hardships of winter, with its attendant dearth and scarcity of food, and the absence of all insect diet.

There are, roughly, three classes of migration. No. 1 is migration proper—that is, travelling to different countries, the crossing of mountain and plain, the great journey. No. 2 is a modified route of travel. Birds from the northern counties will move to the south, crossing the border and in some cases passing on to the Continent. The skylark, the lapwing, and the rook may be included among the birds who undertake this type of migration, many of them leaving Britain for the shores of the Continent. No. 3 is a local shifting of quarters, the moving from wood to copse, copse to spinney, hedgerow to farm-yard. With type No. 3 we are all acquainted, and can see it any day in our parks and gardens. Certain birds are much more *en évidence* at certain seasons of the year than at others, and as they move to and fro from garden to hedge, from shrubbery to park, they are indulging in local migrations.

With migration No. 2 we have a more extensive system of travelling. Then vast flocks of birds will wend their way across the Channel, whilst others will content themselves with shorter journeying, leaving the valleys for plains, moors for the fields, or the hills for the shore.

The song thrush, for instance, is typically a bird which indulges in this type of migration. All through the summer this bird is seen in large numbers in north Perthshire; but at Christmas-time it is a *rara avis*. But once you move to a southern county you will see it daily. The same fact applies also to many other birds. The oyster-catcher, whose piping cry made such sweet summer music, has now migrated to the coast.

The golden plover, whose eggs were laid on the wild and wind-swept moor, has now moved to the low ground; whilst the curlew has also left the hills for the shore. All these journeys are undertaken in order to find more suitable winter quarters. This to most of our summer visitors means the great migration South. The great rush takes place chiefly in September and October (a few early departures commencing in August), and the journeys that are undertaken are of great magnitude. The swallow, whose arrival we so eagerly hailed in April or May, now wings his way to Africa, chiefly to the south of the great desert, and with him go a vast number of the little warblers, also bound for the African continent. These journeys are undertaken by night, the little feathered travellers banding themselves together in great companies all heading for the South.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky.

How these little voyagers undertake with safety such mighty journeys is one of the unexplainable questions. It is one of the shifts for a living that Nature offers to some of her children who could not otherwise weather the storms of winter.

*Quam magnificata sunt opera tua Domine  
In nimis profundæ sunt cogitationes tuæ.*

### 'REPORTED MISSING.'

IT was a bleak November evening, and the Macedonian valleys lying beneath me were shrouded in a white pall of rising mist. I was sitting before a brazier fire, and by the waning daylight was reading a letter which had arrived that day from Blighty. Among the little items of homely news, that hardly seemed important enough to have travelled so many miles, and were yet the more welcome for their very simplicity, there was a request. I remember it seemed a little ridiculous to me at the time: 'Could you make any inquiries regarding the fate of Lieutenant Ian Henderson?' He, a chum of mine, and the son of one of my mother's most intimate friends, had been reported missing for many months, and had, like such a vast

number of others in this great war, apparently disappeared absolutely from the face of the earth. As I sat pondering the matter, and wondering how I, a mere unit in this vast complexity of active army organisation, could hope to find out what the Records-Office itself had utterly failed to discover, there came to my mind a dim recollection of some rather strange circumstances regarding the disappearance of him who had been my chum. Ian had not been in the firing-line at the time, but was attached to corps headquarters, and had left there by motor-cycle on some special, but not dangerous, duty. He had simply gone out and never returned; nor had the machine he was riding been found. Doubtless every source of information had been examined, and every method of inquiry adopted, to get at the cause

\* *The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou*, by Radcliffe Dugmore (Heinemann).

of his disappearance, but evidently without result, for at last he had been officially included in the great list of the 'missing, believed killed.'

We were at that time doing inglorious but necessary work repairing transport roads, and I was N.C.O. in charge of our little camp among the hills. A tent for us Britishers, and half-a-dozen for those of the motley crew of civil labourers working under us who did not stay in the neighbouring villages, comprised our little lonely camp, the position of which had been fixed by the proximity of one of the numerous stone-built Greek wells. The road we were working on passed close by; and about two kilometres off, over a saddle of the hills, there lay a village—a cluster of houses built of mud-bricks and rough stone, with low-pitched, red-tiled roofs; a mosque, from whose minaret a priest at the appointed hours called the somewhat unheeding faithful to prayer; and a schoolhouse, which, with the mosque, was the only building that boasted a pane or two of rude glass in its window-cases. A few tall white poplars here and there among the houses gave an Oriental aspect to the place, but within the village the picturesque was forgotten as one trod the narrow mule-tracks that served as streets, and breathed the atmosphere polluted with the stench of decaying rubbish.

Some few days after receiving the letter which I have mentioned, I was walking through this village with one of my men, on our way back to camp in the evening. The main road passed round the back of the place, but our shorter way lay straight through, or as straight as its crooked alleys would allow. As we were nearing the road again we passed a house which I had noticed before. It seemed of a better class than the others, although its outhouses, like many another building in the village, had been shattered by a shell during the last Balkan war, and it stood a little apart from its sordid neighbours, just enough to give it a somewhat exaggerated air of importance.

'Do you know who stays in that house, Tom?' I said to the sapper who was with me. 'It looks as if it belonged to the chief magistrate or one of the village head-men. It always seems empty, too, except for a big brute of a dog chained in the yard.'

'Yes, sergeant,' he answered, 'Aw know who stays there. 'E's a foreman in my gang on the road. That tall, dark chap that knows a bit of English. I can't mind 'is name.'

'Do you mean Costes Damis?'

'Yes, that's the bloke; 'e's workin' round the second bend beside the two willow-trees.'

I remembered the man perfectly, because I had taken special note of his manner more than once. He seemed always very interested in what was going on, and made use of his little English to pick up bits of information from

passing convoys. I had seen him, too, making notes in his own language. This I connected, however, with his work, and paid no special attention to it. He was a good man at his job, which was what most concerned me; but I was rather surprised to find that it was he who lived in the lonely house near the road. Had he no wife or children? Why was there no leaf of tobacco drying on his wall, or hen scraping in the yard? Only this ugly brute, half-wolf, half-dog, waiting his return in the evening.

We passed on, and the thought of the deserted house slipped from my mind.

It was late that night, and I was lying between my blankets inside the tent. My men were asleep, as their heavy breathing and a muffled snoring in the darkness told me; but sleep seemed to be very far from me. Outside, through the night, there echoed the dull sound of a bombardment. From the plain away to the north it came, a low monotonous rumble, punctuated with louder reports, that made one believe the dogs of war were in reality let loose, and that they were growling across the valley at each other in their immeasurable anger. I lay for some time listening, then crept quietly from my bed, unlaced the door-flaps of the tent, and stepped out into the night. In the distance I could see the serpent lights of some belated convoy gliding along the road, and hear the dull drumming of the motors as they climbed the endless hills. Beyond these creeping glow-worm specks there was the almost unceasing flash, flash, flash of gunfire. Here and there the configuration of some hill would appear, then be lost again in the darkness—a sudden, black silhouette of rock with one or two stunted trees growing on it. Again a strip of the river would catch a flash and become for a moment luminous in the distance, then fade, too, into the Stygian gloom of a moonless night. Around and through it all there came the angry rumble borne on the light wind from the bellowing cannon-mouths. I stood for some time gazing at this strange spectacle. Above me was the broad field of the heavens with its myriad stars, and the effulgent path of the Galaxy like a diaphanous band across it; stars and planets as they are never seen in the more dense atmosphere of the chillier North. Inspiring, horrifying, maddening, a thousand emotions seemed to mingle as I looked out over this so significant panorama of lights and darkness. I had stood thus perhaps about ten minutes. A motor-cyclist, with his little contribution to the drama of contrast, had passed on the road behind me; I heard the purr of his engine, and my mind seemed eagerly to seize hold of this little bit of tangible fact that swept past me in the gloom. A 'Douglas,' I told myself, as the sound diminished and died in the night. 'Signals,' for a certainty, with some urgent message. I turned

with a shiver, for the night was chill, and was about to step into the tent again to the welcome warmth of three thick army blankets, when I fancied I heard a footstep. I looked round quickly, but could see no one, so concluded it was a Greek labourer afoot somewhere in the camp, or a dog prowling around in search of a bone left from the last day's rations. I entered the tent, but still seemed to hear that step, closer now than before. It was no dog, but the tread of a man with, judging by the sound, heavy boots on his feet. I looked out again. I could see nothing for a moment, then seemed to discern a figure in the darkness. Seizing hold of a heavy stick kept for chastising vagrant dogs, I stepped out. The figure came closer, and I saw that it wore the uniform of a British officer. I challenged, but got no reply; and still the man advanced till he was quite close to where I stood, yet he did not speak a word. As he came up to me I got a glimpse of his features. They were strangely visible even in the deep darkness, and my heart seemed suddenly to stand still. I drew my hand over my eyes, and looked again. There could be no mistake. I knew my old schoolfellow's features too well to be deceived. I stood face to face with Ian Henderson or with his ghost.

There is a fear far worse than the fear of the known. It is the fear of the unknown. Had this figure spoken, had any vestige of human feeling come over the face, the spell might have been broken; but it only beckoned me silently, and, save for my throbbing heart, I stood petrified with a strange terror. At last, however, the beckoning figure took a pace or two away in the direction of the road. I still stood where I was, hardly daring to move, and it returned. I had made up my mind by this time that it was certainly an apparition, and no living man, I was face to face with; yet, if it was a ghost, it was assuredly the ghost of my friend; and the remembrance of the letter was with me. Here perhaps was the chance of getting to the bottom of the mystery of his disappearance. It was up to me to follow whither this figure led me; so, crushing down the feeling of fear that was struggling to get the mastery, I reached for my rifle, and slipping five rounds into the magazine, I slung it over my shoulder. Taking the stick, too, with me, I set out on this errand, fraught with such strange possibilities.

Up to the main road the figure went, skirting the nullah at the camp-side in a way that showed he either knew the path very well or had supernatural powers of vision to help him to thread the way. Along the sand-road we trod, he a few paces in front of me, and looking round much as a dog does from time to time to see that I was following. Behind me was the distant diapason of the guns; around me the black shadows of the nullahs, which at night-time seem to have no bottom; and in front the

vague possibilities of my strange adventure. Back we went in the direction of the village, where all seemed as still as a city of the dead. There in front of me was the lonely house I had seen so often, which seemed even in the darkness to bring itself insistently before my notice. Could it be the objective of this strange journey? Did it, with its almost obtrusive peacefulness, hold the key of this mystery? My mind was soon at rest. The doorway of the yard stood open, and through it passed my guide. Remembering the huge native dog that guarded the place, I grasped my stick more tightly in my hand; but within the walls, when my eyes fell on the beast, it seemed under a paroxysm of abject terror, and grovelled on the ground at our feet, a dark form with two fearful, tired, green eyes, then slunk away and hid itself.

It was to the heap of débris that marked where the outhouse had stood that the figure led me, and, still dependent on a silent pantomime, motioned me to move the stones away, as if it knew of something hidden beneath. I felt a deep intuition to obey this unspoken command, and began with feverish energy to remove the stones. Down I went, strewing the yard with the loose débris from the heap, till suddenly, in lifting an extra large mass of almost pure marble, I saw what seemed in the darkness to be something of the size and shape of a human hand. Gently I touched it with my stick, and felt that it was soft. Even in that village of stench, too, the smell told me that here lay a body many months dead. I stood up straight and looked round. My ghostly visitor had vanished. His work was completed. I knew.

What was to be done? I picked up my rifle, which I had unslung on starting my work on the heap of stones, and, acting on first impulses, I went up to the house door and dealt it some heavy blows with the butt-end. I waited at the ready for the foreman to come, meaning, I suppose, to demand an explanation about the body hidden in his yard; but no one answered me. Then it dawned on me that had there been any one in the house he would have heard me working in the yard. I crept to the nearest window and listened. There was no sound within, and making up my mind that I must do something, I entered cautiously. There were few rooms, but all were unoccupied, although in one there were the dying embers of a fire and the remains of a meal hastily eaten. I remarked, too, the unmistakable odour of petrol, and a rather curious profusion of empty motor-spirit tins. Of domestic furniture there was little—a rough table, a bench in lieu of chairs, and a bed. There was not much else, save that in one little out-of-the-way room I found a strong oak chest securely locked. The house was empty so far as human beings were concerned; the man was gone on some strange errand, and

I repeated involuntarily to myself the Biblical adage, 'They love the darkness whose deeds are evil.'

Carefully I made up my mind what course to pursue. I replaced the stones on the pile, and left it much as I had found it, then departed from this house, with its horrible secret, determined to return on the morrow when the man was at his work, and have a thorough examination. As I was walking back to camp, about the time of cock-crow, I heard the distant purr of the 'Douglas' again, and in a few minutes the machine and its rider passed me—an officer evidently, but wearing goggles, and so muffled up as to be unrecognisable.

Next day I gave the sapper in charge of Damis's gang special orders that this man was on no account to be allowed to leave the works; and when all were clear of the camp I set off with two armed men to the lonely house at the end of the village. As I drew near it my suspicions were strengthened, for I noticed I was following the track of the motor-cycle; but this I lost when we got to the rough stone causeway that leads through the village. We got within the yard of the house without being noticed by any curious inhabitants, and the dog was soon silenced with a bayonet-thrust. We entered the building and looked round. It was as I had expected. Inside one of the empty rooms, but so placed as not to be visible from the windows, was the Douglas cycle, and a British officer's uniform carefully covered with the man's blankets. We forced open the oak chest, and again our expectations were not disappointed, for we found war-maps, secret surveys, confidential documents, copies of orders, and a book with copious notes in a language not known to me, and some in perfect university English, besides a roll of new German 100-mark notes. I left a guard over the house, and sent a mounted messenger to headquarters for instructions. In the evening, when Damis returned, he found his house apparently as he had left it, but on opening the door was confronted by two gleaming bayonets. He drew back as though to escape, but by this time I was in the gateway of his yard.

'It's no good,' I said. 'You're caught.'

He did not lose his head. 'Me no compris, Johnny,' he returned, with a splendidly simulated vacant look in his face, and using the mixed gibberish of the native labourer.

'You compris just as well as I do,' I replied. 'You can speak English as well as write it. The game is up, and you are a prisoner here. Compris that, you accursed, murdering spy! You'll have to know English very well to explain how that heap of stones came to cover what it does.'

There was no vacant look in his eyes now. They told me that he understood.

It is a few months later now, and some time since I sent home as much of the story as I was permitted to send. Costes Damis was shot the next day; and a certain suspected British officer, who was seen once or twice by outposts in front of the line, has been seen no more. He confessed how he left his cycle in a wood, and how, wearing the uniform, he got through the lines; but that did not save him. A Greco-German, he had taken his chance and come out here, with the purpose of spying, which he had so long carried out, but—well, it ended suddenly against his own house wall, and he lies buried close by.

There is another grave where we laid what was left of the body of my old schoolfellow, with the usual inscription under a cross hewn out of a rough block of native marble. But Ian Henderson does not lie there in that blue and rotting human flesh; for I have seen him.

### THE AULD GAIRDENER.

THREESCORE and mair hae spun Life's peerie roond,

The saxties gaed my back the scholar's bend.

He's no deid auld wha hears ilk passing soond.

This spring I delved the yaird frae end to end.

I am the last, the hinmaist o' them a',

Wha in the bald strong years o' fifty-three

Took spade in hand—but noo the shadows fa',

And yont the mirk the angels compass me.

Yestreen I heard the laird and leddy's crack,

When I was thrang hand-weedin' 'mong the kale.

I hadna time to straucht my bended back,

When words cam' to me like the doomster's wail.

I canna gie her words the soople turn,

Nor airt them wi' the maister's easy flow;

But, oh, wi' dool within my he'rt they burn.

I've reached Life's lowsins'-time, and hae to go.

I hoasted when the sough o' sorrow fell.

They heard, and left me tremblin' on my knees.

Abune my heid I felt the sab and swell—

My father's faither planted a' thae trees.

The tane, as fades an auld time-withered flo'er,

In his last passing crooned the shepherd's psalm;

The tither, straucht as stands yon Border to'er,

Slipped hamewards wi' a simmer evening's calm.

Aft in his youthfu' days, on yae strong airm

I cairried him, the sair-misguided laird.

Noo, whae will skep the blithe bees when they swairm?

Ay, whae will maw that bonnie greenin' swaird?

I see the sun fa' westward braid and lang.

Dootless, like mony mair, I've had my day.

Oh happy bird that upward lifts the sang!

Ye seem to airt my very soul away.

Next morn the leddy left the big-hoose door;

The laird he daurna face he'rt-broken ire.

Wi' lichtsome he'rt she hummed a ballant o'er,

A sooth-made lilt new-fangled to the shire.

But where the whaups in circlin' passion sweep,

And brackens lift their forms in fronded grace,

She fund the auld man in God's hinmaist sleep,

Wi' God's ain sunlicht breikin' on his face.

GILBERT RAE.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

THERE is a man in the world who is known to his own people and to many others as 'The Tiger.' The sobriquet is not the best to describe the characteristics of this man, but it serves. His facial appearance is very strong, hard, determined to a high degree; and a certain scepticism—a slight but very sardonic smile—plays frequently upon his countenance. It suggests to you always that he believes he is a man who knows the truth, and who perceives the proper way; that he, of his own volition and with his big determination, will act accordingly, despite all the intellectual harangues, the pretty sophistries, or the politest prattle that may be used to oppose his view; and that he will go through. It is indeed a great, strong face. The large, piercing eyes, with eyebrows slightly gathered and somewhat heavy underlids, are the main feature. There are long, gray, drooping moustaches, a strong chin, a little silver hair upon the head. In general the countenance suggests that this man through a keen life has toiled to his uttermost, and fought hard. He does not seem tired—very far from that; he is alive with electric, restless energy. Yet, as you look at him, you feel that he has discovered the world to be a hard place, and has few illusions about it now. Perhaps he made it as difficult for himself as he could, but no matter. More than seventy-six years of age, he has to undertake the hardest and most responsible task of his life; indeed, he is called to the rescue of his country, to lead one of the best nations the earth has known through darkness to its own salvation, happiness, and glory. One is writing, of course, of M. Georges Clemenceau, the Prime Minister of France. We have read lately in various French newspapers that nobody knows how he was first called 'The Tiger,' though the nickname has been attached to him for very many years and is in constant use; but that is surely wrong, for we remember an explanation being vouchsafed to us, and it seemed to be true. Some time ago, when the Combes Ministry was in power in France, two Parisian journalists, M. Vauxcelles and M. Pottier, were publishing in the newspaper *Gil Blas* a series of short, bright sketches

of the leading journals of the capital, and when they came to make their remarks on *L'Aurore*, which was edited by M. Clemenceau, they noted that this man, who had already gathered fame by his attacks upon Ministries, all and sundry, and had brought disaster to some of them, was behaving in a peaceful way, for the time being, and not indulging in any smashing tactics. So they wrote of him: 'M. Clemenceau is a tiger who has cut his claws.' The idea took the fancy of M. Buré, on the staff of *L'Aurore*, and when they heard M. Clemenceau entering the editorial apartments that evening, he remarked, 'There's the Tiger.' The change from the indefinite 'tiger,' with the small initial letter, to the definite 'Tiger,' with the capital, as it were, was important, because it established the name. From that utterance the name spread from the office to circles outside, and when the *Cri de Paris* began to make use of it in its columns it was fastened to M. Clemenceau for life. Perhaps it is no bad name for him, after all. He is the Tiger of France whom Germany fears more than any other man. The Central Powers saw their prospects fade and fade when all France last November performed the veritable miracle of acclaiming with mighty enthusiasm as the head of the Ministry this man, who by common consent was the best-hated statesman in the Republic. He had gone through his strenuous life making political enemies. His career had been destructive, as everybody said; he had cared for nothing and for nobody. He had an appalling record as slayer of Cabinets. The defence in the case was that, if he was commonly destructive, it was that which was bad that he always set out to destroy. However, there it was—no man had so many powerful enemies as he, and yet at the gravest crisis in the history of France the whole nation virtually called him to power as the only man who had the strength, the character, the deep sincerity, and the full unfavouring honesty to carry her through. He was the most thorough patriot.

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When he appeared before the Chamber a day or two later and made his statement, there was a most remarkable scene. There he was, the old Clemenceau, the scourge of fools and knaves,

as it was said, his wit cutting like a razor, his truculence as of old. He was there for France, which he loved, and for nothing else. He spoke of her, 'bloody in her glory,' and said that he, an old man, had nothing to gain for himself by being where he was. 'What are my war aims? you ask. I have only one—to win!' The Chamber almost shook with emotion, as this last phrase was flung upon it with a marvellous intensity of passion. And then, after a pause, he let loose a flash of the old sarcasm, remarking, 'And if I win, you may pass a vote of censure upon me.' Some time ago we considered briefly the question of who was the most important man in the world, and the conclusion arrived at was that it was the President of the United States. Clearly all that has happened since has confirmed the correctness of the decision, difficult as it is to adopt any satisfying standard or criterion of importance. But who, then, is the most interesting man? To be important is not to be interesting in like degree, to have a keen attraction for the public mind. Mr Wilson is interesting indeed. There is more of the gently human in him than was suspected by many; his statesmanship and his ideals are lofty. And he has peculiarities. To interest the people a man must be very human, very clever, and peculiar. Those are the three essential points of being interesting. Looking around us, over Europe and beyond, glancing upon all the figures that play their part in the enormous tragedy, we must admit that this war, so much greater than any other, has produced no such outstanding figures, such great characters, as might have been expected. Party politics have had a stifling effect. Men are not so fine as they should be. They have no brilliance of independence, and they talk, and merely talk, too much. Now, when the Allied Conference was held in Paris recently, and M. Clemenceau opened it, he made the shortest speech on record for a gathering of such transcendent importance. He said, 'Gentlemen, we are here to work. Let us work;' and so they went to work. When it is necessary he, too, can make long and noble speeches, orations with meaning and bite in them; but he is a great man of action. So, passing over the colourless persons who here and there have been doing the business of leadership in different ways, we come to this great, fearless, independent 'Tiger,' and if a vote of the world were taken, would it not be agreed that he is by much the most fascinating man in it? When we are told that these are the times when youth most counts, and when also it is said that wars discover new men and scrap the old, here we have the amazing fact that this most hated statesman, the most independent and the strongest, and one who was Premier years ago, is called to the leadership of France at her most critical moment at seventy-six years of age. Surely this must be an interesting man. His vigour, his impressiveness,

and his constant freshness make an alluring personality.

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Georges Clemenceau was born at Mouilleron-en-Pareds (Vendée) on 28th September 1841. He studied medicine, and then went to the United States in 1865, becoming a teacher in one of the colleges there, and marrying an American wife. That excellent Anglo-American writer, Mr George W. Smalley, once, in discussing the late Mr Joseph Chamberlain, said that for dominance of personality there was nobody to compare with him except M. Clemenceau, and that they had this in common, that each had married an American wife; and Mr Smalley added that, 'among all the gifts the gods have bestowed on the Englishman, his American wife is one of the most precious.' M. Clemenceau was for about five years in America, developed strong American sympathies, learned to speak English well, of course, and became a firm friend of the Anglo-Saxon race. When he returned to France he practised as a physician in Montmartre for a time. His keen patriotism had already had some political outlet. This young man, who, when only nineteen years old, had found himself in prison for shouting, '*Vive la République!*' with his arms round a lamp-post, was bound to be something in the political world ere long. In 1871 he was elected to the National Assembly as the representative of the department of the Seine, sitting on the Extreme Left. Municipal councillor in Paris, he became in 1875 President of the Communal Assembly. From 1875 to 1885 he was deputy for the Seine, and for the next eight years for the department of the Var. For a time after that he was out of Parliament, but returned in 1902, and in 1906 was Minister of the Interior in the Sarrien Cabinet. The same year he became Premier, and he had been in office for nearly three years when, after a famous oratorical argument with M. Delcassé, he fell on a question of naval efficiency. That, in extreme brevity, is the outline of his political career; but the chief features of it, after all, are not the offices he has achieved and his performances in them, but his attacks on other Premiers, successful attacks which have earned for him another nickname—*Tombeur de Ministères*. He caused the fall of many. When he smashed Jules Ferry he struck a blow at Germany, for Germany had been encouraging the French to mix themselves up in colonial adventures, with the likelihood that thereby they would get into trouble with Great Britain, and that thus their minds would be kept off Alsace-Lorraine. Jules Ferry, then Premier, was caught by the German trick. Clemenceau saw it and denounced it, and Ferry was finished. He disposed of Cavaignac and Freycinet, and, as he made Boulanger, so he broke him. It was understood that when Boulanger was made Minister of War he should do generally what

he, Clemenceau, suggested; but Boulanger did not carry out the bargain. Clemenceau called upon him at the War Office and said, 'You have broken your promise; I am going to turn you out!' And so he did immediately. And it may be added here that, skilful as he is with his tongue and with his pen, so also is he with the duelling sword. He has engaged in many combats of honour. M. Paul Deschanel is one with whom he has fought. Others, not now alive, include Drumont and Déroulède.

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In a career that seems full of special features there are two that are prominent. All his life he has been a great friend of Britain, a bitter enemy of Germany. His Anglophil sympathies long ago, when our understanding with France was, to say the least, imperfect, were much against him. The most stupid suggestions were made of intrigues that he was supposed to be having with us, and when he spoke in the Chamber he would be interrupted mockingly with 'Oh, yes!' in English. But he never budged, and never swerved in his belief that friendship with us was the best thing for France. All the same, he will have his little sarcasm even at our expense—or used to have. Once, many years ago, when he was in London, a discussion arose in the company in which he found himself upon the qualities most characteristic of the people of the two countries. Somebody had spoken of us as a practical people, and M. Clemenceau was asked for his opinion. 'I think,' he murmured, 'that the English are always practical when they get exactly what they want and have things precisely their own way.' As to Germany, he has more than once shown such defiance of her as no other French statesman. He was always contemptuous of the idea that France should ever for a moment be subject to the caprices of her neighbours. Just after a very severe crisis, when the Kaiser was making overtures again, and trying to be nice, as some people say, M. Clemenceau wrote in a paper he then controlled: 'What is quite intolerable is the pretension to make the whole world tremble when the Kaiser knits his brows, and to expect us to rejoice effusively when his Imperial Majesty condescends to favour us with a smile. The peace of Europe cannot be based upon the changeable disposition of this sovereign. To-day he is in a good humour; so much the better. To-morrow he will be in a bad humour; that is his own affair. For our part, we need a guarantee for our speculations as to the future which is independent of any one man.' This reminds us of his journalism, which is the second of the two special features just mentioned. Clemenceau has been one of the most powerful journalists in a land where journalists are more powerful and count for more than in any other. He first edited *La Justice*; then, after interme-

diat experiences, *L'Aurore*, in which he dealt vigorously with the Dreyfus case. In 1914 he started a new paper called *L'Homme Libre*, which met with such difficulties at the hands of the Censor—the whole of the contents except the title once being struck out—that he changed the name to *L'Homme Enchaîné*. In this paper day by day he wrote over his own signature a strong article on the situation, plain truths being dealt out broadcast. Of course, the paper, slight in other respects, was bought for this article alone, and it had a huge sale. This amazing veteran, who says he is aged but not old, is the most wonderful worker upon a system of his own. He goes to bed at eight at night, and gets up again at two in the morning, working thereafter until eight. At this hour, so much work done, he receives visitors. He lunches at eleven, and after spending an hour in the Bois, devotes the rest of his working day to his parliamentary duties and his newspaper. Or, rather, one should say that this was his working system before he became Premier again. The exigencies of his present office demand some variations. When the nation asked him to lead it again last November, one of the things he determined upon was that as far as possible the Press censorship would be abolished. Its stupid irritations, at all events, were to be dispensed with, and he specially announced that the newspapers could say anything they liked about himself and his colleagues, however offensive. And the morning after he became Premier his newspaper's title reverted from *L'Homme Enchaîné* to *L'Homme Libre* again. It was a pretty touch. But no longer is there the two-column article signed by Georges Clemenceau at the beginning of the front page. His name appears under the title as the *Fondateur* only.

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This remarkable man, almost without doubt the strongest and most independent figure in international politics for some decades, a marvel of sincerity and determination, brusque in manner, sharp in tongue, *fortiter in re*, but by no means *suaviter in modo*, may be described better, perhaps, in stories than in any other way. In Paris and elsewhere I have gathered some that are characteristic of him. At the time of the incident of Casablanca, nearly ten years ago, when Germany was disposed to show the mailed fist, Bülow was the German Chancellor, and Clemenceau was Prime Minister of France. Bülow summoned the French ambassador at Berlin to his presence and said to him, 'Monsieur, a German consular agent has been maltreated by your people in Morocco. Our honour demands that your Government should apologise. If you do not, we shall recall our ambassador in Paris. Go and tell that to your chief.' The French ambassador, faced with a tremendous crisis and the obvious fact that Germany was

bent on the very ugliest business, at once took train for Paris, and on arrival there proceeded immediately to the house of M. Clemenceau and told him what had taken place. The French Premier in turn summoned the German ambassador to come to him, sending him a brief note, in which he merely said, 'I beg you to come; I have something to say to you.' The ambassador, Radolin, hastened to M. Clemenceau, who repeated to him simply what the French ambassador had stated, and then, after a slight pause, exclaimed, 'Apologise! Never, sir! No apologies! And if you wish to leave here, nothing shall stop you. Leave immediately! Leave to-night, before they recall you! France makes no apology!' There is the spirit, and the pride, and the general policy of this wonderful man in that last proud phrase, '*La France ne fait pas d'excuses!*' On the morrow, upon the unveiling of the statue of Scheurer-Kestner, M. Clemenceau made a famous speech which stirred France like a single man. And some hours later Radolin sought out M. Clemenceau again, and conveyed to him the congratulations of the German Government upon his admirable discourse! Bülow had thought a second time. Once in the Chamber of Deputies, when Clemenceau was Premier, the Socialist Jaurès kept interrupting and questioning him very freely, until at last the Premier, in irritation, exclaimed, 'You are intolerable! You will not let me live!' Jaurès retorted that M. Clemenceau had done nothing all his life but worry Governments; to which the Premier responded, 'But I did not waste time, as you waste it, and because those others were wasting time I destroyed them!' On the occasion of the last election for the Presidency of the Republic there was much talk about the likely candidature of M. Dubost, the President of the Senate. Clemenceau said many sharp things of him, referring to his pretensions scornfully and in language not in the least polite. Some of these remarks reached the ears of M. Dubost, who one day, meeting Clemenceau in one of the corridors of the Senate, stopped him and said, 'Monsieur Clemenceau, why do you treat me in this manner? I do not really believe that you think I am more stupid than another.' 'Who is the other, anyhow?' answered Clemenceau, and walked away. When he was Premier ten years back he used to receive deputies and senators in his study, one by one, between eleven and twelve, for personal discussion upon points of importance that had arisen. A crowd of them would always be waiting in the anteroom, and as each one came out and made room for another, the audience being invariably brief, those waiting caught a glimpse through the open door of the Premier sitting on the edge of the table dangling his legs, as if in a mild fever of impatience that any time should be wasted. At twelve o'clock there might still be some waiting for their chance, and, if so, they waited in vain,

for the moment the clock struck the door opened, out came the last favoured deputy or senator, and M. Clemenceau, with a grim smile upon the others, called out, 'Time's up, gentlemen!' and closed the door in their faces. He could not be induced for the sake of politeness or consideration to vary the appointed programme and run the risk of neglecting other affairs that were waiting his attention.

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A good story of a different kind, showing the depth and the feeling of the man, is told by M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, editor of *Les Droits de l'Homme*. During the progress of the Dreyfus affair, this gentleman called on M. Clemenceau to discuss with him this great business, in which he, Clemenceau, was much distinguishing himself by the fine, vigorous, and outspoken articles he was writing upon it—as a champion of Dreyfus, of course. The scene was his study, looking out on to a garden, in which were peacocks, which M. Clemenceau was in the habit of feeding himself. There were not many objects of art in the room, but a Greek head of the fifth century so much attracted the attention of the visitor that he remembers its outlines well even to this day. He noticed also that the writing-table was of a very curious pattern, being such that the man who sat at it did not, indeed, so much sit at it as in it, for he got into the middle, as it were, and the table surrounded him, so that the utmost possible convenience was afforded him for having everything at his hand. The caller said to M. Clemenceau, 'All the big words that you write with capital letters in the Dreyfus affair—Truth, Right, Humanity—are they, after all, merely subjective notions of our own minds, or, on the contrary, spiritual realities? Are they will-o'-the-wisps or stars?' M. Clemenceau came out from his curious table, turned up the collar of his jacket, pulled down over his head the kind of gray travelling-cap that he wears indoors—instead of the velvet skull-cap affected by many other French writers who feel they have need of some head-covering when at work—sank deep down into an easy-chair, stretched out his legs, crossed his feet, and in the manner of railleury answered, 'Will-o'-the-wisps, young man; will-o'-the-wisps, and nothing else.' M. Loyson, who at that time was enthusiastic in his ideas, but younger and less sophisticated than he was later, was very much shocked and quite taken in by what was a pure affectation of scepticism. He did not know then that mockery was part of the nature of Clemenceau, and that he was giving vent to it on this occasion. But there was a sequel. Events had just induced M. Loyson to make a public profession of his faith, and on the following day M. Clemenceau wrote a letter to him which contained the following: 'You say some fine and powerful things to men whom fortune has confronted with a duty—one of

those duties which no man can shirk without dishonour. Each of them has done what he could, according to his abilities. I am very proud to be associated in your thought with this gallant band. It is impossible to have a noble idea without at the same time honouring one's country. And when a man has tried to do that, the consciousness of it is happiness enough; he needs no other reward.' And remarking upon this letter, M. Loyson says, 'There it was his mind which revealed itself to me; he shook off for the time being his nature, and silenced his sarcasm. For his sarcasm is really nothing but a modest veil behind which he hides his convic-

tions. At bottom he is a believer, not a sceptic—a constructor, not a destroyer. And if all his past, all his successes, seem composed of negations; if the path of his long career is strewn with the wrecks of the Ministres he has undone—Gambetta (1882), Freycinet (1882), Ferry (1883), Brisson (1885), Goblet (1887), Grévy (1887)—we may no doubt regret that all these victims have been Republicans, and some of them great statesmen whom the country needed; but we cannot deny that the man who brought them to the ground pursued his way, his programme, his principle with an inflexible logic.' We may leave it at that tribute.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XII.

IF traces of shadows under the dark eyes and a drooping of weary white lids betrayed to Gavin Barrie, when he and Anita met the next morning, how during most of the previous night, tense with conflicting thoughts, she had tossed about on her bed, the man himself gave no sign that anything had occurred to disturb the even tenor of their days at Grizzly Station.

Yet he, too, had passed a wakeful night, so filled with disturbing memories and reawakened longing for the unattainable that his low, white tent had seemed to smother him, and slipping out so quietly as to steal a march even upon his canine shadow, he had wandered restlessly up and down the dark forest aisles, vainly striving to reason himself back into a saner mood.

Anita was nothing—*could* be nothing—to him now. She was going to be married—soon—to one of her own race and kind; and even were she not, how could it possibly affect himself? He could not marry her—*would* not. All his fastidiousness and pride of birth arrayed themselves against such a suggestion. Yet he wanted her—wanted her—wanted her—with all the insistence of that side of his nature—the human, emotional side—with which he was ever at war. If only there were no such things, such des-

perately binding things, as law, and morality, and conventions—hateful, fettering conventions!

But, lo! the dawn was breaking, blushing coyly behind the great, dusky boles of the over-shadowing trees. A new day was beginning, and, thank God—yes, 'Thank God!' Barrie had exclaimed below his breath as, chilled and sore at heart, he re-entered his tent—Anita's forester was another day nearer due to come and take her away—away to her new life—the safe, uneventful life of the average married woman, a life so utterly diverse from his own that the marvel was that ever their paths had again crossed. Why should he grudge her the secure haven he himself could not offer, let alone permit himself to reawaken possible affections and longings for a world which she had irrevocably left behind her? He would keep out of her way; would hasten the plans for going farther into the mountains; would—would—and then at length he had fallen into a heavy sleep; woke to catch a glimpse of Anita in the morning sunlight; saw a troubled wistfulness in the eyes raised to his. All his resolves melted away. To-morrow the forester might come to claim his girl. To-day, glad to-day, should be *his*—and *hers*!

(Continued on page 217.)

## THE RHINOCEROS IN SIBERIA.

By Major J. SAMUELS, V.D.

AN interesting article on the frozen remains of the rhinoceros in Siberia, from the pen of the Rev. D. Gath Whitley, appeared in 1914 in the February issue of *Chambers's Journal*. He points out that the discovery of the bodies of these beasts on the frozen shores of the Arctic Ocean is 'opposed to all our notions of natural history,' the rhinoceros being a denizen of 'hot, steaming jungles.' He also discusses and disposes of all the suggestions hitherto advanced to

explain the phenomenon, including that of Pallas the naturalist, who fancied that this animal had 'lived far to the south, and that it was washed northward at the time of Noah's Flood.' From the condition of the body when found, and from the fact that 'the blood-vessels of the head were discovered by Professor Brandt to be filled with red coagulated blood,' the animal must have been suddenly drowned. The author of the article in question disposes effectually of the idea that man

exterminated these huge beasts, and says: 'The extinction of the rhinoceros in Siberia presents a problem most difficult to solve. We must remember that this extinction took place in comparatively recent times, and that the animal disappeared from northern Asia long after the appearance of man on the earth.' He also says: 'We are face to face, then, with a mystery, and it is clear that the extinction of the rhinoceros all over Siberia must have been brought about by some unusual and tremendous cataclysm, accompanied by an extraordinary change of climate. . . . Thus perished the Siberian rhinoceros in all its pride and in all its power, overwhelmed by a catastrophe both sudden and tremendous.'

In March 1908 the Academy of Science at St Petersburg despatched an expedition to excavate the remains of the mammoth that had been discovered near Kasachia in northern Siberia. The remains were in such an excellent state of preservation that a portion of the flesh was salted, cooked, and eaten by some of the scientists. The case of this mammoth is on a par with that of the rhinoceros mentioned by the Rev. D. Gath Whitley in his article. The frozen body of an antelope has been discovered within the Arctic Circle, and death had been so sudden that the food in its stomach was not digested. Spitsbergen and north Greenland at one time had a vegetation that included oaks, plums, chestnuts, and even the magnolia, whose leaves and fruit have been found in north Greenland deposits. All this shows that either the climate of those places has undergone a remarkable change or that the land itself has been displaced from a temperate zone. Many people are aware that professors of geology assert that at one period, called 'the Glacial Period,' this globe was smothered in snow and ice. The northern shores of Siberia eastward from the mouth of the Yenisei River are a solid mass of virgin ice, covered by only a comparatively shallow crust of earth! This fact has been ascertained by borings. After a certain thickness of soil, a solid mass of aboriginal ice is reached that extends to an unknown depth. Possibly on investigation the northern coast of America would yield a similar result. The Glacial Period is an acknowledged fact, but its cause is still a mystery. By what means the land surface of this globe has been broken up into its present form is another problem. The varied position of boulder stones, of all sizes from hundreds of tons to small pebbles, is a geological puzzle to-day. It is suggested that they have been carried to their present positions by the slow movement of glaciers during hundreds of thousands of years; also, that the land has been alternately submerged and raised (two thousand feet or more) through untold ages. We may, therefore, conclude that at one period of time the earth was covered with snow and

ice, and that some cataclysm occurred to scatter great boulders promiscuously over the land surface of the globe. A notable feature of this dispersion is that the larger boulders are found in northern regions, while their size diminishes as we go farther south. Again, they extend ten degrees farther south in America than in the Eastern Hemisphere.

It is quite evident that great changes have taken place during the time this globe has existed. The present writer, in his large work on chronology, suggested that all the land portion of the earth had been joined together round the South Pole, and adduced many proofs in support of this view. This idea may come as a shock to many, but it is supported by overwhelming circumstantial evidence. Geologists contend that many distant parts of the land have been at one time connected—South America with the Antarctic continent, Great Britain with France, &c. Naturalists can only explain the similarity of many species of animals in different parts of the world by asserting that they must have had some way of travelling across the sea. In the number of this *Journal* for April 1917 are two distinct articles, both supporting the view that the different parts of the earth were connected at one time. In 'The Mysteries of the Pacific' the writer says: 'The theory that a continent—of which Easter Island was part—once connected Australia, South America, and South Africa helps us on our way considerably towards the much-needed explanation of the mystery of Easter Island.' Again, from the article 'Australia: 'Take the remarkable fresh-water fish indigenous to Queensland rivers, *Ceratodus Forsteri*, the "lung-fish." The only two other discovered representatives inhabit the rivers of Brazil and tropical Africa.' The evidence that various parts of the earth have been connected at some period is too weighty to be put aside, but it does not seem to have hitherto been suggested that all the land was in one piece round the South Pole. Traditions from every part of the globe agree in stating that at the very beginning of all things the globe was nothing more than a waste of waters, and that after a time the land appeared in one block above them. All are agreed on this point, not even excluding the Bible. We read: 'Let the waters . . . be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear' (Gen. i. 9). If, as the present writer firmly believes, all the land was in one piece at the South Pole, almost any problem that puzzles the scientist to-day can be solved. For example, it will explain why the ancient *native* Egyptians always declared that they originally came from the West, and that when they died they went back again; also their similarity in features to the Red Indian, and why they represented themselves red in their paintings. Again, the resemblance between their architecture and that of the ancient South Americans can be under-

stood. Ornaments, distinctly Chinese in origin, have been unearthed in Mexico from ruins so old that the Chinese can never have heard of them. In fact, the evidence that all the land in remote ages was joined together round the South Pole is, as before said, overwhelming.

Assuming that it was so, then some sudden catastrophe may have taken place that caused intense cold to fall upon the earth.

It has been said that if the sun were to be blotted out for a few minutes the atmosphere would condense, and the earth would be covered with snow and ice a mile or two in depth!

A disaster of a somewhat similar character is probably what has occurred in the dim past. Even the Bible infers that Noah's Flood was not the first catastrophe that has engulfed the globe. In the state of affairs here presumed the north parts of Europe, Asia, and America would have been on the fringe of the ocean, and near the Equator; consequently moist and hot. Any animals, such as rhinoceroses, &c., living in that part would, in the event of such a cataclysm, have been frozen in a few minutes.

But, the reader may say, this suggestion does not explain how the frozen animals have been found at the extreme north. Quite so, and the earth would remain in silence for possibly many ages, until the sun at last would begin to melt the ice and snow in a certain latitude as the earth revolved round the sun. Does not the Bible say, 'And the Lord God planted a garden' (Gen. ii. 8)? A certain portion would again become fit for man, and there would be no need of rain, for the melting ice and snow would cause mists to rise and moisten the newly uncovered land (Gen. ii. 5, 6). The evidence of Antarctic explorers to-day is that the distance of the ice fringe from the Pole is continually decreasing. We may recall that Adam and Eve, when turned out of the 'garden,' made themselves clothes from skins of beasts. This shows that they went to a colder climate. Let us now consider the way that the land became broken up into its present form.

Professor Lowell in 1909 caused a good deal of consternation in the United States by predicting that a collision would some day take place between the sun and a dark star. 'When that collision occurs,' he said, 'there will be a general upheaval of conditions on the earth, and if there should be any survivors of the disaster, night and day would be about the only feature of the present order of things that they would be able to recognise.' Now, if scientists expect such things in the future, why may not similar occurrences have taken place in the past? It is a recognised fact that the axis of the earth has been altered within comparatively recent times. The old philosopher Anaxagoras informs us 'that at the beginning the stars were seen as if carried round in a vast dome, in such a manner that the constant apparent revolution of the heavens was

vertical to the earth, and the inclination which it now has was received at a later period.' Herodotus informs us that the Egyptian priests told him that twice the sun had risen in the west and twice set in the east. If the earth has at one time been capsized (as the writer believes), that is what would have happened. The sudden wrench would disintegrate the whole land and cause it to slide into its present positions. As the globe completed the revolution, and with diminished violence recovered its former position, or partially its former position, there would be little displacement again after the first shock. It will be noticed that all the continents are pear-shaped, with their smaller ends stringing out towards the south. This is quite natural, for the heavier parts would leave portions trailing behind. It will also explain why the larger boulders are found in the north, diminishing in size towards the south. The northern end of South America would be torn away from West Africa below Guinea. When all connected together, New York would fit against the bulge of North Africa, while the east of South America would double up along the coast of the Antarctic continent, Chili and Peru would place themselves against California, and Greenland would fit in between America and Europe. This would explain the identical character of remains in France and Greenland. As a consequence of such a disaster, land in places would be squeezed up and so form mountain-ranges. This would account for fossil remains of marine animals being found in high altitudes. And so on for the remaining portions of the land all over the globe. Now, when the earth's axis was tilted, in however small a degree, an entirely new heaven would be presented to the inhabitants who had survived. Plato recounts that the Egyptian priests told Solon that the convulsion that destroyed Atlantis took place nine thousand years before the time they were speaking. This was about 560 B.C., and, when properly reckoned, the nine thousand years yields a result that places the date at about 2400 B.C., a date that is close to the one given for Noah's Flood in the work on chronology previously mentioned. Moreover, we have similar testimony from Central America to the same effect. The Troano Papyrus gives practically the same date—eight thousand and sixty years from the time it was written.

Such a disaster is what St Peter inferred when he intimates that the old heavens and earth were destroyed (2 Peter iii. 5-10). His words also seem to suggest that in all probability the statement made by Professor Lowell will become true in the future. Isaiah, again, also suggests a future cataclysm when he says the earth shall 'reel to and fro like a drunkard' and be 'removed like a cottage'—that is, shaken or blown away like a tent by the wind (xxiv. 20). If this predicted catastrophe should take the form of a reverse action, then

we can find an explanation for Rev. xxi. 1. There would be an entirely new map of the stars, and the earth being again all joined together ('a new heaven and a new earth'), there

would be to all intents and purposes no sea; that is to say, there would be no necessity to cross any water to communicate with the rest of the world.

## THE OWL AND THE EXPRESS.

### CHAPTER II.

IN the light of her unrest, the letter which reached Robina next morning appeared not so much an invitation as an answer.

'Our wounded are still pouring in, and I am short of ward-maids and nurses, and simply don't know where to turn,' wrote her old school friend Janet Fraser, now matron of a small military hospital in London, after a silence of many months. 'If you could run up and help us, even for a week, you would get a warm welcome and heaps of work, and I should be so thankful. But of course I know you can't.' . . .

The same appeal! Yesterday within her, and now from without. Robina folded the letter, and talked to Effie of indifferent things over the breakfast-table, while a plan as obvious as it seemed to her daring unfolded before her imagination: to steal away to London without explanations and good-byes, since she dreaded Effie's youthful disapproval even more than the astonishment of Mrs Christie, and for a brief space—a week, a fortnight at most—to live and labour for the war.

'Why not?' she cried secretly. She would leave behind a brief note of explanation for Effie, and beg her to devote herself wholly to grandpapa during that time. Grandpapa was well; the domestic sky was unclouded. And Effie had been only a week at Bonrigg, and had come for a month by doctor's orders. Robina's absence would, therefore, entail no change in her plans. True, Robina knew by instinct that Effie was not fond of grandpapa, but surely she would make this effort for love of her aunt.

The scheme was perfectly simple and feasible, yet it made the schemer's pulses race as though she were meditating some tortuous escapade. She went all the morning in a fever, shunning the too observant eyes of Effie, while dazzling opportunity and sober scruple fought within her. She could not tell which would win; she only knew that the thought of renunciation was unbearable.

Before the day was half over her excitement gave way to the almost fatalistic quiet of those who see that circumstance is on their side. A heavy shower had prevented old Mr Forsyth from taking his little daily outing; his bath-chair came to the door, and was sent away. To console him—for he showed disappointment—and to reinforce the drooping spirits of Effie, who, to the elder woman's concern, gave signs of having had enough of Bonrigg, Robina brought

out of the old man's desk the leather case which contained her mother's jewellery.

Whatever tenderness had softened Mr Forsyth's cold and unimaginative nature had been wholly centred in his wife. He had not greatly demonstrated his love for her while she lived, but after her early death he jealously locked away all her little possessions, and for many years could not bear to look at them. Robina and her sister were grown up before they had seen them, nor would he part with any of them, even to his daughters.

As his mind failed, however, he seemed to find pleasure in handling them more often. In spite of this, Effie had never yet beheld her grandmother's treasures; she was instantly restored to animation when Robina laid the precious case on her grandfather's little table. She came and sat opposite to the old man, and, hardly venturing to touch the trinkets herself, watched him turn them over with his frail and withered hands.

Robina left them together, and forcing herself to carry out her usual round, went away, and began to add up household accounts.

A few minutes later Effie ran to her, calling in soft excitement, 'Aunt Robina—look!' She was flushed and animated as, bending over Robina, she pointed to her bare throat, from which hung a splendid oval topaz on a thin chain. 'Grandpapa said, "Take it, Jessie darling; I bought it for you!" What does he mean? Is it for me?'

For a moment Robina was too much touched to answer. 'He thinks you are grandmamma,' she said tenderly. 'He used to say you were very like her.'

'Then what am I to do?'

'Just thank him nicely, and wear it—unless he asks for it back.'

Effie returned to her grandfather not a little moved. Hitherto she had not shared the common opinion which pronounced Mr Forsyth a 'dear old man,' chiefly because he tottered, and had a silky white beard. But now that he had given her this lovely token—even though by mistake—she felt prepared to modify her secret thoughts of him. The mistake itself was, indeed, of a nature to soften a feminine heart, since grandmamma had been a beautiful woman.

Robina, entering the room a few minutes later, found Effie sitting hand-in-hand with the old man, the great golden jewel sparkling against

her white throat. The fortunate effect of grand-papa's hazy gallantry was written in her happy and tremulous expression.

Robina went back to her own room; the little incident had suddenly quenched her every scruple. She was calm and perfectly resolved, and yet she felt that she must be alone. To-night! This very night, while her father was so gracious, Effie so visibly touched and mollified! Surely with luck, and with Effie's goodwill, this halcyon situation might continue! And as though to fortify her resolve, she began to pack a light suit-case which she herself could carry.

A slow train from Edinburgh passed the little station nearest to Bonrigg in the late afternoon. She would take this train to Newcastle, and there change into the first express that left for London.

A wonderful sense of elation grew upon her as she moved about the room; it seemed that destiny itself was favourable to the adventure. She stood a moment before her glass.

'So you are to be really alive for a little while like other women—like Effie,' she said to the tall, gray-haired woman whose dark eyes shone into hers. 'Effie thinks you old and humdrum—you are not! You are strong and young, and hold yourself far better than she does!'

She smiled and turned away.

However empty the coming years, this at least would remain to her, that she had taken her brief share of her country's burden, had felt the waves and storms of the Great War beating upon her. The fear that she might be hindered at the last moment from starting passed now and then like a swift cloud over her elation.

'But let this day, let this one day be mine;  
Let all the rest be thine!'

Robina knew the Elizabethans well. With the thought of renunciation the cry of her heart rose in the lovely, passionate words, and dumbly she pleaded them with the unbending necessity she had so long obeyed.

After many showers, the evening set in as quiet and windless as the corner where Mr Forsyth sat dozing beside the fire. Robina had given him his tea and settled him in his favourite arm-chair; then she had kissed him with more than usual tenderness, and stolen away to dress. Wrapped in a long, dark driving-coat, and holding her suit-case in her hand, she stood now for one tense moment outside his door, and felt rather than heard in the perfect silence the old man's regular breathing, the soft click of Effie's knitting-needles. Frightened by a sudden impulse to look at her father once more, and thus betray herself, she turned and stepped noiselessly away.

The sun had set, and a clear, pale afterglow rested on the bleak landscape between the hills and the sea. Robina skirted the house by a lane at some distance from it; she did not dare to go down the sycamore avenue lest Effie

should spy her from the window. Only when she had lost sight of Bonrigg did she enter the familiar path leading to the railway.

She walked slowly, because she had no need to hurry. Fairhill Station was only two miles off, and she knew that her own express must precede the stopping train. The former was not yet signalled, was not even due for another twenty minutes. She wished she could have travelled by it; she fancied it would have been pleased to bear her away. The prospect of being seen by it gave her strange pleasure. 'I, too, am a traveller!' she thought, and wondered when she had been last in a train.

Time being with her, she set down her suitcase within view of a signal, and leaned a while on the fence beside the line, waiting for her familiar friend. She was immensely excited; her hands were cold, her temples throbbing.

'Life is where they are going—where I am going!' she thought, following the gleaming rails southward with her eyes till they vanished out of sight. Already the landscape wore a new expression; the clouds resting in their glacier-like solidity upon the gray bosom of the sea, the fields where the light lingered, the sheep-hills growing black against the west looked at her as though they said farewell.

And then suddenly she wondered why the signal did not fall, and, taking out her watch, saw that the express was late. Since the war began this train had often failed to keep its time; its non-appearance should have made Robina only the more certain of catching the one behind it. Had it been up to time, she would have gone on, perhaps without misgiving, to Fairhill—to London. But the little delay now involved startled her. Trivial as was this faint check at the outset, it shook the determination which had urged her forward. It was like a barrier thrown suddenly across her way, where Duty stood sentinel, crying, 'Halt!'

She tried at once to dispel the sense of shock; she even walked stubbornly on towards Fairhill, but it would not do. With every step her uneasiness increased; the tumult of accusing voices grew louder.

'You are leaving him—and he is so old and helpless. What will happen when he finds that you have gone? It might kill him. . . . Will Effie be really good to him while you are away? You don't know; you can't be sure. . . . You are laying down your only task—what you alone in the whole world can perform—to please yourself!'

Almost without her volition Robina turned, and found herself hurrying towards Bonrigg. Not only duty urged her back; she was suddenly possessed by foreboding, by dread of some calamity unknown. In vain she tried to scold herself into common-sense; the nearer she came to the old house the sharper became her suspense. She dropped the suit-case in the avenue,

and stripping off her long coat, threw it down, that she might run better. And as she ran, she listened for the reassuring sound that would tell her Bonrigg was unchanged.

But that night the owl was silent.

Robina made good speed, but her terror outstripped her. On the threshold of the house she stopped, panting, incapable of speech. She knew already why Mrs Christie was standing there, in tears, waiting for her.

'Miss Robina! Miss Robina! . . . He's gone—while you were out—in his sleep.'

Robina tried to answer, but no words came. She walked past Mrs Christie, and dropped on to a chair in the hall; she was very near fainting. The touch of a shaking hand recalled her to action, and glancing up, she saw Effie beside her, looking very white and small in the dusk, and strangely inglorious for a V.A.D. of so much professional experience. They clasped hands in silence. But Robina quickly rallied.

'Where is he?' she said sharply, in a low voice. 'How do you know? Have you sent for the doctor?'

'Doctor Murray's here,' whispered Mrs Christie. 'By the Lord's mercy he was at the cottage, seeing after Jean Welsh's baby. He's with the master now.'

Robina rose, and went towards her father's room; there was that in her face which told the other women to let her go alone.

In the little sitting-room all was still—more still even than when she went out. Dr Murray had laid the dead man on the sofa, reverently shrouding the passive limbs in their old familiar shawl. He came to her now as she opened the door, and led her to her father.

'Be brave, Miss Forsyth,' he said gently. 'He's had the end we should all choose for ourselves, if we could.'

In a sort of dream Robina looked down at the old man as he lay, his features not more benign than they had been in life, but composed to unspeakable dignity. Then she heard herself ask how he had died, and as from far away the answering voice of her old friend.

She listened to it without comment, almost without understanding; but when Dr Murray had finished, she said slowly, 'You are sure he was asleep all the time I was out—that he never woke?'

'Mrs Christie and Miss Effie say he never stirred—he just slept away.'

'Then I am—in no way—responsible—for his death!'

'You, Miss Forsyth!' The doctor wondered at the painful intensity of the question. 'Why, you've kept him alive!' he said warmly. 'He owes it to your devotion that he lived till now.'

After all, thank God, she had not betrayed her trust. Robina knelt down by the sofa, and looked long at the still features in their perfect composure. Then she rose and went to her own room, and opening the window, stood there motionless, drinking in the cold night-air. The pent-up fever of her day reached its climax in an unnatural calm. Ere long she would have the relief of tears, the strange emotion of those who look before and after. As yet she was wholly benumbed.

So this was life, so long in coming, and it stood before her hand-in-hand with Death. The world was open to her—she was free!

Far off across the dusky fields like a greeting, a swift forewarning of joy unrealised, and for the moment undesired, yet stored in the future as the night holds the dawn in its lap, she beheld the long white smoke-pennon of the southward-bound express.

THE END.

## OURSELVES AND GERMANY.

By E. FEARON.

WHETHER it will be justified or not, there seems to be an impression that the present year of grace, 1918, will witness the end of the war; and although of late we have not heard so much of 'business as usual,' and 'trade after the war,' as we did a year or two ago, there is no doubt that the situation will have to be faced, and the question that naturally arises is, 'How shall we fare in the coming years?' It is not easy to say what attitude the world at large will adopt with regard to trading with Germany; practically all civilised nations have joined together to express their horror and detestation of her barbarous methods of warfare, but will that feeling last long after peace is declared and she is once more hard at work turning out chemicals and toys, electric requisites,

steel goods, &c., instead of shells and submarines? What, too, of her finances and her shipping? These are factors which we can only guess at, but it is extremely unlikely that she has overlooked the immediate future; hence it is well to glance at the state of affairs just prior to the outbreak of war, and gain some idea of what competition we may expect to meet.

An interesting article appeared in *Engineering* in October 1914, respecting agricultural implements supplied by ourselves and Germany, which shows what a large share of this important industry belonged to the latter country. Take a few of the instances given—for example, the import of road traction-engines and steam-rollers into Egypt, which is under British control, in 1912 and 1913. In the former year the two

countries in question supplied the whole of these in equal quantities; *a year later* Germany supplied 94 per cent. of the total! And, in the same class of machinery, Great Britain's share of the imports to Canada is less than  $\frac{1}{10}$ th.

The writer proceeds to point out that Germany and Austria sent no less than a million pounds' worth of agricultural implements, traction-engines, and road-rollers to Russia, against £21,000 worth from Great Britain; to Roumania, £350,000, against our £1300 worth; and, more or less, this held good for Italy, France, and Spain. It is evident, therefore, that there is here a big field for our manufacturers, for there can be no doubt that such machinery will be in greater demand than ever as soon as peace conditions are resumed, and, with our freshly gained knowledge of what can be accomplished in the engineering trade, we ought to be able easily to supply that demand.

In 1913 we imported from Germany nearly £2,000,000 worth of dyes, including some £80,000 worth of synthetic indigo; also some £350,000 worth of drugs and medicinal preparations. Now all these could be, and ought to be, manufactured in this country, and it is a standing disgrace that the import of such articles should have been necessary in the past. Let us ask ourselves why we have become so dependent on outside sources for so many indispensable things, and see if it is not possible to find some reason for our backwardness.

First of all, there is the question of remuneration; research-work, chemical control, and so on cannot be obtained for the pittance that the average British manufacturer bestows on his chemists—if there happen to be any on the works.

Lord Moulton, speaking as chairman at a meeting of the Society of Arts a year or two ago, said that he had had to investigate the question of the supply of certain chemicals formerly obtained from Germany, and the facts were 'a cause for sadness and national humiliation. The chemical industry, except those branches which required least knowledge, thought, and study, had, for the reason, perhaps, that our manufacturers were too well off, or were of sluggish intellect, been allowed to fall into other hands.'

Points made by other speakers at the same meeting are worth deep consideration. For example, referring to the help given to German manufacturers by the banks, Dr Ormandy, D.Sc., said that the heads of German banks were men of high technical knowledge, and not stock-brokers or retired colonels. These men were accessible to the inventor, and ready to avail themselves of technical experts of the highest class to investigate new processes.

Sir William Tilden, D.Sc., F.R.S., said that in order to render the Empire independent of supplies from foreign sources, the industry required many first-rate chemists, a few

engineers, plenty of capital, and some good men of business. British universities could supply the chemists if manufacturers would treat them more reasonably and liberally.

Sir William Ramsay remarked that the Germans organised a chemical trade campaign as they organised a war. Expert committees looked out for new markets and raw materials, created a demand for them, had agencies all over the world, advised as to loopholes in patents, and framed the patent laws so as to exclude the foreigner—all this with State-aid bounties, export-duties, &c.

These are the views of men who are in touch with the chemical and allied trades every day of their lives, and ought to be carefully studied in view of the trade-war that will surely follow the declaration of peace. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that all the necessary and desirable reforms will be effected; but there is one that ought to be carried out at once, and that is the reform of the patent law, which seems specially framed to discourage invention and initiative, qualities which ought to be most carefully fostered and encouraged by Parliament.

Let us turn to other commodities—locomotives, motor-cars, motor-cycles and their component parts, electrical apparatus, fencing-wire, scientific instruments, photographic materials, and many other articles, and it will be found that Germany was exporting them in increasing numbers, not only to such countries as Russia, France, Italy, and Turkey, which are next-door neighbours, as it were, but to South Africa, Japan, America, the Argentine, and Great Britain.

Reading carefully through the speeches and papers on this much-discussed subject, we find a general consensus of opinion that this state of affairs is largely our own fault, among other reasons being our lack of knowledge of local requirements, failure to realise that our competitors will make articles to practically any design a customer asks for, and, generally speaking, old-fashioned methods all round.

Let us face the facts, and own up that if Germany had not, for reasons best known to herself, thought that she had a great chance of once and for all crushing France, and so obtaining the sea-board she so badly needed, and becoming the first Power in Europe, she would have had in a comparatively short time nearly the whole trade of Europe and of Great Britain in her hands.

Slowly but surely she was strangling our commerce; like the octopus, her tentacles were reaching out to our colonies and dependencies, and had not this mad war-lust come upon her, this desire to use the gigantic war-machine she had been creating, who can say what would have become of our trade and of ourselves? But, although everything seemed in her favour in August 1914, somehow she failed to make the most of her long-planned blow for domination,

and ever since she has gone on making mistakes by her attitude of defiance to all the laws of humanity and even ordinary common-sense, till at last even China, whom, no doubt, she would consider as a country beneath contempt, has broken off relations with her.

As a nation, we have risen to the occasion in a way that has astonished the world; we have sacrificed thousands upon thousands of our young men, many of the finest intellects of the rising generation have given their lives for their Motherland, and from every quarter of the globe her sons have rallied to help her in the greatest peril she has ever known.

Shall that sacrifice be in vain; shall we sink again into slumber, continue our bickerings and quarrels, a house divided against itself, a nation without cohesion, and with no settled plans; or, shall we 'quit us like men,' and become, what we so easily can, a nation to be proud of, a nation whom the rest of the world can regard as an ideal and an example?

The opportunity has arisen, and it remains for us to grasp it; if we fail to do so, Germany will once more mature her plans, and profiting by the experience she has gained in this fearful struggle, will scarcely be likely to make such mistakes as she did in those first momentous months of conflict. Let it not be said that we had our warning and did not heed it; the price of our doing so in the past has been a heavy one, but it will be a mere bagatelle to the price we shall have to pay in the future if we take no notice of the awful warning we have received this time.

Trade is by no means the be-all and end-all of a nation's activities, but it is a pretty good index of them, and with modern facilities for transport, commerce, and travel, the nation with the largest volume of trade has a predominance over others that may work for good or ill according

to circumstances. With all our faults, we cannot be accused of misusing to any great extent the powers we possess; generally speaking, our colonies and dependencies have gained by coming under our rule, and it would be a tragedy, surpassing any that has ever taken place, if they were lost to us and came under the brutal heel of Prussianism.

The peril will not by any means be ended with the downfall of the Kaiser and his satellites unless we cast aside the policy that has hitherto been our stumbling-block, and pull together as we ought; it can then be turned into a glorious triumph, and out of this hideous evil good will eventually come, and our sacrifices will not have been made in vain.

So far as trade is concerned, we cannot afford to think that Germany will be unable to compete with us after the war, and it must not be forgotten that the memories of even such a war as this are notoriously short-lived, especially among countries not actually engaged in it. Hence, if Germany can, on the whole, turn out a better article, and one more suited to local needs, packed in a better manner, and at a less cost than a British-made article, then she is going to secure the trade in that article; and, *ceteris paribus*, she is entitled to it.

It is not within the scope of this article to go into further details, but it is correct to say that from all parts of the world trade was going to Germany instead of coming to ourselves because she attended to it in a more business-like manner, and laid herself out to please her customers, whereas we seemed to imagine that our customers ought to take anything we sent them, and be glad to get it!

Such an attitude can only spell ruin, and it behoves us to make a change in it at the earliest possible moment if we wish our country to remain in the forefront of the nations.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### HIGH-SPEED RAILWAYS.

IN a lecture to the Society of Engineers Mr E. W. Chalmers Kearney stated that the high-speed railway originated by him has now been worked out for speeds up to one hundred and fifty miles an hour, and will come into use as soon after the war as is practicable. A street-level platform has recently been designed, on to which the intending passenger will step from the pavement, and thence into the train. The contour of the line bears some resemblance to an enormous switchback, as a sharp incline downwards is arranged from each station in either direction. The intention is to accelerate departing trains up to full speed by the action of gravity, while upon approaching a station trains

will be brought to a standstill by the same force, without the use of brakes. According to Mr Kearney, tube railways built on this system could have speeds three or four times greater than those of to-day, with the additional advantage that the stations would be actually on the surface, or just beneath it.

### AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT.

A good many attempts have been made to produce a motor-car capable of floating and propelling itself through the water. In such cases, of course, the main purpose of the vehicle is for travelling on land. As a complement to the amphibious car, a boat that will run up the beach has recently been tried at Atlantic City. This craft is fitted with a wheel in the centre,

four and a half feet in diameter, and having a tread twenty inches wide. A rectangular watertight well, built in the middle of the boat, houses the wheel, which projects six inches through the bottom. At the stern is a frame, carrying two wheels and a rudder in such a way that when the wheels are down the rudder is up, and *vice versa*. On land most of the weight is borne by the middle wheel, which is driven by the engine used to propel the boat in the water. When the boat is afloat, the back wheels are raised and the rudder is lowered into its working position. When the shore is reached, the engine is geared to the middle wheel, which it drives slowly, the back wheels are let down, and the craft proceeds up the beach. According to the *Scientific American*, the inventor, Rear-Admiral John A. Howell, retired, considers such boats to be of value for taking excursionists through surf, for life-saving, for coast defence, and for other purposes.

#### CREWLESS MOTOR-BOATS.

Some time back, as reported in the newspapers, the Germans employed off the Belgian coast motor-boats which carried no crew, but were controlled from the shore by electric cables. These craft were fitted with twin-screws, driven by petrol-engines, and the connection with the shore control stations was made through an electric cable, of which from forty to fifty miles were carried on a drum at the stern of each boat, this cable being paid out as the boat proceeded. In the bow was a heavy charge of T.N.T. or some other high explosive, which was arranged to go off when the motor-boat hit the vessel to be attacked. The direction of these craft was carried out by a seaplane, which signalled to the shore which way the boat should be steered. Such craft really constitute surface torpedoes, and they have the advantage of being able to attack in shallow water. Fortunately no successes by this new weapon of the Hun have so far been recorded.

#### FLYING THE ATLANTIC—BY AEROPLANE?

The record flight of two thousand miles by a Handley-Page twin-screw biplane, for the purpose of bombing the *Goeben* at Constantinople, has an important bearing upon the possibilities of the aeroplane for commercial uses after the war. In this instance the machine carried a crew of five, with their luggage and bedding, and a very complete set of spare parts, these including three radiators and two propellers. The net weight of the machine was eight thousand pounds, while the load carried amounted to about six thousand pounds. Due allowance being made for the crew and petrol, this aeroplane should be capable of transporting a cargo of two tons over distances up to, say, five hundred miles. The cost would, of course, be prohibitive for ordinary merchandise, but

mails could be carried at a comparatively small extra charge, which many business firms and private individuals would be willing to pay for the quick delivery. Another machine likely to be used after the war for commercial purposes is the Caproni triple-screw triplane, which is capable of carrying a load of over four tons in addition to the crew. This giant has a spread of one hundred and ten feet, and is fitted with three engines of nine hundred horse-power that give it a speed of ninety miles an hour. A trip across the Atlantic is said to be well within the range of this machine.

#### OR AIRSHIP?

A type of airship suitable for transatlantic service has been suggested by Alexander Livvental, late consulting engineer to Count Zeppelin. This vessel is illustrated and described in the *Scientific American*. Contrary to what one would expect, Mr Livvental does not suggest a complete rigid framework, as embodied in the Zeppelin airship, but proposes a species of umbrella frame, to enable the forepart of the vessel to withstand the air-pressure at high speeds. There is, however, a rigid backbone along the underside of the ship. This construction permits the adoption of the best possible form of hull from the point of view of air-resistance. Moreover, there is only one envelope, which contains the gas, in place of the outer envelope and a number of gas-bags in the Zeppelin. The gas is maintained at considerable pressure, so that the outside surface is perfectly smooth and symmetrical, and offers the least possible resistance in passing through the air. The length of the proposed vessel is one thousand one hundred and fifty feet, the diameter eighty-eight feet. The airship is fitted with motors developing two thousand five hundred horse-power, which power is expected to give a speed of sixty-eight miles an hour. The cargo capacity of this monster is twenty tons, and it would have a range of five thousand miles. An interesting feature is the ability of the engines to consume either petrol or the hydrogen gas of the airship, and these can be fed to the engines in such proportions as the circumstances of the case render necessary or desirable. Expansion and contraction of the gas is provided for by a ballonet along the lower part of the gas-bag, just above the backbone, the pressure in the airship being controlled by pumping air into this ballonet or allowing it to escape therefrom. Mr Livvental considers it of vital importance that America should possess airships capable of crossing the Atlantic for scouting purposes, the convoy of merchant vessels, and the carrying of despatches.

#### ENORMOUS AMERICAN AEROPLANE-FACTORY.

The importance of the aeroplane in modern warfare has been more quickly recognised in the

United States than in this country, and one of the first acts of the American Government after declaring war on Germany was to appropriate one hundred and twenty million pounds for aeroplane construction. Since that time rapid developments have been going on, and what is believed to be the largest aeroplane-factory in the world is already working at its utmost capacity, this establishment having been built in a little over three months. According to the *Scientific American*, this factory measures thirteen hundred feet, or about a quarter of a mile, in length, while it has a width of nine hundred feet. The factory is divided up into nine bays of one hundred feet each. A gallery runs along the full length of each side, and the parts are made on the ground-floor, to be subsequently assembled and put together on the gallery. As in all modern factories, the 'lay-out' is such that the raw material, in the form of spruce, enters at one end, while the finished aeroplanes are despatched at the other. The first operation is the seasoning of the wood, which is done in enormous dry-kilns, having a capacity of one million cubic feet. The various parts are loaded on trucks and run into the kiln as they come from the saws. After seasoning, the parts are finished in thousands of wood-working machines, to be passed on later to a large force of men who build up the wings and bodies. Linen is next applied, and this process is followed by varnishing with a 'dope' of almost pure rubber. Finally the machines are painted, after which operation they are ready for the engines. Fifteen thousand men and women are employed in the factory, and the machinery demands forty thousand horse-power to drive it. No fewer than fifty aeroplanes a day are being turned out at this establishment, and other similar factories will be completed as quickly as possible.

#### THE AEROPLANE AMBULANCE.

One would hardly suppose that an aeroplane offers a very promising means for transporting the wounded from the front-line dressing-stations to the base hospitals. Yet experiments have recently been carried out by the French authorities with a view to employing aeroplanes for this service. A standard machine was used in these experiments, with an open space in the body at the rear of the pilot for carrying a wounded man, who was securely strapped in place, while a wind-shield was arranged to keep off the rush of cold air. Aeroplane ambulances have a speed of eighty miles an hour, and while in the air are free from the shocks experienced in motor-ambulances travelling over rough roads. Some shaking, however, is inevitable on rising and on alighting.

#### MILK FROM ALMONDS.

So long as sweet almonds are procurable no one need lack a milk substitute suitable for tea

and coffee. According to a recipe devised by Mr A. J. Jarman, artificial milk having all the properties of cow's milk can be produced from a mixture of distilled water and finely ground sweet almonds, the only difference between the two being that cow's milk contains animal casein, for which vegetable casein is substituted in the milk made from almonds. The skins are removed from half a pound of almonds by scalding in boiling water, after which they are chopped as finely as possible, and then ground into a paste in a mortar with a little distilled water, more water being added up to about three-quarters of a pound. The mixture is then squeezed through a piece of cheese-cloth or fine muslin into a jug. In a few hours a thick layer of cream will form on this artificial milk, which will turn sour if kept too long. The milk tastes slightly of almonds, but this is not noticeable in tea and coffee. Half a pound of almonds will make three pints of milk.

#### HUGE SCHEME FOR NATIONAL POWER.

Since our waste of coal was touched upon here (March 1917), the Coal Conservation Sub-Committee which was appointed by the Committee of Reconstruction has been investigating the practicability of supplying power all over the country for a much smaller consumption of coal than is the case at present. Power is practically synonymous with electricity; that is to say, in large factories coal is turned into electric current for driving the machinery. Roughly, eighty million tons of coal are used every year for generating power in this country, most of it being consumed in small, inefficient power plants. Even if the existing electric supply industry is considered, the position is by no means satisfactory, this business being in the hands of over six hundred undertakings, the majority of which are controlled by comparatively small local authorities and companies. To obviate these drawbacks and supply power all over the country at the lowest possible cost, the above-mentioned Sub-Committee propose the establishment of eighteen super-power stations in different parts, mostly in close proximity to the coal-pits. Advantages of this system are set forth in the Sub-Committee's report as follows: 'The health of the great industrial centres and the congestion of the railways in their neighbourhood would be radically improved by arranging to carry out the conversion of coal into motive-power away from the densely populated centres. By placing either the main or the supplementary plants at or near the collieries, much coal that is now wasted or left in the pits could be profitably utilised, and the coal that would otherwise be used to transport the coal used would also be saved. By-products—nitrogenous fertilisers, crude oils, oils for marine propulsion, and motor spirit for road traction—obtainable from coal before it is consumed in the boiler-furnace, or producer,

could be extracted in any case where it was proved economical to do so.' It may be mentioned that large quantities of coal are brought to the surface to be dumped in a heap as waste. This material, although unsuitable for small power plants, could be fully utilised in the super-power stations suggested. The Committee estimate that no less than fifty-five million tons of coal per annum could be saved by carrying out the above scheme.

#### UNITED STATES NAVY IDENTIFICATION DISCS.

In making their preparations for entering the war on a large scale the United States is rightly doing its best not only to take full advantage of the experience gained by the Allies, but also to 'go one better.' For instance, special identification discs or tags (which have been described in the *Scientific American*) are being prepared for every officer and man in the American Navy. These discs are made of monel metal, which has a very high melting-point, and is not corroded by sea-water. The tags are oval in form, measuring one and a half inches in length, with a width of one and a quarter inches, and a hole is drilled at one end for suspension from the neck by monel metal wire-braid. The novel feature of these discs is that on one side they bear the print from the right index finger of the wearer. Printer's ink, thinned with petrol or turpentine, is used for writing the name of the officer or man, with other particulars, on one side of the disc, while the finger-print is made on the other with the same kind of ink, thinly spread upon a plate on which the finger is pressed before making the impression. The writing and the impression, while still wet, are sprinkled with powdered pitch, some of which adheres to the ink. The plate is then heated until the powder melts and emphasises the writing and the impression. Once the marking has become hard, the plate is put into a bath containing a solution of nitric and hydrochloric acid, where the metal unprotected by the ink is rapidly eaten away until the plate becomes about half its original thickness, when it is taken out and washed. This type of identification disc should render identification easy and certain, and it will infallibly prevent the successful impersonation of one man by another.

#### MAKING OUR OWN DYESTUFFS.

The important announcement was recently made that two hundred and fifty-seven valuable dye recipes in use at the Badische Works, the leading factory of its kind in Germany, had been captured and secured for use in Great Britain. The two gentlemen who were mainly instrumental in obtaining the recipes, and the group of textile merchants associated with them, had, it was stated, no desire to monopolise them, but were prepared to sell them to the Government, so that the dyes might be accessible to

all British manufacturers. What can be done by private initiative is shown in the last annual report of Messrs Levinstein, of Blackley, Manchester. Even without Government assistance, private firms are becoming independent of the foreigner in regard to dyestuffs. Before the war Germany supplied about 80 per cent. of these; now the energies of her factories have been turned towards the making of high explosives to be used against us. Our textile industries engaged in the production of military fabrics required large quantities of a comparatively small number of dyestuffs. It appears that the investment by Government of two millions sterling in British Dyes Limited at Huddersfield did not fully solve the problem of meeting the demand. Messrs Levinstein claim that they produce more dyes, of a greater range of colours, than all other British makers of aniline dyes put together. Since the war began they have been the largest suppliers of aniline dyestuffs to the War Office, the Admiralty, and Allied armies, and they have shipped large quantities to America for the U.S. armies. When the Belgian Army uniforms were changed to khaki, the necessary dyes were furnished within four days; the whole orders for dyes in connection with the equipment of troops of the Australian Commonwealth were as quickly executed. In the case of a certain blue dye wanted by the Admiralty, the firm had to manufacture six intermediate materials, none of which prior to the war had been made in this country; and they became sole suppliers of fast aniline blues to the Admiralty. At Blackley works over one hundred organic products never before produced in this country are now being made. The German indigo-factory at Ellesmere Port was taken over by Messrs Levinstein, and there synthetic indigo of excellent quality is being produced.

#### WASTE IN CHEESE AND BUTTER MAKING AND MILK-POWDER FACTORIES.

In an address to the Ontario Agricultural Union, Professor Dean of Guelph said that cheese, or life-meat, is receiving more attention at the present time than ever before in the history of the cheese business of Canada. The world is beginning to realise the value of cheese as a concentrated food. An unforeseen difficulty has developed in the manufacture of cheese—namely, the limited supply of rennet. One of the largest manufacturers of rennet says: 'It is impossible at the present time, and in all probability will be difficult for years to come, to produce sufficient rennet extract to go round.' In consequence firms are offering substitutes for rennet in the form of pepsin in powder and solution, and a rennet enzyme. Of the various substitutes tried at Guelph College, a mixture of rennet and pepsin has given the best all-round results. The rennet seems to be necessary to digest the curd,

and the pepsin no doubt aids in the digestion of the cheese. To producers of cheese-milk Professor Dean offered the suggestion that, in addition to the usual points to be observed, such as keeping the milk clean and cold, rain-water should not be allowed in milk, as it makes coagulation of the milk more difficult and lessens the yield of cheese. There is a great waste of human food, he said, in the manufacture of both cheese and butter, where the by-products are not properly utilised. As an example, the province of Ontario is making in round numbers about one hundred and twenty-five million pounds of cheese annually; during the same time there is being run into the whey-tanks of the cheese-factories a very large amount of solid material of the most valuable human food ever prepared by nature. For each Canadian ton (two thousand pounds) of cheese produced there are approximately nine tons of whey, which contain about one thousand two hundred and sixty pounds of milk solids. Between thirty and forty thousand tons of milk solids are practically wasted annually in the whey-tanks of the province. It would require two thousand cars, holding twenty tons each, to carry these wasted food products to market. A partial solution of this problem is furnished by the establishment in some of the best dairy centres of condensed-milk and milk-powder factories. These factories utilise *all* of the milk solids for human food. In consequence they are growing in popularity among dairy-farmers. The products are marketed as plain condensed or evaporated milk, sweetened condensed milk, whole milk-powder, and skim-milk powder. These products are a distinct and welcome addition to the world's human-food supply.

#### NEED FOR INCREASED PIG-REARING.

Pig-breeding in Great Britain has not kept pace with the demand for bacon; the food difficulty and various legislative enactments have acted as discouragements. Yet this is a paying, a necessary, even a patriotic occupation. As has often been pointed out, a good breeding sow may have two litters a year, and the young may be fattened for pork or bacon in six months. To fatten a sheep or a bullock takes a good deal longer. Practical men say that what is wanted is to get the Food Controller to liberate certain quantities of rough maize, barley, and bran for feeding purposes. Meanwhile many breeding sows have been killed off owing to the dearness of pig's food and the difficulty in obtaining it. By-products from the distilleries have also ceased to be available. Dr Woods Hutchinson, in his *Health and Commonsense*, remarks that though pork takes a long time to digest, it is 'one of the surest foods that we have to give off all its energy to the body.' He has seen many cases of dyspepsia cured by breakfast bacon. Pork, including ham and bacon, he says, is easily our second most valuable meat food. The Ontario

Department of Agriculture has issued a handy and instructive circular (No. 6) entitled 'Keep an Extra Sow and her Litter.' Although there are differences in methods and opportunities in Canada, as compared with Great Britain, in regard to pig-feeding, the hints and instructions here given will be of service to those who rear swine anywhere. We are told that since the beginning of the war the herds of swine in Europe, including enemy countries, have declined by two and a half million head. The numbers now available are not sufficient for the demands of the Allies; and the importation of pork products has dwindled. The Allies look to North America for a large share of their pork and pork products. Since the entry of the United States into the war there has been a greater demand for these products, while the still further reduction of European herds is certain during the war. The Food Controller of Canada, in order to encourage the keeping of hogs, has arranged with the millers that mill feed will be sold by them at cost price. Packing-houses are subject to strict regulation, and limited to a fair margin of profit. The pamphlet discusses in a clear and practical fashion the questions of swine-breeding and rearing in Canada, in which Great Britain ought likewise to do a great deal more. There is a Departmental Committee for Pig-Breeding in Ireland, with headquarters in Dublin.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

#### WHEN.

WHEN the rain is over  
We'll go and gather flowers;  
And they will smell the sweeter  
For being wet with showers.

When the battle's done with  
We'll reap the shining grain;  
And peace will be the deeper  
Because it's won through pain.

When the journey's ended  
At home we'll lay our head;  
And home will be the happier  
Because our feet have bled.

When the night has faded  
The Day will conquer doom;  
And dawn will be the gladder  
Because we've braved the gloom.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, **ALL MANUSCRIPTS**, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE MYSTERIOUS MIASMA.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Serpentine Candlesticks*, *The Lady of the Pines*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

'CAN I see the manager?'

'Is it work you want?'

'I want to see the manager.'

'He's busy. He doesn't like to be bothered with small matters. Now, if it's work you want'—

'After I've seen the manager, please,' the stranger persisted with decisive politeness.

The foreman glanced at him again. His bearing, calm and erect, not to say masterful, and the hardening clearness of his steady gray eyes, were out of keeping with the workman's clothes hung upon him, fitting where they touched, ready-made, quite new.

'Miss Fairley,' said the foreman to the girl-clerk, 'will you please step up to the manager's room, and tell him that a—workman, a—gentleman desires to see him?'

'Thank you,' returned the stranger; then, when the girl had gone, 'One may be both. Which will she say? You were not explicit.'

'The second, I fancy, straining a point to secure you the interview.'

'Why straining a point?'

'A gentleman generally sends up his card.'

'Yes—that is so. And I have no card with me. I might have sent up a slip of paper with my name written upon it. But it is too late now,' the new-comer remarked resignedly and with a dry smile.

The foreman had not given him the real reason why he thought the girl would strain a point. The real reason was his own reason—the stranger's speech and manner; for the foreman also had strained a point in surrendering to the stranger's wish. His ill-fitting workman's garb had been assumed for a purpose the foreman could not fathom.

'Mr Kennerley will see you, sir,' announced Miss Fairley, with no hesitation on the final word. She was shrewder than the foreman.

The stranger passed up the stairs. He tapped at the door of the manager's room, and, in response to the immediate summons, walked in.

'Excuse my toggery,' he apologised.

The manager started, gazed at him, and said, 'Dr Neville?'

'The same. But you will want more than

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my word for it; and he produced a letter of introduction from the Minister who had sent him down.

'Sir William 'phoned me this morning,' said the manager. 'I was expecting you.' He read the letter, folded it, and passed it back. 'But why'—and he paused, his eyes roving inquisitively over the new-comer.

A heather-mixture cloth cap was swinging in his hand. A silvery spotted blue neckerchief was knotted at his throat. His loose jacket matched the cap. Immaculate moleskins covered his nether extremities. He was like a stage workman. Everything about him was obtrusively new.

'The disguise?' queried Dr Neville. 'I'm seeking work. The foreman, who happened to be below, was inclined to bar the way to you. I think he would have given me a job. But if you set me on I shall have freer facilities. Yes'—he went on, in answer to the manager's roving eyes—'the toggery is new. I had to buy it on the way down. It was a compromise. I am rather squeamish about my attire, and could not quite make up my mind to buy soiled and greasy second-hand stuff. I prefer to accumulate my own—extras.'

The manager smiled and motioned him to a chair. Then, drawing his own chair nearer, he said, 'Your unspottedness is—what shall I say?—attractive.'

'Unfortunately,' he confessed. 'But in a day or two I can take the shine off. Give me a dusty bit of work, with a sprinkling of oil about it, and I'll turn this painfully new attire into the conventionally approved hue. You see, Mr Kennerley, I must be in the thick of it, as a workman, unknown, disguised, to find out the cause of the trouble.'

'And afterwards?'

'Events will guide me.'

'Then, for the present, you will be Dr Neville only to me?'

'Only to you, Mr Kennerley; and to you even, while I am a workman, let me be Richard Edge, or, if you prefer it, Dick. As a precaution, write the name down, and I'll answer to Edge or Dick impartially. Have you anything new to report?'

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MARCH 2, 1918.

'We have had two visitations of the miasma—if it is miasma—since Sir William was here.'

'If it is miasma,' repeated Dr Neville reflectively. 'There should be no miasma in this locality. Did it spread much?'

'Along the ground, as before, but not over the same areas.'

'It invaded the office beneath?'

'The last one. Miss Fairley was driven up into my room. We could breathe freely here.'

'How long did it remain?'

'Not long. It lingered in the low confined spaces, but remained only a few minutes in the open where the wind was blowing. We opened the office windows, and the wind dispersed it—carried it clean away.'

'Did you smell anything?'

'No.'

'Was there any perceptible colouring?'

'A faint glow simply—no colouring—a radiation like that thrown off by white-hot metal.'

'But no heat?'

'None whatever.'

'And the effects?'

'To those caught in it? Nausea, choking, suffocation. Our fatalities number twenty-seven. Fifty-three survivors are under medical treatment, the more serious cases in a neighbouring hospital, the remainder in their own homes.'

'Fifty-three and twenty-seven are eighty. That's a considerable depletion of labour.'

'We cannot get labour. The people are scared. Many have left. Few apply. If the peril cannot be met, we shall have to go; and that would be a pity, for the locality is ideal for the manufacture of high explosives.'

'It is—ideal,' agreed Dr Neville. 'The peril must be met. A removal of the plant to some other locality would stop the output for a time, and perhaps permanently lessen it. We cannot submit to that. These high explosives are urgently needed. We must have them. Besides, to abandon the works because of this—miasma—would be a confession that here, at any rate, our enemies had got the better of us. No one shall wring that confession out of us. The peril must be met; and not only met—it must be exposed and overcome. And so, Mr Kennerley, I will take my place among the workmen, and investigate—find out what I can.'

'Then?'

'You shall promote me—find me a place in the laboratory.'

'And drop your *alias*?'

'Maybe. But, until then, treat me as a mechanic.'

'Day, the foreman, may be suspicious.'

'I cannot help that. Let Day form his own opinion of me. I shall want lodgings, the ordinary lodgings of a mechanic—a sleeping-room, sweet and clean, and not too far away. I had better board with the family. Do you know of any one who would take me in, and do for me?'

That, I think, is the correct way to put it; and Dr Neville smiled.

The manager was thinking, and said presently, 'Miss Fairley's people might accommodate you.'

'Are they natives?'

'Yes. Mr Fairley is a retired tradesman, with a small freehold of his own, and a pleasant house and garden. You would be very comfortable there. It is half a mile away.'

'Will you speak to Miss Fairley?'

'Certainly.'

They went down together. The manager introduced him by the name of Richard Edge, a mechanic, whose respectability he could vouch for, and asked the girl if her people could find him a room, and board him.

She turned her swift and searching brown eyes on the stranger, hesitated for a moment, and then said, dubiously, 'I don't know. We have never had a lodger. If Mr Edge will see my mother'—

'I will wait, and walk home with you,' suggested Edge, 'if you will permit me. It is just on closing-time.'

The girl blushed slightly, and replied, 'As you like,' and abruptly resumed her work.

'As *you* like, Miss Fairley,' he responded, with a courteous inclination, which, although she had turned away from him, did not escape her notice.

'Very well, then,' said she, much more graciously. 'I shall be ready when I've finished this;' and her fingers ran nimbly over the keys of the typewriter.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE mother was like the daughter. She looked at him inquisitively, inwardly surprised at the staring newness of his clothes, and hinted that they were in no need of a lodger.

'As a paying guest, then, Mrs Fairley,' countered Edge, who had already observed the cleanliness of the interior, and the taste displayed in the arrangement of the furniture, in the toning colours of the papering, the carpet, and the upholstery, and in the few and carefully selected etchings and photogravures that adorned the walls. Freshly picked roses, massed in an old china bowl, and overflowing its rim, filled the room with their fragrance; and through the open window, its long white curtains waving in the breeze, floated the mingled scents of a well-kept garden—scents all the more pronounced because of the softness of the evening air. 'You might receive me as a paying guest,' he pleaded, with a pleasant smile, but not too eagerly. 'A room to sleep in, and an additional chair at your table, Mrs Fairley, would suit me exactly. I am sure we could come to terms.'

'It is not a question of terms.'

'I know it, and mention it only as a guest willing to pay.'

'Are you a mechanic, Mr Edge?'

'For the time, Mrs Fairley, I am a mechanic—for the time,' he repeated, his gray eyes fixed upon her steadily and inspiring confidence. 'You will respect the admission.'

'There are only three of us at home just now,' she remarked, somewhat irrelevantly. 'My two sons are away, one in France, one up the Tigris'—and her voice trembled a little—'so there would be'—

'A place for me,' he interposed hastily; then, sympathetically, 'I hope your boys are doing well.'

'Y-e-s,' reflectively, and, as an afterthought, 'Thank you. I cannot say definitely, Mr Edge. If I consent it must be subject to John's concurrence—my husband,' she explained. 'He will not be back until eight o'clock.'

'I shall be quite satisfied,' returned he, 'to leave it to your husband's decision. I will have my portmanteau sent up, in the hope that he will be agreeable; or, perhaps, I had better fetch it. I left it at the station.'

It was a quarter past eight when Fairley entered the garden. His wife had told him of the stranger's request. Edge was reclining in a deck-chair. The gray-blue wreaths from a well-seasoned cigar were floating above him. He was lost in contemplation. He was transformed, too, into a different-looking man; for he had changed his attire. In place of the workman's garb he wore a smart and easily fitting lounge-suit of dark gray, and his lean, clean-shaven face was shaded by a slouch felt-hat of the same colour.

Fairley, a stout man of sixty, bearded, with a ruddy complexion and a frank and open face, was close upon him before he was aware of it. He dropped his cigar, and sprang briskly out of the chair.

'Mr Fairley, I presume?'

'Yes. You are Mr Edge?'

'I answer to that name. Pardon my intrusion, Mr Fairley, and assure me of a welcome. I should be sorry to be turned out.'

'Well, we are hospitable, I hope; but'—and Fairley paused, and gazed at Edge very steadily for a full minute. The gaze was met just as steadily. Edge was not in the least disconcerted. Then, simultaneously, as if moved by the same impulse, both faces broke into a trusting smile. Fairley's objection had gone. He said, 'I cannot turn you out.'

'That's negative,' returned Edge, 'and satisfactory so far as it goes. Do you smoke?' and he opened his cigar-case.

'A pipe—thank you,' replied Fairley, pulling forward another chair, and proceeding to fill his briar.

'I, too, will try a pipe,' said Edge, producing his own briar. They sat down side by side, and Fairley passed him the pouch. 'That's positive,' Edge went on, 'and quite satisfactory,' as he

accepted the tobacco. 'We'll call it calumet, the ratifier of treaties, the pipe of peace.'

Mrs Fairley and her daughter were looking on, unseen, from an upper window, a pardonable inquisitiveness, considering what was at stake. When the pouch was passed Mrs Fairley said to her daughter, 'He's staying, Leila. We can make up the bed.'

And so Richard Edge was 'taken in and done for' by the Fairleys. They found him to be a very pleasant guest—unexact, entertaining, companionable. But they knew from the first that he was not a mechanic. Leila declared privately that he was a clever scientist sent down by the authorities to investigate, and, if possible, to counteract, the dreaded visitations of the mysterious miasma—a happy guess, and near the mark. But Leila had no idea that he was a professor of physics, a member of the faculty of a university renowned for its research, and that he was more familiar with gases, and gravitation, and modes of molecular motion, and all such-like phenomena than he was with the construction and repairing of machinery. In a month or so the manager promoted him; he entered the laboratory—took charge of it, in fact; and Leila, talking with her mother, nodded her shapely head wisely, but refrained from saying, 'Didn't I tell you?'

Two or three days had sufficed to reduce the newness of Edge's garments to the regulation colour. His appointment as a mechanic by the manager himself, accompanied by a hint to Day, the foreman, secured for him privileges which Day might otherwise have interfered with, and perhaps resented. Day found no fault with him. He did his work well. And, while at work, he scrupulously carried out the foreman's instructions. But at other times he was free to stroll into and over any part of the widely extended premises. He mingled with the workpeople, men and women—the majority were women—chatted with them, listened to them, cultivated their acquaintance, ascertained what their views were of the spasmodic visitations called by some 'the haze,' by others 'the miasma.' And he collated carefully all the information he gleaned in this way.

The works were situated entirely among a stretch of rolling sand-dunes. The low sheds were in the hollows, separated and mostly hidden from each other, the farthest shed quite two miles away from the main entrance. The dunes ran north and south, accommodating their western border to the slight curve of a lovely bay. Eastward, having covered half a mile, the dunes encroached upon the herb-scented meadows, nipped crisp and short by sleek milch cows. Seaward, the sand was broken by two widely separated outcrops of low, black cliffs, broken in outline only, for, above and behind the cliffs, the sand was paramount. Close in, the sea was shallow, and seldom visited even by the smallest

fishing-craft. It was a lonely place. To the south of it, on the banks of an inlet, there was a small town; across the inlet a village; and, five miles away, on the other side of the bay, a town of no great size, devoted mainly to fishing.

In such a situation miasma was almost impossible. True, the inlet widened landwards, and the hot sun, when the tides were low, drew from the level marshes exhalations that occasionally drifted across the dunes. But these were utterly different from the transparent and odourless miasma creeping insidiously through the hollows, and, ere the people were aware of it, constricting the muscles of the throat, and throwing them into violent convulsions. And the miasma was confined to the works. At the end of Edge's first week, on two successive days, there were slight visitations, both comparatively harmless, and in the middle of the third week another much more dangerous, claiming seventeen victims, five of whom died.

Again, in the beginning of the sixth week, while Edge was engaged in the laboratory, he heard an outcry, and, rushing to the window, saw the faintly luminous waves spreading, and the workpeople clambering up the yielding sand to the tops of the dunes—the only refuge from

the distressing, and maybe deadly, attacks of the mysterious foe. The radiation isolated the laboratory. It also isolated the office across the way. The manager would be immune in the upper room. But Miss Fairley was in the lower room. What if she were caught by it? Hastily dipping a pad in a solution close by him, Edge fixed it over his mouth and nostrils, and dashed across. There, to his dismay, he found Miss Fairley prone, gasping, in the grip of the miasma, and well-nigh overcome.

He ran to her, raised her, carried her up the stairs. Tearing away the pad, he gave himself resolutely to her restoration. The manager assisted him. Soon a convulsive shudder shook her. She opened her eyes and began to breathe more easily. The inevitable nausea followed. For several days she felt the effects of it, and was unable to return to her duties. Her mother, alarmed—for this was the first time Leila had been caught by it—tried to persuade her to give up the office-work. But Leila replied, 'No, mother. Why should I? Our country is as dear to us as it is to the men. Jack and Will are helping to defend it in France and Mesopotamia. I must help at home.'

(Continued on page 231.)

## A NECDOTAGE.

By C. L. G.

THERE are few books more unsuitable for continuous reading than collections of jokes. For my own part, I think one of the most depressing hours I ever passed was spent in reading an early edition of *Joe Miller*. It was not the staleness of the jokes so much as their quality that lowered one's spirits. Strings of anecdotes and good sayings without any introduction or comment only make for weariness, as a plum-pudding entirely composed of plums makes for indigestion. A plum-pudding with only one plum in it would be more endurable. The solitary joke in Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary—the remark that the conventional derivation of the word *συκοφαντης* is 'probably a figment'—is immensely refreshing from its unexpectedness, and, as a great physician once said, the essential element in recreation is surprise. Of course, there are books primarily anecdotic in their aim which are altogether delightful and even instructive. But such a result needs skill in presentation. Dean Ramsay is a classic example of the illuminating method. He gave the *coup de grâce* to the view that the Scot jokes with difficulty, just as those two wonderful ladies, Miss Violet Martin and Miss Somerville, triumphantly dispelled the notion that a woman's sense of humour was at best a pale reflex of the masculine variety. Their partnership—broken by the untimely death of Miss

Martin—was no ordinary collaboration, in which the share of each writer is easily recognised. It was a union of kindred minds working in such close intimacy that there was not a page, a paragraph, or even a sentence in any of their works which either of them could claim entirely as her own. Most of their readers regard them as humorists pure and simple. They were that and a great deal more. The book by which they themselves set the greatest store was *The Real Charlotte*, a study of Irish society, gentle, genteel, and simple, approached and carried out in the manner of Balzac. When they borrowed, it was not from books, but from the living, unprinted speech of their countrymen, and for one good saying that they appropriated, they coined a dozen of their own. Their humour was always relevant, and never dragged in by the hair of the head. This is a digression, but I never miss a chance of paying homage to my favourite modern novelists, who have not yet fully come by their own, and are at the moment partly eclipsed by the competition of in-artistic imitators.

It has occurred to me, in reading some modern autobiographies, that their writers, before indulging the desire to 'brighten' their pages with anecdote, would have done well to take for their watchword, 'Lest we remember.' The mischief is that so many people have remembered before

us, and recorded their remembrances with greater point. '*Pereunt qui nostra dixerunt ante nos*' is an old saying, and it does not merely express the resentment of the second of two great wits who have jumped together. It applies to the anecdote-monger who records good stories and sayings in the belief that they have only enjoyed an oral currency, when, as a matter of fact, they have often appeared in print before. It is a curious example of the way in which words change their meanings that the Greek word *anekdotos* signifies 'unpublished,' *inédit*, whereas 'anecdote' in the modern sense is applied to sayings or stories which have been published again and again. When they are spoiled in the retelling—which happens more often than not—all that can be urged in mitigation of the offence is that the stories or sayings are probably new to the majority of readers. But sometimes anecdotes are improved in the process of transmission, if the decoration is added by a humorist or an artist. For instance, there is the often-quoted story of Herbert Spencer's rebuke of the young officer at the close of a game of billiards in which, after the philosopher had opened with a miss, his opponent ran out without giving him another chance of scoring. The story as usually told restricts Herbert Spencer's comment to the reference to 'a misspent youth.' But quite recently I heard it given in this extended form: 'Moderate proficiency I can respect and even admire; but skill such as yours, sir, is the sure sign of a misspent youth.' Whether authentic or not, the preliminary sentence heightens the flavour of this portentous utterance. It must be admitted, however, that Herbert Spencer never spoke as harshly of others as others have spoken of him. Carlyle is reported to have called him 'the most unending ass in all Christendom,' and Mr Balfour Browne, in his recently published *Reminiscences*, describes his philosophy as 'a stickit engineer's mechanical theory of the universe.'

But it is not only unconscious humour that gains from embellishment. Take, for example, Gilbert's delightful 'Limerick' in blank verse, which I had always known till recently in the following form:

There was an old man of St Bee's,  
Who was stung in the leg by a wasp.  
When they asked, 'Does it hurt?'  
He replied, 'No, it doesn't;  
I thought all the while 'twas a hornet.'

A year or two ago an amateur of 'Limericks' described in a weekly paper how Gilbert, in reply to a letter about his unpublished nonsense rhymes, sent several 'Limericks,' including the following:

There was an old man of Tralee,  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.  
When they asked, 'Does it hurt?'  
He replied, 'No, it doesn't;  
It may do it again if it likes.'

Now, apart from the word 'Tralee,' which suggests the rhyme 'bee,' there can be no doubt as to the superiority of the unauthorised version. The introduction of the 'hornet' is a stroke of genius.

Apropos of 'Limericks,' how few people who retail or compose them are aware of the origin of the name! Even the *New Oxford Dictionary*, which explains it up to a certain point, fails to account for the choice of that particular city in the refrain of the stanza which has long since dropped out. Most people imagine that Lear was the inventor of the form. As a matter of fact, it was in use at least a generation before him. Lear retained the old form, in which the second half of the last line is identical with the second half of the first. But so far as the contents are concerned, he made the 'Limerick' the handmaid of pure nonsense in all senses of the adjective. From beginning to end you will not find a single topical allusion in Lear's verses. There is one unconscious prophecy in which a practice of Mr Gladstone is foreshadowed in the couplet:

There was an old man at a station  
Who made a promiscuous oration.

But Lear had few followers. The 'Limerick' undoubtedly gained by the introduction of a new rhyme in the last line; but, for the rest, it was cultivated in the interests of topical satire or burlesque or unseemliness. Many of the wittiest 'Limericks' are unprintable. Perhaps the cleverest of all, while void of offence, were limited in their appeal by their academic or technical character. A year or so back a collection of 'Limericks,' ancient and modern, was made by an editor more remarkable for his industry than for his discrimination. It is for the most part a deluge of drivel, redeemed by a homœopathic admixture of wit. The prize-competition nuisance, however, was responsible for one extraordinary incident. A very famous Victorian man of letters was a constant competitor under an assumed name in these tournaments, but never succeeded in gaining a prize. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection that, in view of the quality of the prize contributions, his consistent failure proved that his brain had not given way. But he was not the only man of genius who condescended to this popular and ribald stanza. When one reflects that Thackeray and Dante Gabriel Rossetti both cultivated it, there is some excuse for saying, 'Scorn not the "Limerick."' If 'the thing' never 'became a trumpet,' at least it can be made a singularly effective penny whistle.

To revert to Gilbert, the example given above of his verses being improved in transmission is not typical. His work did not lend itself readily to embellishment. Within his limits he was a consummate craftsman. And it is a curious fact that some of his very best work is

almost unknown. He never wrote anything wittier or more ingenious than his delightful burlesque on *Hamlet—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*—which has been less often seen on the boards than any of his other pieces. Certainly it is very short; but probably a greater drawback is its cleverness, which needs an esoteric audience. The ordinary theatre-goer would probably be unable to appreciate what is perhaps the best thing in the burlesque—Ophelia's review of all the different theories of Hamlet's eccentricity, in which the special features of various famous impersonations are described, and which winds up with the verdict that:

Hamlet is idiotically sane,  
With lucid intervals of lunacy.

It was *Hamlet*, again, which inspired Gilbert with his famous criticism of the reading given by a well-known actor as being 'funny without being vulgar.' Even more sardonic was his comment on the Falstaff of the same actor. The story goes that Gilbert went to see him in his dressing-room between the acts on a very hot night. The actor, heavily padded for the part, was perspiring freely, and Gilbert, after looking at him in silence for a few moments, observed, 'Your *skin* acts very well.' Criticisms of this acid quality do not conduce to the popularity of the critic, and in these days are seldom committed to print. But I remember reading a notice of a concert not so many years ago in which the critic, alluding to a singer more remarkable for the volume of her voice than for her intelligence, compared her to a bank-holiday trombone-player on Blackpool sands. People nowadays are more thin-skinned, more resentful of hostile comment, than they were in old times. We read that Dryden, the greatest of our satirists, was by no means unpopular in literary circles, in spite of his lacerating pen. Possibly his sincerity was discounted in view of an opportunism which enabled him to bestow equal eulogy on Cromwell and Charles II.

I wonder how much he was paid by the be-reaved nobleman who commissioned him to compose that long and minute panegyric of the deceased countess, whom Dryden frankly confesses in the preface that he had never known. As for his vitriolic portraits of political opponents, the odd thing about them is that they often apply with far greater force to statesmen and public characters of later generations than to the original victims. Dryden was neither just nor judicial in his censure, but he showed a profound insight into human nature. Johnson's often-quoted remark about patriotism being the last refuge of the scoundrel was forestalled in that wonderful couplet in which Dryden notes how easy it is

In factionous times  
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.

One has not to look far to-day to find modern

instances to prove the truth of this maxim. Dryden is not read or admired by our young poets. Curiously enough, it has been reserved for a cleric, the Rev. R. A. Knox, to take for his model, in his brilliant onslaught on the Higher Criticism, Dryden's greatest political satire, and incidentally to show that the heroic couplet, when handled by a master, is still unsurpassed as a medium of controversy. Mr Knox's satire was published not long ago in a volume of Oxford occasional verses, mostly of a sentimental or exotic type, which were simply overwhelmed by juxtaposition with this amazing and formidable *tour de force*. It was like meeting a rogue elephant amid a herd of gazelles.

Just as it is easier in fiction to make the adventurer or adventuress more interesting than the blameless hero or heroine, so for one genuine and finely expressed compliment you may find ten memorable censures or depreciations. Dr Johnson's tribute to the invulnerable excellence of Sir Joshua Reynolds is all the more remarkable because he was not lavish of praise. The interchange of generous admiration between Tennyson and Browning is a pleasant proof of the ability of rivals to comprehend one another; but great men have not always been so broad-minded. Scott, if he erred at all, erred on the side of over-appreciation; but Scott's magnanimity was as great as his genius. One of Meredith's greatest contemporaries said that reading his novels was like 'wading through glue.' A well-known critic, on hearing of this verdict, observed that it would be more true to say that it was like 'diving for pearls in glue.' References to women in the classics are more often bitter than not. Chivalry, as we understand the term, is rarely encountered in Greek or Latin writers. 'Do not believe a woman even when she speaks the truth' is typical of their attitude. And yet there are exceptions. Perhaps the most beautiful epitaph in existence is the laconic utterance of a bereaved husband: '*Nil unquam peccavit nisi quod mortua est;*' and Steele's famous saying, 'To love her was a liberal education,' is only a translation of the Greek maxim, *μουσική ἔρως διδάσκει*.

The scrapping of the classics will enable writers in future to claim originality for a great many plagiarisms or unconscious borrowings. Unconsciousness, it may be added, ministers largely to our amusement in that figure of speech which is technically known as *metaphasia*, and consists in the transposition of words, syllables, or initials. The present writer can remember a story, current at least fifty years ago, of a clergyman who recited a well-known text in the form, 'Grief may endure for a joy, but night cometh in the morning,' and of another who spoke of the plague of 'grasspillars and caterhoppers innumerable.' Best of all was his perversion of a well-known text into, 'It is easier for a rich man to

pass through the knee of an idol than for a camel to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' Lewis Carroll, a little later, in the preface to one of his books, described the formation of portmanteau words. For example, a person in doubt between 'Richard' and 'William' would say 'Rilchiam.' But by far the most popular and mirth-provoking result of these vagaries of the speech-centres is due to the involuntary transposition of initial letters, which for the last forty years has been associated with the name of its most illustrious exponent. The majority of examples are probably invented, but some of the best are genuine. For example, 'I live on a very quiet staircase. There are only two other men on it—Hell and Bedlam.' It is assuredly one of life's little ironies that a man of serious aims and dignified position, like the Rev. Mr Spooner, should be immortalised by entirely unintentional contributions to the gaiety of nations. But, after all, his fate is happier than that of the famous Hungarian patriot whose name is associated, in the minds of ninety-nine out of a hundred persons outside his country, solely with an aperient water.

Aristotle discourses on the courage of ignorance. There is also the humour of ignorance, which is a sub-species of unconscious humour. Musicians will remember that there was once a learned composer who, in order to distinguish him from his papal namesake, was known as 'Clemens non Papa.' One of his compositions figured in the programme of a concert sometime in the latter half of the last century; but whoever was responsible for the titles and names was dissatisfied with his familiar signature, and altered it to 'Clemens Junior'! Unconscious humour of the same order was once shown by an exalted personage who was the patron of a musical society, and attended their annual smoking-concert. On one occasion, when the programme was, in accordance with usage, submitted for his approval, he found it rather long, and, seeing that several partsongs were included, suggested that it might be shortened by 'leaving out some of the parts.' But my favourite musical anecdote in this context is one the humour of which resides in scene and circumstance rather than in speech. At a state function the Exalted Personage was specially attracted by a vivacious number played by the orchestra, and inquired its name from one of the officials in attendance. The official consulted the conductor, and returned to say that it was a popular melody of the day. Dissatisfied with the inadequacy of the information, the E. P. insisted on knowing what the words were, and the official was obliged to recite the lines:

Come where the booze is cheaper,  
Come where the pots hold more;  
Come where the boss is a bit of a joss,  
Come to the pub next door.

Anecdotes, as we have seen, sometimes gain from embellishment and adaptation. For example, there was a story current in former years

illustrating the excessive luxury which prevailed in the house of an eminent plutocrat. Early in the war it was given a new lease of life in a variant ingeniously adapted to suit the new conditions. A young Territorial officer, billeted at a 'stately home,' was duly called in the morning by a gorgeous menial, and the following dialogue ensued:

*Servant*—'Tea or coffee, sir?'

*Officer*—'Tea, please.'

*Servant*—'Indian or China, sir?'

*Officer*—'Oh, China, please.'

*Servant*—'Sirupy Souchong, or Formosa Oolong, sir?'

*Officer*—'Oh, Souchong.'

*Servant*—'Sugar, sir?'

*Officer*—'Yes, sugar, please.'

*Servant*—'Demerara or Jamaica, sir?'

*Officer*—'Oh, Jamaica.'

*Servant*—'Cream, sir?'

*Officer*—'Yes, cream.'

*Servant*—'Shorthorn or Jersey, sir?'

This is a form of story which lends itself to endless decoration. 'Strong or weak, sir?' 'China or silver teapot, sir?' suggest themselves as possible additions.

But there are other stories in which brevity is absolutely essential. For example, there is the tale of the candidate for a very exclusive golf club, who, on failing to be elected, rashly wrote to the secretary, a man of somewhat brusque manners and truculent speech, to inquire whether his rejection was due to his social position or his handicap, and received a reply on a post-card, containing the single word 'Both.' It is hard to suffer fools gladly. Johnson made no effort, and even the generous Scott occasionally found it a sore trial, though it is characteristic of him that what he disliked most was the 'pap of praise.' Editors of the old school were less lavish of encomium than their successors, and it is recorded of one of them that he used to instruct his reviewers in these terms: 'Be kind, be generous, be considerate, but when you meet a silly fool string him up.'

Indiscreet hero-worship sometimes recoils with deadly results on the sincere and devout admirer. When an elderly gentleman, after helping the Duke of Wellington over a crowded street-crossing, in reply to a laconic word of thanks expressed his pride in being of any service to the foremost general of the age, the duke dryly remarked, 'Don't be a d—d fool, sir!' The duke was not without a grim sense of humour, but, unlike Nelson, he detested sentiment. He and his generals were never a band of brothers. The retort discourteous is doubly crushing when it is provoked by a compliment, and in the example quoted the rebuke was out of all proportion to the offence—if it was an offence. Genuine hero-worship may lead to grotesque results. Thus a young lady, who had long cherished an intense admiration for a great man of letters, once found that he was a fellow-guest at a garden-party, and,

greatly daring, besought the hostess to introduce her. It was done, but her courage evaporated as she was left sitting by his side. After a short but (to her) agonising silence, the old man suddenly observed, 'You lace too tight; *I can hear your stays creaking.*' Mortified by this appalling remark, she sought escape in flight, but, to her horror, found that she was being pursued. The old man, however, had not come to add to her humiliation, but to end it by this amazing apology: 'I'm very sorry. I made a mistake just now. *It was my braces.*' It is painful to be wounded in the house of our friends; still more so in the house of our idols. But genius is often *farouche*; it seldom shows the tenderness of the Chinese philanthropist of whom Mr Bramah remarks, in one of his diverting Oriental fantasies, that 'he was too considerate. He tried to knock in nails with a cucumber.' The attitude of intellect towards simplicity is generally unsympathetic; not like that of the benevolent landlord who posted in a conspicuous place on his grounds a placard with the legend: 'Trespassers will not be prosecuted.' Another placard story—a chestnut, I admit, but probably true—is that of the humorous country gentleman who protected his flowers and fruit from marauders by the terrifying notice: 'Beware of the *Lycopodium!*'

'*Il y a un Dieu pour les ivrognes,*' runs the French proverb. Latin sayings testify to the power of wine in unlocking secrets and promoting indiscreet veracity. In moderation, it is alleged to heighten the brilliancy of conversation; in excess, it muddles the wits, though it sometimes clears the tongue. Stammerers do not stammer when they have drunk more than is good for them. The once familiar saying, 'As drunk as a lord,' has now become a libel. You might with equal truth or untruth say, 'As drunk as a King's Counsel or a Labour Leader.' One need not be regarded as priggish for holding that most stories about drunkenness are neither edifying nor amusing. But I confess to being still diverted by the story of the butler who lost his balance as he was carrying a dish into the dining-room in the days when joints were carved at table. 'You drunken scoundrel!' exclaimed his irascible master, 'do you see what you've done? There's the leg of mutton on the carpet!' 'N-no, sir,' replied the culprit; 'it's on the rug.'

American humour has been recently discussed so intelligently and sympathetically by Mr Stephen Leacock in his volume of *Essays* that little remains to be said. On the whole, it is much more popular in the United Kingdom than British humour is in the United States. A few years ago in one of the leading American comic papers there was a picture illustrating various forms of torture—thumbscrews, racks, &c.—and in the place of honour was a pile of volumes of *Punch*. Just fifty years ago *Punch* invited

Artemus Ward, the leading American literary comedian of the day, to contribute to its columns, and though he was in broken health, he responded with exhilarating results in a few papers, of which that on the Tower of London is a perfect specimen of his method. Artemus Ward is not read by the present generation; to many he is unknown, and to very few more than a name. Personally, I regret immensely that I never had an opportunity of hearing his famous Lecture, though I was probably too young to have appreciated it. It is delightful to read, but the effect was greatly enhanced by his melancholy appearance and the imperturbable gravity with which he uttered the wildest absurdities. Strange to say, some of the wisest and most highly educated men were amongst his most appreciative auditors. I remember the late R. H. Hutton telling me that he never laughed so much in his life. As a writer, Artemus Ward was often extravagant; but there was nearly always a core of wholesome shrewdness in what he wrote—far more of 'horse-sense' than of grinning through a horse-collar—and in the rare moments when he was serious or righteously indignant, he could be highly impressive. He was not only a humorist of genius, but a real patriot. His grotesque spelling was quite the least important, and the most widely, because most easily, imitated, feature of his method. Of the immense and well-earned vogue of Mark Twain, and later of 'Mr Dooley,' it is not necessary to speak. American humour differs in many ways from ours, and is none the less appreciated, as a rule, on that account. It owes not a little to a calculated exaggeration, as in the answer to the question whether somebody or other had any chance of getting or doing something: 'No more chance than a cat with tallow legs would have if chased through hell by an asbestos dog.' But the common view that American humour depends solely on exaggeration is quite a mistake. The most famous American humorists owe their wide popularity to elemental qualities which are common to the great humorists of all countries, though in the form of presentation they may resort more freely to extravagant illustrations. Again, in the reign of anecdote, particularly modern anecdote, one often discovers a quality entirely removed from extravagance. In the volume of tales and sketches published by the late Sir Herbert Tree shortly before his death, he describes how an American friend complained that English people seemed wholly unable to appreciate the most characteristic American humour. Sir Herbert Tree then asked him to give a typical specimen of this characteristic humour, and his friend accordingly told a story which is duly set down, and certainly bears out the contention. It is ingenious and subtle, but probably one in five English readers would fail to see the point, and the remaining four would fail to regard it

as specially amusing. It is only fair to add that for a full appreciation of the joke, a knowledge of local customs and of the meaning attached to a certain word is essential. Americans, it may be added, excel in picturesque euphemism as well as vigorous exaggeration. What could be better than the description of a brainless beauty as being 'an invalid above the eyebrows'?

The logical reader, if he ever gets thus far,

will be fairly entitled to remark, 'Was there ever such a *non sequitur*? You fall foul of anecdote-mongers, and then proceed to inflict another budget of anecdotes on the public!' I am afraid there is no valid answer to this objection. Anecdote is not logical, and I can only hope that the inconsistency will be overlooked by those who have found any entertainment in these pages.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THEY were as merry as children. His foot being still just sufficiently painful to serve as an excuse not yet to accompany the doctor on his faithful visit to Silver Creek, Gavin had asked Anita, eagerly, boyishly, to come and help him to lose some more trout.

Anita, woman-like responding to his mood, did her part in disguising as comedy what both strove to hide from themselves and each other so perilously bordered on tragedy. So she had hurried away for her hat, then tossed it carelessly on the bed. What need of a hat in these glorious, shady woods? For after this manner was she already learning to think—this town-bred child, just coming to discover that trees are great, kind things of sweet scent and soft shadows, not things of terror secreting other terrible things!

With eager fingers she laced up her tall boots, not sparing a single thought as to whether the thick soles and broad toes made her tiny feet look twice their size. Then away she darted in the wake of the tall Englishman, looking so radiant and happy that Momma Axel, glancing up from her endless task of bread-making, suddenly felt her eyes moist with involuntary tears, and the words trembled on the thin old lips: 'Poor girl! I'm sorry for her.' Then, as the windings of the trail hid them from her sight, with a little sigh and a shake of the head she fell once more to a vigorous kneading of the soft, floury lump before her. Thus, while beneath the busy, toil-worn hands a row of plump, pale loaves took shape, presently to mingle a crisp, nutty odour with the sun-released spices of balsam and fir, a joyous trio—a man, a girl, and a red-brown dog—were crushing the pungent pine-needles below their feet, pushing their way through bush and bough, farther and farther into the illimitable forest. The pervading silence seemed to have cast its spell over the man and the girl—a spell which the dog (as dogs will), divining, mutely acknowledged by quietly falling to heel, instead of scouring far in advance, as was his wayward habit.

Gavin Barrie, erect, head a trifle high, a new

light in his eyes, his whole attitude unconsciously defiant, forsaking the well-defined trail, led the way, it mattered not *whither*. This was *his* day—and *hers*! Behind him pattered Anita Lalonne, a bright spot burning in either cheek, eyes wide and lustrous, her breath coming rather quick. Not a word had Gavin spoken to her since they set out; but that he was deliberately, pointedly, as it were, taking care of her, she could not but be aware. Now it was an impeding bough which he held aside for her to pass, now an opening to be forced through a thicket of buckthorn; his ready hand it was to steady her in the scramble up and over some huge, obstructing log; again his hand pulling her up a short, steep ravine; and then, 'Oh!' burst in mingled delight and astonishment from the girl's lips. 'How wonderful!'

They had suddenly emerged upon a section of the forest which, having from time immemorial been periodically burnt over by the Indians when this was their undisputed territory, was quite devoid of undergrowth, big timber alone surviving, each giant, majestic in height and girth, standing aloof, while here and there outcropped a great boulder in comparison with whose age the hoariest monarch of the pines was but in its infancy. Immediately beyond this wilderness park lay extended, in all the pride of proportion and infinity of colour, the wide-mouthed cañon of the Rubicon River, luminous in the morning sunshine, and mistily receding for many a mile to where, sharply outlined against a sky of intensest blue, broke, needle-like, the silver-gray peaks of the Granite Mountains, more silvery, more gray, in contrast with the one dazzling snow-burdened shoulder of Tell's Peak. 'How wonderful!' again half-breathlessly exclaimed the forester's girl, turning her glowing eyes upon the Englishman, over whose impassive face now flashed an answering enthusiasm.

'Do you like it, Anita?' he asked, adding half-teasingly in French, 'I believe you are learning to forget even Paris!' Then, as though fearful of treading on dangerous ground, he

continued in his usual unemotional manner of speaking: 'Just at the foot of those gray-looking mountains lie the rock-bound lakes in whose depths are fabled to swim trout of such unheard-of size and gameness that they have lured Dr Grey and myself half across the world. We're going to camp out on one of them as soon as we've tried our luck all round and about the Grizzly. Wish this plagued foot of mine'—— He stopped abruptly, flushing hot as Anita, her eyes dancing with mischief, burst into a peal of laughter. Barrie, despite his own discomfiture, joined in, and, the tension thus relieved between these human beings whose moods taxed the sagacity of even the most intelligent of dogs, 'Bob' took advantage to slip away on pressing business of his own. 'See!' said Gavin, 'a little farther is our old friend Bear Creek. It rises, you know, many miles away in those lakes. Would you mind coming along, so that I could fish a bit?'

Anita readily assented; but, as with light, glad step she followed him, she found herself suddenly challenged by a disquieting reflection. Never, since those peaceful hours long ago in the sheltered garden of the 'Rose d'Or,' had she felt so utterly content, so happy, so secure. And yet, on the instant, as though taking alarm at the insidious serenity of her mind, her heart began to clamour for a hearing, until flashed like lightning the naked truth upon her. Blind—blind had she been ever to imagine that for her the world could hold any man other than this one, the generous guardian of her childhood, her deliverer from a life of peril and possible shame, the fair god of all her young dreams. Almost stupefied by a rush of torturing thoughts evoked by this vivid self-revelation, Anita gradually dropped behind and stood still, lost in deep reverie, from which the voice of Gavin Barrie presently roused her.

'The trout are not taking very well,' he said; 'but I should like to have another try a little farther down. Will you rest here, and perhaps keep that scoundrel, "Bob," with you?' he added, as the dog, with a guilty air, and with dirty nose to the ground, came racing up to them, and flung himself down, panting, beside the girl.

'Yes, I will wait,' replied Anita, with a thrill of pride thus to prove to him how quickly she was learning the lesson of the woods; then, settling herself against a log and winding an arm round the dog's neck, she raised her eyes to Gavin's, saying a little wistfully, 'You won't be gone long?'

Now Gavin Barrie was no god such as Anita fondly fancied, but a very mortal man, and there had been that in the tone of her voice and the depths of her great eyes which made the lure of all the fish in California as nothing in comparison. Wherefore it required only a few fruitless casts to convince this ardent disciple of

Izaak Walton that the trout were in a bad humour, and not to be tempted with fly of his, and long before Anita had begun to think of his return, she heard him saying, as, slipping off the creel, he seated himself on the end of the log against which she was leaning, 'Can't waste time over unwilling trout *to-day*, my little Anita!' the words accompanied by an involuntary glance up at the sky, as though he begrudged the speed with which the sun-god urged his chariot towards the tree-tops. Then, after a pause, in which neither spoke, 'Are you tired?' he asked abruptly, noticing how silent was the girl's usually nimble tongue.

Anita, thus taxed, pulled herself sharply together. Not for worlds must she betray the secret of her heart so long unprobed even by herself. Springing up from her lowly seat, she perched herself jauntily on the opposite end of the log from Barrie, and glancing significantly at the empty creel, began rallying him in French for his lack of perseverance.

To this the obvious retort would have been, 'That is *your* fault,' but this was not Gavin Barrie's way. Besides, he was only too conscious that it was with a steady paddle he must steer the canoe in which he had risked embarking, lest he and Anita be swept into rapids such as even his strong will could not stem. So he merely passed some trite remark as to the perversity of fish in general, and of trout in particular, then gradually drifted into tales and anecdotes of his wanderings in pursuit of his favourite sport. Seldom given to talking of himself, he could be, once started, an interesting and graphic narrator; an easy task, too, here in the open spaces, and on his tongue the language he loved better than his own—beside him Anita as sole audience. To all appearances intent upon the rearrangement of his fly-book, he nevertheless was well aware with what eager interest she hung on his words, how her cheeks flushed and her eyes glowed, as he told of his experiences among the wild rivers of Norway, of dusky streams in Bavarian forests, of days full of joy and zest on loch or burn 'mid the heathery moors of Bonnie Scotland.

To the girl whose life had been so circumscribed—chapter one, *France*; chapter two, the Far West—these recitals had almost the glamour of fairy-tales, of which Gavin himself was the 'Prince in disguise,' while she, alas! was the merest Cinderella. Inch by inch, yet quite unconsciously, after the manner of a child eagerly listening to some wonderful story, Anita drew nearer to Gavin's end of the log, and making a lap for the head of the red-brown dog, which had followed her up and leant heavily and sleepily against her knee, began twisting the soft, silky ears in and out of her small, white fingers, her eyes fixed on Barrie, while ever and anon she urged him, with question and comment, to further unfoldings of his *Wanderjähre*.

So intent were they, so happy and absorbed in those few glad hours, which, unconfessed even to themselves, each knew to be snatched from a lifetime, that they neither saw nor heard the approach of a horseman, whose animal, showing signs of being hard ridden, he was urging along an ill-defined trail which, miles across country, joined the high-road to the Granite Mountains. Almost as spent as his horse, he nevertheless sat firm in the saddle, a happy gleam in the bright brown eyes, while he softly whistled a lively tune. By dint of spur and whip he had succeeded, despite the roughness of the trail, in persuading the weary beast into a smart trot, when all at once he pulled the creature up so sharply that the savage bit brought it sliding backwards on the slippery pine-needles, while its rider stared with incredulous eyes at a small group some hundreds of yards distant. Deadly white, the sweat breaking out on his forehead, his hand clenching the lathered lines, he gazed and gazed. Then, as the certainty of what he saw forced itself on his bewildered mind, his hand flew to his hip-pocket, half-drew something from it; then, with an oath and a smothered groan, he dropped it back, swinging himself swiftly, softly from the saddle.

He would approach them, near—very near. The bullet should make no miss. God! the man was half-frenzied. This radiant creature, looking so happy, so closely companioned with another man, alone in the depths of the forest—this—*this* was Annie—*his* Annie; the girl for whom he had lived and longed and denied himself, for whom he had laboured by day and wearied by night; the girl whom he, abject fool that he was, had pictured grudging each moment until he should come for her, weeping and fretting over the delay; the girl towards whom, sparing neither himself nor his horse, he had ridden hard since midnight, so as to surprise the love-light in her eyes!

Curse! Seizing his horse's bridle, he began leading him along the windings of the trail, now and again halting to dash the streaming sweat from his eyes, and to look again. Even to his jealous, maddened sight there was no glaring evidence of vicious intimacy with which to charge them, but rather, and perhaps more bitter still, the calm of complete content in Anita's lovely face, of a subtle understanding and *bonne camaraderie* between her and this stranger.

For an instant the impulse seized his stricken heart to turn and ride away, to abandon these two to each other, seeing that he must now be but an unwelcome third. Let Annie be happy even at cost of his own shattered life. Almost, indeed, might the forester have yielded to such

an extreme test of his love, had not the girl at that moment impulsively bent forward and laid her cheek, whose soft contour was plainly visible to her frantic lover, upon the head of a red-brown dog which leaned upon her knee and shot out his tongue in moist efforts at caress. And Anita laughed—a gay, protesting little laugh—as with her handkerchief she made pretence of rubbing away the dog's wet kiss, while the man beside her reproved and tried to coax him from her side. Anita, however, laughingly shook her head, saying something rapidly in a language which, failing to be understood by the listener, increased the impression of a close bond from which he was wholly excluded. But the sight of the red-brown dog fondled by and appropriating his girl nearly maddened the already overwrought forester. All the animosity and unreasoning prejudice dormant within him since childhood now sprang up, hydra-headed, to seize the man by the throat, and to inflame his mind with an image in which were fastastically confused the tin toy that had swallowed his scanty pocket-money, the wastrel pup gulping down precious food, and this big brown dog, his coat glossy and gleaming in the sunshine, upon which his Annie was lavishing caresses.

'One—two—three! One for each,' he whispered hoarsely, while once more his shaking fingers sought the revolver. 'One—two—three!' he repeated, stealthily drawing nearer.

But at that instant a stick snapping sharply under the shoe of the forester's horse roused Gavin Barrie's dog, already scenting the newcomers, and with a fierce bark that echoed through the silent woods, he bounded away from Anita, so startling her that she sprang to her feet with a cry of terror.

'Lie down, "Bob"! ' thundered his master, who, vexed to see the girl white and trembling, had also risen. Following with his eyes the direction beyond where 'Bob,' his coat bristling, feathery tail erect, stood growling, he discovered the stranger, who, having left his horse, was now striding towards them. 'Whew!' whistled Barrie softly; 'here's a pretty rough-looking specimen of the Wild West!' and instinctively drew nearer to the girl, laying a protecting hand upon her trembling arm.

But Anita Lalonne seemed as though she heard not. Quietly withdrawing a pace or two from Gavin Barrie, while the rich colour alternately ebbed and flowed in her cheeks, she placed her tiny hand on the head of the dog, which, not approving of the intruder's appearance, had retreated to her side, and, unflinching, turned to face David Hardy.

(Continued on page 227.)



## THE AUCKLAND AND CAMPBELL ISLANDS.

TO the south of New Zealand lie a number of islands, large and small, which are known as the sub-antarctic islands of New Zealand; they include Snares Island, the Auckland group, Campbell Island, the Bounty Islands, and Antipodes Island. Geographically speaking, Macquarie Island also belongs to these, but politically it is attached to Tasmania. It would seem that the so-called Emerald Island, Royal Company Islands, and Nimrod Islands do not in reality exist. Dumont D'Urville sought for them in vain, and more recent investigations, especially by Shackleton, go to show that there is no land whatever in the tracts of ocean where they were supposed to be. The same may be said of Dougherty Island, which was presumed to lie half-way between New Zealand and Cape Horn. When, towards the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, the islands which really exist were from time to time discovered, they were the resort of innumerable seals, and the reports of the riches which they represented attracted many a gallant ship's crew to these, the most stormy waters in the world. Many are the tragedies of which they have been the scene.

Owing to want of anchorage at all the smaller islands (only the Auckland and Campbell Islands have good natural harbours), parties of men used to be landed from the sealing-ships in order to secure and collect skins; but it frequently happened that, on account of stormy weather, the vessel, on returning, was unable to effect a landing, and the unfortunate men were left to spend an unknown length of time under the most wretched conditions. On one occasion a number of seamen spent seven years on Snares Island before relief came. About 1865 the New Zealand Government began to establish depots of provisions, &c., on all the islands; and now a ship is sent twice a year in order to replenish these, and to search for any shipwrecked men. On one of these cruises a well-known Danish scientist, Dr Phil. Th. Mortensen, was accommodated with a passage, and as a result he recently delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society in Copenhagen, an interesting lecture, of which the following is a summary.

More than ordinary interest attaches to the exploration of these islands on account of their position half-way between New Zealand and the south polar lands. They appear to represent the remains of the old land connection between the Australian and the Antarctic Continent, which nearly all the scientists who have studied the animal and plant life of the southern hemisphere are of opinion must have at one time existed. On November 17 the training-ship *Amokura*, with the professor on board, sailed southwards from Inverrarron, but so stormy was

the weather that a stay of nearly a week had to be made at Stewart Island. Here the climate is so severe that cultivation is out of the question, and the New Zealand Government has converted nearly the whole island into a National Park for the preservation of the indigenous animals and plants. The forest with which it is covered is primeval and practically untouched. It is full of beautiful tree-ferns; and there is a varied and abundant bird life—which includes a species of kiwi (*Apteryx Laurys*) unknown elsewhere.

On November 23 a course was steered for Snares Island; but the weather became again so bad that a landing was impossible. Through the glasses the large colony of penguins which exists there could be made out. Having ascertained that neither here nor at Disappointment Island were there any castaways, the vessel now sailed along the precipitous and inaccessible wall of rock which forms the northern coast of Auckland Island to Port Ross, a large bay with excellent anchorage. At Carnley Harbour, the next port of call, a heavy gale blew, with snow and hail, although it was midsummer; on December 7 Campbell Island was reached; and a week later the voyage terminated at Akaroa Harbour in New Zealand.

The Auckland group, which consists of six large islands—by far the most extensive of which is Auckland Island itself—and some half-score of small ones, lies about two hundred and ninety miles from the southern point of New Zealand, and has an area of three hundred and thirty square miles. Campbell Island and the adjacent islets are only about sixty square miles in extent. Both groups are mountainous, some of the tops attaining a height of two thousand feet, but none is covered with snow throughout the entire year.

The whole of the north, south, and west coasts of the Aucklands consist of steep, bare, inaccessible precipices, and their aspect is far from hospitable; but at Port Ross and Carnley Harbour the land slopes gradually down to the water's edge, and conveys the impression of great fruitfulness. In 1849 an attempt to colonise the islands was made, but a couple of years were sufficient to prove its futility. The climate would not seem to have been sufficiently taken into consideration. The rainfall and snowfall are enormous. On Campbell Island in 1905 there were two hundred and sixty rainy days, with a fall of over fifty-three inches; in 1906 there were two hundred and eighty rainy days, with a fall of over fifty-six inches. The ground everywhere from the coast up to the tops of the hills is of a boggy character, and consists exclusively, sometimes to a depth of thirty feet, of the remains of plants, and the water which flows from it in

innumerable streams is quite brown and full of humic acid.

The forests are composed for the most part of the so-called rata or ironwood tree (*Metrosideros lardii*), a member of the myrtle family; it has large, dark-green, leathery leaves, and in January and February it is covered with masses of red bloom. *Olearia Lyalli*, a tree whose young shoots and leaves are covered with a close white film for protection against evaporation, is numerous represented also, as is *Dracophyllum longifolium*, a tree which, with its long, spike-formed leaves, is reminiscent of the fir, but has pretty white blossoms which grow in clusters somewhat like the lily of the valley.

A remarkable feature in these woods is the way in which the trees, especially the rata and the olearia, grow for nearly half their length along the ground. This is due to the constant winds, and the result is a chaos which can only and with great difficulty be penetrated by following the tracks made by the sea-lions. The rata-trees attain a thickness of over three feet and a height of thirty to forty feet. At their tops they send forth numerous branches, which form a canopy of leaves so dense that underneath the air is quite still, however hard it be blowing overhead. Here a luxuriant vegetation of quite another character flourishes—plants which are not at all suited to resist great evaporation, more especially a multitude of ferns, from quite small, almost moss-like forms (*Hymenophyllum*) to large tree-ferns, which have here their southern limit. Up towards the hill-tops the trees become more and more insignificant, until they form a low thicket, which ultimately gives place to a vegetation consisting mainly of grass. This grass, however, does not grow in the ordinary way; it forms tussocks five to six feet high, between or over which it is extremely difficult to walk.

The animal life on the island is also remarkable. As in New Zealand, there are no indigenous mammals, but a number have been introduced. When it was discovered by Captain Bristow (in August 1806), some pigs were released upon it, and these, although not always visible, are now plentiful, to judge from their tracks in the woods. Cattle have been tried, but the dampness of the climate proved too much for them. Goats did better, but most of these fell victims to the half-wild dogs, of which there are many. Sheep-breeding, too, has proved unsuccessful on the Auckland Islands; but on Campbell Island it is still conducted on a modest scale.

None of the creatures introduced by man have affected the animal life of the Auckland Islands; it is the sea-lions which give it character. These huge beasts, which are nearly as big as walruses, are very partial to going ashore for the purpose

of sunning themselves, and the woods are full of their paths. They make their way up the steepest ascents and through the densest tree growth, and may frequently be met with sleeping in open spaces far from the sea. Here the young are born—as a rule in February; and they also frequent the tracts of meadow at the head of the bays. Formerly they could be seen in such places in hundreds; but their numbers have been greatly reduced by the professional hunters. The skin only is taken, and the carcass is left to rot. The species of sea-lion (*Arctocephalus Hookeri*) above referred to is the only one which is now numerous on the islands. Another, the fur-seal (*Arctocephalus Forsteri*), used to be very plentiful. Some years ago, when, on account of the value of its skin, it had become nearly exterminated, the New Zealand Government prohibited its capture. In the course of a few years it had again increased considerably in numbers, and the prohibition was withdrawn, the result of which was that it has now almost ceased to exist. Two other animals of the seal species are found on the islands, the sea-elephant and the sea-leopard, but only in small numbers.

The bird life is abundant and interesting. In the woods the pretty tui, or parson bird, is common, and so tame that it can almost be taken with the hand; so also are the parrots, of which there are three varieties in the Auckland Islands. Much more numerous than the land birds, however, are the sea fowl; and albatross, penguins, fulmars, gulls, skuas, cormorants, &c. breed on the islands. On the shore in the neighbourhood of Carnley Harbour are quantities of a large kind of mussel; at low-water they lie buried in the sand. The shell is very hard and thick, but the gulls solve the difficulty of getting at the contents by flying up with them to a considerable height and dropping them on to the rocks, where they are smashed. The big skua, *Catharacta antarctica*, is a prominent member of the bird community, and a robber of the worst kind. It attacks the gulls and appropriates the fish which it has compelled them to disgorge; it drags the fulmars from their nests, and kills and eats them and their eggs; and it even picks out the eyes of sick sheep. Cormorants are numerous. One species, *Phalacrocorax colensoi*, exists only on the Aucklands; and a species of duck, *Nesonetta Aucklandica*, which has nearly lost the power of flying, is only found here. No fewer than four kinds of albatross breed on the islands. They nest in large numbers among the tussocks on the hills, each species keeping apart from the others. They are so tame that they will hardly move from the nest when approached, and the New Zealand Government has found it necessary to prohibit the taking of their eggs.



## THE METHODS AND MEANINGS OF MASCOTS.

By PHILIPPA FOREST.

**M**ASCOTS and charms have a great vogue nowadays, for propitiation of the gods of luck is never more fervent than when the gods of war are tossing Fate's dice-box. And belief in them is not by any means confined to any one section of the people. It ranges from the highest to the lowest. Queen Alexandra is said to treasure one of the finest collections of crystal globes in the world. It contains one that belonged to the great Napoleon, which is said to be weirdly accurate in the pictures it presents. The Dowager Empress of Russia, her sister, is also very much interested in 'charms,' and never travels without several favourite mascots hung about her somewhere. The late King Edward was a believer in the luck-bringing powers of the horse-shoe, and his favourite gift to a bride was a jewelled device of this kind. And every one knows that a search amongst our soldiers would bring to light many a cherished mascot in the shape of a lucky coin, horse-shoe, or some other magical talisman. As for the 'swastikas,' miniature horse-shoes, 'touchwoods,' 'fumsups,' and other charms worn by Tommy's wives and sweethearts—their name is legion! Indeed, it is said that the inventor of one popular mascot has sold nearly two millions since the war began.

This belief in the power of charms and amulets is by no means a new one. It harks back to very early times, and probably originated with the claim made by the priests of ancient religions to be able to influence the gods by their prayers and incantations. The worshippers naturally clamoured for some substitute for this power that could be carried about for use in times of danger, and the priests discovered that it was easy and profitable to transfer the incantations in writing or hieroglyphs to various substances. Rough images of the gods were added as time went on, which gradually developed into ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze. Thus the idea of protection and good luck became associated with certain symbols and metals—and 'that is all there is in it,' say the common-sense folk, who look down on 'silly superstitions.' But the devotees who touch wood whenever they boast of good fortune, or turn their money three times when they see the new moon, claim that many things happen that cannot be explained away in this severely rational fashion. There is a vast body of evidence which proves that certain gems and devices *do* bring good or ill luck, they say.

The story of the famous Spanish opal ring would seem to bear witness to the truth of this contention. Certainly the long arm of coincidence would have to be stretched a preposterous length to embrace the series of fatalities that

followed its advent. This ring belonged to the beautiful Comtesse de Castiglione, who flourished in the reign of Napoleon III. Among her admirers was Alfonso XII., then an outcast and a pretender. Events brought him to the throne, and he married a princess of royal blood. The jealousy and hatred of the comtesse was aroused. She sent an opal ring of rare beauty as a wedding-gift. The king gave it to his bride, Queen Mercedes, who from that moment commenced to ail, and died after a few months. It was then given by Alfonso to his grandmother, Queen Christina, who also succumbed a few months later. The king's sister, the Infanta Maria del Pilar, next wore it, and she perished in a few days of a mysterious sickness. The youngest daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier was the next victim, and after this list of tragedies the king determined to keep the ill-omened jewel to himself, but his unhappy life came to an end shortly after he slipped it on his finger. His second wife, Queen Christina, then took possession of it, and placed it on the breast of the statue of the Virgin of Almudena, where it remains to this day.

Spain possesses another gem of deadly potency, though its history is not so well known as that of the opal. 'Mephisto's ring,' as it is called, contains a large and beautiful emerald. It came to Spain—no one knows how—in the reign of Philip II., and brought in its train the succession of calamities which resulted in the decline of Spanish power. At the time of the Spanish-American war it was presented by the royal family to a church, which was shortly afterwards burned to the ground. The ring was saved and given to a museum, which was struck by lightning; so the ill-fated jewel was returned to the royal family, 'with thanks.' Following swift on its return came the news of the defeat of the Spanish army and navy. The ring has now been placed in a strong-box and buried.

From the time of Tubal Cain and Solomon rings appear to have been associated with the destinies of kings and leaders of men. The far-famed 'Solomon's Seal' is said to have been a ring in which were imprisoned spirits who fulfilled their master's commands. Apollonius of Tyana changed his rings daily, using one with a correct jewel for every day in the week. According to a document in the Rolls House, Cardinal Wolsey possessed 'such a rynge that whatsoever he askyed of the Kynge's Grace that he hadd yt.'

To come down to the present time, the ex-Tsar of Russia is said to hold in great reverence a ring in which is embedded a piece of the true Cross. This is supposed to have the virtue of

shielding its wearer from any physical danger, and the value the ex-monarch sets upon it is shown by the fact that he will never move any distance without it. Once, when he had started on a journey minus his amulet, he had the royal train held up for eight hours while a special messenger went back to Petrograd for it. It is said that the only occasion on which his ill-fated grandfather neglected to wear it was the day on which he was assassinated. One wonders if the revolutionaries have been merciful enough to leave it with him; for he will surely need all the comfort he can get from that, or any other, possession in the direful days on which he has fallen!

The mascot of the House of Hohenzollern is also a ring which has a very curious history. It is set with an ugly black stone—a very fitting symbol, one would think—which, legend relates, was dropped by an enormous toad on the bed of the wife of the Elector John of Brandenburg immediately after she had given birth to a son. The toad then mysteriously disappeared. The stone was set in a ring which has been worn on state occasions ever since by the head of the Hohenzollerns. It is stated that the present Kaiser will not enter upon any important engagement unless he is wearing it. It is mentioned officially in many of the archives of Berlin.

Mascots are usually regarded as being individual in their influence, but there are a few which wield a much wider power. The Coronation Stone, for instance, is said to be associated with the fate of Scotland, and may be regarded as a national mascot. It was forcibly removed from Scone, in Perthshire, by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey more than six centuries ago. The hooks by which it was lifted still remain. It will strike most people as a curious coincidence, if nothing else, that it was slightly injured—for the first time for centuries—by an explosion in Westminster Abbey a few months before the present war broke out.

Some curious stories are also attached to the stones of Stonehenge, one of which is that one of the large stones falls when a sovereign dies. Certainly it is undeniable that one fell a few days before the death of Queen Victoria.

The mascot of the Jewish nation is a large sapphire which is kept in the very centre of the Sacred Ark. It is guarded by the high priest with the greatest care, and it is a popular belief that it changes in colour and brilliance when any event of importance to the Jewish people is imminent.

The black stone of Mukden is associated with the destiny of the Chinese Empire. It is an ordinary shaft of black basalt a few feet high, set beside the chief gate of the Imperial Palace of Mukden, and is said to have mysteriously disappeared during the revolution, in accordance with the belief that when it was

lost the Manchurian dynasty would lose the throne.

Individual mascots are almost as varied as individuals, and range indiscriminately from an old shoe to a sprig of white heather or a scrap of Egyptian mummy. They cannot be classified under any known rule, for in the realm of luck, as in that of dietetics, 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison.' A certain trinket or article of dress is dubbed 'lucky' if it happens to have been worn when a special piece of good fortune befell the wearer, and is sported constantly afterwards in the hope that it may attract Dame Fortune's eye again. Or a gift is bestowed with goodwill and affection, and as every one nowadays acknowledges the power of thought, it is felt to be a magnet attracting to the receiver all that is desired by the giver. Therefore, while some people would confidently expect the skies to rain misfortune on them if they wore an emerald or opal or a pearl, others would never dream of engaging in any important business without their opal or emerald mascot well in evidence.

The origin of the baleful repute of the opal is not positively known, but it probably dates back to the time when the plague was rife in Venice some three or four centuries ago. This beautiful stone was then a particular favourite with the Venetians, and it was noticed that when a victim was at the point of death his ring—if he wore one—brightened, and after death became dull. As this implied a sort of malignant intelligence in the stone, it was charged with bringing about the death of the owner; whereas it was really the patient who influenced the gem. The heightened fever caused it to become more brilliant, and the chill and damp of dissolution afterwards dulled it.

Amongst luck-bringing devices horse-shoes undoubtedly hold pride of place. Various explanations are given as to the origin of their power, but that which ascribes it to the witch-protecting properties of iron is probably the right one. It used to be confidently believed that no witch could enter a building over or under iron, and in many parts of the north of Scotland nails and horse-shoes are, to this day, fastened to the door of a room in which a mother and a new-born child lie, to prevent the entrance of witches and the 'little people.' Nelson is said to have had faith in the luck-bringing powers of the horse-shoe, and nailed one with his own hands to the mast of the *Victory*. Commander Holbrook, who took the B11 on that marvellous expedition under the Dardanelles, and returned safely to his base after sinking a Turkish warship, is also a believer in this emblem, for he fastened a horse-shoe that was sent to him by an admirer to the bulkhead of the B11.

The King and Queen have also recognised this popular superstition by giving a box of tobacco

stamped with a horse-shoe and the words, 'Good luck to a brave man,' to a large number of wounded soldiers.

It is worthy of note that many of the charms carried by soldiers are made of hard metal, 'And are therefore calculated to gain a reputation for luck by turning the course of a bullet,' say the scoffers. But Tommy would never admit that this was the foundation of his belief in his cherished horse-shoe or rusty nail. When his mascot does turn a death-dealing missile, it is its magical, not its resisting, qualities that are responsible, and any one who tried to convince him to the contrary would not be popular.

Nearly all gamblers place faith in a lucky coin, and jealously treasure one with which to win a toss. This superstition is a debased form of the ancient belief in the power of talismanic discs—that is, coins that were engraved with secret Hebrew 'words of power.' The mascot of the Rothschilds is said to be a coin which is kept in a small gold casket by the head of the house. The power lies in the words that are inscribed on it.

Most actresses and actors possess a favourite mascot. Madame Sarah Bernhardt's is a necklace of nuggets that was given to her by some Californian miners a good many years ago. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is said to pin her faith to a girdle of uncut turquoises, and wears it always on 'first nights.'

Green is supposed to be a very unlucky colour, but it has a contrary effect when it is worn in a stone or an ornament, a fact that accounts for the popularity of jade as a material for charms and amulets. The late Mr Leopold de Rothschild was very much attached to a little green stone carved in the shape of a Hindu god, and attributed his luck in winning the Derby some years ago to its influence. Mrs Nicholas Longworth's—*née* Miss Roosevelt—favourite ornament is a beautiful jade necklace which was given to her by the late Dowager Empress of China. The empress declared that the stones had been cut by an artist who had the reputation of being a wizard, and that the necklace would bring to its owner her heart's desire. As Miss Roosevelt soon afterwards met her present husband, she is said to have confided to a friend 'that there was perhaps something in it.' Sir H. Rider Haggard places great value on a quaint signet ring set with a green stone, which once adorned the finger of that Pharaoh who made Israel captive. He regards it as a powerful mascot, and always wears it when at work on his novels.

Some people are considered to be lucky or the reverse to those with whom they are brought into close contact, just as some animals are. Lady Bancroft was always credited with the power of bringing good luck, and her friends used to beg some object that she had worn when

they were entering on a hazardous adventure. There is no doubt that sailors in particular believe in lucky and unlucky persons, and nothing will induce the majority of them to sail with a man who has the reputation of being a 'Jonah.'

Where animal mascots are concerned, black cats undoubtedly head the list. A theatrical company will grow hysterical with joy if a black cat strolls across the stage on the first night of a new play! Many people, on going to live in a new house, will meanly try to coax a black cat over the threshold with milk or other dainties, but experts say that the entrance must be a voluntary one if good luck is to ensue. Black cats are carried on hundreds of ships and yachts, and several are at the front in the official capacity of regimental mascots. Other regiments have adopted bears or goats, and loud is the lamentation when any misfortune befalls the guarded pets. The Canadians brought with them four young black bears, but wisely decided to take no chances with them at the front, so they were despatched on board wages to the Zoo. That they may soon be able to escort their triumphant friends home again will be the heart-felt wish of all—a wish that in itself will prove a powerful mascot. For, if the ancient sorcerers are to be believed, it is 'the will behind the word' that gives the magical power to any spell or charm.

## HOMeward BOUND.

### I.

#### SPES LOQUITUR.

To-NIGHT your weary eyes shall see once more  
The village nestling 'neath the headland's height,  
And love shall greet you at the open door  
To-night.

To-night the pale moon's glories, pure and white,  
Rest on the sea and strow its shadowy floor  
With rippling silver, tremulous in the light

That flames from misty shore to misty shore.  
On! gallant ship, and speed thee in thy flight,  
And toil shall cease and peril shall be o'er  
To-night.

### II.

#### FLOTSAM.

Hidden away in the rocks' recesses,  
Drear and lonely a tiny bay  
Sleeps, where none but the fisher guesses  
Hidden away.

Hither, thither its waters sway,  
Lightly curled by the wind's caresses,  
Faintly flushed by the dying day.

Wave on wave through the narrows presses  
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An enemy would have to cope with enormous natural difficulties. And if he took the country, what then? He would simply be in possession of a chain of almost sterile valleys some thirty miles long.

I came to a bend in the pass, and I saw in the distance, through the clear air, the tops of houses. It was the little village of St Vincent.

Soon I came up to it, and was passing through it. The houses were low and strong-walled, and lying upon the roofs and hanging through the open windows were great bunches of tobacco-leaves. They were drying, and they filled the air with a pungent odour.

The people were standing at their doors, gazing upon the passing stranger. They courteously returned my salutation. The men were much like the man I had seen just before I crossed the frontier—great, powerful men with fresh-coloured faces and blue eyes. They looked very much like Yorkshiremen, but bigger. They were utterly different from any of the men of Spain. The women, however, did not seem to have the good looks of the women of Spain. But these men were magnificent.

I had inquired a great deal concerning them. But no one seemed to know from what race they had come. When or how they had come to inhabit this small chain of valleys in the Pyrenees no one could tell. But speculations concerning them passed from my mind as I went along.

The next place I came to was San Julian. It was a trifle larger than the last place, but the people and the general scene were much the same. Again I was struck by the great size of the men. I stopped here at the little *posada* (inn) and refreshed myself with a pint of stout red wine, for which I paid ten *céntimos* (less than a penny). It was good, strong wine, hailing, if I mistake not, from northern Catalonia. And after I had quaffed the initial pint I had one to follow, for luck. Not to sample the wine of the country through which one is passing smacks of impoliteness.

Again I was going quickly along. By this time the sun was not too high up above the mountains, and it would take me all my time to make Andorra before the darkness came. The path, as I have suggested, was one that

stamped with a horse-shoe and the words, 'Good luck to a brave man,' to a large number of wounded soldiers.

It is worthy of note that many of the charms carried by soldiers are made of hard metal, 'And are therefore calculated to gain a reputation for luck by turning the course of a bullet,' say the scoffers. But Tommy would never admit that this was the foundation of his belief in his cherished horse-shoe or rusty nail. When his mascot does turn a death-dealing missile, it is its magical, not its resisting, qualities that are responsible, and any one who tried to convince him to the contrary would not be popular.

Nearly all gamblers place faith in a lucky coin, and jealously treasure one with which to win a toss. This superstition is a debased form of the ancient belief in the power of talismanic discs—that is, coins that were engraved with secret Hebrew 'words of power.' The mascot of the Rothschilds is said to be a coin which is kept in a small gold casket by the head of the house. The power lies in the words that are inscribed on it.

Most actresses and actors possess a favourite mascot. Madame Sarah Bernhardt's is a necklace of nuggets that was given to her by some Californian miners a good many years ago. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is said to pin her faith to a girdle of uncut turquoises, and wears it always on 'first nights.'

Green is supposed to be a very unlucky colour, but it has a contrary effect when it is worn in a stone or an ornament, a fact that accounts for the popularity of jade as a material for charms and amulets. The late Mr Leopold de Rothschild was very much attached to a little green stone carved in the shape of a Hindu god, and attributed his luck in winning the Derby some years ago to its influence. Mrs Nicholas Longworth's—*née* Miss Roosevelt—favourite ornament is a beautiful jade necklace which was given to her by the late Dowager Empress of China. The empress declared that the stones had been cut by an artist who had the reputation of being a wizard, and that the necklace would bring to its owner her heart's desire. As Miss Roosevelt soon afterwards met her present husband, she is said to have confided to a friend 'that there was perhaps something in it.' Sir H. Rider Haggard places great value on a quaint signet ring set with a green stone, which once adorned the finger of that Pharaoh who made Israel captive. He regards it as a powerful mascot, and always wears it when at work on his novels.

Some people are considered to be lucky or the reverse to those with whom they are brought into close contact, just as some animals are. Lady Bancroft was always credited with the power of bringing good luck, and her friends used to beg some object that she had worn when

they were entering on a hazardous adventure. There is no doubt that sailors in particular believe in lucky and unlucky persons, and nothing will induce the majority of them to sail with a man who has the reputation of being a 'Jonah.'

Where animal mascots are concerned, black cats undoubtedly head the list. A theatrical company will grow hysterical with joy if a black cat strolls across the stage on the first night of a new play! Many people, on going to live in a new house, will meanly try to coax a black cat over the threshold with milk or other dainties, but experts say that the entrance must be a voluntary one if good luck is to ensue. Black cats are carried on hundreds of ships and yachts, and several are at the front in the official capacity of regimental mascots. Other regiments have adopted bears or goats, and loud is the lamentation when any misfortune befalls the guarded pets. The Canadians brought with them four young black bears, but wisely decided to take no chances with them at the front, so they were despatched on board wages to the Zoo. That they may soon be able to escort their triumphant friends home again will be the heart-felt wish of all—a wish that in itself will prove a powerful mascot. For, if the ancient sorcerers are to be believed, it is 'the will behind the word' that gives the magical power to any spell or charm.

## HOMeward BOUND.

### I.

#### SPES LOQUITUR.

To-NIGHT your weary eyes shall see once more  
The village nestling 'neath the headland's height,  
And love shall greet you at the open door  
To-night.

To-night the pale moon's glories, pure and white,  
Rest on the sea and strow its shadowy floor  
With rippling silver, tremulous in the light

That flames from misty shore to misty shore.  
On! gallant ship, and speed thee in thy flight,  
And toil shall cease and peril shall be o'er  
To-night.

### II.

#### FLOTSAM.

Hidden away in the rocks' recesses,  
Drear and lonely a tiny bay  
Sleeps, where none but the fisher guesses  
Hidden away.

Hither, thither its waters away,  
Lightly curled by the wind's caresses,  
Faintly flushed by the dying day.

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MARCH 9, 1918.

could only be safely negotiated in the light of day. Upon it were all sorts of obstructions, and at times it ran uncomfortably near the edge of the rushing Balira.

Two hours passed, and it seemed to me now that I could not be far from Andorra. I kept one eye on the path and the other on the sun, for when the sun was gone I was without my guide and friend. I would most likely have to spend the night on the soft side of some rock or another. It was a prospect in which there was little to enchant.

The sun was now a great globe of red gold. It looked very beautiful, but its beauty filled me with sorrow. For I knew this softening, wonderful beauty meant that it was going to leave me.

It did leave me. It was gone! It fell with suddenness behind the top of a great mountain.

I pressed on now as quickly as I could, for I knew that depending upon the twilight was like depending upon a reed that was not only very slight, but very short. And my knowledge was correct, for darkness suddenly tumbled upon me.

I was done for. There seemed nothing for it now but to camp out in the cold with philosophy. But philosophy under the circumstances was but a cheerless bedfellow, and at last I came to the conclusion that it would be better for me to go cautiously on—to feel my way, as it were. It was dangerous, but life itself is but one danger after another! If I kept on, I should in time get somewhere or another, providing I did not fall and break my neck or tumble into the rushing, roaring Balira.

On and on I went, and on and on. How I managed not to come to a sudden and disastrous end I know not. But I managed somehow. Providence has usually a kindly eye for the reckless.

On and on. The sound of the river filled the darkness. But I did not allow myself to get nervous. It would not have helped me. The only thing to do was to go along, and trust to luck. If I had stopped and lain down, I might, for all I knew, be frozen stiff before the light of the morning came. For, though it was not very cold, it was the season of the year when the temperature in the Pyrenees takes sudden drops. In a few hours it might be down below zero. It was better to go cautiously on.

Suddenly what seemed to be a spark appeared out in the darkness. But it disappeared; and then it appeared again. This time it did not go away; it kept its place steadily, and I knew now that it was a light.

I still kept going along cautiously, and another light came—and another. I was surely coming upon Andorra!

All at once I stumbled, falling head over heels. I had forgotten that lights in the distance by no means meant light on the path.

After I picked myself up, I made my way more carefully.

I came at last to a bridge. I crossed it slowly in case there might be a gap in it that would let me down into the river.

The lights were shining strongly now, and I went boldly forward; and soon I was in the midst of the dim shapes of the houses.

There! That must be the *posada*! That house with the windows full of light! From it were coming great, deep sounds of laughter.

I went up to it, and opened the door, and entered.

It was the *posada* right enough. Men were sitting around a great table with measures more or less filled with wine in front of them, and they were laughing and talking loudly in Catalan, I presume about nothing in particular. They were great, bulky men with immense shoulders.

The landlord came forward and helped me off with my knapsack. He was the biggest man I had ever seen, and his smile of welcome was as large as himself.

Getting to this *posada*, after the rough and very much tumble march of the day, was like getting home. I was more than pleased to think that my bed would not be the soft side of a rock, after all; and when I had got on the outside of a pint of wine I was ready for supper.

It was a fine supper. It consisted of a roast partridge with delicious gravy, sliced tomatoes, good light bread, and more wine. Whilst I was eating, the immense landlord entertained me with polite conversation, or, to be more exact, he asked me all kinds of questions, which I answered as well as I could, between bites. His voice was of the deep, jovial, booming order.

My knowledge of Catalan was somewhat sparse, but I helped it out with gestures. A gesture is always worth its salt for conversational purposes. It matters not where you are, it is a coin that always passes.

And then I went to bed, and slept the sleep of the just.

Dream? Why, of course I dreamed. I saw hordes of big, immense fighting-men. They were marching somewhere—where I could not tell. I was amongst them. I was one of them. My huge landlord was the commander of the host, and I was one of his soldiers. At times I was in camp; at times I was in a vast, wonderful city; at times I was on the march. All at once I found myself in the thick of a battle, and something struck my shield a great blow. It sounded and sounded, and I awoke. The landlord was pounding on the door. It was time for me to get up. The commander himself had brought me the coffee!

After a little I got up, and sluiced myself as well as I could with water from a jug that was not too large; but it served, and soon I was ready for breakfast.

It was a fine, hearty breakfast—*jamon* (ham) and *huevos* (eggs), and again sliced tomatoes, and coffee and bread and cheese. And the commander was to the fore, entertaining me with conversation in his great, deep voice. This time he was telling me many things the drift of which I could not quite get. But my face wore an expression at once knowing and polite, and all was well. He wore a cap and a blue, somewhat weather-beaten smock. He was not the person of my dreams, but he looked as if he might easily be so. For all his good-humour and his friendliness, he looked like a man who could knock a house down if he felt so disposed. There were many things I would have done in preference to fighting my host.

After breakfast we went together for a saunter around Andorra, the capital of the miniature republic. In the sunlit morning it looked picturesque and beautiful, a little town centred here in the great mountains.

But the landlord by no means felt that it was a little town. He looked upon it as one of the world's great towns—which it was surely enough, for in it were the finest men I had ever laid eyes upon! He told me of its wonders and its greatness in the patois of the Catalan. He showed me the places of interest, and explained everything in detail. I must confess that I did not grip all the details, but I gripped the general drift, and this, combined with my use of gesture and my natural politeness, made him feel that I understood fully his explanations. At least, I hope I made him feel this, for he in

turn may have been polite enough to overlook my misunderstandings.

Andorra had the look of a place that had been built by men used and broken to fighting. Its houses were low and strong of wall, and it stood at a part of the pass that could easily be defended. Towns are always the expression of the temperament of the people who build them.

High in the clear blue above it hung the eagles, motionless, as if on guard.

It was now well on in the morning, and I felt that the time had come for me to go. I wanted to be on my way through the mountains.

Miguel Calounes—that was the landlord's name—did not seem to like the idea of my going. But the call of the going along was imperative, and I insisted. I packed my knapsack, and I asked him what the score was. He shook his head. He would take nothing. In the end, however, after a great deal of persuasion, he took four *pesetas*. This big Calounes was truly a landlord of a kind most rare!

I shook hands with him, and soon I was out beyond the town, going north along the *camino* towards the summit of the Pyrenees.

I was wondering if I should ever again pass that way. Should I ever again find myself in the country of this people of Catalan stock? Should I ever again see Miguel Calounes? I wondered.

The afternoon had come. I was now high up in the mountains, and I turned and looked south; and a long way off, through the clear air, I could see the spire of the little chapel of Andorra.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XIV.

OF the numerous psychological contradictions to which man is subject, the most common, perhaps, is the curious propensity with which his mind, at a time of intense crisis, seizes and concentrates upon some mere trifle incidental to his immediate circumstances. The shipwrecked passenger rushes back to his cabin to search for a magazine he has been reading, the householder risks his life in smoke and flames to salvage a stuffed cockatoo, the orator nearly comes to grief in a speech of greatest issue because of an elusive likeness in one of his audience, or the sympathetic listener to a tale of woe is possessed with an intense desire to laugh at sight of the narrator's *toupet* awry!

So it was with David Hardy and Anita Lalonne confronting each other at the moment upon which depended their entire future. As the forester halted within a few feet of Anita, the murderous jealousy which an instant before had almost blinded him suddenly subsided,

leaving him oddly puzzling as to whether the rich, lustrous waves of her hair reminded him more of a crow's wing with the sun upon it, or of the deep places in Laughing Lake where the shadows merged into the blue. Hitherto he had always thought of her as the 'prettiest' girl he had ever known; but now, as she stood erect and motionless, a diminutive, dainty figure beneath the towering trees, her large, inscrutable eyes fixed upon him, he recognised in a dumb, bewildered way that she had undergone some change, too subtle for his comprehension, which, though he resented it, filled him with a passion of love and longing.

As for Anita, a mill-stream of grotesque fancies raced through her brain, as, half-fascinated, she gazed at the wet black curls matted upon David's forehead, vividly recalling what he, in jest, had written her of his resemblance to a buffalo. Then she had laughed gaily at the picture her lover thus conjured up of his tousled head, but now the low brow and

sinister expression evoked a feeling of repulsion, coupled with the fantastic wish that David had had his hair cut before he met Gavin Barrie. An impulse seized her to throw herself into his arms, to ask his forgiveness for what offence she knew not, and with small, deft hand to brush back the unkempt locks, as she had so often done in the early days of their engagement. Possibly, had she done so, the pressure of her warm body, the touch of lips and hands, might at once have cooled the aggrieved man's heated blood; but, standing there dusty and haggard from his long night's ride and the vehemence of his emotions, his eyes hard and staring, and the fingers of his right hand nursing his revolver, he looked so menacing and unlike himself that Anita, clinging to the red-brown dog, remained rooted to the spot, while her quivering lips strove to form the one word, 'Dave!'

Once, and again, Hardy essayed to speak, before, in a harsh voice that even to his own ears sounded strange, he succeeded in saying coldly, 'I wanted to give you a surprise. I see that I have!' Then, the evil genius of jealousy overmastering him, while the red tide of passion dyed his face, and the veins in his temples knotted themselves like cords, he grasped Anita by the arm, hurling at her the words, 'If you belong to this man, go to him, girl; but as my promised wife I demand to know what you are doing here—and with him!'

'Have a care!' shouted Gavin Barrie, as his dog, resentful of Hardy's rough manner and handling of Anita, began to growl and bare his teeth.

'Have a care yourself!' roared the infuriated forester, suddenly whipping out his revolver and covering Barrie.

'David! Are you mad?' cried Anita, flinging herself upon him with such violence that the revolver fell from his hand and lay buried, muzzle downwards, in the soft earth.

Quick as lightning Barrie stooped, and snatching up the weapon, fired it rapidly, shot after shot, before flinging it far into the bush. Then, with a swift movement, he placed himself between the forester and Anita, and, gripping him by the shoulder, said quietly, but with a note of authority in his voice, 'You've had a hard ride in the hot sun, Hardy. Better sit down here and rest.'

For an instant the forester hesitated, glaring into the gray eyes so coolly fixed on his own burning brown ones; then the lids fell sullenly, while over his face, from which the angry flame had faded, there spread the pallor of deadly fatigue. 'No,' came in strained, bitter accents from his white lips; 'I don't want to rest—not here. I'll go back;' and turning on his heel, he staggered towards his browsing horse.

Like one transfixed Anita Lalonne watched him, her great eyes wide with distress; then, fleet as a deer, she darted after him, calling piteously,

'Dave!—dear Dave! Come back! Don't be angry; it's all a mistake!' Then the small feet stumbled in the unaccustomed roughness of the way, and Anita fell heavily, striking her head against a protruding rock.

So still and white she lay that the forester involuntarily halted in his retreat, gripped by an icy fear. What if Annie were dead—if he had indirectly killed her, as, in his jealous fury, he had just meditated doing? With shaking legs he retraced his steps, but not before the Englishman had already reached the unconscious girl, and lifting her in his arms, carried her to the edge of the creek.

'Fetch me some water,' he said curtly to David Hardy, tossing his hat to him. 'Be quick,' he added, as the forester, filled with remorse and shame, came and knelt beside Anita. 'Then keep out of sight for a few moments. I don't think she is much hurt; but you've made a fool of yourself and frightened her badly.'

Then, apparently forgetful of David's existence, he began speaking soothing words to the girl in the tender language of their beloved France; while the red-brown dog, which had hovered about in doubt as to what part he was expected to play, now satisfied that his master was 'boss' of the situation, came wriggling up to his prostrate friend, and licked the white hand usually so lavish of caress.

'For Heaven's sake get away, "Bob"! 'ex-postulated Gavin in low, impatient tones; while, a short distance away, the wretched forester again felt impotent rage stir his heart, as the hated dog fawned upon his 'girl.' But the moist, warm touch of the animal's tongue roused the object of his attentions, and, with a little moan, Anita opened her eyes.

'Dave!' was her first word. 'Where is Dave?'

For the space of a second a spasm of pain and disappointment darkened Gavin Barrie's eyes and caused his sensitive mouth to twitch. Then, 'Here is David, Anita,' he said gently in English, beckoning to the forester. 'Speak to him, for he is very anxious lest you are hurt. And now, *petite*, he will take care of you while I go to the Grizzly for a wagon to fetch you both.—I'll take your horse, Hardy,' he went on casually, but giving the forester a look that went through and through him. 'Come, "Bob"! 'he called to his dog, and started through the bush.

With mingled gratitude and chagrin, David saw the Englishman stoop and pick up something; then, with a broken sob, he flung himself on his knees beside Anita.

'Oh Annie, Annie, may God and you forgive me, for I can never forgive myself!'

'Poor Dave! Poor Dave!' murmured Anita, raising her head from his cradling arm and putting up the cherries of her lips for him to gather, oh, so hungrily.

(Continued on page 257.)

## LINGULA, THE LITTLE TONGUE: A VOICE FROM THE ROCKS.

**T**HE history of the little shell known as Lingula is one of the most interesting recorded in the rocks. Lingula is appropriately named, for the word means 'a little tongue,' and the shell is shaped like a tongue. And one ventures to think that the name is specially significant from another point of view, for in its geological history Lingula can 'a tale unfold' of more than ordinary interest.

Though very little known, Lingula is not altogether uncommon in our seas. It is a representative, one of the few now remaining, of what was once the predominating group of shells, the arm-footed ones, as they are called. The shells are for the most part tethered to the bed of the ocean by a flexible stalk, and the limited amount of motion they possess is effected by the vibration of a series of arms. And there is perhaps no living creature more suggestive as to the past life of the globe. It is one of the few cases in which nature has been 'careful of the type' through long geological ages.

The comparative rarity of specimens of Lingula in collections, and the fact that few people know it, are due to its living in the deeper waters of the ocean, and being thus seldom washed ashore.

But humble though it is among the Mollusca of to-day, and small as is the part it plays in the great drama of life, Lingula has been of no little importance in the past. It is one of the most interesting of the many fossil forms known to geologists. In such vast numbers does it occur in the Cambrian rocks—almost the oldest of our fossiliferous strata—that it gives its name to certain beds in Wales, the Lingula Flags. And it is a more or less important genus through the geological ages up to the present day.

Lingula, the little tongue! The name is significant beyond the thought of those who named it. For it was the *shape* of the shell, and not the tale it could unfold, they had in mind. Lingula, a paradox in the evolution of life! An unchanging thing in the midst of ever-changing forms! A voice from the past! Perhaps a protest against a too rigid theory of evolution by natural selection!

Does Lingula stand alone as a solitary example of an organism which has remained stationary amid a changing and advancing world of life? Or is it to be taken as a suggestion of many others of which the imperfection of the record has deprived us of all trace? Or perhaps our ignorance of the deep sea conceals some ancient forms hitherto believed to be extinct. Further research in the rocks, and in the ocean, may possibly reveal other examples. We cannot, however, at present look with any confidence for another quite so striking as Lingula. It

stands alone as a present-day form going back almost unchanged to early Cambrian times. Yet there are other living forms of vast antiquity. Rhynchonella, like Lingula, an inhabitant of the deeper ocean to-day, goes back in time to the Silurian; while another, the lamp-shell, dates from the Devonian.

But Lingula might almost paraphrase the words of Tennyson's brook:

Species may come and species go,  
But I go on for ever.

For Lingula has seen the coming and going of many and varied forms of life. In Cambrian times it lived along with a straight shell of the highest group of the Mollusca, itself belonging to the lowest. It has seen this straight shell, which had got so much before it in the race of life, vary in form and give birth, through a series of shells of gradually increasing curvatures, to a perfectly coiled flat spiral. It has seen this spiral change by a series of increasing complications of structure into the familiar Ammonite of Mesozoic times. It has seen its straight-shelled companion of Cambrian times disappear as the Ammonite came in. It has seen the latter, as it were, uncoil itself through a strange series of intermediate forms into another straight shell in the Chalk. And it has seen the whole race disappear.

Lingula has seen the Trilobite come—in Cambrian times—and go—in Carboniferous. It was present when the first of the piscine race came into a fishless Silurian world. The great fish-lizard swam over it, and perhaps ate it, while its long-necked reptilian fellow may also have been able to reach it as it grew at the bottom of the ocean. Lingula has seen the reptilian dominion of the air yield to the avian, heralded by that strange bird with the feathered reptilian tail, and with claws on its wings, lithographed on certain fine-grained slates at Solenhofen. And Lingula was a spectator of the invasion of the sea by those strange marine mammals, the whales, the seals, and the manatees.

Is Lingula, then, to be taken merely as a case of an organism remaining unchanged through countless ages while all the world of life around was changing and progressing? Did it *never vary*, and thus present us with a strange exception to a supposed general law, 'Multiply, vary, let the strongest live and the weakest die'? From this law new species are believed to arise. And it has always appeared to the writer that progress—either upwards or downwards—was an essential part of Darwinism, and that there could be no such thing as specific standing still. There is individual variation in all species, and

natural selection is always at work. The more favourable variations *must* survive, and the rest be weeded out. Gradually a new species *must* be formed. It is the *only* way, according to Darwin, in which new species can be formed. And granted the premises, variation, and the struggle for existence, the new species is inevitable. If you deny this, you deny the power of natural selection to evolve new species at all. It would almost seem as if *Lingula*—the little tongue—were questioning Darwinism.

Has any one grasped the full significance of the occurrence of *Lingula* in the lower part of the Cambrian system, and its persistence almost unchanged to the present time? We find it to-day in our seas, living in tubes in the sand. The upper parts of these are flattened for the body, while the lower part contains the stalk. 'At the least sign of danger the stalk is contracted violently, and the body is withdrawn to the bottom of the upper portion of the tube. The rapid retreat of the animal is followed by the collapse of the sand at the mouth of the tube, and all trace of the presence of the *Lingula* is lost. . . . When once settled down it has little to fear from the attacks of other animals. The size of its shell relative to its body would deter most animals from regarding it as a desirable article of food, and, as far as is known at present, it suffers but little from internal parasites.'

We quote from the *Cambridge Natural History*. And we can now understand why *Lingula* had little chance either of extinction or evolution. It was too well protected. Clever *Lingula*, thus to have solved the problem of a safe and ready retreat from its larger enemies! To be, in the first place, an undesirable article of diet! How much wiser it has been than the delectable oyster, or even the humble periwinkle! And then to have acquired so lavish a share of the fairies' fern-seed prescription for invisibility! To be able to vanish into thin air, so to speak, with a celerity and completeness which Mr Maskelyne might have imitated, but could not have surpassed! And then to keep clear of parasites—that is, of disease! An example even for the human race. *Lingula* has attained that for which our medical science, and our antiseptic and aseptic treatment, are striving with so small a modicum of success. Would that the little tongue could indeed speak and tell its secret! Is it a bit of the pristine vigour of a primal world or the relic of a golden age of its class?

But we can now understand why, although *Lingula* *may* have varied as freely as any other species, it has never altered. For what variation could possibly be more favourably constituted than the original type? Not good to eat, able to disappear when threatened with danger, free from parasites! And then *Lingula* has lacked that 'vaulting ambition' which has led other forms to leap to something higher, and fall on the side of extinction. But surely, we say, *Lingula* is

a good example of the more primitive forms of life coming first. Surely it is one of the simplest and least specialised of its class. Had we been told so, we should have accepted it without question. But we consult again our trusty *Cambridge Natural History*, and read: 'The extreme specialisation of the muscles in many of the earliest genera (for example, *Lingula*) is remarkable, and points to a long, but so far undiscovered, ancestry in pre-Cambrian times.'

But if *Lingula* did not vary then, other species need not have done so; that is, we are not bound to believe that species vary universally. In fact, *all* may have been specifically constant. Of course, all organisms vary, but we use the word in the sense of *continuous* variations which may lead to new species. *Lingula* did not vary in this way, yet it must have varied. Its variations must, however, have only been minute departures from the type, and not *continuously* increasing ones such as are required to make new forms. Perhaps many species vary only in this way. We do not *know* that *any* species varies in any other way. It would almost appear that *Lingula* itself is a fatal objection to Darwinism. For Darwinism postulates a universal law, 'Multiply, vary, let the strongest live and the weakest die.' Out of this troubled sea of natural forces new species must issue, as Venus of old from the ocean. If *Lingula* had varied, then some of its variations would have been better fitted to survive, and should have given rise to new species. But if it did not, then the law is not universal—in fact, not a law.

But *Lingula* has perhaps lacked ambition. It has said:

'Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief  
And wear a golden sorrow.'

Its companion in Cambrian seas aspired to become the coiled Ammonite, the molluscan king of the Mesozoic ocean. Even then unsatisfied, it uncoiled itself into various fantastic forms, and finally straightened itself into the rod-like form again. But only to find itself 'perked up' in the 'glistening grief' of extinction, and wearing the 'golden sorrow' of *Troja fuit*. And *Lingula*, the 'humble liver,' has ranged on content to our day!

But, again, it must have taken a *lot of variation* to evolve a *Lingula* from whatever extremely simple form it originated in. How, then, can we account for the comparatively sudden cessation of variation in our little shell as soon as it became generically *Lingula*? Natural selection, said Darwin, 'is always intently watching each slight accidental alteration,' and 'will pick out with unerring skill each improvement.' It has, then, been 'watching' *Lingula* for—shall we be sober and say one hundred million, or,

radium-inspired, suggest thousands of millions?—years in vain. If there are no improvements, then the 'unerring skill' goes for nothing.

And lack of variability has been assigned as a plausible explanation of extinction in many fossil forms. Species which cease to vary—but why should they ever cease to vary?—cannot adapt themselves, specifically, to changing conditions. So they die out. Thus we are, as usual, on the horns of a dilemma. Either

Lingula varied or it did not. In the first case, why did it not branch out into new forms? In the second case, why did it not become extinct? So the Lingula becomes a Sphinx, propounding questions we cannot answer.

If there are 'tongues in trees,' here is one also in the rocks. And if Shakespeare had turned his attention in that direction he might have given us an excellent *sermon in stone* from the text of Lingula.

## THE MYSTERIOUS MIASMA.

### CHAPTER III.

THE visitation of Edge's sixth week took a heavier toll than any of its predecessors. But Edge was preparing to grapple with the cause. He had been steadily gathering his data, and he was now as steadily arriving at his conclusions. Leila's suffering spurred him on. In her company daily, sharing her home life, constantly exchanging thoughts with her, observant of her gracious womanly qualities, he was unconsciously attracted by her personality, all the more perhaps because the curving beauty of her face was the index of a firm, yet gentle, character.

'You may discharge me, Mr Kennerley.'

'Have you finished your investigation?' inquired the manager, expectant, and eager to hear what the scientist had to say.

'In the laboratory. That completes the second phase. The third will be final. My antagonist is invisible, and, to defeat him, I must be free. And so, Mr Kennerley, I suggest that you should discharge me.'

'I accept the suggestion,' replied the manager, with a smile; 'and yet, if it means an end to our intercourse, I shall be very sorry.'

'It does not mean that,' Edge assured him. 'I shall want your help. Let me explain. The first phase was to mix with the workpeople, to gather fresh facts, and to verify them. There has been no collusion between any of the workpeople and the secret and crafty foe who has engineered these subtle and particularly cruel attacks. We may congratulate ourselves on that score. And yet, Mr Kennerley, he has not acted alone. Others have been associated with him, and are associated with him now. But they are outsiders.'

'Therefore easier to deal with,' observed the manager.

'If we can trap them,' added Edge. 'I have made a plan of the works, Mr Kennerley;' and he unrolled a sheet of paper, spread it on the table, and weighted it at the four corners. 'The red shading indicates the courses taken and the areas covered by the four visitations since I came; the blue shading, the other visitations preceding my arrival, with their courses and areas, ascertained approximately by

conversations with the workpeople. Each visitation is dated. You will notice, too, that I have sketched a compass in the centre of the plan true to the works' magnetic bearings. Beginning exactly south, I have extended the points of the compass by dotted lines westward as far as west-south-west, and eastward as far as east-south-east—twelve points in all, not reckoning the point of departure.'

'Yes,' responded the manager, poring over the plan.

'And all the visitations, you will observe,' Edge went on, 'fall within the angle of the outward lines, east-south-east and west-south-west. That is, quite two-thirds of the dunes in which the works are situated have been immune from the attacks.'

'That is so,' said the manager. 'The people working in the northern portion of the dunes have not suffered at all.'

'Now, Mr Kennerley, during the four attacks of which I have had personal cognisance the wind has been southerly, varying a point or two with each attack, but always southerly; and during the last, and worst, the wind was blowing from south-west by south, a gentle wind, not too strong, but sufficient to carry—the miasma, shall we call it?—steadily and evenly through all the hollows open to that course. The other attacks preceding these four have always been accompanied by a southerly wind. And the people have always suffered the most when the wind has been blowing gently from south-west by south, or as near as may be to that particular point. I conclude, therefore, that we shall find the source of the trouble there'—and Edge placed his forefinger over a spot in the plan outside the works—'there,' he repeated, 'or thereabout.'

'But'—and the manager stopped, reflectively, with the objection still in his mind.

'Yes?' queried Edge.

'That spot is like all others—sand, held together more or less loosely by the rough reeds that cover it. Is it your intention to dig there?'

'Maybe. I cannot say yet. But, depend upon it, that is where the stuff is released.'

'Have you analysed it?'

'Carefully. It cannot be strictly called miasma. It is a deleterious mixture of four different gases passed on its release through a layer of charcoal.'

'Charcoal?'

'I am sure of it—as sure as if I had seen it—and a very considerable layer. Charcoal is not a natural deposit in these dunes.'

'I should say not,' returned the manager, smiling and yet surprised; 'nor anywhere else that I am aware of.'

'No. It was placed there, built into a layer for the mixture to pass through. And that is the reason, Mr Kennerley, why the mixture is odourless and colourless, or, as you said when first we spoke about it, more like a radiation than a miasma. The charcoal absorbed both the colour and the odour. But you have narrowly escaped a catastrophe far more terrible than the sicknesses and fatalities of a proportion of your workpeople.'

'How?'

'By your workpeople's acceptance of the restrictions imposed upon them—possibly by the fact that most of them are women. A lighted match thrown down by a careless smoker, a spark even, would have changed the radiation into an explosive that would have shattered all the works, and left very few of you, if any, to tell the tale.'

The manager, holding his breath, said, 'That would have been a frightful calamity.'

'It would, indeed; and that was the intention—to blow up the works. So far, you have averted that. And now the possibility of it must be removed.'

'If I can help you in any way'—said the manager.

Edge interposed. 'Did the clerk who took Miss Fairley's place satisfy you? And is she still available?'

'Yes. She's still available. But I prefer Miss Fairley. If, however'—

Again Edge interposed. 'You could help me by freeing Miss Fairley.'

'For service in the laboratory?'

'No. You have forgotten. I have been discharged.'

'So you have. But I thought, seeing that Miss Fairley is a B.Sc., and qualified for laboratory work'—

'I was not aware of it. Why isn't she in the laboratory?'

'Because our special need when she joined us was not there, but in the office. She was willing to take up any kind of work that she could do.'

'Can you spare her?'

'I must.'

(Continued on page 254.)

## CYPRUS: A NEGLECTED ISLAND.

By Captain K. C. FERGUSON.

IN Cyprus in the year 1196 the monk Neophytus wrote these gloomy words: 'A cloud veils the sun, and a mist mountains and hills, and these for a while shut out the warmth and bright ray of the sun, and us too, for now twelve years, a cloud and mist, of successive calamities which have befallen our country, wrap round. For Jerusalem having fallen under the rule of the godless Saladin, and Cyprus under that of Isaac Comnenus, fights thenceforth and wars, tumult and disturbance, plunder and dread events covered the land.' . . .

Cyprus was to drink the bitter cup to the dregs; her fortunes were to wax and wane; but now, after many centuries, a bright future has dawned for the island. Let us hope it may dawn, too, for the afflicted lands that surround it. For well-nigh two thousand years the bountiful gifts of nature have been squandered, crushed, or neglected by the stupidity, rapacity, and vice of man. War, famine, and pestilence have stalked these rich lands from end to end. Nowhere in the world have the gifts of God been more shamefully abused. Under honest and intelligent government Egypt has emerged from centuries of evil administration and neglect. Cyprus has recovered much of her former prosperity. But what of the great ex-

panses of Asia Minor, of Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, which have feasted for hundreds of years under the heel of the Turk? With them I am not directly concerned, except in so far as they have a bearing on the condition of Cyprus, of which it is here proposed to give an account.

To some who may chance to read these lines Cyprus will seem of little account in our vast Empire, and at the present moment the tremendous events of the war absorb men's minds in more important spheres. Yet here is a large island lying over against one of the most vital parts of our Empire system—namely, the Suez Canal. Who is to say it will be of no military value in the future? For a brief space it came sharply into the limelight when in 1915 our Government offered it *en bloc* to Greece as the price of her aid—mere backsheesh, forsooth!—which set the local Greek element agog with excitement, and disgusted the British. The calamity was averted.

Let us look into its history. From the most remote past a tradition has come down of an island of great beauty and fertility, a land of vines and olives, of corn and figs and oranges, of rich plains and majestic mountains, of forests, and of mines. It is from Cyprus that copper takes its name. Greek mythology honoured it; for

did not Aphrodite arise here from the sea-foam, and was not Eros, her son, born here, born at that enchanting spot, Dieu d'Amour, where now the ruins of St Hilarion stand forth in the sky—a fairy castle of our dreams? So favoured an island could but be the prize of conquering peoples of old; and what was true then is true now. Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Venetians, Genoese, Turks, and British have in turn possessed it in whole or in part. Its history has been eventful.

The Egyptians have left traces. The Phœnicians mined for copper. Ancient Greece has left remains. The Romans ruled it for many centuries. The city of Salamis, of Grecian origin, was a flourishing place in the days of St Paul. He and Barnabas visited the island, and Barnabas came to be martyred near Salamis. It was then in Roman hands; and when, some centuries later, the Roman Empire, in its decay, split into Eastern and Western portions, Cyprus became a proconsulship of Byzantium. As such it remained, despite a series of Arab raids in which the famous Haroun al Raschid figured, until the period of the Crusades. Lax administration permitted of an adventurer connected with the ruling house at Constantinople making himself master of the island in 1184, under the self-styled title of Emperor. His name was Isaac Comnenus. The records we have agree in branding him as a vicious and cruel tyrant, under whom the people groaned. Now, when he had been a few years on the throne it happened that Richard I. of England set out on the third Crusade. It was in the year 1191. With him, though in a separate vessel, came his fiancée, Anne Berengaria of Navarre, and his sister Johanna, Dowager Queen of Sicily, while a fleet of ships bore his army to Palestine. A storm overtook them in the vicinity of Rhodes, and the ships were scattered. Some became wrecks on the west coast of Cyprus, and the survivors were ill-used by the miscreant Isaac. The vessel containing Anne and the other ladies made the port of Limassol, storm bound. Here the conduct of the Emperor Isaac caused them to be in much fear and trepidation, when other ships, and happily Richard himself, came opportunely to their relief. Angered at the behaviour of Isaac, Richard sent a knight ashore demanding explanations and apologies; but, as he obtained no satisfaction, his hot blood surged up in passion. He forced a landing, and drove Isaac helter-skelter from the place. Then the anxieties of the past few days evidently caused him to desire marriage forthwith, and a week later, on 12th May 1191, Anne Berengaria became Queen of England, in a chapel that is pointed out to this day in Limassol. 'The King,' says an old chronicler, 'was glorious on this happy occasion, and cheerful to all, and showed himself very jocose and affable.' Isaac Comnenus fled to the Castle of Kantara, where later he was cap-

tured, and sent in chains to a fortress of the Hospitallers in Syria, there to end his days in shame. Richard appointed lieutenants in Cyprus, and, leaving a garrison, proceeded with but little delay to the Holy Land. It was not long before he found himself hampered by lack of money and of men; so, entering into a bargain with the Knights Templars, he sold his new possession outright, and withdrew his garrison. The rule of the Templars was brief. They were unable to cope with the people, and finding it impossible to control them with the forces at their disposal, they entered into fresh negotiations with Richard, whereby the island again passed into his possession, and thence, as a sop for the loss of his kingdom of Jerusalem, to Count Guy de Lusignan. This marked a new era for Cyprus. Guy was a man of poor ability, but he held tenaciously to the country, and through his heirs and successors established the Lusignan dynasty, which was to rule the land for three hundred years in the heyday of its medieval prosperity.

During this period circumstances, though elsewhere disastrous to Christian power in the Levant, favoured the prosperity of Cyprus. With the fall of Acre, the last Christian stronghold in the Holy Land was swept away, and many of the survivors fled in a night to Famagosta, which lies on the eastern shore of Cyprus, over against the Syrian coast. Cyprus now became the outpost and emporium of Christendom in the Levant; while north of it, in Rhodes, the Knights Templars for many years upheld their military prestige, successfully combating the growing Moslem power, and checking piracy, which was then rampant on the seas. In the Lusignan period Cyprus became famous throughout Europe for the riches and luxury of its inhabitants. Fine Gothic buildings sprang up. Famagosta became a city of churches. Nicosia, the capital, vied with it in architectural display; and the Premonstratensian monastery of Bella Païse, a place of rare beauty, remains as the most notable Gothic ruin in the Levant. Medieval castles of an earlier date crowned the summits of St Hilarion, Buffavento, and Kantara. Peace and prosperity blessed the land, too soon, alas! to be dispelled. Early in the fifteenth century significant events were shaping themselves. The Turks in Asia Minor waxed exceedingly as a military power, ere long to spread locust-like over all the land, and to pour far out beyond its borders.

The Lusignan dynasty at length died out. King Jacques III., an infant of eleven months, died in 1474. His mother, Katherine Cornaro, a noble lady of Venice, reigned for a few years, until the Republic, desiring Cyprus as a base, replaced her by officers of its own. Katherine retired to a villa in Italy, and Venice annexed the island in 1489. Venice was ere long to decline. The trade that made her great, pouring from east to west by caravan routes and by the

Red Sea, was being sapped by the adventurous voyages of the Portuguese. When Vasco da Gama established a trade-route round the Cape, he sounded the death-knell of Venice. The Mediterranean ports gradually decayed. But when first the Venetians came to govern Cyprus they set about making it a fortress and naval base of great strength, and less energetically commenced the fortifications of the capital, Nicosia, which lies in the bosom of the central plain some thirty miles inland. At Famagosta walls of immense strength were built, surrounded by a cavernous moat. Harbour works and a naval and military arsenal completed the equipment of the fortress, which was doubtless looked upon as the key to the possession of the island. We shall see soon how the lock was picked.

The Turks had now become a great power. Rhodes had fallen before them in 1423, after a gallant and protracted defence under its Grand-Master Philippe Villiers de l'Isle Adam, to whom, in honour of the defence, Henry VIII. presented nineteen bronze cannon, one of which was, curiously enough, recovered from Famagosta harbour some years ago, it having been located in the mud by a pearl-diver. It was brought to the surface for its value as metal; whereupon its identity was discovered. How it came there is a mystery. Now it stands in the grounds of Government House at Nicosia. But, to revert. The power of the Turks grew strong and fierce. Constantinople fell in 1453, and with it the rotten fabric of the Byzantine Empire crumbled to dust. Cyprus could not long evade the ambition of the Moslems. Venice having possessed the island for some eighty years, the Sultan Selim conceived the idea of wresting it from the Republic by force of arms. It is said that he desired it in order to have the means to endow a mosque in Constantinople. Be that as it may, the Turks determined upon the capture of the island. Relations with Venice, hitherto of a somewhat friendly character, having been severed under one pretext or another, a large force under the General Lala Mustafa made good its landing on the southern shores of the island. This was in the summer of 1570. Dismay struck into the hearts of the Venetians, and their preliminary operations were characterised by vacillation and incapacity, anon to be redeemed in military virtue by their spirited defence of Nicosia, to which Mustafa speedily laid siege. Its fortifications were incomplete and its garrison inadequate. The story of the siege has been vividly related by an eye-witness, Fra Angelo Calepio, superior of the Dominican Convent. Suffice it to say that, after a gallant defence of six weeks, the city was stormed and given over to the horrors of a sack. The victorious Mustafa now marched east to Famagosta, which was weakly held by a garrison of some four thousand men. To it he laid siege, erecting

vast earthworks against the south wall of the fortress. But the moat, the massive walls, and the courage of the defenders baffled him. Once, after terrific efforts, the Turks surmounted the walls and planted the Osmanli standard upon them, only to be hurled back by a rally of the defenders. Forty thousand Turks died of wounds and disease, and for twelve months the place held its own, obtaining some relief from time to time from the sea. At length its commander, Bragadino, was forced to surrender through starvation, having previously obtained honourable terms from Mustafa. The latter, up to this point, had behaved well, according to his lights. Now, however, inflamed at the loss of so many men, and at his failure to take the town by storm, and enraged too, it is supposed, by the proud bearing of Bragadino, who rode out of Famagosta under a red umbrella, surrounded by his principal officers, Mustafa cast off the cloak. Upon a pretext that Bragadino had treacherously connived at the death of certain prisoners, he caused his officers to be bound and slain upon the spot. He himself, having been threatened with decapitation, was mutilated—his nose and ears were cut off; and in this pitiable state he was forced to labour on the walls. Later he was hoisted in a chair at the yard-arm of a ship, and held up to the ridicule of the ruffians of the place. The crowning brutality came when Mustafa caused him to be publicly flayed alive. The bestiality of this deed would scarcely be credited were it not well authenticated. The brave man bore his tortures heroically, and his spirit triumphed in death. Not even here did the fiendish anger of Mustafa cease. The skin was stuffed with straw and paraded through the streets under the identical red umbrella below which he had evacuated the town.

Here was a deed of shame almost without parallel.

The island was now conquered, and a period of three hundred years of Turkish rule ensued. Of the Turks be it known that the best they have done for their subject peoples, except on rare occasions, has been to neglect them. There have been enlightened Pashas who have made some effort to improve local conditions, yet it is but too well known that Turkish rule is typified by a general decay in the moral and material welfare of the countries it has governed. Cyprus was reduced to a skeleton of its former self. Not that the people were systematically ill-treated, but their energies were progressively sapped by a retrograde and moribund administration. Agriculture declined, the population fell away by scores of thousands, and timber, so valuable to the climate and rainfall of a district, was wastefully felled. Goats completed the destruction by eating up the new growth. The unrestricted grazing of these animals has caused immense destruction in Spain and Greece and

elsewhere. Locusts, too, ravaged the land. It is terrible to contemplate these wasted centuries when God's gifts were allowed to rot or be destroyed before men's eyes for the lack of intelligence and will to conserve them. Be the fate of Cyprus what it may, I, for one, hope that the Turk will never again be its master. He has his virtues, but as an administrator one thinks of the passage in 'Simon the Cellarer:—' 'What! Marry old Marjorie? No, no, no!'

Needless to say, the buildings of Nicosia and Famagosta, many of them fine specimens of Byzantine and Gothic architecture, suffered severely in the sieges, particularly those of Famagosta. On the large Gothic church of St Sophia the splintered pock-marks of Turkish cannon-balls may be seen to-day. What remained of the crowded buildings after the siege was further ruined by earthquake shocks at a subsequent date; and finally the building contractors of Port Said and Alexandria helped themselves freely to the masonry. So now the visitor to this once elegant medieval city sees the ruins of a score of old structures, among which the fungus growth of the Turkish settlement has spread. The Turk is too lazy to pull down or to repair. The fighting over, buildings were left to decay, except that the walls of the town were patched up. The principal churches of Nicosia and Famagosta, having been selected for mosques, were partially spared from the general ruin. They exhibit a grotesque mixture of Arabesque repair, superimposed on a Gothic base. The minaret replaces the steeple, and, to meet Mohammedan orientation, the arrangement of carpets, lecterns, and pulpits is slewed round at an angle to the lie of the building (this in Nicosia), so as to point to Mecca. The massive walls of Famagosta remain practically intact, but inside the atmosphere of desolation that pervades the place is depressing. The visitor turns away. 'Did I come all this way to see a rubbish-heap?' he exclaims. Truly the wreck is complete. Outside the walls there spreads a bald plain, once amply wooded and dotted with gardens, as many abandoned walls testify. In Nicosia, at the time of the British occupation, there was not a tree. Men journeyed at the risk of their lives, and settlers outside the walls lived in daily dread of robbery and violence. The evil rule of the Turk manifested itself here as elsewhere.

But once more the kaleidoscope of political events was to bring a change that augured better days for the desolated island. British apprehension at Russian advances in the Caucasus caused our Government, in the seventies, to negotiate with the Sublime Porte for the occupation of Cyprus as an offset against the Russian occupation of Kars and Batoum. In 1878 Lord Wolseley, with other high officials of both nations and a considerable force of British

troops, landed on the island, and the *Pax Britannica* was to bless the land. Our administration was somewhat hampered by the fact that Cyprus remained a Turkish possession. The scanty revenue of the island was burdened by the payment of an annual tribute to Constantinople, and the term of our occupation was vague. Such conditions did not favour the maximum benefit to the island. Nevertheless, clean-handed British officials set about improvements in the internal economy of the country. The Council, presided over by a High Commissioner, and comprising British, Turkish, and Cypriote members, worked as well as its peculiar constitution would allow. Between the Turk and the Cypriote there is no love lost, and, truth to tell, the former is in many ways the more acceptable. He has distinct manly virtues, and when he is guided by methods more enlightened than his own, the evil traits in his character cannot assert themselves so lamentably. In a few years there came about a state of things unknown to the existing generation of Cypriotes. Good roads replaced the roughest mule-tracks. A well-organised police force assisted in maintaining law and order. Justice was administered. Agriculture was encouraged, and forests were conserved. The gratitude of the natives is on record. But to-day a new generation is to the fore, and the old evils are forgotten. Loyalty to Britain is not always found. When the first ambiguous account of the battle of Jutland came through, a noisy faction in Limassol held champagne lunches in honour of the British 'defeat'! Tino had a considerable following.

Now, since the declaration of war with Turkey, Cyprus has definitely become a British possession; but, even so, the man in the street cannot yet tell what its fate may be in the coming peace settlement. The writer fails to see any good reason for handing it over to a foreign Power. The island is self-supporting. The ruinous tribute to Turkey has ceased, and with the fuller development of its natural resources its revenue will be greatly increased. In other words, it can run itself financially. No advantage would accrue to the natives were it handed over to Italy, France, or Greece, as some suppose it may be. Further, as has been said, it lies over against the mouth of the Suez Canal. Do we desire a foreign fortified base in this position? Britain has ruled the country for forty years, and the people know our ways. Some of them have told me that they dread the British may evacuate it.

Now, a word as to the people, the country, and the climate. From what has been said, it is obvious that the people must be of very mixed origin. Select a hundred villagers from different parts of the island, and you will find many different types. There is the swarthy, handsome man, who might be from Italy, from Greece, or the Balkans, or, just vaguely, a Levantine.

There are people of Syrian parentage. There are Jews and Armenians. Negroes are not infrequently met with; and every now and then one is startled by a blue-eyed, fair-skinned, flaxen-haired type, whose ancestors more than likely came with the Crusaders. But the typical Cypriote villager seems to be of the swarthy kind mentioned first. There are many thousands of Turks, who for the most part live together in communities separate from the Christians. The dress of the peasants is extremely picturesque, for the Cypriote delights in gay colours. Fashions vary, but the baggy pantaloons, with its curious droop behind, is everywhere affected. A white shirt, a brightly embroidered lancer jacket, white pantaloons, and gay stockings, with a garlanded fez on the head, form the typical dress. A more sober habit consists of the same elements, but the jacket is of black embroidered velvet, and the pantaloons and stockings are of black material, while a black or white straw hat takes the place of the fez. These are holiday clothes. For everyday work, a simple white shirt, indigo-dyed pantaloons, and roughly made jack-boots are worn, the last-named to protect the wearer from thorns, thistles, and snake-bites. The head-dress may be the fez or any shape of straw wide-awake. The women's clothes are not nearly so ornate as the men's. A simple cotton print bodice and skirt of nondescript design is affected, while the head is covered with a neatly tied handkerchief. The women are not usually pretty, while the men are for the most part distinctly handsome. Christians of the Orthodox Greek Church outnumber the Moslems by more than four to one; and the disproportion will probably increase, for it is said that where Christian and Moslem are in free competition side by side, without fear or favour, the latter goes to the wall. At the time of the British occupation the population was approximately 180,000. The census of 1911 gives it as 273,964. These figures speak volumes in themselves. The people are frugal and industrious, keen on a bargain, and notoriously jealous of one another. They are law-abiding, but hot-blood crimes and the use of the knife are not infrequent. Strong drink is often the immediate cause.

As to the terrain, the island consists of a northern range running the whole length of the coast from east to west, the mountains rising sharply from sea and plain, and presenting a striking appearance, though they reach only some three thousand feet in height. In the south-west a great mass of mountainous country culminates in the summit of Mount Olympus, six thousand four hundred feet above sea-level. From this, on a favourable day, a most impressive and vast panorama is spread below the feet of the observer. Between these two mountain systems there lies the treeless central plain, parched and brown in summer, but covered in

the most part in spring with fields of wheat, barley, and flax. The absence of trees and the dryness of the place are its striking features, and it stretches in one bare expanse from east to west. There are, however, some picturesque villages, about which are trees and gardens; and Nicosia, the capital, lies in the centre of it. The Olympus range is covered with fine timber, and the foothills on its southern slopes provide a large area for vine cultivation. The low ground about the hills is everywhere thickly studded with carob and olive trees. The carob provides the locust bean, of which large quantities are produced in Cyprus. The island is extraordinarily fertile, and many fruits grow to perfection. A bare list of these will suffice—namely, grapes, oranges, figs, olives, cherries, lemons, melons, pomegranates, apricots, nectarines, peaches, and caishas. Pears, apples, and strawberries are also produced. There may be some I have overlooked. Water is the crying need. Without it the land is barren; with it the very stones will sprout green. Rain falls heavily at intervals between October and March, with showers on till May. Then there set in five or six months of absolute drought and severe heat. Yet the water collects not many feet below the surface, and here lies the natural reservoir of the land. Almost anywhere one may sink a well and find water from ten to thirty feet below the surface; but to raise it requires labour, or the expenditure of capital in pumps. The petty cultivator hauls it up by hand; the farmer raises it by a windlass and an endless chain of buckets worked by mule or donkey. But a better system is provided by the Canadian air-motor—simply a tall metal windmill—which actuates a pump connected with the well below, from which, in a moderate breeze, a steady stream of water, as thick as one's wrist, pours into a tank—a delightful spectacle of ease and power in a parched land. More advanced farmers employ powerful steam-pumps. The Government has busied itself with irrigation-works, and large reservoirs have been built. These, however, are of doubtful success. They possess the disadvantage of all standing water in these parts—namely, they breed enormous numbers of mosquitoes, and consequently have to be run dry by a certain date. Also, the loss by evaporation is very great. The natural reservoir lies below the surface. The agricultural increase of the island (and there is much waste land) seems to depend on the expansion of the pumping system, though at some future date the necessity for this may be reduced, as the country becomes adequately clothed with timber. In the Nile Delta the Fellaheen say that the British have brought rain; and there is no doubt that a noticeable change of climate has been brought about by irrigation and the increased area of land brought under cultivation. Similar results may be looked for

in Cyprus. Afforestation has been sadly hampered by lack of funds, but Mr Winston Churchill was able to do the island a good turn in this respect some few years ago, obtaining a small annual grant for the purpose from the home Government. He came and saw. Much has yet to be done, and the projects of the British officials do not always meet with support from the other elements in the Council. The evils of pernicious bankruptcy laws have lately engaged their attention, but in a country where usury is a fertile source of income, stubborn opposition is to be expected. Infinite patience and tact are demanded of the British administrator, and the policy of *festina lente* is the only one to be relied upon.

Cyprus is essentially an agricultural island, yet it possesses deposits of copper, which have

been worked from very ancient times. The Romans appear to have ceased mining owing to difficulty in obtaining fuel. There is plenty of copper (heavily mixed with sulphur), and an American company works it profitably. The existence of asbestos in the Olympus range was known to the ancients, but commercial use has been made of it only recently. The staple is short, and a demand for this was not formerly existent. The pioneer company, an Austrian one, was working at a handsome profit prior to the war. Now the mines are carried on under Government control.

So I may conclude an account of this interesting island, with its sunny climate and fruitful soil—a place more deserving of a visit than is generally known; but until the war is over, martial law sets its seal upon it.

## THE NATION'S WORD.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON, Author of *Action! The Sure Shield, Turret and Torpedo, &c.*

LIEUTENANT WALTER CARSTAIRS puckered his brow as he slowly turned the head of his periscope so that he could look around the horizon. Then, slewing suddenly upon his tiny stool, he beckoned to Sublieutenant Jevons, who, with himself, formed the staff of officers belonging to His Britannic Majesty's Submarine L73.

'I say, Jevons,' drawled the lieutenant, 'just shove your eye in here and tell me what you make of the spectacle.'

The sub obeyed his chief's orders. As his eye took in the scene, he whistled softly.

'Phew!' he muttered, as he relinquished the periscope eyepiece to his commanding officer. 'Fritz looks as though he'd come out for "*Der Tag*" at last. Thirty-odd battleships, three cruiser squadrons, and enough destroyers to police the Seven Seas, not to mention half-a-score of transports.'

'Yes,' agreed Carstairs slowly. 'It looks like "*The Day*" at last; only, our own fleet isn't on the spot to ensure its dawning. And that's a pity, too, for I believe our lads are simply clamouring for a decent scrap. Ah, well, as they can't be here in person, I suppose we'd better act as substitutes—proxies, if you like—for them, and show the Boche he isn't quite the lord of creation yet. All clear forward, Jevons?'

The sub strode forward to where the rear doors of the twin torpedo-tubes gleamed brassily in the electric light. He bent, made a swift inspection, and then threw up his head with a prideful lift.

'All clear, sir,' he reported. 'Both tubes loaded, and a pair of spare torpedoes ready for use.'

'That's good,' returned Carstairs. 'Now we'll sit on the bottom and have a confab.'

L73 canted her tail upwards and sought the soft mud on the bed of the Baltic. When she was finally at rest the lieutenant turned from the controls to the men, who, each at his particular post, eagerly awaited the news the feeling in their bones had signalled to their intuitive instinct. As Carstairs looked upon the thirty faces he experienced that uplift of soul which is the prerogative only of the officer whose men love and trust him—who can, if he so desires, lead them blindly and willingly over the edge of world's crust into the nethermost Hades.

'Lads,' said the lieutenant simply, 'the German Fleet are out above us, or nearly so. Obviously, as this is the Baltic and not the North Sea, they're after coming to grips with the Russians, whose fleet is not only hopelessly inferior in numbers to Fritz, but whose crews are in a rotten state, without officers and without discipline. Unless something unforeseen happens, the Boche is going to have a good time, and is going to claim that he is still boss of the ocean. Now it's up to us to show him what a bloomer he's made—and we're going to do it. Lads, for the first time in your lives you're going to go into what you've been seeking a long time—a real scrap against long odds.'

The steel tunnel of L73's interior resounded with a deep-chested cheer as the thirty gave tongue in enthusiasm, and not even Carstairs's upflung hand could quell the noise for a full minute.

'And now that you've got that off your chest,' he observed at length, 'get up all our spare torpedoes, put war-heads on them, and stand by to fight like fiends for the love of the thing, and for the honour of the Old Country.'

Immediately there was bustle around the foremost hatch leading to the spare torpedo-room.

Carstairs caught with his eye those of his three petty officers, who came for orders at his nod. 'While they're getting the tin-fish ready,' ordered the lieutenant, 'we'll take the old hooker up to see what is to be seen. Stand by the tanks and the tubes.' He glued his eye to the periscope, though the head of this useful apparatus was still under water. 'Blow all main ballast-tanks,' he commanded. 'Rise to thirty feet.'

The sound of escaping compressed air, as the salt water was blown out of the ballast-tanks, mingled with the clanking of the chain torpedo-tackles, and through it all the fingers of the depth-gauges flickered and rose from fathom to fathom till the desired depth was attained. Then the upward motion stopped, and the little vessel went ahead at slow speed, her periscope-tip just clear of the surface, a slight lop thereon hiding what little trail it made.

'We're in luck!' exclaimed Carstairs. 'We've risen right between the two battleship lines. Stand by the starboard tube; fire when I drop my hand.'

With his eye still glued to that periscope, Lieutenant Walter Carstairs deftly conned the submarine till her bows were bearing direct upon the *Furst Ernst*, the flagship of the enemy's Second Division. All-unconscious of the threatening danger, the great ship steamed on; while astern, at exact intervals, a dozen of her sisters looked to her for order and behest.

Suddenly, even as Carstairs looked for the last second before pronouncing the fatal word 'Fire!' the *Furst Ernst* whipped a rainbow of coloured bunting to her foremasthead, and, to emphasise the meaning of the signal, commenced to turn. Then, in the flash of an eyelid, ship, signal-flags, and everything else disappeared from sight behind an upflung gout of gray water, a vivid red glare, while a thunderous, rolling explosion warned the Boche that his foe was already upon him—ay, and striking at his very heart.

The gout of spume and splinters had scarcely fallen back to the sea ere the battle-lines parted, and through the gaps thus made twoscore torpedo-boat destroyers hurried, their sharp prows tearing through the waters and flinging them down in green cascades as they sought to destroy the submarine which had destroyed already one of their finest battle units.

But though the destroyers quested this way and that, though the shells from their light pieces tore the sea into fountains whenever a fancied periscope was, in imagination, sighted, none of them found L 73, which, deep down, was working her way under the surface to the other side of the fleet, where, if her luck still held, she would get in another shot. After that, so far as Carstairs and his merry men cared, could come the Deluge.

Now, to ensure greater safety, as they thought, the German Fleet scattered this way and that,

breaking up their long orderly lines in accordance with prearranged plans for dealing with submarine attacks. And it was this scattering that gave Carstairs still another opportunity, though the target in this case was not exactly so good as he would have liked.

An elderly battleship of the *König* type sighted his periscope as he rose, and immediately commenced to plaster the sea all around with missiles from her light quick-firers. Then, with astonishing suddenness, she grew silent, the crackles of her weapons drowned in that unmistakable explosion made by a striking torpedo.

'*Habet!*' remarked Carstairs, turning down his thumbs. 'Her age entitled her to respect, but even decrepitude doesn't give one the privilege of being cheeky, does it?'

Jevons turned from the torpedo-tubes for a moment and laughed, and in that laugh was embodied the berserk fighting spirit of the Briton, his heritage from those savage forefathers who preferred long-odd fights to feather-beds.

More destroyers came, some to pick up the crew of the stricken ship, others to deal as effectively with her striker as might be; but these met with as little success as their *confrères* hunting away to port of the scattered battleships. L 73 had gone deep down, where neither shells nor keels may penetrate.

But now she found herself with a task of quite a different sort upon her hands. A big, sea-going *unterseeboote* happened to blunder her way, L 73's chattering microphones heralding her approach. It appeared as though the Boche also possessed underwater ears, for as he closed on L 73 he developed extreme caution. His objective, of course, was the ramming of this intrepid interloper, which bade fair to spoil the plans so cunningly laid by his own High Command; the fact that he possessed specially strong bows for working among Baltic ice made him confident that if he could once get the intruder before his nose, he could easily walk through her without detriment to his own fighting-powers. But, being after bigger game, Carstairs sheered out of his way and sought the surface once more, rising this time under the very stern of a destroyer, which, had she but glanced back, could not have failed to see and *strafe* the craft she was so assiduously seeking.

'Pot her!' yelled Carstairs, as his periscope caught her fleeting shape. 'It'll shake their *moral* if the hunted disposes of one of the hunters. Fire, Jevons!'

Grinning like a heathen deity with the exhilaration of the combat, the sub pressed down his firing-key, and the missile blew away the destroyer's rudder and screws, as well as a goodly portion of her stern, and left her, a heaving wreck, upon the waters, a token of the unseen menace even now causing the best-laid plans of *Seiner Deutscher Majestät's Marinamt* to gang sadly agley.

Strange to relate, Lieutenant Carstairs was loath to share the enthusiasm of L73's crew at the thrice-repeated success. Every time, at the end of the prescribed interval, the sudden shuddering heave of the boat under the communicated influence of the torpedo's explosion made him grip at wheel or stanchion to preserve his foothold; every time the reverberating explosion sounded like sweet music in the Britons' ears, the lieutenant smiled grimly and crossed his fingers.

'It's too good to last,' he said softly. 'We're having too many lives. Anyway, if we go west now we'll have plenty of company on the long road; and if we aren't booked this trip, I'll never despair of any future tight corners we may get into.—Stand by the tubes'—this quite audibly. 'We'll chance our arms once more.'

This time L73's periscope-tip poked itself through a patch of clear water some hundreds of yards wide, well to starboard of the huddled fleet, which, like a flock of frightened sheep, crouched together and bleated piteously with their steam-sirens, begging the fast destroyers to rid them of this enemy which, herself invisible, might strike any one of them at any second. And, as luck would have it, instead of having been gathered into the centre of the huddled mass for protection, like her sisters, one of the huge transports had been left outside, and was now zigzagging this way and that at high speed, manœuvring and twisting to evade torpedo attack, and at times turning on her own heels so as to be within reach of her consorts' boats should disaster overtake her.

'A sitter, by the Great Hook Block!' cried Carstairs. 'A transport full of Boches!—Jevons, give her a pill; we'll stay and watch this shot, seeing that nobody's sculling round this quarter.'

The submarine dipped slightly as the torpedo left its tube; as she righted, Carstairs, at the periscope, had full sight of a narrow white track heading direct for the transport, which, occupied with her turning movements, had not as yet seen it. She stopped and slewed in her stride, so that the weapon, instead of striking her directly amidships, caught her under the after-bridge. She heaved, literally and actually, off the face of the waters in the same instant as it struck her, and, before the echoes of the first explosion had died away, a roar as of thunder a million times magnified split the very heavens, a sheet of lurid flame eclipsed the light of that misty day, and on the outskirts of that sheet were little black fragments that were men or portions of her structure.

'Good God!' said Carstairs. 'What's happened?'

Affected beyond telling by the awful spectacle, the lieutenant yet preserved sufficient presence of mind to take his craft to safety in the depths.

Once she felt the soft embrace of the mud, however, the lieutenant tottered from his stool, and, leaning against the boat's side, buried his face in his hands. The rest of the crew, not having seen that awful cataclysm, looked at him in wonder, and vaguely speculated as to whether their young commander had lost his nerve. His words, however, swiftly put them in possession of the facts of the case.

'We hit,' said Carstairs brokenly. 'I thought she'd sink slowly and give the poor devils a chance of being picked up; but as soon as the torpedo struck she blew to fragments, and I don't believe a single soul aboard her was left to tell how it happened.'

'Must have struck an ammunition magazine, or something,' said Jevons. 'You hit her as she slewed, you said?'

'Exactly,' was the answer. 'She must have commenced the turning movement as we fired, and, instead of getting her under the engine-room, we hit her under the after-bridge.'

'All her own fault, then,' was the cold-blooded answer. 'Serves her right for not keeping a better look-out. Well, are we going to do any more slaughter to-day?'

Carstairs raised himself weakly to the periscope-stool again. 'Might as well,' he said. 'We may never get another chance like this.'

L73 sought the surface once more, almost capsizing a cutter lowered by the German flagship to investigate the holocaust. The coxswain of the cutter fired his revolver half-a-dozen times at the periscope-tube, thereby providing the incentive which helped the wavering lieutenant to determine that he, at least, would show no quarter to this enemy met in fair, though unequal, fight.

He dipped slightly and rose again, this time free of all boats. His periscopic eye fell on the huddled mass of battleships three thousand yards to port, precisely at the same second as, regardless of their own intervening small pulling-craft, these warships opened fire upon him from all bearing guns.

'The flagship's right abeam, lads,' cried Carstairs. 'Now, we'll just add her to the bag, and then lie low for a while. Stand by for a burst of rapid firing. Fire one!'

Regardless of the shells which fell in hundreds all around his periscope—a three-inch tube isn't a good target even to the finest of *moral* and the steadiest of nerves—he sat watching the torpedo's track as it made straight for that great fighting-ship. Then, with a startled exclamation, he dropped his hands.

'That torpedo broke surface half-way across to the target, Jevons,' he cried. 'Fire the other tube. We're directly in line with her now.'

A second long trail suddenly appeared on the water and lengthened itself out parallel with that slowly dissolving into the tumbling waves.

It passed the now motionless first missile and reached its objective. But, though Carstairs plainly saw it bring up against the monster's hard steel sides, though in fancy he heard the clang which heralded its arrival, no following explosion resulted, no stab of flame shot up into the lowering sky, accompanied by a gout of gray water.

'That was a hit, Jevons,' remarked Carstairs. 'But you obviously forgot to take out the safety-pin, and the thing hasn't exploded. Stand by to try again, and, for the Lord's sake, don't make a mess of it this time; the destroyers are just clearing the battle fleet and tearing this way.'

Jevons's face tightened, and the firing-key clicked a third time. Carstairs turned once again to the periscope.

'Down—flood all!' he yelled. 'The destroyers are on top of us.'

L73 dropped to the depths like a stone precisely at the second that the torpedo arrived at its target—and exploded. And, amid the dull reverberations of its explosion there sounded a faint but distinct crack, and water commenced to pour through the lower end of the periscope.

'I expected as much,' remarked Carstairs. 'One of those destroyers has chopped through our periscope and finished our work for a day or two. Block up that hole, some of you; we'll go to the bottom and rest a while.'

Jevons approached, two small pieces of copper wire dependent from his finger by their strings. 'Here are the pins of those two dud torpedoes, sir,' he reported. 'I'd be glad if you'd withdraw that aspersion upon my care in firing, if you don't mind.'

Carstairs looked at his sub, at the pins, and at his crew. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'But I really thought that in your excitement you'd forgotten that with its pins in a torpedo is worse than useless—it might have been forgiven you had such been the case during these hectic times.'

L73 reached her dockyard port and commenced her preparations for the repair of her damaged eye some days later. She had scarcely docked ere the gold-laced figure of the Port Admiral appeared and called for Lieutenant Carstairs.

'I suppose you've come to tell me I'm to be whipped for treading on Fritz's toes, sir?' began that young officer. 'But it was the chance of a lifetime, and I couldn't possibly let it get past me.'

'On the contrary,' replied the admiral smilingly, 'I've come to pat you on the back. It appears that folks in office are calling you all sorts of pretty names, and talking about giving you a few D.S.O.'s, with maybe the V.C. as a make-weight. You see, we told Russia that whenever her fleet was in any danger we'd send her along

sufficient help to push the Boche back into his defended harbours, if we could; and our Ally, of course, relied immensely on that promise. Now, by popping up and planting your torpedoes into him from various spots, you not only made the enemy believe that he was being attacked by a large flotilla of our submarines, but you have also achieved what scores of diplomatic notes and emissaries could never have done—you've given the Russians to understand that the word of an Englishman is his bond, and that, at the very first opportunity, we've kept our promise about sending them help. And that's why you and your men are all to be decorated and made a fuss of.'

Now, Lieutenant Carstairs had the reputation of never missing any opportunity that came his way. He jumped at this one and seized it with both hands.

'I'm glad Those In Authority are taking it that way, sir,' he responded. 'We had a good time—though there were one or two painful incidents in it, such as when the transport blew up—and we've had nearly all the reward we want in having kept the nation's word. But, if you can so arrange it, sir—and I speak for all the crew—you might try to induce the people who talk about giving us decorations to remember that the keeping of promises is a thing that cuts both ways.'

'I don't quite see what you mean,' put in the admiral, astonished.

'No; but they will,' retorted the lieutenant. 'You see, sir, ten months ago they promised us a month's leave—and sent us to sea the next morning. If it so happens that we've been the honoured instruments of keeping the nation's word to the Russians, I'm rather inclined to think that it is now up to the nation to keep its word to us—to hang those V.C.'s and D.S.O.'s around the necks of those people who've got time to wear 'em, and to hand out the drop of leave which, according to promise, we should have had—and forgotten—long ago.'

#### A PETITION.

MAKE me as sure of future good to be  
As are the sleeping seeds at winter-time,  
Ere Spring has given promise of their prime  
Or any presage of maturity.  
Make me as sure of reaching life's far goal  
As the waves are which strong winds would detain,  
Flinging their crested splendour back again  
Dispersed in foam, maddened by such control.

Make me as sure of love, selfless supreme,  
As the white moon, who is content to fade  
When the dawn strikes her with its accolade.  
So I may fearless live and strive and dream  
Secure from doubt, or how shall I endure  
The interim of fate? Love, make me sure!

C. FARMAR.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### FLIES.

By F. ST. MARS.

#### PART I.

**H**ARVEY-DOTTRELL stood close down by the mud ooze, staring out across the miles of pock-marked flats, desolate of all life except the green scum, and a gull or two, like chalk lumps, here and there. A red disc of a sun on fire sat on ruby and smoking clouds, and the sky around and above was piled in angry confusion as cities aflame.

Harvey-Dottrell laughed, and the laugh, or a peculiar, nasty ring in it, disturbed a little ringed plover, invisible on the mud till then, so that it detached itself from its surroundings, and went away on hooked wings, piping plaintively.

Close to Harvey-Dottrell's feet the tide, draining out from the old and ruined oyster-beds behind his back, charged past in a narrow channel with a song like a Highland stream. A crab crawled slowly and sideways towards it from almost under his heel. A lean, narrow, rakish-looking sort of a fly suddenly batted on to his hand from nowhere special.

And in all the miles, even though so close to a great seaport city, Harvey-Dottrell was as utterly alone as if he had been in the great Sahara.

'A man might die here,' he muttered, 'and never be missed,' and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his little American 22-calibre repeating-rifle, and, turning it wrong end round, placed its cold, hard muzzle against his temple. Stretching out his right hand, he put his finger upon the trigger. It was all quite easy and simple—so easy and simple to end everything.

Five miles away as the crow is supposed to fly, in a dirty street, a street of many streets, street upon street, in the big seaport city, his wife was sitting with the children—four children, all under seven. Close beside her stood a writing-desk, locked, into which she had never seen. It contained, among other things, Harvey-Dottrell's pass-book, which revealed the fact that he had exactly four pounds in the bank. Beneath this, in an envelope, was his insurance policy for eighty pounds. And that was all. And so far as Harvey-Dottrell could see, it was going to be all—the end. There was no earthly chance of anything else, and he must die; he could not face the alternative.

Seven months ago Harvey-Dottrell had invented a preparation which absolutely prevented

flies, mosquitoes (which are flies), fleas (which also are flies), and other animated horrors of insect form from settling upon human beings who had sprinkled themselves with a little of the mixture. It might not seem much, but it meant that sleeping-sickness, fever, malaria, yellow fever, and other plagues of the flesh were as nothing to the possessor of a little of this preparation. It meant that thousands of white men's lives would be saved yearly. It meant that hundreds of thousands of square miles of land, deadly and uninhabitable to the white man till then, could be safely opened up. It meant—oh! dozens upon dozens of wonderful things, and Harvey-Dottrell knew it. He knew it too well. He had given up his profession to run it, and—failed. Nobody would believe him, and a letter from his last hope, an 'official department,' a letter to say so, lay in his pocket at that moment. Thus he had ruined himself; with an invention worth hundreds of thousands of pounds in his pocket, he was penniless, or nearly so, and he was going to be a coward, an utter coward, and die.

You see, he could have faced the comparative poverty of his profession and worked his way up, but the discovery of his fly preparation made him sure that he would at once become wealthy, made him build, ah, such fine castles! And the cold, stark, bitter disappointment of finding that the discovery was so wonderful that no one would credit it, or take it up, was too much for him. He would die. He meant it. He was a man quite capable of carrying out his intention, and quite coolly, too, at that.

The fly returned and batted on his hand again, his right hand, and tickled a little with a peculiar irritating touch of pain.

Harvey-Dottrell felt it, and put down his rifle to brush it away. He would put up the rifle after he had done that, and pull the trigger, and end his sufferings for evermore with a forty-five grain hollow-nose 22 long rifle-bullet, such as he used for shooting large wild-fowl. Just as if it mattered whether a fly was on his hand or not when he pulled the trigger; but he had never blown out his brains before, you see, and quite forgot about that.

He brushed the fly away, and stood suddenly motionless. His face changed slowly from an

awful set, stark determination, to one of slowly dawning surprise, but he did not move. And he remained so long thus standing motionless, with his head a little on one side, that a watcher, had there been one, would have approached nearer, to inquire what had come over him.

Four hundred yards away at its nearest point, the country road, which cut the island in two from end to end, and stretched from the bridge affording communication with the mainland to the little, quiet, but rather fashionable watering-place on the south coast of the island, ran, rather picturesquely, mostly between trees. It was fairly crowded at that time of year—with farm traffic, local bicyclists going down to bathe, motor-cars of visitors, and so forth. Nevertheless, it did not roar. There was not enough traffic for that. Harvey-Dottrell, who had lived in those parts for many years, had never known it to do that. Now it was roaring—roaring with traffic, and the roar, beginning in quite a small way, grew and gradually grew, so that it became steady and insistent, and dominated all else.

Now and again isolated sounds stood out clearly—the shouting of men; the fiend-like blare of some motor-horn, making monster noises more diabolical than its neighbours; once the shriek of a woman, clear and shrill, that set the heart jumping; and several times the cries of children. But these only accentuated the general all-pervading steadiness of the roar, like the roar that you hear on opening the window of an attic looking up to the skies in Regent Street.

Harvey-Dottrell was dumbfounded. He stood aghast. What had happened? What was going on? Or had he gone mad in the effort of slaying himself? He stopped his ears up, and unstopped them. But it was not his ears; the sound was real, a live thing. He turned his eyes in the direction of the road, and his face became blank.

At that time of year a thin dust curtain usually masked the road winding among the trees, but the thin curtain was there no longer. It was a tawny pall, a vast, thick, hanging cloud, high as a house, brooding, dense and strange, stretching far as the eye could reach above and beyond the trees, which it blotted out. Never, in all his experience, even on a summer bank holiday, had Harvey-Dottrell seen the dust above the road like that, or even partially like that.

It was incomprehensible, inconceivable. Harvey-Dottrell forgot all about blowing out his brains, and began walking along the shore of the estuary towards the place where he could turn up a side-lane leading to the road. It was about twelve minutes' walk.

He brushed away the peculiarly insistent fly, as he walked, several times, until it was joined by two other flies, and a wasp—peculiar in such a place—come for moisture, and he was forced to put a little of his own preparation out of a bottle, which he always carried, on to his handkerchief. Flies and wasp instantly vanished.

The sight of the road, as he came to it round a twist in the lane, stopped Harvey-Dottrell dead. The noise had been bad enough, but the view was worse, much worse, and he held his hand to his head, as if he thought he had gone suddenly crazed. He had not, however. It was the road that was mad, or the inhabitants of Cocklesea Island that were upon it—rather, all the inhabitants.

The narrow neck of the lane gave him a circumscribed round view of the road, under an arch of green that was now tawny, like looking through a telescope. He saw a gipsy van and a farm wagon almost locked together, and a vision of man-beaten horses, nearly black with sweat, straining mightily; he saw also a light car, packed to the top of her wind-screen with flannelled men, beating off a swarm of pedestrians that hung to her like flies; he beheld a donkey pulling half a family, the other half pulling, or pushing, the donkey; he beheld, too, a brewer's dray and two great plunging horses, breast-deep in struggling bicyclists; he watched a carriage and pair, both horses on end, bravely restrained by two unhatted footmen, and a little old lady with a white parasol inside cheek by jowl with an unshaven tramp who had climbed up and was hanging over the shade at the back; he viewed a milk-float, filled with squealing children, a spring-cart more than filled with a squealing and enormously fat old woman, lashing vilely at a stumbling scarecrow that had once been a horse, and a woman pushing a perambulator rocking with babies; he watched a thousand-guinea car, cream body, silver lamps, and all awink in the sun, full of pretty, but very white, faces, and frills and frocks and big hats, with two farm-labourers standing on the step, and a ragged small boy hanging on behind, and, almost treading on it, a ramshackle furniture-van, packed with, not the furniture, but the inmates, of a household and any of the crowds of pedestrians that could squeeze in. Five men, mopping their brows and carrying their coats, burst through the hedge in front of him, and crossed the lane, following their own line across country, as quicker than the packed road; and four children, carrying two smaller children, all crying, followed them. And all were going one way—northwards to the one road-bridge that led to the mainland.

When Harvey-Dottrell reached the main road he found that he could hardly get into it, by reason of the struggling confusion of packed motors, motor-bicycles, bicycles, wagons, carts, trucks, and people on foot, that dragged, fought, pushed, shoved, edged, rammed, drove, and strove their way along it. And the dust was awful; it filled the air like a fog, and made Harvey-Dottrell cough heavily. Some had fallen out by the wayside, and women, and even strong men, lay here and there—huddled smudges of clothes. Where there were gaps or gates, people

streamed through them, only, for the most part, to stream back. If a vehicle got locked by the wheel to another, there seemed no hope for it but for them to go along locked, and if man or woman fell out in the road itself—God help 'em!

It was an awful scene, but the most awful thing of all was the faces of the people. Millionaire, pawnbroker, farm-labourer, boarding-house keeper, boarder, butcher, ice-cream vendor, donkey-boy, farmer, fisherman—all held the same fixed, wide-eyed stare of fear, utter, unreasoning, and absolute terror. Thus do people act and look who flee from a plague.

True; but it was not this that had set Harvey-Dottrell suddenly gasping and clutching at his throat; it was the action of every living, hard-breathing, sweating soul he saw, for it seemed that, besides being frightened almost beyond speech, they were also, one and all, mad—mad as the proverbial March hare. And their madness was madder than anything ever heard of, for it took the form of a delusion, apparently, that they were fleeing from flies, or wasps, or mosquitoes, or something, so that the whole road was a river of waving, beating, fanning, pawing arms, hands, handkerchiefs, papers, fans, leafy branches, hats, caps, and rolled-up articles of clothing, in one great, grotesque, strenuous, multitudinal flutter, which was so utterly absurd that it made Harvey-Dottrell leave off clutching at his throat, and burst out into a harsh and cackling laugh.

Perhaps it was the strain on his nerves. Perhaps it was the hot sun. I don't know. He certainly laughed, and as he laughed a very fat man, with a very fat woman and two 'maids,' in a great, slashing, palpitating, red, forty-horse-power car, that had stopped near by, jammed nearly into the ditch by the press of traffic around, looked up, and said, in a harsh, abrupt voice, 'What the devil are you laughing at, man? Why aren't you running away, like the rest of us? Mad?'

'Not quite,' replied Harvey-Dottrell; 'but it seems that you all are. What on earth's up?'

'Up? Oh Lord! Here's a fellow doesn't know what's up,' the fat man shouted suddenly at the two maids, who began squealing at him, in terror, to get on, and then, to Harvey-Dottrell, 'Haven't you heard? The flies! The plague! They're carrying it all over the place. Fifteen people dead in an hour this morning. My God! Ah, here's my chance!'

The traffic ahead opened out a bit to make way for a horse, which, backed on to by a wagon ahead, suddenly seemed to have gone kicking mad. The man barged the car full into the open space, knocking the horse sideways, amid shouts and screams, and as he did so the fat woman, leaning out, yelled suddenly at Harvey-Dottrell, above the din, 'Aren't you afraid?'

And Harvey-Dottrell, who had gone all at once very white about the lips and the forehead at

the mention of the word 'flies,' shook his head. 'I'm immune,' he holloed, with a bitter laugh, and then stared, for the effect of that one word 'immune' upon the very fat woman was astounding.

There was just time, as the big car surged forward—he had been a little ahead of it when it stopped—to snatch out a visiting-card from a cream-and-gold bag thing she carried, amid numerous broad gold bracelets, on her full arm, and fling it at him. 'Go to my room in our house at Cocklesea,' she shrieked at him, purple-faced and standing up, 'and get my jewels. There's our London address on the card. I'll give you five hundred pounds!'

She sat down with a bang as the car heaved forward, and was lost to view in a cloud of dust, petrol-fumes, horses' heads, and people's heads, sneaking in after the car, in the hope of getting through behind it, and Harvey-Dottrell was left, dazed and befogged, mechanically picking up the visiting-card almost from his feet.

Every one knows Angmering's, the great London emporium of general cheap goods. Exactly. So did Harvey-Dottrell. It was the visiting-card of Mrs Angmering that he held in his hand, and upon the card was printed the address of the house, 'The View,' at Cocklesea, which the Angmerings had bought for week-ends, and the address of their town house.

The Angmerings were immensely wealthy; men said that nobody knew quite how rich they were, and that Mrs Angmering's jewels were worth a king's ransom—some kings' ransoms. Mrs Angmering was the stout lady of the big car, it seemed, and the rotund driver Angmering himself, no less. They must have been very hard pushed to come away without their jewels, Harvey-Dottrell reflected; and, by the same token, their offer of five hundred pounds for the recovery of the same was probably pretty sincere. Wherefore, pondering these things, Harvey-Dottrell started to walk the two miles to Cocklesea, due south, as best he could, across the fields—the one road was out of the question.

It was not his way home, which lay in the opposite direction—that is, towards the mainland, a fifteen-minutes' tram-ride off; but no matter. He was not quite himself this afternoon. He was still tingling with the strange excitement and panic going on around him, and with another excitement that seemed to be in the air, and to be stretching everybody's nerves to breaking-point almost.

As he scrambled through the hedge, and made his way across the first field, all dotted with people straggling—and struggling—along in the opposite direction—every one in the opposite direction to him—he noticed that the sky in the west was a dull copper, though the sun still shone overhead with peculiarly brazen persistence. A puff of warm wind suddenly struck him nearly on the back of the neck—that is, from

the north-west; the next puff, four minutes later, came from the north-east. Both vanished as suddenly as they had come, and there was a perfectly dead calm—such a calm that the gulls away out on the estuary were almost unable to fly, and in the calm Harvey-Dottrell could hear them screaming all together, miles away, above the din on the road. Being an ornithologist, he knew that the feathered ones do not speak in vain. There was weather coming.

It was not a pleasant walk. The heat was too great, for one thing, and the consciousness that he was, if the panic of the populace counted for anything, walking into death for a possible five hundred pounds, was too much in charge of Harvey-Dottrell's mind to make it so. But it, was at least dying for something, at any rate, putting up a fight; and that to Harvey-Dottrell was joy, as the burning of essence of ginger is joy to the man with raging toothache.

In one corner of a farm lane, under the shade of some trees, and all alone beside a little pond full of 'skaters,' he found an old man lying down, and tired out, and from him, after he had revived him with a little whisky from his flask and a few biscuits, he got enlightenment.

'It ain't no bloomin' good; ef I does 'ave this 'ere plague, maister, I be done, that's what I be, and couldn't go noways farther, not ef you was t' pay me ever so,' he wheezed; and Harvey-Dottrell, looking at him, agreed.

'You want an hour's rest,' suggested he.

'I does; that's a fact.' The old fellow wiped his face, beating away the flies, which, by-the-by, were not imaginary, for the flies were most insistent, as only they can be in some country places at certain times; but it was noticeable that they all kept their distance from Harvey-Dottrell. Then he regarded Harvey-Dottrell, and stared him up and down in blank surprise. 'But what be the matter wi' you?' he questioned suddenly. 'Why baint you a-runnin' for th' bridge?'

Harvey-Dottrell smiled dubiously. 'Firstly, I have something that keeps flies away,' he answered. 'Secondly, I don't know yet what all this talk of plague is about. I've only just come from the shore, really.'

'Oh, lordy!' The old man left off beating at the flies and stared at him. 'Don't ye know as two London gents comed down by the 11.50 train wi' a gurt big glass case inside o' a gurt big wooden one, an' th' railway chap as was a-deliverin' of it, 'e drops an' smashes th' 'ole bloomin' bag o' tricks, and out comes swarms an' swarms o' flies, an' th' two gents, they nearly goes mad? They was a-rushin' about a-tellin' everybody they was doctors a-studyin' of th' plague, and that these 'ere flies, they was inoculated with this 'ere plague 'nuff t' kill every blame body on t' 'ole island 'bout ten times over, an' that they would start about

a-killin' of all o' us sharp. Run? You never see'd! Most folks they jist takes an' drops whatever they was at, like, an' they run, an' they run, an' they run t' git off th' island quick'n ever th' devil split 'em amainways.'

'How d'you know all of this, then?'

'Ow does I know? Why, 'cause I was a-sellin' oranges on th' beach just outside their 'ouse.'

'Any people die, or anything?' Harvey-Dottrell had become suddenly alert and interested.

'Die? Lord! There was one old lady, she was took a-sudden like when she 'eard 'em, an' she took an' died; an' an old toff in a barf-chair, what I knawed 'ad a weak 'eart fer years, 'e lets out a gasp when they tells 'im, an' they carries 'im out a corpse; an' any amount o' folks complained they was feelin' bad all of a sudden like. Gawd! but there was a-goin's on, I can tell 'ee, but whether 'twas th' fright, or th' flies, or th' 'eat, I dunnows. Anywhichways, no flies ain't a-bitten me yet, but I reckon they will time I gets goin' agin; and the old fellow waved a huge red handkerchief ferociously. 'Ain't you scared?' he asked, regarding Harvey-Dottrell suspiciously, after his kind.

'Not in the least, I guess. I've got something on me that absolutely prevents all flies coming near me. Try some,' Harvey-Dottrell announced enthusiastically; and before the old man could protest, he had tipped a few drops of his queer-smelling preparation upon that rampant red handkerchief.

'Thank 'ee, but I'd rather it 'ud been a pipe o' baccy,' the old fellow answered, and then he suddenly sat upright. Every fly in his vicinity had vanished. 'Well, I'll be'—But words failed him, and he could only go on staring.

'Good enough, isn't it?' asked Harvey-Dottrell, with the air of one 'grassing' a tiger first shot.

'Lord bless my 'eart an' soul!' The old man turned and glared at the inventor with a sudden cunning interest in his rat-like eyes. 'But—will it last?'

'Last? Last?—yes. That is, last twenty-four hours, anyway.'

Harvey-Dottrell was too delighted with this opportunity to show off his discovery, if only to an audience of one, to notice the quick smile, hidden instantly behind the handkerchief, that convulsed the old man's features, and the furtive look of rat-like cunning that flickered into his bright eyes.

'Well, I 'ope it will—'ope it will. Thank 'ee, sir; thank 'ee. An' now you 'll want to be a-goin' on. Don't let a old gaffer of th' likes o' me keep ye. Anythink important, ef I may make so bold?'

'Only a commission for a lady who's left a trifle behind her.' Harvey-Dottrell tried to speak airily, but the rat's eyes were watching him, keen as daggers, the whole time. 'Yes,

I think I will be moving. Good-day. Hope you'll get home all right.' And he hurried on his way.

At least, he felt, he knew more than he did before, and could fairly well grasp the situation.

Possibly the Angmerings were out in their car somewhere when they caught the panic, and were afraid to go to their house; but, anyway, it did not matter to him now.

(Continued on page 263.)

## THE TAKING OF RANGOON.

By DAVID MACRITCHIE.

**I**T was during the consulship of the second Lord Amherst (1823-1828) that the rulers of India found it necessary to invade Burma. These rulers were first and foremost the East India Company, although Lord Amherst represented the Crown, and although the Company's forces were supported by those of the King. But the dominating position which we then held in the East had been won for us and was still maintained by that great and powerful organisation known as the East India Company. At the time of the first Burmese war our effective fighting force in India numbered 274,000 men, European and native, the great majority of whom were the soldiers of 'John Company.'

The supreme position occupied by the Company is directly acknowledged by the author of a series of coloured engravings descriptive of the taking of Rangoon, published in 1825, and inscribed thus: 'To the Honorable the Court of Directors of the East India Company these Eighteen Views taken at & near Rangoon are respectfully Dedicated by Permission by their Grateful Obedient Humble Servant Joseph Moore, Lieut. of His Majesty's 89th Regt.' These engravings will be referred to presently in detail. But it may be remarked in passing that, in spite of the supereminent services rendered by the Company's army, the King's officers long affected a superiority over those of the Company, who, indeed, did not receive a proper official recognition of their merits until a few years previous to the Burmese war. Referring to this situation, Mr Beckles Willson, in his *Ledger and Sword* (ii. 356-7), makes these observations:

'It was while Canning was at the Board of Control that the nominal barrier which separated King's from Company's troops was further broken down. Prior to 1818 military officers holding the Company's commission had been excluded from the chief honours of their profession. This had long been regarded as unfair: in the previous year the Prince Regent decided to enlarge the Order of the Bath, and was pleased to direct that fifteen of the most distinguished officers of the Company's service might be raised to the dignity of Knights Commanders of the Bath, and that certain other officers of the Company should be eligible to be Knights Companions.

'After the Mahratta war Sir David Ochter-

lony was selected for the honour of Knight Grand Cross of the Bath: Lord Hastings himself performed the ceremony in camp, at Terwah, on the 20th March 1818. "Sir David Ochterlony," said he to the recipient, "you have obliterated a distinction painful to the officers of the Honourable Company, and you have opened the doors for your brothers in arms to a reward which their recent display of exalted spirit and invincible intrepidity proves could not be more deservedly extended to the officers of any army on earth." Mr Beckles Willson adds: 'The Company's had long been the best-paid service in the world.'

The first picture of Moore's series shows 'The Harbour of Port Cornwallis, Island of Great Andaman, with the Fleet getting under weigh for Rangoon.' Perhaps the most striking item in this scene is a small paddle-steamer which is taking out some officers to one of the men-of-war. This seems to denote that steamboats of a small size were in common use as tenders, even in Indian waters, as early as 1825. The funnel of this one is narrow, and astonishingly tall, nearly as high as the two masts of the vessel. She is flying the ensign of the East India Company, which was the White Ensign of to-day with the addition of seven broad red stripes placed horizontally on the white ground. The general effect of this flag recalls the Stars and Stripes, the canton occupied by the stars being, of course, occupied by a small Union-Jack in the former case. A large, full-rigged ship, with square-sails set, is lying-to in the narrows. From the notes explaining the scenes, it appears that this is H.M.S. *Liffey*, commanded by Commodore Grant. She shows a broadside of thirteen guns, all run out; and near her is a fourteen-gun brig, similarly prepared. It seems evident that the progress of the fleet was likely to be challenged in the crossing to the Gulf of Martaban. The *Liffey* is flying the Red Ensign and several signal-flags. Among the other vessels, ten in number, the Company's flag is nowhere visible.

The next scene is a 'View of the landing at Rangoon of part of the Combined Forces from Bengal and Madras, under the Orders of Sir Archd. Campbell, K.C.B., on the 11th of May 1824.' Here the fleet has come to anchor in the river, close to Rangoon, and the troops are going ashore in fifteen large boats, rowed by

coolies. There is also a ship's cutter, containing a few bluejackets and a naval officer standing erect, superintending the disembarkation of the army. Four of the large boats are flying the Company's ensign. The others show no flag, but the troops in one boat are carrying two Union-Jacks. The soldiers, dressed in scarlet coatees, with white cross-belts, white or grayish trousers, and black shakos, are all standing at attention, with bayonets fixed. There is practically no opposition from the enemy, for the *Liffey* is in the act of delivering a broadside which effectually silenced the feeble fire from the stockades.

A brief analysis of the troops engaged is instructive and interesting. The whole force amounted to about nine thousand men. Only three King's regiments were present—the 13th, 38th, and 41st. The bulk of the force consisted, therefore, of the Company's soldiers. In addition to several Madras European regiments, there were five battalions of Madras native infantry, with large detachments of Bengal and Madras artillery, and the corps of pioneers from Madras.

A special interest attaches to the naval officer who figures so prominently in the scene. For this was no other than Captain Marryat, whose novels have been the delight of many generations of British schoolboys. At this date he was thirty-two years of age, and was in command of H.M.S. *Larne*. It is stated that his men suffered severely in river-work and stockade-fighting during this campaign. He himself was made a C.B. in acknowledgment of his services on his return home. It was not until 1829 that he began, with *Frank Mildmay*, his career as a novelist; and if a ball from a Burmese match-lock had laid him low, he would only have been remembered, if at all, as a gallant and promising naval officer.

The Great Dagôn Pagoda forms the subject of several of the succeeding pictures, the time represented being after the fighting, when the British were in full possession of the place. Officers are seen strolling quietly about, and one—probably Lieutenant Moore himself—seated on a camp-stool, is making a sketch of the Pagoda, his servant holding a large umbrella over his head to screen him from the sun. The uniforms are instructive, the trousers worn being in some cases white 'duck,' and in others blue 'jean.' The latter was certainly the more suitable colour for a campaign, and it may be noted that the troops employed in the siege of Bhurtpoor in 1825–1826 are all depicted as wearing blue trousers. Nevertheless, the picture which shows the attack made on the Rangoon stockades on the 28th of May 1824, from the landward side, represents the nether garments of officers and men as made of white 'duck.' The same costume of scarlet jackets, or coatees, and white trousers is seen in the picture of 'The Storming of the Lesser Stockade at Kemmendine, near

Rangoon, on the 10th of June 1824.' One can hardly imagine anything less like a 'storm' than this scene. It is true, the Burmese are blazing merrily away from behind their stockade, and they have succeeded in hitting two of our men, who are lying on the ground, dead or dying. But the British soldiers are marching calmly up to the stockade, four deep, with 'sloped' muskets and fixed bayonets, as if they were on parade. One, indeed, has fallen out in order to fasten his shoe-lace. It has occurred to the officer who is leading that it is the correct thing to brandish his sword on entering the breach in the stockade, and certainly some sign of antagonism is called for, seeing that the enemy are firing at him only a few feet off. However, they might be using blank-cartridge for all the effect their fire has upon the leisurely attackers.

But one must not be too severe upon an amateur artist. After all, the pictures do commemorate actual historical events, if somewhat inadequately. When considered in connection with the explanatory notes, they become quite intelligible. The first of the two scenes just referred to, that of the attack of 28th May, is explained thus in the notes: 'The force employed upon this service consisted of four or five companies of his Majesty's 13th and 38th regiments, with about 250 seapoys of the 3rd, 10th, and 17th regiments of Madras native infantry, commanded by Major Wahab, with a detachment of Bengal artillery and pioneers. This scene is close to the village of Jauayhyvaug; the troops are represented advancing in an echelon of companies, with their left near the stockades, while the party in advance is covering their deployment. . . . The figure seated and wounded in the arm, on the spectator's right, is a Mr M'Kenzie of Calcutta, who was an amateur upon this occasion.' The gentleman in question, clad in an elegant gray suit, with a tall hat of the same hue, is seated on the ground under the shade of a large umbrella, and is supported by a naked and sympathising coolie. Another explanation is instructive: 'The figure up to the head in the swamp is an Arminian who accompanied the general [Sir Archibald Campbell]; and when the firing commenced from the Birmans he hid himself, to avoid being shot, up to his neck in the swamp.' This cautious 'Arminian' is very carefully portrayed by the artist.

It is stated that on this occasion about three hundred of the Burmese, who were led by the Prince of Prome, were killed. The annotator mentions only three casualties on our side—Lieutenant Howard of the 13th Regiment killed, and Lieutenants O'Halloran and Michell of the 38th severely wounded. These were all King's officers.

The pictorial representation of the attack on the Kemmendine stockade, some distance up the river from Rangoon, is better understood in the

light of the written description: 'The army arrived before it early in the morning of the 10th of June, and a breach being made from the battery in the distance, about eleven o'clock Sir Archibald Campbell ordered it to be stormed, and it was carried in a most gallant manner by a large detachment of the 41st regiment, commanded by Major Chambers, and of the 2d Madras European Regiment commanded by

also conveying troops to the shore. As before, the steamer flies the Company's ensign, and the same flag is fluttering from one of the warships and from all the launches. There is only one instance in which a flag of the Royal Navy is seen. As a matter of fact, the war was waged by the East India Company, whose finances it strained severely, and the ultimate cession by the Company of the provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim is more acquisition of territory for the Company for our future Indian

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history of the East India Company duly chronicled, we are apt to forget that it occupied a truly royal, for the link uniting it to the Crown rather than official. That is not dictated to by the British Government though it was composed of British subjects, the position of the Company is illusory enough, by the story of the commander for the expedition or, undertaken in 1825, before the war was over. On the directors' objection to the Duke of Wellington, 'You can't do better than Wellington,' He's the man to take it, but we don't think very highly of Wellington,' objected the directors. 'I don't consider him a man of any account,' I don't care a damn about his position; 'I tell you he's the Duke of Wellington.' On this advice Committed by the directors, and he did

The point of this incident is that Wellington was in a position to pick and choose the leading soldiers of the British Army, hire them to carry out its duties, therefore, of a technical alliance with the British Crown, the place occupied by the Company was so high as to justify Mr. Gladstone's opinion of it as 'an Oriental sovereignty, absolute dominion over 200,000,000 subjects, attained an opulence unmatched of Europe, and exerting a rule as great as the days of the Cæsars.'

R L.

foliage glossy brown cones held themselves in readiness to obey the laws of gravitation, and by-and-by to fall with a thud at the foot of the parent tree, a number of crested woodpeckers were holding a lively altercation. Tap-tap! The young ones were for lingering. Even if the nights, argued they, were already somewhat sharp and the days short, yet was the sun still hot, and

was to be extracted from beneath the bark of bole and bough. Tap-tap! The old ones cocked their heads on this side and that, flaunting crimson crests against the blue sky, and voted for the sheltered valleys and woods of the distant foothills, whither the merry gray squirrels were already betaking themselves, to fatten and wax daily more beautiful before winter set in.

Summer had come and gone, and autumn, never long-lived in the Granite Mountains, was

coolies. There is also a ship's cutter, containing a few bluejackets and a naval officer standing erect, superintending the disembarkation of the army. Four of the large boats are flying the Company's ensign. The others show no flag, but the troops in one boat are carrying two Union-Jacks. The soldiers, dressed in scarlet coatees, with white cross-belts, white or grayish trousers, and black shakos, are all standing at attention, with bayonets fixed. There is practically no opposition from the enemy, for the *Liffey* is in the act of delivering a broadside which effectually silenced the feeble fire from the stockades.

A brief analysis of the troops engaged is instructive and interesting. The whole force amounted to about nine thousand men. Only three King's regiments were present—the 13th, 38th, and 41st. The bulk of the force consisted, therefore, of the Company's soldiers. In addition to several Madras European regiments, there were five battalions of Madras native infantry, with large detachments of Bengal and Madras artillery, and the corps of pioneers from Madras.

A special interest attaches to the naval officer who figures so prominently in the scene. For this was no other than Captain Marryat, whose novels have been the delight of many generations of British schoolboys. At this date he was thirty-two years of age, and was in command of H.M.S. *Larne*. It is stated that his men suffered severely in river-work and stockade-fighting during this campaign. He himself was made a C.B. in acknowledgment of his services on his return home. It was not until 1829 that he began, with *Frank Mildmay*, his career as a novelist; and if a ball from a Burmese match-lock had laid him low, he would only have been remembered, if at all, as a gallant and promising naval officer.

The Great Dagôn Pagoda forms the subject of several of the succeeding pictures, the time represented being after the fighting, when the British were in full possession of the place. Officers are seen strolling quietly about, and one—probably Lieutenant Moore himself—seated on a camp-stool, is making a sketch of the Pagoda, his servant holding a large umbrella over his head to screen him from the sun. The uniforms are instructive, the trousers worn being in some cases white 'duck,' and in others blue 'jean.' The latter was certainly the more suitable colour for a campaign, and it may be noted that the troops employed in the siege of Bhurtpoor in 1825–1826 are all depicted as wearing blue trousers. Nevertheless, the picture which shows the attack made on the Rangoon stockades on the 28th of May 1824, from the landward side, represents the nether garments of officers and men as made of white 'duck.' The same costume of scarlet jackets, or coatees, and white trousers is seen in the picture of 'The Storming of the Lesser Stockade at Kemmendine, near

Rangoon, on the 10th of June 1824.' One can hardly imagine anything less like a 'storm' than this scene. It is true, the Burmese are blazing merrily away from behind their stockade, and they have succeeded in hitting two of our men, who are lying on the ground, dead or dying. But the British soldiers are marching calmly up to the stockade, four deep, with 'sloped' muskets and fixed bayonets, as if they were on parade. One, indeed, has fallen out in order to fasten his shoe-lace. It has occurred to the officer who is leading that it is the correct thing to brandish his sword on entering the breach in the stockade, and certainly some sign of antagonism is called for, seeing that the enemy are firing at him only a few feet off. However, they might be using blank-cartridge for all the effect their fire has upon the leisurely attackers.

But one must not be too severe upon an amateur artist. After all, the pictures do commemorate actual historical events, if somewhat inadequately. When considered in connection with the explanatory notes, they become quite intelligible. The first of the two scenes just referred to, that of the attack of 28th May, is explained thus in the notes: 'The force employed upon this service consisted of four or five companies of his Majesty's 13th and 38th regiments, with about 250 seapoys of the 3rd, 10th, and 17th regiments of Madras native infantry, commanded by Major Wahab, with a detachment of Bengal artillery and pioneers. This scene is close to the village of Jauayhyvaug; the troops are represented advancing in an echelon of companies, with their left near the stockades, while the party in advance is covering their deployment. . . . The figure seated and wounded in the arm, on the spectator's right, is a Mr M'Kenzie of Calcutta, who was an amateur upon this occasion.' The gentleman in question, clad in an elegant gray suit, with a tall hat of the same hue, is seated on the ground under the shade of a large umbrella, and is supported by a naked and sympathising coolie. Another explanation is instructive: 'The figure up to the head in the swamp is an Arminian who accompanied the general [Sir Archibald Campbell]; and when the firing commenced from the Birmans he hid himself, to avoid being shot, up to his neck in the swamp.' This cautious 'Arminian' is very carefully portrayed by the artist.

It is stated that on this occasion about three hundred of the Burmese, who were led by the Prince of Prome, were killed. The annotator mentions only three casualties on our side—Lieutenant Howard of the 13th Regiment killed, and Lieutenants O'Halloran and Michell of the 38th severely wounded. These were all King's officers.

The pictorial representation of the attack on the Kemmendine stockade, some distance up the river from Rangoon, is better understood in the

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light of the written description: 'The army arrived before it early in the morning of the 10th of June, and a breach being made from the battery in the distance, about eleven o'clock Sir Archibald Campbell ordered it to be stormed, and it was carried in a most gallant manner by a large detachment of the 41st regiment, commanded by Major Chambers, and of the 2d Madras European regiment, commanded by Major Wahab. Major Chambers is represented in the view in the act of getting into the stockade, when he received a severe spear wound in the face from a Birman, who was instantly shot by one of the 41st regiment.' It is added that the Burmese lost above two hundred and fifty men in this engagement.

In all the pictures already referred to, the troops on our side are Europeans, but the 7th Madras Native Infantry figure in the next of the series. Their uniform is the same as that of the British soldiers, except that their head-gear is something between a turban and a busby.

The final attack seems to have been made on the 8th of July, and three of the remaining pictures illustrate its chief phases. Of these, one shows the position of the army previous to attacking the stockades, while another deals with 'The Storming of one of the principal Stockades on its inside.' Here our men are seen in the interior, driving the Burmese before them, while others of the redcoats are scaling the palisades. The brown-skinned Burmese are very scantily attired in loin-cloths of a kind of tartan, in some cases green, in others red, and several of them have a species of light plaid. Their weapons are muskets, spears, and swords. The third picture represents Sir Archibald Campbell's attack from the river, at Pagoda Point. This is a very animated scene. Seventeen launches, crowded with soldiers, are being rowed by coolies towards the stockades, behind which the Burmese are pouring down musketry-fire. Seven ships of war are moored in the river, and the Company's steamer, which has accompanied the fleet from the Andamans, is

also conveying troops to the shore. As before, the steamer flies the Company's ensign, and the same flag is fluttering from one of the warships and from all the launches. There is only one instance in which a flag of the Royal Navy is seen. As a matter of fact, the war was waged by the East India Company, whose finances it strained severely, and the ultimate cession by Burma of the provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim marked one more acquisition of territory made by the Company for our future Indian Empire.

Although the history of the East India Company has been duly chronicled, we are apt in these days to forget that it occupied a truly imperial position, for the link uniting it to Britain was racial rather than official. That is to say, it was not dictated to by the British Government, although it was composed of British people. The position of the Company is illustrated, amusingly enough, by the story of the selection of a commander for the expedition against Bhurtpoor, undertaken in 1825, before the Burmese war was over. On the directors referring the question to the Duke of Wellington, his reply was, 'You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtpoor.' 'But we don't think very highly of Lord Combermere,' objected the directors. 'In fact, we do not consider him a man of any great genius.' 'I don't care a damn about his genius,' retorted the duke; 'I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpoor.' On this advice Combermere was chosen by the directors, and he *did* take Bhurtpoor. The point of this incident is that the Company was in a position to pick and choose among the leading soldiers of the British Army, and to hire them to carry out its designs. In spite, therefore, of a technical allegiance to the British Crown, the place occupied by the Company was so high as to justify Mr Willson's description of it as 'an Oriental sovereign with absolute dominion over 200,000,000 of people, having attained an opulence unmatched in the history of Europe, and exerting a rule unequalled since the days of the Cæsars.'

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

### CHAPTER XV.

**I**N the summit of a soaring pine, whose velvety tip of brightest green pointed fingerwise steadfastly upwards, while among the sombre foliage glossy brown cones held themselves in readiness to obey the laws of gravitation, and by-and-by to fall with a thud at the foot of the parent tree, a number of crested woodpeckers were holding a lively altercation. Tap-tap! The young ones were for lingering. Even if the nights, argued they, were already somewhat sharp and the days short, yet was the sun still hot, and

many a delicacy was to be extracted from beneath the rough red bark of bole and bough. Tap-tap! tap-tap! But the old ones cocked their heads this side and that, flaunting crimson crests against the blue sky, and voted for the sheltered valleys and woods of the distant foothills, whither the merry gray squirrels were already betaking themselves, to fatten and wax daily more beautiful before winter set in.

Summer had come and gone, and autumn, never long-lived in the Granite Mountains, was

on the wane. Down in the dense places of the river cañons the black bears had gorged themselves on a wealth of purple huckleberries, and were beginning to sniff greedily at the foot of hollow oaks wherein lay fragrant stores of wild honey. Geese and ducks from far northern haunts had commenced their long, long journey southwards, tarrying to rest and paddle about in the sunlit, peaceful waters of Loon and Laughing Lakes. In short, the great annual trek had set in, and wise heads, amongst whom, of course, the old truculent woodpeckers—tap-tap!—reckoned themselves chiefest, prophesied an early and a hard winter. Vast herds of goats, leaving behind them as mementoes of their 'sojourn in the wilderness' square miles of bush desolated as by a scourge of caterpillars—twig and leaf, bud and bark, devoured by these insatiable mammals—together with strands of fleecy wool on thorn and thicket, and a rank, pungent odour lingering for days in their wake, had moved in dense, bleating, suffocating masses down the long, dust-deep road to the valleys, sly mountain-lion and stealthy coyote creeping along in their rear to pick up many a weakly kid or crippled dam that fell or got lost by the way.

One by one, parties of campers, brown, lean, and healthy, their smoked coffee-pots and battered, greasy pans, their rugs and blankets, rods and guns, all heaped together in an old skeleton wagon drawn by an old skeleton of a horse, had rattled away from spruce-beds and flapjacks, from fishing by day and log fires by night, to the mattresses and meals, the work and worry, of distant, noisy, crowded towns.

Dairymen, whose families and cattle had summered among the cool woods and lush grass of the lake flats, were now to be seen heading for home, not unlike the home-coming of Jacob with herds and wives and 'little ones,' besides dogs, cats, pigs, and poultry, of which the Biblical story takes no account.

The mountain world was streaming out, just as a few months earlier it had streamed in. 'Yes,' reiterated the old woodpeckers, 'it's time we were on the move;' and spreading their wings, they, too, joined the general exodus. The young ones watched them go, shrugged their pinions, and fell briskly again to the interminable business of *boring*. Tap-tap! tap-tap! Not for many moments, however. Their round, bright eyes, looking down, met a pair of large, bright ones looking up; sunburned hands clapped vigorously, and this was followed by a prolonged 'Shoo-oo-oo!' and a merry laugh, as the feathered fraternity, in quick alarm, darted away through the clear sky.

'All going South!' mused aloud the disturber of their peace, and stood a moment dreamily gazing up at the limitless blue, in whose ocean the fleeting birds left no wake. Then, continuing her way, she presently emerged from the thicket, and, not without a slight look of relief,

reached the roadside clearing where stood her cabin home, cheerful, if bare, under the open sky. 'There!' she exclaimed, setting down a basket in which gleamed, ruddy and amber, a quantity of wild gooseberries, alarmingly beset with bristles; 'I guess those are the very last I can find. And, my goodness, what *prickles*!' she added, wrinkling her forehead and critically inspecting her fingers, stained and sore. 'No use trying to make jelly of them; they are too ripe to roll, so I'll boil and strain them for sauce. Dave will like that, with hot biscuits, for supper. Dear me! guess I'm some tired after all. Must have gone farther than I thought, and those stony trails aren't exactly city side-walks!'

Thus ruminating, she seated herself on the door-step, resting her head, bare except for a mass of wavy black hair, against the hard wall at her back, and letting her eyes rove skywards. Presently, so high as to be almost invisible, she made out a flight of geese, flying plough-fashion through the clear air, and filling it with their melodious 'honk-honk-honka-honk!'

'The geese too! All going South!' again murmured the girl. Then—well, she must have slept, for she woke with a shiver, to find herself sitting in shadow, and the sun, which a while ago seemed so high and hot, now merely a halo behind the opposite trees. 'My lands!' exclaimed the girl, jumping up in alarm. 'Sun nearly setting, and not a thing ready for David's supper!' and, snatching up the basket, she darted into the house. Filling her hastily tied apron with shavings and neat bundles of sticks from a goodly box, she knelt to open the stove door, then paused and reached for a match. 'All ready laid,' she ejaculated in tones of tender appreciation, 'though he had to start off so early this morning! Was there ever in the world such a good, kind husband?'

'Was there ever in the world such a good, sweet wife?' echoed a merry voice, and before she could turn, the man who had stolen in unawares tilted back the kneeling girl against his breast and covered her faces with kisses.

'Oh Dave!' she gasped, escaping from his embrace, 'I'm so disappointed. I planned to have such lovely gooseberry sauce and hot biscuits ready for your supper, and'—

'Disappointed!' teased David. '*Disappointed* because her husband is home an hour earlier than usual! And as for the supper, we'll get it twice as quick both of us together, Annie. You've no notion what a crack-a-jack of a cook I am! You get the berries cookin' while I take out the flour and things—Hello!' he broke off, peering into the barrel; 'seems to me we're kind o' shy of flour, darlin', ain't we?'

'Yes, I know,' replied Anita; 'but I had a chance by the goat-herd of asking Mrs King to send us a couple of loaves (the Kings haven't gone out yet, you know), and flapjacks will help

out until you can fetch the sack of flour from the Grizzly, which Charlie promised to haul for us.'

Then, as she watched the forester deftly setting out everything needed for the biscuit-making, not even the grease-rag for the baking-tins forgotten, she suddenly stopped in the middle of pouring a generous stream of sugar into the crimson flood of bubbling berries, and blushing as red as they, stepped across to David, and putting her soft arm round his neck, said earnestly, 'Dave, whatever in the world did you want to marry me for? You know you don't need a wife a tiny bit!'

'What in the world did I marry you for, Ann darlin'? And I don't need a wife, don't I? Gee! that's all you know about it, my dear—all you can know about it, 'cause you wasn't ever here when you *wasn't*!' and he laughed delightedly. 'Now, little girl,' he went on, 'you get busy with the biscuits while I slice the ham. Where's the fryin'-pan? Oh, 'way over there! Why don't you keep it on its own nail? Just as easy, and you can find it in the dark if you want to!'

Anita, floury and flushed, but divinely pretty, chased him round and round with the rolling-pin, 'like a couple of kids,' David breathlessly declared; and so, with fun and chatter, the appetising meal was cooked and eaten, David praising the gooseberry sauce and kissing the sore little fingers that had suffered so much from the prickles on his behalf. Then, tired as he was from his long, hard day in the saddle, nothing would do but he must help to clear away the supper-things, himself briskly rubbing out the frying-pan with clean paper ('The best way,' he explained), and washing the dishes to save his Annie's pretty hands.

'David! David!' she finally expostulated. 'How you do spoil me!' Then suddenly, as if a thought had struck her, 'I wish you'd *smoke*, Dave.'

'Smoke?' echoed David. '*Me—smoke*? Not on your sweet life, darlin'! It's only silly fools and good-for-nuthin' toffs who waste good money on tobacco. I don't intend to fry ham *all* my life, Annie, nor to live in a shack like this. Some day, please the pigs, we'll have a decent house, and you sha'n't work so hard. That'll be better than blowin' away hard cash in smoke, won't it, dear? Why, I was calculatin'— And he proceeded to produce staggering figures as to how many dollars and cents—nay, even gold 'eagles'—a man might squander in, say, thirty years if, &c., &c. But Anita did not hear them, her mind having all at once flown elsewhere as something, deep within her, smarted and resented her husband's expression of 'good-for-nuthin' toffs.'

The latter, however, so engrossed was he in demonstrating his favourite axiom of 'A penny saved, a penny earned,' did not notice Anita's

abstraction, and presently changed the subject by saying, 'Did you look in the letter-box to-day, Annie? Mebbe the bread'll be there, for Duncan passed through on his way to Tahoe.'

'No,' replied Annie. 'Guess I was out hunting for gooseberries just then. Let's go and look.'

So together they went out, his arm around her waist, and under cover of the darkness Anita whispered, 'We've been married two months to-day, David. Had you thought of it?' And for reply came such a squeeze of the trim little waist that the owner cried out for mercy. Then the letter-box was searched, and sundry welcome papers and a big parcel of bread were extracted.

'Why,' exclaimed Anita upon opening the parcel in the kitchen, 'Mrs King has sent three loaves, and I only asked two! But here's something written on the paper. "For the party camping on Goose Lake," she read aloud. 'I didn't know there *was* anybody camping there. Did you, Dave?' David, however, was engrossed in a newspaper, and made no reply. 'I suppose he'll call for it?' she went on, questioningly.

'No,' said Hardy rather shortly. 'Guess I can go in with it. Come along, Annie, and let's sit down by the stove for a bit. I begin to feel about "all in."'

'Poor old Dave! I don't wonder!' cried Anita, with ready sympathy, helping to pull forward a couple of rocking-chairs, cushioned with old camp blankets.

They turned the lamp low, these sentimental young people, opened the stove door so that the glow from burning wood and embers threw a cheerful light about them, and Anita slipped her small, soft hand, with its bright new ring, into David's great, callous palm.

They were very happy, these two—happier than at one terrible hour in their lives either had dreamed they ever could be. Neither to that fearful crisis nor to Gavin Barrie did they ever allude, although for long after the forester had brought home his bride, and with tender devotion strove to atone for the hideous crime he had so nearly committed, his heart was wrung and his conscience scorched by hearing the sleeping girl on the pillow beside him cry out in the darkness, 'David! David! Don't go away! Don't be angry!' As for Anita, although it was with a white face and heavy heart that she had driven the long miles to Keyes Mills to fulfil her promise of becoming the wife of David Hardy, he had, as her husband, proved so gentle and kind beyond her imaginings, that ere long the terrible events of that memorable morning when he had come to fetch her began to seem like some horrible nightmare, and she nearly persuaded herself to accept Gavin Barrie's generous explanation that the forester had been suffering from a touch of the sun. That self-same day

he had taken her away from the station, and left her for a short time in the care of the kind but overworked Mrs King—a time which poor Anita passed in agonies of tears and misgivings, feeling that the many miles of dark, forest road by which she had travelled to this isolated ranch were typical of the dreary, irrevocable life towards which each hour was bringing her nearer. Yet, when, on the morrow after their marriage, David had taken her to his own home, the weary little bride was surprised and touched by the many evidences of his thought for her—pretty bits of china, the comfortable rocking-chairs, even some jugs filled with wild flowers which he had risen before dawn to gather and leave ready as a welcome. The house, too, humble though it was and buried in the wilderness, yet made a subtle appeal to Anita as being the first home of her own that in all her chequered young life she had possessed; and as David's fellow-forester had now nearly recovered from his accident and was anxious to do a good turn for his friend, he undertook a large share of David's circuit for a while, so that the first sense of isolation and strangeness of her surroundings had been relieved by the constant companionship of her husband.

Deep within her heart, like some precious jewel under lock and key, shone undimmed the bright image of Gavin Barrie; but the mere consciousness that this was so, despite her husband's whole-souled devotion, reacted in redoubled efforts to prove wifely and loving, with the result that gradually the sparks of jealousy still smouldering in David's breast were smothered.

This particular evening, however, his mind presently reverting to the letter-box, he said suddenly, in a quasi-plaintive voice, between jest and earnest, 'By the way, darlin', you have never explained to me how it was you came to leave your poor old Dave without any letter that first day after you reached the Grizzly.'

But Anita, tired from her long search for the wild gooseberries, had fallen asleep in her chair, and, roused thus suddenly, asked drowsily, '*Que dites-vous, m'sieur?*'

The foreign tongue, unpleasantly associated in the forester's mind with Gavin Barrie and that portion of his wife's life in which he had no share, together with an abiding sense of resentment that circumstances had deprived him of the more liberal education he coveted, nettled him unwarrantably, and he burst out rather hotly, 'For Heaven's sake, Annie, do talk plain American that a fellow can understand! Guess what's good enough for me should be good enough for both of us!'

'Oh, I'm so sorry, David!' cried Anita. 'I must have fallen asleep and—and—been dreaming,' she stammered a little nervously. 'But what did you ask, dear?'

'Strikes me, Annie,' replied her husband

rather sourly, 'you're always dreamin'. But what I said was that you never explained why you didn't write to me the day after you reached the Grizzly. You knew I'd be expectin' one!'

Anita sat up sharply, turning scarlet, then white, conscious that her husband was observing her closely. 'Why, David, I—I *did* write to you. Of course I did. Mr Axel took it and sent it up by some campers; and you wrote me that you got it all right.'

'That was the next day; you know that perfectly well!' blustered David. 'But you had all that morning before Nat Duncan came in. What were you doin' then?'

Poor Anita, grievously perplexed as to whether it were best to tell the whole truth—perfectly innocent in itself—yet fearful of thereby arousing David's jealous temper, hesitated a moment—a hesitation immediately detected by the forester, and construed as reluctance to answer his question.

'No need to *tell* me!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'Evidently Nat Duncan was right when he said you were off in the woods somewhere with that d—d Englishman. No thoughts or time to spare for the likes of *me* when *he* was about! But I'll get even with him yet!' he menaced, working himself up into a rage. 'I'll—I'll'—

'David!' cried Anita, springing to her feet and clenching her tiny hands. 'How dare you speak like that to me or repeat the gossip of a man like Nat Duncan about your own wife? And it's not *true* that I didn't think of you,' she went on, bursting into tears. 'I *did* write to you, David—indeed I did—a long, long letter; only, I thought— Oh David, please, please don't get angry again and misunderstand, but I burnt the letter.'

'Burnt the letter!' exclaimed the astonished man. 'For pity's sake, Annie, do stop crying and explain yourself! Why in the world should you burn a letter that you had written to *me*? he asked less hotly.

'Oh dear me!' sobbed the girl, 'how ever can I make you understand? It was very silly and stupid of me, David, but I was afraid you wouldn't like my mentioning—mentioning Mr Barrie so often. You see, we travelled up together in Charlie's wagon, and he was so kind—and'—

The forester suddenly rose, slammed the stove door, and striking a match with a vicious snap, looked at the clock. 'All right, Annie,' he replied shortly; 'you needn't tell me any more.'

'And you aren't angry, Dave?' asked Anita tremulously, looking up at him with great, tearful eyes.

'No, not with *you*,' he answered huskily, stooping to kiss the quivering red lips.

Yet the look on the forester's face was not good to see.

(Continued on page 260.)

## SOME GERMAN PRINCESSES.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.

TO understand the history of the present even partially one has to examine the records of the past. It is extraordinary how very like certain aspects of the hideous world-war raging round us are to its lesser prototype, the Napoleonic conflict. We cannot understand the Russian Revolution or grasp its meaning until we have weighed the continual struggle between the autocratic reactionaries and the mob of repressed progressives in history since Peter the Great made Russia a Western power. Similarly, if we study German history we find certain ideals, many of which we think wrong, odious, or unworthy, but still ideals to the Germans, and actively persisted in and pursued from early times. These ideals—or some of them—I propose to study in the lives and careers of certain German princesses married into foreign countries, but taking their ideals with them, and clinging to them with a death-like grip.

Germany has, from its plethora of princely families, always been the marriage-mart of princely Europe. This was greatly aided by the German custom of—so to say—exposing princesses for sale to royal bidders, all that was asked in exchange being wealth and an assured income. Love meant nothing in the contract, happiness not a jot. It did not matter what vileness was stooped to, so long as it was condoned by power. An intense and lasting love for *das Vaterland* was combined with the habit of assisting it only from afar with alien money, and never going back to it. No German princess returned voluntarily to die in her own land (like our Queen of Bohemia). No; they died 'with their drawn salary in their hand,' but in the place of exile whither their marriages had carried them, and where they had most assured power and comfort.

German rank is, or thought itself—and perhaps still thinks itself—different from, and superior to, any other kind of rank. It is the feudal idea of superiority by might alone—not the English idea of rank as a reward for service, or the Celtic one that the clan chose the chief to head it in battle—and is the origin of the Boche doctrine that 'Might is Right.' A German *Adel* thought himself of different clay from other men. All Germans were his inferiors if 'unborn,' and nobles of other lands on a different plane only to be equalised by worldly advantages. Hence we get a hideous worship of caste which is without a parallel in any Western country. This rigid caste system led to the doctrine of equal-marriage or *Ebenbürtigkeit*, an equality of birth on both sides which was necessary to create a completely legal princely marriage which

gave full succession to the children. This existed in no other country until it was forced upon Great Britain and Russia by Germanised Courts. France never knew of it. When Louis XIV. married Madame de Maintenon he knew that the marriage, once declared, was a legal fact, and as he did not wish to declare it, and she perhaps was averse to take the title of queen though swaying the power, the marriage remained an open secret.

Morganatic marriage, however (*teste the Almanach de Gotha*), is still an ugly fact. There sprang up the horrid 'conscience marriage' which the Lutheran Church allowed to German potentates who were tired of their first wives, and these confusions and limitations of marriage and legitimacy have given to the German woman, even the noblewoman, a low position and outlook, which few women of other nations would have brooked, and which have, no doubt, been the reason why German princesses married abroad have stooped to such depths of humiliation in their endeavour to live up to a royal marriage.

To give an instance, we may cite the marriage of Henry VIII. of England to the German princess Anne of Cleves in 1539.

Henry was already three times a widower. He had annulled his first marriage, divorced and beheaded his second wife. His third queen had died in childbirth, and now he sought a fourth. His first wife's grand-niece, Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, 'a goodly personage of excellent beauty,' was suggested, and to her (how odd this sounds! but we must remember the table of 'prohibited degrees' was not yet in being) he paid his addresses. She declined the dangerous honour, however, hinting, it is said, that she 'had but one neck.' So Henry turned to Protestant Germany, where the Duke of Cleves had a sister, Anne, who was a damsel of twenty-four. A portrait was sent to Henry, and, regardless of the fact that the lady spoke no language but her own, and, though a good embroiderer, 'could neither sing nor play, . . . accomplishments which were then by Germans considered to be unbecoming to a lady,' a match was agreed on, and Anne sent over to England. Though with some hesitation on Henry's part when he had seen the bride, he having called her 'a great Flanders mare,' they were married. A few months later his fancy led him to get this marriage also annulled, on conscientious scruples, to which he added that he found the bride 'personally repugnant.' But Anne was not a German princess for nothing. Though willing to be divorced, she was not willing to lose her provision; so she became 'queen-dowager,' with the odd status of 'the king's

sister,' accepted the (for the time) huge pension of four thousand pounds a year, remained on good terms with the king and his family, and, far from returning to her native Germany, died enjoying the fleshpots of England—English beef and strong beer—in 1557. when she was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Sophia, Electress of Hanover (a princess of the Palatinate, whose mother was the English princess the 'Winter Queen'), has left us an interesting account of her marriage. She was not particular—except in regard to birth—and her only moral objections to a husband were that she would prefer one who did not beat his wife, and who was not always drunk. She got engaged, therefore, to the Duke George William of Brunswick-Hanover; but all was not plain sailing, as the duke preferred the gay life of a celibate, and though a contract had been signed, handed his fiancée over to his younger brother, Duke Ernest Augustus. The bride expressed her opinion of the matter to her brother, the Elector Charles Louis, in these words: 'I replied that a good establishment was all I cared for, and that, if this was secured to me by the younger brother, the exchange would be to me a matter of indifference; that I would gladly do whatever he thought best, for, looking on him as my father, I trusted myself entirely to his care.' And married they were, and became very happy, and were the parents of our George I., whom our ancestors (and we blame them only) sent for to preserve the 'Protestant religion,' in the preservation of which the Stuarts had been found wanting.

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Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach, queen of George II., is an instance of the German desire for government, and also of the stooping to any *bassesse* to attain it. Her friend Lord Hervey wrote of her: 'Her predominant passion was pride, and the darling pleasure of her soul was power; but she was forced to gratify the one and gain the other, as some people do health, by a strict and painful *régime*, which few besides could have had patience to support or resolution to adhere to. She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he was too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it. . . . But that which made these *têtes-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep).' She was forced, like a spider, to spin out of herself all the conversation 'with which the fly was taken. However, to this she submitted for the sake of power, and

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The way in which the German princesses allowed themselves to be sent to distant countries, there to find bridegrooms, with as little concern as if they had been inanimate, forms curious reading. Lord Hervey describes in 1736 the arrival of Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha in England, when she came to marry Frederick Prince of Wales. 'The princess was but seventeen years old when she came to England, knew not a mortal here, and was suffered to bring nobody but one single man with her, so that in this situation, and brought from the solitude of her mother's country-house in Saxe-Gotha at once into the crowd, intrigues, and pomp of this Court, the bare negative good conduct of doing nothing absurd might reasonably prejudice sensible people in her favour. . . .

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When matching her descendants came on the tapis—though all her own long list of lovers were Slave—her German ideas became pre-eminent again. When her son was marriageable she sent for a Princess of Hesse, and they were married into unhappiness, the bride fortunately dying soon. When her grandsons needed wives she sent, with the same certainty that her commands would be obeyed, to Germany, which was, as usual, not backward with its 'tribute of princesses.' Alexander—afterwards the idealist tsar, whose ideals all failed—married in 1793 the beautiful Elizabeth of Baden; while the mad Grand-Duke Constantine was married to the unhappy Juliane of Saxe-Coburg. The fate of the last-named cannot be described. At last even she, German though she was, could not stand it, but fled—not to her native Germany, but to friendly Switzerland, to die. Her brother, Prince Leopold, always urged her to rejoin her brute of a husband, and so retained the favour of the great Court of Russia. This favour and influence at last brought him the hand, heart, dower, and wealth of Princess Charlotte, heiress of the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, and made the Saxe-Coburg family notable as 'the consorts of Europe.'

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It will be seen that no difficulty or hardship ever debarred a German princess from 'a good match' and a high position. No thought of delicacy or certain misery kept them back, and

once an income was grasped, it was retained till death. They never went back to their beloved (but poor) *Vaterland*. Prince Charlie's wife, the Comtesse d'Albanie (*née* Princess of Stolberg), cheerfully took her husband's brother's allowance after her elopement with Alfieri, and not only received a pension from her husband's

supplanter, George III., but visited him at his Court in London!

*Ebenbürtigkeit*, foreign allowances, political influence, and wealth were the watchwords of German princesses in all times. They sacrificed much for them certainly, but what they got was perhaps more, to them, than an equivalent.

## THE MYSTERIOUS MIASMA.

### CHAPTER IV.

'I HAVE arranged for you to be freed from the office-work for a while, Miss Fairley,' said the manager the following afternoon, 'and to accept Miss Thorne as your substitute. Miss Thorne, as you know, is familiar with the routine of the office, and fortunately she is at liberty, and quite willing to take your place.'

'But what am I to do?' asked Miss Fairley, taken aback. Then the thought struck her that Mr Kennerley intended her to rest. So she said instantly, 'I have recovered from the effects of the miasma.'

'Happily,' returned the manager; 'and the change will not be permanent—only for a week or two to accommodate Dr Neville.'

'Dr Neville! Who is Dr Neville?' she asked, mystified.

'Ah! That's another lapse. I ought to have said Mr Edge.'

'Mr Edge!' she exclaimed, mystified still more. Then, the mystery clearing, and leaving her slightly annoyed, she said spiritedly, 'Is Dr Neville masquerading under the name of Mr Edge?'

'Not masquerading, Miss Fairley. We owe him too much to describe his innocent disguise by so doubtful a term. He assumed the disguise seriously, not as a play, to investigate more minutely the origin and nature of these treacherous and cruel attacks, and in this way to prepare himself more perfectly to defeat them.'

'The term is unjust,' she acknowledged penitently. 'I ought not to have used it. I should like to withdraw it absolutely.'

'It was my fault,' said the manager.

'Not altogether,' she replied. 'I owe him too much. He saved my life. But—Dr Neville! And she caught herself up with a visible start. 'You don't mean the Professor of Physics?'

'Yes—sent down by Sir William Brandspeth to inquire into the mysterious miasma, to counteract it, and, if possible, to destroy it.'

'And is it at Dr Neville's suggestion that you have arranged to free me from the office-work?'

'For a while; and not at his suggestion so much as at his request. He wants you to help him.'

'In what way?'

'Dr Neville will tell you. I cannot, for the simplest of all reasons. I don't know.'

Leila walked home alone. In the evening, sitting at the same table with him, she was perturbed a little, and restrained in her manner, never once directly addressing him, and feeling it an anomaly when her father or mother addressed him as Mr Edge. The feeling amounted to a protest. She suppressed the protest. But the question arose within her mind, 'Why should the explanation rest with me, the explanation of my temporary release from the office-work, involving, as it must, the disclosure of his identity? Surely he should make the explanation, and, at the same time, tell us frankly who he is.'

'Am I a true interpreter?' he asked later in the garden, where, perplexed, she was trying to smooth the matter out in her own mind.

'What of?' she asked.

'Your mood. Mr Kennerley has spoken to you; probably told you who I am.'

'He inadvertently mentioned your name.'

'And advertently revealed to me yesterday that we are comrades, you and I—members of the same profession.'

She coloured at the word comrades, and turned her searching eyes upon him for the fraction of a second. He was quite serious. If the faintest mocking smile had been visible on his lean, mobile face, if the slightest inflection of irony had been audible in his low, clear tones, she would have shrunk within herself sensitively, as if, with tentative feelers, she had touched something rough, inimical.

'Comrades scarcely describes our relationship,' said she. 'You are at the top of the profession—I only a novice.'

'Nay; more than a novice, Miss Fairley, else you would not have won the degree. And the winning of the degree makes us comrades.'

'The credit of it is not mine so much as Jack and Will's. They made it possible. They almost obliged me to go in for it. I wish you knew them.'

'I hope to know them some day. Sisters generally suffer in a family competition for the advantages of a higher education. Your case is an exception—a notable exception, for your brothers are younger than you. Yes, I should certainly like to know Jack and Will. But your mood to-night, which I have been trying to

interpret, is owing to Mr Kennerley's inadvertent disclosure of my name;' and he paused for her acknowledgment.

She simply nodded.

'Let me dispose of that first. When you came into the garden, I mentioned my name, my real name, with the necessary explanations and apologies, to Mr and Mrs Fairley. They have generously forgiven me,' said he, with a whimsical smile. 'So you need not hesitate now to address me as Dr Neville. That, I hope, will restore the old relationship.'

Again, and swiftly, she turned her searching eyes upon him, and waited for him to proceed.

'It is owing, too—your mood, I mean—to my request that Mr Kennerley would release you from the office-work and allow you to work with me. There was an accidental appropriateness, I find, in that request. If I had known of your special qualification I should have made it earlier. You could have helped me in the analysis of what Mr Kennerley calls the radiation and the people the miasma.'

'Do you wish me to help you in the laboratory?'

'No. I must explain to you how far I have proceeded with the investigation;' and he sat down beside her, unfolded his plan of the works, and spread it out between them. She listened to him attentively. She was deeply interested in his description of the combination of the gases, and the passing of the mixture through the layer of charcoal to neutralise its odour and to absorb its colouring. She could appreciate the description more thoroughly than the manager, because of her partial knowledge of the gases, and her familiarity with the tests he had applied. He had no need to modify or transliterate the technical terms; she readily understood them. When he pointed out the place where he had concluded the gases must have emerged, she drew her brows together and scrutinised it, calling up its appearance imaginatively.

'Do you know the place?' he asked.

'I know every hill and hollow of the dunes,' said she, 'and every foot of the shore, and every crack in the cliffs. I was born here, Dr Neville. When we were children, Jack and Will and I used them as a playground. It may be the place of emergence. A fold in the ground, not a hollow, occurs there, running back from the cliffs. The rock is nearer the surface than in most other places on the dunes. Probably a fracture in the rock accounts for the fold.'

'Probably,' he replied. 'And I am remarkably fortunate in securing your help. Can you recall any opening from the shore where the fold terminates?'

'Let me think;' and again she drew her brows together. 'There is a very narrow opening, a mere slit, that we used to squeeze through. I never went far in. If Will were here he could tell you; he was the most ven-

turesome. Jack was cautious, and I was afraid. But there is an opening,' she assured him.

'I thought there might be.'

'Do you intend exploring it?'

'Not at once, Miss Fairley. Like Jack, I must be cautious. A premature exploration would probably mean the escape of the perpetrators. And I do not intend them to escape. My purpose, primarily, is to catch them, and at the same time, or afterwards—it matters not—to expose their contrivance for spreading among the workpeople disaster and death.'

Leila indignantly exclaimed, 'An infernal contrivance, Dr Neville!'

'An ingenious contrivance,' returned Dr Neville.

'And therefore all the more infernal,' said she.

'Perhaps so. When the war-madness works in the blood of modern nations we must reckon upon it. And we must counteract it. We must meet ingenuity with increased ingenuity.'

'And create a still more terrible inferno?'

'God forbid! I should be sorry for us to descend to contrivances like these. Our business is to prevent an inferno. For that is what the dunes would be if the radiation became explosive.' She shuddered at the thought of it. 'While pursuing the investigation,' he went on, 'I have not been unmindful of the manner in which the contrivance must have been prepared. I can make a guess at it. But that is secondary to the capture of the contrivers. You are familiar with the locality, Miss Fairley. You know the village across the inlet, and you know the town across the bay.'

'Yes.'

'Very few visitors stroll along the beach.'

'Very few indeed; scarcely any.'

'One visitor has been there four times to my knowledge within the past three weeks. Each time he has lingered under the cliff not far from where the opening must be. Once he disappeared there, and I lost him. He comes and goes by the ferry across the inlet. I cannot inquire about him. You can.'

'Why cannot you?'

'My inquiries would arouse suspicion—not yours. He is a slim youth, about five feet four, with smooth cheeks and a dark skin, quick of foot and stepping shortly, dressed like a tourist in a Norfolk jacket and knee-breeches and a full flat cap, all of a brownish-yellow hue that tones and merges with the colour of the sand. He carries a cane, and that, too, is a brownish-yellow. I have not been near him. I have hidden in the dunes, half-buried, and watched him through a pair of binoculars.'

'They must be very powerful binoculars,' said she, 'to enable you to pick out all these minute particulars. He does dress peculiarly. The idea had not occurred to me that his dress corresponded so closely with the colour of the sand.'

'Then you know him?'

'Not personally. I have seen him several times.'

'Does he live in the village?'

'No. He and his uncle lodge in the cottage high up on the Corbie Point, a couple of miles away.'

'His uncle?'

'Yes; an elderly man, white-bearded, who seldom ventures out; an invalid, I think.'

'Who are they?'

'Swiss—so they say—retired, and intending to settle here.'

'When did they come?'

'Eighteen months ago, or it may be two years. I cannot tell you exactly.'

'What is their name?'

'I am not sure of that—Hartmann or Erckmann.'

'In the cottage high up on the Corbie Point, you say?'

'Yes. You must have noticed it—a white-washed cottage, with a long veranda, visible from every part of the dunes.'

'And so commanding the dunes.'

'I hadn't thought of that. It overlooks the bar, and the inlet, and all the shore northwards. There's a nut-grove below it, sheltered by the Point, with a winding path through it down to an old grotto, half-demolished, once the cell of an anchorite—a lonely spot on a rocky shelf just above the long, level stretch of sand. It used to be a favourite picnic-place. Near the grotto there is a wishing-well—a spring of clear water with crooked pins in it, dropped in by curious inquirers, and now dancing on the silt. Of late years it has lost its popularity. Not many go there now.'

'These are picturesque particulars, Miss Fairley, and you have a woman's instinct for them. I am more concerned about the buff youth and his aged uncle.'

'Surely, Dr Neville, you don't suspect them?' she asked, protesting, with widely opened eyes. He admired the frankness of her eyes—the pellucid hazel glowing uplifted with no shadow in them now. The perturbation had passed away, and with it all sense of restraint. She was speaking freely. 'They seem to be quite innocent people.'

'They seem to be,' he responded, taking up her words. 'Nevertheless, I should like to know more about them, and more about their movements; for instance, why, beneath the shelf on which the grotto stands, a clinker-built gig is kept, a light and handy craft, oars within her, and sail rolled up, and mast ready for stepping.'

'Dr Neville?'

'Does it belong to the cottager?'

'No. The cottager is a widow with no children. She could have no use for a boat such as you describe—no use for a boat at all.'

'Some one has. And who if not the lodgers?'

'But, Dr Neville, you said the young man came and went by the ferry.'

'Yes. But on other occasions, and for other purposes perhaps, he may use the boat. My proposal is this, Miss Fairley. Take a holiday. You have been ill. It is common knowledge that you have suffered from an attack of the miasma. Visit the widow. Go by the ferry. Chat with the ferryman. Chat with the widow. Ascertain whether the aged uncle is an invalid; whether, if you are fortunate enough to see him, he is as old as he pretends to be. Say nothing about the gig. The widow may tell you that her white-bearded lodger occasionally visits the town across the bay—drives, maybe. Any other information would be welcome. Can I rely upon you?'

She hesitated. Her eyes clouded again. At last she said passionately, 'I should hate it.'

'Why?'

'It's a spy's work.'

'We are at war, Miss Fairley.'

'I know it.'

'And many lives are at stake.' She started, and turned her troubled eyes upon him. 'Call it patrol-work, Miss Fairley. Drop the word "spy." I like it as little as you. But, whatever we may call it, it is necessary to unveil the infernal contrivance,' said he, purposely using her own word. 'It is necessary to prevent a recurrence of the attack. Your work would not be a spy's work. Is an aviator's work at the front, over the enemy's lines—surveying, photographing, gathering information, preparing to defeat the enemy's design—a spy's work? Yours would be similar.'

'Will is an aviator,' said she proudly; and as she said it her eyes cleared a little.

'Yes, Will is an aviator; and what would be the difference, in principle, between his work and yours?'

'None.'

'Then, Miss Fairley'—he prompted.

'I am ready,' said she.

(Continued on page 268.)

### THE WATCHER.

After the picture of St Geneviève, by Puvis de Chavannes, in the Panthéon, Paris.

SHE stands regardful as the hours go by,  
And the night whitens o'er the sleeping town;  
With hungry, wistful love her eyes look down,  
And count the roofs and towers as they lie.  
Aged she is, and wan, yet courage high  
Speaks in each fold of gracious hood and gown,  
And marks her as the saint of high renown,  
That lonely woman standing 'gainst the sky.

Mother of Paris! So a people's love  
Has named her, who, through all her holy days,  
Lived but to serve with patient willing care  
A people's needs. One prayer she sends above  
Through the long night: 'This people for Thy praise,  
O Master, sanctify.' Such is her prayer.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### KRUPPS AND KRUPPISM.

POSTERITY will, we believe, have plenty of evidence which will place the responsibility for the Great War mainly upon two men—Wilhelm II. and Gustav von Böhlen und Halbach, who assumed the name of Krupp on his marriage to Bertha, eldest daughter of Friedrich Alfred Krupp, in 1902. The Kaiser is more than suspect of having business interests in the Krupp firm. War has been the one objective of the concern for a long term of years; and there is plenty of evidence that Krupps encouraged a bellicose policy in all parts of the earth in which they could make their influence felt—and they were many. It is known, too, beyond all doubt, that loans to foreign countries were conditioned by German financiers on a 'drawback' in the shape of a large order for Krupp guns and shells. On the memorial unveiled by the Kaiser at Essen on the celebration of its centenary are inscribed the names of fifty-two countries which have been customers.

On the eve of the Great War, Krupps, with their enormous commitments, having completed, or almost completed, the programme of the German Navy, were threatened with being, so to speak, out of work. The two Balkan wars had surfeited quite a group of customers, and the world at large was wearied of strife and longed for peace. Cannot we figure to ourselves, with some shadow of truth behind the conceit, Krupp and the Kaiser, partners both in a business which flourished upon the destruction of mankind, coming to the conclusion that the day had dawned and the hour had struck when Essen required, in order that it should pile up blood-money beyond computation, and win for them both countless wealth, that the world should run red with blood? At any rate, whether the conceit rests upon actual truth or only upon intelligent conjecture, this is exactly what they have done, and 'every man,' as the adage goes, 'is supposed to intend the consequence of his own acts.'

The story of Krupps is one of the great romances of business. In its origins the firm was inoffensive enough. Friedrich Krupp, the founder, seems to have been a harmless and praiseworthy engineer, capable and industrious. Beginning with one small forge in 1810, he built up a business in great poverty, and always struggling against difficulties. He made some

reputation by his steel dies, which were used at the Dusseldorf Mint, but he left behind him at his death little but debts, and the formula for making crucible steel! It is not clear whether he found the formula himself or whether it was the invention of others. There was a lawsuit about it, which lasted for seven years, and Krupp must be given the credit, as he won the day. He tried to get the help of the German Government in conducting further experiments, but this was refused; and he died, as we have said, in poverty in 1826, in a humble cottage, which still stands at Essen, near the palace in which now holds sway Gustav Krupp von Böhlen und Halbach, the husband of his great-granddaughter Bertha.

Alfred, Friedrich's eldest son (who was only a boy of fourteen at his father's death), carried on the business in his mother's name, mainly with family help, and by his personal industry, in spite of repeated refusals from the German Government to facilitate his experiments and plans, he won through. There are abundant and readily accessible records of the technical details of the developments whereby he inaugurated cast wheel-centres, and cast ingots which weighed at first one hundred and fifty pounds or so, and then four hundred pounds, but by 1851 had reached a couple of tons, figures which seem small enough when we know that the firm to-day, which stands second only to the Creusot Works, is capable of turning out an ingot weighing some ninety tons, but were looked upon as astounding at the time. For years his business was harmless enough. He developed, for instance, the manufacture of machine tools of all sorts, down to roll-sets for the jewellery trade, and cast-steel ingots in bulk, and so on. It was, initially, more from the force of circumstances than of deliberate choice—as the country was already developing that military madness and moral atrophy which Frederick the Great had practised and left as a legacy to his descendants—that Krupp should become the Cannon King. The secret of crucible steel was inevitably destined to revolutionise ordnance, and it was from Krupp's first three-pounder, built in 1847, that the mighty monsters of to-day date their origin. With their forty-two-centimetre howitzer, the first great surprise of the war, Krupps reached their zenith.

The Krupp exhibit at the Great Exhibition of 1851 of a solid flawless ingot of cast-steel, two tons in weight, staggered London, and, indeed, the world, although the biggest gun shown by the firm was only a six-pounder after all, and, looked at by modern eyes, does not seem to have amounted to anything worth bragging about. The honour and glory of this triumph was the turning-point in the fortunes of the firm. Alfred now, at last, got orders for ingots from the Prussian Government, out of which six-pounders were forged at the Spandau Works, the beginning of the German field artillery. This was followed by orders from the Khedive of Egypt for still bigger guns, twelve-pounders and twenty-four-pounders, and the 'die was cast' in a double sense. From this time Krupps never looked back, and the nations entered into an orgy of rivalry in armaments. The Age of Steel had begun! Belgium and Russia followed the example of Egypt, and ordered field-guns and heavy guns. Other firms developed on similar lines, and Italy gave an order for fresh artillery, including a one-hundred-ton gun (which was built by Armstrongs); while everybody remembers the eighty-ton 'Woolwich Infant' manufactured by the same firm. So big steel ordnance arrived, and iron and bronze guns became only curios.

The Franco-Prussian War proved a capital advertisement for the Krupp pattern, and from that time the firm has made practically the whole of the German artillery. Time had brought its revenges, and now Alfred Krupp had things all his own way. He got concessions all over Germany, and increased his works at a most prodigious rate. In rapid succession the firm acquired collieries, iron-mines, smelting-works, and blast-furnaces all over the country; while its workshops were by no means limited to Essen, embracing foundries and engineering-works at Sayn and Duisburg, and, later, steel-works at Annen, and armour-plate works at Magdeburg and Rheinhausen. There is a popular idea that if Essen could be bombed from the air to-day, Krupps would be out of work, but this is a complete hallucination. It would, of course, cripple the output, but the activities of the concern would only be hampered for a time. They are far too astute to put all their eggs into one basket, although we can well believe that the bare idea of their mammoth munition sheds and towns, which cover an area of more than five hundred acres, being bombed from the air never entered their heads.

The association of the business with the German Emperor dates really from the friendship between Alfred and William I., who was mightily enamoured with the mammoth steam-hammers, built, greatly in advance of the times, by Alfred, with his unerring foresight, and then far ahead of anything known in any other country. The personal associations of the firm with the War Lord became, however, much more intimate

when a bosom friendship sprang up between the Kaiser Wilhelm II. and Alfred's son, Friedrich Alfred, and from this time, as we have said, the firm, at any rate, had its path smoothed by friends at court.

Born in 1854, Friedrich was five years older than William II., but there is no doubt whatever that the two men became close friends. It was due to the Kaiser's influence that Krupps were enabled to become the owners of the great Germania shipyard at Kiel (of which for some years they had only been lessees), and so were able to take the lead in every department of construction for the German Navy. There is no shadow of doubt that the whole naval programme of Germany was cut and dried between Krupp and the Kaiser long before the latter's naval dreams became realities. It was 'canny,' no doubt, for the precious pair to get ready in advance for 'sharing the swag' in their first attack upon the wealth of the Empire, and so provide against that very rainy day when the bubble of '*Weltmacht*' shall be burst once and for all. Anyway, the extensions of the Germania yard were made on a prodigious scale, and at an outlay which nothing but a forecast based on certainty could have justified. Its area was increased nearly fourfold until it extended over some seventy acres, and 'ways' and 'slips' were prepared at enormous cost owing to the immense excavations required, amounting to many million tons. The firm was soon in a position to undertake the construction of the heaviest Dreadnoughts from stem to stern, armour-plates being provided from Essen or Magdeburg, and guns, munitions, and shells forthcoming with marvellous exactitude to schedule.

Krupps, too, were quite ready to take on ship-building orders for other countries. All was grist that came to their mill, and they built ironclads and submarines of sorts for all and sundry. Mr M'Kenna electrified the House of Commons in 1909 by declaring that he had precise information that Krupps were prepared to supply all the parts of eight ironclads a year; and unless the drain upon their resources for armament and munitionment has paralysed their activities in that 'cemented plate' which so long held the field, their capacity must have ominously increased in the nine years which have elapsed since this estimate was made.

The growth of German naval construction is no secret, and need not be detailed. Some of the dates are, however, interesting, since they tally curiously with the developments of the Krupp concern. When the Germania yard was leased in 1896 two millions were added to the naval vote. Most people have probably now forgotten all about the arrest of the *Bundesrath* on a charge of carrying contraband in the South African War. This was, however, the excuse which enabled the German Emperor to procure the consent of the Reichstag in 1900 to the

extended Naval Defence Act, which provided for the outlay of seventy-four million pounds on naval construction, and twenty million pounds on dock-yards. Krupps, as a matter of course, skimmed the cream of this gigantic enterprise, and, buying the Germania yard outright, embarked upon those gigantic extensions which we have already mentioned. Five years later the firm had little difficulty in obtaining a loan of two and a half million pounds from the Reichstag for the enlargement of the Essen Works.

Friedrich Krupp died suddenly in 1902, and the Kaiser became the guardian of his daughter, Bertha, and at once floated the business as a company, with a capital of nine million pounds or so, associating himself, of course, through nominees, with the business as well as with the family. It is no secret that he 'arranged' Bertha's marriage in 1906 to Baron Gustav. It was rather a jump from the German diplomatic service in China, America, and Italy, to be the head of this mighty concern; but the Kaiser's estimate of the man has certainly been borne out by results, and although we must remember that Imperial influence no doubt proved as efficacious as business capacity in advancing his fortunes, the head of Krupps has established a record for ruthless capacity.

The competitors of Krupps had on more than one occasion ground for complaining of the excellent information the firm was able to obtain of any rival tenders and estimates; for Krupps made the most of their peculiar position, and on more than one occasion infringed the rules which govern the international commercial code, which is very rigid in enforcing fair-play, and does not brook anything which comes within the limits of sharp practice.

Herr Liebknecht, who is now paying the penalty for his courage in crossing the path of the real masters of Germany, made a very considerable pother in the Reichstag in 1912-13, when he proved that by bribing officers and officials Krupps had obtained access to official secrets. Two directors of the firm and a few others served as scapegoats, who bore the sins of those who sat in the seats of the mighty. They were tried, convicted, not putting up any defence worth talking about, and got off with a very light punishment. Liebknecht, who has shown such amazing independence in the Reichstag during the war, came in for the payment of the real penalty in prison and in the firing-line. In Germany it is risky work fighting 'the machine.'

Krupps' policy is the exact counterpart of that of the other masters of Germany. Their activities have been world-wide. Spain boasts one mine at Bilbao, in the Basque Provinces, which is of real importance. Realising this, Krupps acquired an interest, if not the actual

control. The whole story of their interests abroad has yet to be told. Since the beginning of the war we have had revelations and to spare of their 'underground' work in the metal world. Nickel is, as everybody knows, an essential alloy of steel in gun-making and armour-plate, and the Société des Mines Nickelíferes, although ostensibly French, and, therefore, enjoying extraordinary privileges in New Caledonia, where there are famous nickel-mines, has turned out to be entirely a Krupp concern. It was, too, Krupps who got a monopoly in tungsten, which is indispensable for hardening armour-plate, and essential to the production of 'Krupps' cement.' The monazite sands of Travancore, too, from which thorium, uranium, and other rare metals are extracted, had also passed by actual concession into Krupp ownership. As the story goes, the sand was shipped to Germany at four pounds a ton, while so much as was passed on to British manufacturers was invoiced at thirty-six pounds! Much of the base metal industry of Australia, too, as we all know, had got into German hands, the London middlemen being merely go-betweens. Even after the declaration of war, the British Government found itself actually buying lead, zinc, copper, and manganese from German firms which had been astutely camouflaged. It is small wonder that the Australian Government found a short way of dealing with these manoeuvres, annulling contracts, and cancelling enemy-owned trade-marks with right royal promptitude and thoroughness. It may have been late as a precaution, but it was effectual. It is, however, fervently to be hoped that not all the flabby sentimentality of Socialists and Pacifists will put their 'German friends' in possession again. We have a big battle to fight before we can wrest all the laurels from German metallurgists, headed as they are by Krupps.

The firm is now winning characteristic laurels in a new field of activity. It is bearing a hand in the machinations whereby Germany is seeking to undermine the integrity of every country in the world outside of the alliance of the Central Empires. It has established a gigantic advertising bureau which is aiming at the subjugation of the whole Swiss press, in exactly the same way as it 'influenced' the Italian press, and has essayed to capture the French press. Krupps, of course, as newspaper proprietors, are old hands at the publicity game. It is, indeed, not to be wondered at that they should so far have proved themselves more than a match for all the Allies put together in this campaign of chicanery.

Obvious parallels present themselves between the rise of Germany and that of Krupps. The destinies of the country and the firm are interwoven, and if Germany falls, Krupps and Kruppism fall with it.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

## CHAPTER XVI.

**B**EHIND a great bluff of gleaming granite, which on the one side sloped steeply to the edge of a deep, rock-bound lake, and on the other faced uncounted miles of wilderness, rose into the clear morning air a column of blue smoke, whose sharp, resinous odour vied with that of some rashers of bacon frizzling noisily in a pan over glowing coals of pine-knots; while on an improvised grill across one corner of the rough stone fireplace a coffee-pot, whose bright surface proclaimed it new to the job, danced and bubbled. Close at hand, a tree forking near the ground, and spanned at intervals by stout pieces of bark by way of shelves, served as larder, from which a tall, loose-limbed man, glasses on his short-sighted eyes, shirt-sleeves rolled up, was taking a bag of flour, and transferring some of the contents to a large, empty tomato-tin.

'Now for the baking-powder; and I mustn't forget the salt,' he was saying to himself while measuring the respective ingredients with as much exactitude and anxious care as though he had been compounding some priceless prescription. 'Now a judicious amount of water,' he continued, ladling it out cold and sparkling from a pail; then with a wooden spoon he began mixing and beating the batter. 'Grand!' he exclaimed triumphantly, as big bubbles broke and spread in the creamy white concoction. 'I'll put the bacon on one of these tin plates, and then start frying the flapjacks. Wish that fellow would make haste and put in an appearance, or the coffee will lose all its goodness,' he said with the air of a professional cook. 'And I'm as hungry as the deuce! Now where the dickens are those trout, and my knife? For things disappearing from under one's nose commend me to a camp! Ah, there you are!' he exclaimed as a horn handle projected itself from beneath a mass of pine-needles. Then, seizing a fine trout, he set to work on the slippery operation of preparing it for the frying-pan. At that moment, however, there came the harsh scrape of hob-nails on the rocks, a snapping of twigs, and the swish of bushes, as a man in rough-and-ready clothing, and preceded by a red-brown dog racing in the beguiling direction of his nose, appeared, holding aloft a bundle of mail.

'Here you are, Kenneth; a whole stack of things for you—mostly advertisements of patent medicines and artificial legs, from the look of them!' he said, laughing, and tossing the bundle towards his friend. 'There wasn't a solitary thing for me, and it's a goodish tramp across country to the road. I'm hungry enough to devour "Bob"! Look out, Ken; he'll have those flapjacks if you aren't careful! Here, give me

the knife, and I'll attend to the trout while you open your letters.' So saying, he changed places with Grey, and took charge of the frying-pan.

Kenneth perched himself on a log and began nonchalantly glancing over the sheaf of envelopes, chucking them one by one in a heap. 'Rotten lot!' he finally exclaimed. 'Sorry I bothered you to go after the things, Gavin, but one never knows. Hello! what's this?' he suddenly queried, turning over a common-looking envelope, with address scrawled in pencil. 'Don't know this beautiful script, do you, Gavin? And the post-mark is blurred. Who the devil can be writing me from—from'—

'Open it, man!' said Gavin. 'Don't waste time solving riddles when a body's famishing with hunger. Hello! what's up, Ken?' he asked abruptly, seeing his friend's expression change from that of mild indifference to one of blank dismay.

'Oh Lord, Gavin!' he half groaned. 'Wish to goodness I'd never seen the inside of a hospital or knew a skeleton from a scorpion! Well, I've got to go, anyway!' he ended ruefully but resolutely, filling a mug with coffee and condensed milk.

'Go!' burst forth Gavin Barria. 'Go *where*, and *why*? We've only just got here, Kenneth. I'm blown if we're going to pull out again at once!'

'*Me*, I said,' quoth Kenneth Grey, irrespective of grammar. 'You can stay on, old thing, if you can stick it by yourself; but I've got to "hike," as they say in this blessed country. It's that little chap over at Silver Creek again—a pitiful letter from his mother. Here, you can read it,' he went on, handing the ill-written note to Gavin where he sat balancing a plate of bacon and flapjack on his knee. 'You see she says he's "screaming with pain in his lower stomach;"' and Grey laughed mirthlessly. 'Poor soul, I suppose she didn't like to say abdomen—if, indeed, she ever heard of one! But,' he added somewhat anxiously, 'it may be appendicitis—and—no use, Gavin; there isn't another medico within goodness knows how many miles, and if anything should go wrong'— He set down the empty cup and began rolling down his sleeves. Then, glancing at his watch, 'That outfit which brought in the mail wasn't going farther than the forester's; so, if I lose no time, I could catch it by taking the short cut through to the Kings' ranch. If the weather keeps fine you'll stay on here, won't you, Gavin?' he asked with a suspicion of wistfulness in his voice. 'I really should awfully like to have a few more tries for those beggars in the lake,' he continued, glancing over his shoulder to where a gleam of blue

water, ruffled and tempting in the sunshine, flashed among the green pines. 'And maybe, after all, the boy isn't badly ill; his mother is always scared to death about him. The only one, you know.'

'Yes, of course I'll stay,' replied Barrie with his most studied air of indifference. 'But it's rather rough luck on you, Kenneth, to come all the way from the Seine to the Sierras and do nothing but roll pills week in, week out. Blessed if I'd do it!'

'Oh yes, you would, Gavin; don't talk rot. Only, it seems a low trick for me to come out here as your guest, and then leave you to your own devices while I work up a fine practice.'

All this time he was making hurried preparations for his departure, and soon the two friends, with 'Bob' skirmishing ahead, were striking out for the trail which they believed would bring them out near the dairyman's ranch.

'Which way is it?' they presently asked each other, halting in a more than usually puzzling spot, where the trail forked and wandered indistinctly away among the thick undergrowth.

'Bothered if I know,' exclaimed Gavin; then, getting his bearings, 'I fancy we had better keep to the right. Over there must be the general direction of the road, whereas towards the west the lake lies, and all those marshy flats. These trails can be awfully puzzling. I shouldn't care to get caught here in the dark; would you, Kenneth? One might easily be bogged. But let's push on; it's a good two miles or more, I believe, to the Kings' ranch. Hope I haven't led you astray.'

Barrie's bump of location, however, proved to be trustworthy, so that presently, feeling no further doubt, they talked of other things, and as to how Gavin should manage his camp life during the doctor's absence.

'By the way,' said the latter, 'you had better ask Mrs King if the bread is ready. That will help out the flour and save you making flapjacks for a day or two. I expect you'll beat me hollow as a cook by the time I get back, Gavin.'

'Good heavens, Ken!' exclaimed Barrie, 'don't talk as though you were going to leave me stranded at Goose Lake all winter. Wish to goodness you would take your profession as delightfully easily as I do mine!' he concluded, with just a touch of something, whether of bitterness or sarcasm Kenneth Grey did not feel sure.

For a while they walked on in silence, Grey furtively studying his friend; it had suddenly struck him that Gavin was looking a little 'fine,' and the usually pleasant, easy-going mouth a trifle set. He looked older and less—less—Grey's mind groped for the right word. Less 'heart-whole' rose to the surface, to be instantly dismissed. Gavin certainly could not be affected *that* way. No one for him to fall in love with; not a girl had they seen except the

one who had driven away in such a hurry to be married to the forester.

'What's the forester's name?' suddenly asked Barrie, the question coinciding so oddly with the doctor's own thought as to quite startle him.

'The forester's name! Which forester? Why?' he asked in surprise.

'The forester whom you said that man Jackson was going to; the one at Laughing Lake,' replied Barrie carelessly.

'Oh, I don't remember. Niel—Niel Foster or Freeman—something beginning with an F, I think,' said Grey. 'Must be a beastly solitary life most of the time. Wonder how that young woman who travelled up with us likes living in the wilderness! She didn't look that kind; more your *town* lady, and pretty, too. Hello! there's the road and the roof of the Kings' house. I bow to your "bump," Gavin! Seems rather a shame to have you tramp all the way here and back again; and you aren't looking any too fat, my boy!'

'Fat!' laughed Barrie. 'That's the last thing I covet being. But I can hear the rattle of bones and harness. Must be Jackson's team, so we're only just in the nick of time.'

A moment later Grey, not without a twinge of regret, was settling himself and his traps in Jackson's wagon; and exhorting Barrie to take care of himself, and to leave a few trout in the lake against his return, he soon vanished down the road.

Barrie, with a depressing sense of void in things in general, then turned his steps to the Kings' house, where the good woman and her swarm of children were crowded around the door, watching the doctor's departure.

His pleasant greeting returned, Mrs King, in the crude Western manner and speech that continually surprised and jarred upon the Englishman, said questioningly, 'You the feller campin' on Goose Lake that wanted some bread? Well, I'm sorry, but we're most out o' flour, and goin' away so soon that we don't reckon to git any more. But I did bake you just one loaf, if *that* 'll do ye?'

'Yes; thank you very much,' said Barrie, whose countenance had fallen at the opening of her remarks. 'I shall manage very well, I dare say, with flapjacks;' and he smiled the smile that invariably surprised its beholders and won their hearts.

'You goin' to make flapjacks, be you?' she asked, laughing. 'Guess it's the first time, bain't it?' she added, glancing at his hands and running her eye up and down his tall figure.

'Yes, the first time,' he replied; then, 'If that loaf is ready, I should like to take it with me.'

'Why, I'm awful sorry,' rejoined Mrs King, 'but I sent it up yesterday with an outfit goin' over to Tahoe. Nat Duncan, he said he'd leave it at the forester's. *She* wanted some bread too,

and thinks I, "It will be a sight nearer to Goose Lake than 'way down here." Only about a mile from where you're campin' to the forester's, and it's a good *two* mile here. But won't ye come in and sit a spell?"

'No, thank you,' said Barrie. 'But'—for he was already learning the help-your-neighbour creed of the mountains—'is there anything that I can take for you to the forester's?'

'No, I guess not,' replied the woman, turning to the door and herding her progeny in front of

her. 'Just give my love to Annie,' she called after him, 'an' tell her we're goin' out end o' this week or beginnin' o' next. Mebbe she can git down to see us, tell her. Good-bye!' So saying, she disappeared through the door.

For a moment her visitor stood as though debating some question in his mind, then at a rapid pace struck away up the soft, shaded road. The sun was bright; the sky was blue; the world seemed not so empty, after all.

(Continued on page 276.)

## YAMS AND MAIZE AS FOOD.

**REFERRING** to the article on 'Tropical Potatoes' contained in our March issue of 1917, a correspondent in British East Africa writes: 'If the yam is cut, and only part of it is baked at once, the cut surface of the remaining portion rapidly becomes bad, and even the natives will not eat it. If the yam must be cut, this should be done only after the baking is complete. The portion not required for immediate use should be grated; otherwise it will become sticky.'

Our correspondent also forwards a number of recipes for the cooking of yams and maize-meal. These we have pleasure in bringing before the notice of our readers.

### HOW TO COOK YAMS.

First wash the yam, and then put it into a fairly hot oven, and bake until pressure with the thumb makes a slight impression. Pare, and grate with a rough bread-grater. Put into a pie-dish with seasoning, and add one cup of milk, a tiny piece of butter, and sprinkle a very little grated cheese on the top.

The yam also forms an excellent food if simply grated and served plain, or with soups or gravy; but it is useless to attempt to eat it unless it is grated.

### CAKES MADE FROM COLD 'LEFT-OVER' YAMS.

Put any cold 'left-over' yams into a basin, with enough flour or fine maize-meal (with a little salt, a tiny piece of butter, a little grated cheese—or, if preferred, a very little sugar) to make the whole into a paste, soft enough to roll out and fry or bake. The addition of an egg makes the cakes much less likely to break. If carefully cooked, they will both look well and eat well. They are best eaten hot. They are suitable for any meal, and may be reheated again and again.

### 'JOHNNY CAKE,' OR BREAD FROM MAIZE-FLOUR.

Take two teacupfuls of maize-flour (not too finely ground is best), and rub into the flour one ounce of lard, butter, or dripping, one egg, and enough milk or water to make the whole a

fairly stiff batter. A teaspoonful of baking-powder or half-a-teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda should be added last. Pour the batter into a hot greased dish or tin, and bake about half-an-hour. If eaten hot for breakfast or tea, 'Johnny cake' is delicious, being very light and easily digested. If eaten with gravy or with hot roast meat, it is much more nourishing and more easily digested than many so-called Yorkshire puddings.

### MAIZE-FLOUR LOAF.

Take one cup of wheat-flour and two of maize-flour, a little salt, and a heaped teaspoonful of baking-powder, enough milk or water to make the whole into one or two small loaves, and bake in a good oven for about forty minutes.

### VERY LIGHT SUET-PUDDING MADE WITH MAIZE-FLOUR.

Mix two teacupfuls of maize-flour with half-a-cup of wheat-flour in a basin. Put into the mixture a pinch of salt, a good teaspoonful of baking-powder, and two ounces of dripping or lard. Add an egg, if convenient; if not, simply mix into an ordinary batter with milk and water, and boil for about two hours. If a few raisins or chopped figs are added, this will make quite a good pudding.

### MAIZE-MEAL PORRIDGE.

Take one teacupful of *coarsely ground* maize; sift, and remove any husk. Put the maize into a white-lined or other saucepan with two breakfast-cupfuls of cold water and a little salt. Let it stand on a cool part of the stove for one whole day. If the maize has become too dry, add more water; or, if obtainable, milk is better. It will be ready for the next day's breakfast. If any is left over, it will be even nicer the second or the third day; for the more it is cooked, the more delicious it becomes. This preparation is very good for children, if eaten with a little golden syrup or honey. It is also very palatable if made very much thinner, and baked as a milk-pudding; or if eaten with meat or put into stews.

## MAIZE-FLOUR BISCUITS.

Rub into a mixture of two breakfast-cupfuls of rather coarse maize-flour and half-a-cupful of wheat-flour a quarter of a pound of dripping, butter, or lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, or one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, and a

little salt. Add an egg, if convenient; if not, use sufficient milk, or milk and water, to make the whole into a paste stiff enough to roll out and cut into biscuits. Bake until crisp in a fairly good oven. The biscuits will be improved by the addition of a little sugar and ground ginger.

## FLIES.

## PART II.

**H**ARVEY-DOTTRELL hurried on, and the sky went dark above him; the hot, brazen sun became first a copper globe, which was put out; and, looking up, he beheld a great dun cloud nearly over his head. A puff of warm wind struck him again, this time from the south-west.

By the time Harvey-Dottrell reached Cockle-sea, it was a town of the dead. Nobody moved in its streets, and upon its beach was neither bather nor holiday-maker, nor child scampering or lounging. All visible human life had left the place, as a 'salt-pan' is left by the ebbing tide; and there was no moving thing in it at all, except two dogs, that yapped, and a canary singing, singing, singing, inside a 'tea-room.'

Harvey-Dottrell knew his way, but as he turned off along the sea-front—it was a common mostly—he carefully loaded his repeating-rifle with eleven solid 22-calibre smokeless 'long-rifle' cartridges, and put plenty more where he could most easily and quickly get at them in his pocket. He had two boxes of a hundred each with him, so had no immediate cause for anxiety on that account.

Although he was a cautious man generally, and had a natural innate cunning of sorts which led him to foresee much and run few unnecessary risks, I don't think he had any real idea of what exactly lay before him. Nevertheless, when he came to the Angmerings' house—a fine, flaring, red-brick and white affair in young grounds—he entered the garden from the back, or gardener's, door, and not by the carriage-drive, where the gold-and-chocolate gates stood.

Once inside, he stood quietly and quite motionless behind an apple-tree, listening and watching. He feared a dog, for one thing; a policeman—if even one remained—for another. He could not very well explain that he had come for Mrs Angmering's jewels to the latter, and the former would not have listened to him if he had.

His entrance had startled one blackbird and two starlings, looting fruit, and from various safe vantages they sat and called him rude names; but there was no sign of beast or man, and therefore, still pausing now and again, he began to work his way from tree to bush, dodging and in approved Red-Indian style, housewards. His rifle he held obviously ready.

The sky was very dark above him, and the leaves rustled suddenly in little whisperings from time to time, with puffs of wind that came from every point of the compass. The air was breathless, as one who waits for a catastrophe, not hot exactly; and, from far away, a breeze-puff brought the sound of a dog howling horribly.

Harvey-Dottrell had dodged his cautious way perhaps half up the garden, when the voice of a man, speaking inside the house, froze him in his stride where he crept. Things being so very still, the voice sounded plainly enough, though Harvey-Dottrell could not hear what it said. But, according to his information, there should not have been anybody in the house at all—it was a big house, such as people like the Angmerings might be expected to own—and Harvey-Dottrell was surprised.

After waiting a minute, he worked round the house by a flank movement, and from behind laurels got a view of the front-door. A motor-car was standing in the drive-way there, and—it was not asleep. There was nobody in the motor-car.

Harvey-Dottrell returned to the back-door under cover, always under cover, and entered. A cat, very long and narrow, with its ears cocked backwards, evacuated the kitchen for some dim fastness up a passage as he did so. The fire was nearly out, and one bright kettle contended weakly against the hum of the flies for mastery in breaking the silence.

It was a big kitchen, but Harvey-Dottrell had no concern with it, except to note—peering round the door and with a ready barrel—that it was empty.

Then he crept up the stairs to the hall—a big hall, with stags' heads about and a man in armour. There was nothing alive in the hall, but Harvey-Dottrell could hear the sound of men talking from the first floor. He retired by the way he had come, and, most silently, ascended another set of stairs—the servants' stairs.

There was the very faintest creak in the kitchen as he got up these stairs, but it was very slight. Empty houses do creak in most mysterious fashion sometimes, and, anyway, it might have been the cat returned.

Harvey-Dottrell's arrival upon the landing of the first floor was sudden and dramatic.

Two men, quite well dressed, were coming out of a large bedroom, which, from its size and commanding south aspect, might be taken to be the Angmerings' bedroom. One of them was carrying a case, the other, two, which looked like jewel-cases. It was very close, and the black cloud had made it almost dark in the house, and the men were both sweating profusely. Also they appeared to be in a hurry.

They were aware, in the same instant, of a bar-like gleam sliding along a raised and wicked, lean 22-calibre rifle-barrel, in the shadow by the servants' staircase; of a voice saying, 'Hands up!' and of a slight, a very slight, noise, as if a chair had been stumbled against somewhere down below. They thought they had several men, in place of one, to deal with, and they put up their hands. The jewel-cases they put on the floor.

There was a pause of exactly twenty-three seconds, while a 'death-watch' ticked in a terrible hurry somewhere in the silence that hung like an invisible pall inside the house and out.

Then Harvey-Dottrell spoke again, trying hard to keep his voice calm. He licked his lips before the words came, for he was not used to this sort of thing.

'Who are you?' he asked.

'We've been sent to fetch Mrs Angmering's jewels,' they exclaimed together.

Harvey-Dottrell tried to believe it was a lie, but he knew that there is no knowing what some people may do when they are thoroughly frightened.

'Keep your hands up,' said he. 'And walk backwards into that room.'

They did as they were bid, Harvey-Dottrell following them towards the jewel-cases, but one of them stumbled and tripped over the carpet. He fell, and there was instant confusion. Followed the snappy, vicious crack of Harvey-Dottrell's repeater twice—it sounded loud and dangerous on the empty landing—and one of the men yelled, as you do yell if you get a .22 long rifle-bullet through the fleshy part of your thigh, and both men were on to Harvey-Dottrell at once. That was because he had been afraid of firing to kill.

To avoid being tripped by one of the men who was diving in at him on his hands and knees, Harvey-Dottrell leaped backwards into a bedroom, where, on the far side of a gorgeous brass bedstead, he stood at bay, covering them with his repeater, and covered by them with revolvers.

The affair had come to a deadlock, and neither side knew, for a moment, quite what to do.

Evidently Harvey-Dottrell was all out, and with his life for sale. Both men could tell that instinctively. They were not. A king's ransom of jewels was worth a lot of risk, but both valued their lives at more. They hesitated for about a quarter of a minute; and, even as they did so, the thick, murky, tingling gloom,

that seemed to be weighing them with lead, and playing prickly tunes up and down the nerves of all three, was riven, from floor to ceiling, with a single sheet of fire, which made them jump. An appalling, deafening, stunning crash of thunder followed. It seemed clean overhead, and made the very house rock. There was a deafening report somewhere, then utter silence, and all three distinctly heard some one hurrying down the last three or four flights of the staircase into the hall.

It was nearly dark, and a warm wind had suddenly evolved itself from nowhere, and was thrashing the trees outside. Doors banged everywhere, for every window in the place was open; and what with that, and the crashing of the thunder and the roaring of the wind, it was almost impossible to keep calm and tell, or hear, or see what was happening.

When the lightning came again and filled the room with a flickering green-yellow glow, Harvey-Dottrell saw that both men were running from the room.

He followed, and peered out on to the landing. A blinding flash showed him both men leaning over the banisters, firing with their revolvers at some one they saw, or thought they saw, in the semi-darkness, going out of the front-door; and showed him, too, as plainly as in sunlight, that there was now only one jewel-case on the landing. The other two, and those the largest, had vanished.

Harvey-Dottrell swore a vivid oath and raised his rifle; but the thunder came again and drowned his words and the reports of the revolvers, and everything became almost dark.

The next flash of lightning showed him, what he could see in a dim way without, that the two men had turned towards him. One was reloading his revolver, and both together were shouting out and asking him who he was, and why he wasn't afraid of the flies and the plague.

'My name's Harvey-Dottrell,' he yelled back, between thunder-claps. 'And I've very good reason not to be afraid of infected flies.'

But if he had announced that he was Ajax, defier of the lightning, himself, it could not have had a very much more astonishing effect upon those two men.

'Harvey-Dottrell?' they both holloed, nearly squealed, together; and then, as, in the middle of a flash that nearly staggered all three, he pulled the trigger, and fired close past, but not at, them, they let out one howl, and went down the servants' staircase almost as quickly as if they had been shot from a spring. It was a most extraordinary retreat, and Harvey-Dottrell was left standing, with his mouth open and his barrel lowered, in absolutely blank and stupefied amazement, alone on the landing, with one jewel-case, and the lightning splashing all over the place like eggs flung into a black box. The whole air appeared to be given over to leaping

devils of flame, and in the heavens above it sounded as if giant carts of the gods were tipping mountains on to a stupendous wooden floor.

By the time Harvey-Dottrell got downstairs the motor had gone. He heard it go for a moment between the thunder. Also, he saw smoke issuing from a top-floor window, and seizing a fire-extinguisher (one of the home-made kind) which he found in a passage, and two buckets of water, he raced up to the servants' bedrooms, where he found that one room was on fire a little. The house had been struck by lightning, which accounted for the report all of them had heard coincident with the first flash of lightning.

Harvey-Dottrell put the fire out easily, because he had caught it at the right time, and knew the value of acting quickly, by which means most fires can be put out; and he then came down again. He picked up the remaining jewel-case, the small one, and started upon his two-and-a-half mile walk back to the mainland. It was useless, he concluded, to look for the other jewel-cases, whoever had taken them.

It was raining hard by the time he got outside, and the dusk had come. It was also chilly, but the restless tingling in his veins had gone, his head held no more fiery cracklings, and the nervous, overstrung feeling in the air had passed with the hurrying storm. He even found himself wondering, as he slipped on his Burberry, how on earth he had been such an unmitigated ass as nearly to blow out his brains—which only shows!

Harvey-Dottrell went straight home, and quickly. He had no wish to be found running about in the wet with one of the Angmerings' jewel-cases, and on the way he telegraphed to old Angmering a skeleton of the facts, together with his own name and address.

Next morning Angmering arrived, and in his little parlour in the little villa in the grubby duplicate street, and much bothered by the children, who would not keep out, Harvey-Dottrell told the whole story from beginning to end, leaving out nothing. His listener watched him while he spoke with that keenness which goes with the making of bricks without straw.

Then spake Mr Angmering, laying his fat hand upon the jewel-case: 'It's no go, old man. You've got the wrong egg. These are Mrs Angmering's *paste jewels*. The real ones were in the two larger cases.' He paused, and Harvey-Dottrell's face became slowly the face of an old man. 'But'—he never took his eyes off his companion—'I'll give you fifty pounds for salvaging these, and another fifty for putting out the fire.'

And Harvey-Dottrell breathed a great breath, as a drowning man breathes who catches hold of a broken spar.

Some six months later Harvey-Dottrell, who had been shooting wild-fowl on the estuary,

was walking back along that same island, towards dusk, to Cocklesea, to catch the train home. He was thinking to himself that one hundred pounds would not last for ever, even with his small earnings, and his thoughts were of a gloomy kind. A cab passed him at the usual 'cab-trot,' the only sign of life on the long, cold, wet road. A sea-fog was swirling inland past him.

Quite absent-mindedly, he glanced up at the occupant of the cab. He saw a little old man with remarkably bright, alert eyes, muffled up in a shabby coat, and instantly he was conscious of having seen that face before, without being able to remember where.

The little old man peered at him, jumped, and shouted, and the cab stopped. 'Be you the bloke with th' stuff for drivin' off flies?' he called excitedly to Harvey-Dottrell, thrusting his head out of the window. And Harvey-Dottrell allowed that he was. 'Then 'op inside. I've bin up and down this bloomin' old road 'bout once a week for the last six months pretty well, a-untin' for ye. Now I've found ye.—Drive on, cabby,' he cried.

Harvey-Dottrell, too much surprised to speak, sank back on the seat beside the old man, thumping his head with his knuckles, trying to remember where he had seen that face and heard that voice before. He could not remember.

The old man leant back and looked at him in silence. His cunning little eyes shone mischievously in the cold dusk like a rat's. He pulled up his trousers at the knee, and regarded his horny hands with a chuckle. The chuckle was like the gibbering of a very old and knowing rat. Then he spoke. 'Don't know me?' he queried.

'Not from Adam,' Harvey-Dottrell owned.

And the old man chuckled more malevolently than ever. 'D'you remember th' old gaffer as ye 'elped when 'e give out that day as th' fly plague came to Cocklesea? Th' old feller as sold oranges?' he asked.

And Harvey-Dottrell jumped. 'Of course I do. You—you're he,' he almost shouted.

'I am that,' was the answer, and the eyes gleamed at him through cigar-smoke till they seemed almost to burn.

'My dear life!' Harvey-Dottrell stared at him. 'But you've gone up in the world!'

'I 'ave that.'

'How?'

'By a-followin' *you*.'

'*Me*? How the devil?'

'Yus, a-followin' of you. It was I as took the jewel-cases; but those darn revolver-bullets, they came main close.'

And Harvey-Dottrell was dumb. He saw it all now—his foolishness in saying that he was going to fetch something (obviously valuables) for a lady; the fact that he had never looked back; the creak in the kitchen, and the sound

later as of some one stumbling against a chair; the mysterious disappearance of the two biggest jewel-cases while he and the men were in the bedroom, and the wild shouting of the two men over the banisters—all now became clear. The old renegade! 'D'you know, you've lost me, my wife, and my four little children five hundred pounds?' he asked at last, angrily.

'Oh! oh ho! Five 'undred, was it, old Mother Angmering offered ye? Well, I ain't lost ye nawthin', me lad. Listen, now.' The old man paused, and for a long half-minute there was that silence which comes when a rodent is disturbed at its work, and is thinking how to act. Then he spoke. 'I got them jewels, an' I wrote to t' old man Angmering a-tellin' 'im as I knawed wur they be, an' askin' what 'e'd pay me. 'E wrote back an' sez five 'undred poun'. I writes back again, an' I sez my terms was two thousand poun' an' silence. 'E agreed. 'E 'ad to, an' 'e got 'is jewels. An' them two gents as come for t' steal t' jewels, they was two as got the sack from th' Government Department for stealin' without reportin' yourn an' other blokes' inventions. I 'ad that from th' copper arterwards. They an' their flies! Poof! It was their game, just t' frighten folks an' get at old Mother Angmering's jewels. I don't believe as any o' them flies 'ad plague at all—at all.'

'Good Lord!' moaned Harvey-Dottrell. 'But you've got a head!'

'I 'ave. Not like yourn, though. Yourn's

full o' uncommon-sense, and mine, 'e's full o' common-sense. I ain't a thief, quite, no more 'n you be, but they do say as there be honour among thieves even. What 'ave I bin a-tryin' t' find ye all this time fer? This, Mister—what's yer name?'

'Harvey-Dottrell.'

'Right, Mister 'Arvey-Dottrell—*this*.' And, so saying, he drew from the depths of his rusty old coat a cheque. Then, with a considerable amount of important puffing, he read it over, spelling each word with silent-moving lips carefully, as the illiterate do, and handed it to Harvey-Dottrell. 'The 'alf,' he said simply.

Harvey-Dottrell took it, looked, and gave one long whistle. The cheque was signed by Angmering himself, was for one thousand pounds, and the name space indicating to whom it was made out was left blank. 'Oh!' he cried. 'Oh, thank God! Thank you. Thank'—But words failed him, and he sat staring at it with moist eyes.

The old man laid his hand gently upon Harvey-Dottrell's shoulder. 'Don't take on, me lad,' he muttered huskily. 'Ye're worth it, an'—an' so 'm I.'

And he leant back chuckling, as the first of the station lights shone upon his little, beady, cunning, sharp eyes, burning in the depths of the cab's gloom. They looked more like the eyes of a rat than ever.

THE END.

## THE BLACK TRACKERS OF QUEENSLAND.

By J. T. CRITCHELL.

THE territory of Queensland, which received its charter of independence in 1859, emerged from obscurity in 1823, when the Brisbane River was discovered. Convictism was associated with Queensland's beginnings, as the three penal establishments at Hobart Town, Norfolk Island, and Port Macquarie were overcrowded. But as settlers began to take up land round Brisbane, the 'exiles,' as the felon-immigrants were called, became unpopular, and the last batch arrived in 1851. From Queensland's earliest days the police were a dominant interest in the colony. The invasion of the pastoral lands by squatters brought about difficulties with the natives. Murders and cattle-spearings were common occurrences, and a military post at Helidon (known now on account of its spring) represented the first police establishment in Queensland.

In 1848 a force of native mounted police was raised to protect the pastoralists and their flocks and herds. The experiment proved very successful; the native police were easily broken in to discipline, and they made dashing horsemen. The black men enjoyed their work, especially when it took the form of administering punish-

ment to members of different tribes from their own. In those early pioneering times an outrage committed by blacks led to the 'dispersing' of the offending tribe—really its wholesale slaughtering when the black troopers' blood-lust had asserted itself. In those days before the coming of public opinion in Australia, the extermination of the 'blacks' was the policy of the squatters, the dominant party. The aborigines were mostly war-like and treacherous, and their attacks on their white neighbours had to be repressed by force of arms. Still, the reprisals of the whites, through the agency of the black mounted police, were unnecessarily severe.

In hunting down criminals the black trackers of Queensland were very useful, and their services in more peaceful ways have continued to the present day. Not only have they been requisitioned in their own land, but they have been invited to help as 'criminal investigators' in the United States in tracking down desperadoes who have taken to the wilds. In this very expert work the black trackers of Queensland are *facile princeps*. It is interesting to note that, whilst as a race the Australian aborigines

are sadly degenerate, in this special duty individuals are as clever and keen to-day—as will be seen below—as in the times when, with extreme relish, they hunted down their brethren in the recesses of the bush.

The ability to track is possessed more or less by all aborigines. It is instructive to note the outcome of the struggle for existence in a country where, to get a living in the bush, the natives have to keep their senses at concert-pitch. Food is none too plentiful there. Australia's wild creatures are few, and wary in habit. To run down a kangaroo or an emu, to dig up the edible roots, to turn out a 'possum from his lair in a hollow log, to snare fish in the lagoon, and secure water in a waterless region, and, in fact, to read off the signs of the bush like a printed page, require sensory faculties highly developed. By constant practice, the native Australian can distinguish the tracks of the animals mentioned from those of lesser game. Did he not possess this power, he could not live in the Australian bush. A tracker will say correctly how long a time has passed since the track was made, and in the case of people known to him he will recognise the footprint as we know the handwriting of a friend. In one instance the tracker stoutly averred that the track he was following was that of a knock-kneed man, and he was right!

Where the eye of the ordinary man can see nothing out of the common, the black tracker finds a whole page of facts. A dislodged stone, a turned leaf, a broken twig, are read off by him as one reads a written page. From a horse's hoofmarks he will describe the animal, and tell you when the impressions were made. The police records are full of such cases.

Here are some instances of the work of the black trackers of Queensland.

In the convict days an ex-convict, Fisher, Campbell Town, near Sydney, mysteriously disappeared. His partner—of the same 'persuasion'—gave out that Fisher had gone to England, and took possession of his mate's property. After a while 'Fisher's ghost' caused uneasiness in the locality, and the police began investigations, assisted by a black tracker named Gilbert. There was a pool of water in the vicinity, and Gilbert took a corn-stalk and passed it over the surface of the water. He then put the corn-stalk to his nose, and said he 'smelt the fat of a white man.' The tracker next turned to a creek leading out of the pool, and came to a stop at a place on its bank. On digging down at this point, the body of the murdered man was found.

'Quite the smartest tracker I ever had,' said a police inspector in New South Wales, reported in Mr Haydon's book, *The Trooper Police of Australia*, 'was a young gin (native woman), and she was deaf and dumb. She would follow up a track with unerring certainty. I took her

with me when engaged in searching for a boy lost in the bush in the Brewarrina district; the bush there was particularly bad, heavily timbered. After the trail had taken us for a few miles, I lost sight of it altogether, but Kitty followed it easily until we came to a place where it stopped dead. Kitty went down on her hands and knees, examining the bushes and grass minutely. Then she jumped on her pony, and, though she had nothing to guide her, turned him off sharp to the left, and about forty yards away picked up a new trail which led to the little boy asleep under a tree. Did instinct guide her to the new track?'

The tracker's methods are noted in the following true story of a lost 'jackeroo' (a 'new chum' learning station work) who got 'bushed' in the country inland from Rockhampton, Queensland. The police-officer took a couple of native troopers, and proceeded to the house of the squatter where the 'jackeroo' had been working. By daylight the troopers had brought in the missing man's horse and taken a good look at his shoes. Then, with a supply of brandy and milk, they rode away, making for the point where the riderless horse had been found grazing. They followed the back tracks of the animal, which had galloped over a big plain from a belt of forest at the far side. The boys raced along the tracks, but steadied down on entering the scrub, where so faint was the trail that they had to make an occasional cast. After following the tortuous course of the horse, they arrived at a clearing out of which he had galloped. At this spot they discovered where the rider had been thrown; the trackers pointed out where he had picked himself up and run after his steed. Failing to catch it, the 'jackeroo' consoled himself by sitting down on a log and having a pipe. After turning about in an irresolute way, the lost man took a course away from his horse's path—this fatal step leading to his undoing. Now the trackers were on the lost man's own track, and the searchers forged slowly ahead through the forest—on for many weary miles, till they found it necessary to secure their own safety by getting water and making a camp for the night. One of the boys climbed a tall tree, took the lie of the country, descended, and blazed the trunk. Quitting the trail, he rode off at a tangent, remarking, as he pointed with his chin (the blacks' customary gesture), 'Mine think water sit down there.' Sure enough, they found water; that is, they were able to scoop up with their hands about a gallon, which, though muddy, warm, and spiced with gum-leaf juice, tasted like nectar. Next morning they picked up the tracks again at the blazed tree. From signs they found that the 'jackeroo' had become confused, his course being quite wild. Suddenly the boys headed for a fringe of dark-leaved trees enclosing the channel of an old water-course. The exhausted man had tried in vain to get

water there, as the supply had dried up. The hapless 'jackeroo' was not far off. The trackers ran his tracks down the sandy bed of the channel, and announced, 'That fellow sit down here,' adding the cheerless pronouncement, 'That fellow bong' (dead). But here they were wrong; instead of being 'bong,' he was 'budgerie' (all right), though in a poor state from want of food and water. In a few weeks, in the salubrious clime of Queensland, the lost one, found by the black trackers, was quite well again.

A recently arrived Australian mail brought particulars of another instance of the black tracker coming to the rescue of his white supplanter in the ownership of the soil. In this case, as in the others given, the outcome of the natural instinct of the savage saves life where the science and industry of the white man fails entirely. The lost person was a boy, Nicholas Frousheger, four-and-a-half years old, whose home was near Charleville, Queensland. The annals of the Australian bush teem with stories of endurance. No finer instance can be given than the story of this little hero, who for seven days travelled through one hundred and twenty miles of wild bush, where the dingo, the wallaby, the morepork, furnished the child with a sense of (questionably welcome) companionship. Nicholas is the son of a wood-carter. On 10th July 1916 he wandered away from his father's dray. Unable to find his child, Mr Frousheger reported the matter to the police, who, having summoned to their aid a black tracker, began the search. The bush round Charleville is rough, stony, and barren, and there is nothing

there to satisfy hunger, and water is scarce. The tracker easily picked up the boy's foot-marks, and the whole country-side joined in the search for the lost boy. Day by day the tracks showed that the child had gone steadily ahead, on a north-east course, towards the sunrise. The first day the boy walked ten miles across a 'bore' (artesian) drain, and through two wire fences. The next day's track record showed that the boy was walking barefoot on one side of one foot, an indication of a sore foot. Each day progress was made; his only food was grass (which, on the boy's rescue, necessitated special medical treatment). By this time the mite had become very much frightened; his track showed that when he heard the searchers at his heels he hid in the bushes. It is impossible to understand the terror experienced by the poor little child in those marches by day without food and sufficient water, and those dreadful nights, with all the alarming sounds of the bush around him. He was found by the black tracker on 16th July, alive and well, strange to say, but for swollen legs. With proper care he soon recovered his health.

In former years the native trackers received the magnificent sum of two shillings a day; now they are better paid. These worthies helped to hunt down the Kelly bush-ranging gang in Victoria, and received as special pay three pounds per month each, with uniform, quarters, and rations. It will readily be seen that, with such services to the communities of the Australian states as those here narrated, the black trackers of Queensland are not overpaid.

## THE MYSTERIOUS MIASMA.

### CHAPTER V.

'YOU'RE lookin' yourself again, Miss Leila,' said the ferryman, casting off, and allowing his wherry to float out diagonally across the ebbing tide. He thrust the long sweeps into the water, and pulled watchfully and dexterously, feeling the strength of the current, and calculating to a nicety where he would land her.

'Yes; I'm quite myself, thank you, Peter,' said she, with her observant eyes fixed admiringly upon the rippling muscles of his bare, brown arms.

'What a shame it be,' returned Peter, 'to try and poison people wi' that there m'asma! Hangin' be too good for they, Miss Leila. I'd bury 'n alive,' he asserted vigorously.

'They deserve it.'

'Glad to hear 'e say so. For it bain't no healthy salt mist as comes o' the hot days from the moistiness o' the pool, Miss Leila. Some do say as it is. But I do say as it isn't. For why? We've had the mist for countless

generations, Miss Leila—for count-ness generations,' he repeated, with emphatic pauses; 'and if the mist could ha' choked anybody, 't would ha' choked fayther and me.'

'And the whole town,' added Leila.

'And the whole town,' he echoed. 'Fac' is, there wouldn't be no town. No! As I do say, the m'asma be a produc' o' the devil, so to speak, put on the market down hereaway by some sneakin' hagents o' his, 'at draw the price for it out o' the lives o' the people, killin' of 'em wholesale, Miss Leila—wholesale. Proper blood-money, I do call it. And all along o' this 'orrible war.'

'It is horrible, Peter.'

'Worse 'n 'orrible, Miss Leila, if one could only find the fittin' word for 't. They didn't fight wi' m'asma, and sich-like dev'lish contraptions, in fayther's day; no, nor in gran'-fayther's either. I've hearn 'n tell as 't were clean fightin' then. And the best men won.'

'Let us hope the best men will win now.'

'Ay, we may 'ope it. God should beat the devil, Miss Leila.'

'He should, and will.'

'Passon he do say the same wi' a rigmarole o' argifyin' 'at only a double extra magnifyin'-power glass can see into the middle o'. Sounds diff'rent, somehow, when you do say it—straighter like and more comfortin', Miss Leila. Do you remember fayther?'

'Very well indeed. He was called Peter, like you.'

'So he were, *and* gran'fayther. We be all Petera. 'Tis a proper name for a ferryman. And a ferryman were a ferryman in they days. For one I row across, fayther rowed ten. A passel o' folks must ha' crossed along of he—more 'n he could count. He were a ferryman fifty 'ears.'

'As long as that, Peter?'

'Fifty 'ears, four montha, and two days exac'ly, Miss Leila; and at the end o' the second day, when the sun were sinkin', he cried "Ahoy!" for the big ferryman, and crossed suddent to the other shore, a long sight farther away than this,' he concluded, as the wide nose of the wherry ran up the sloping sand.

'Peter's Pence is not so plentiful with you as with your father.'

'No. But folks like you, Miss Leila, do make up for't,' as she declined the change he offered her. 'Now, there's that young Swiss up to Corbie Point; he do a'ys pay liberal, and he crosses a bra' few times.' He was making the wherry secure. Leila had been waiting for an opportunity to ask him about the young Swiss, cautiously, however, lest he should think her inquisitive.

'He must enjoy a ramble over the sands,' said she.

'He do, but never very far; just up to the black cliff and back, sittin' there sometimes for a bit o' book-readin', or potterin' round after shella. A mincin' little fellow he be, Miss Leila, clippin' his words into snippets, and sayin' "Sir-r-r-r!" to me—to me,' he repeated, 'a ferryman. Why cannot he say Peter? 'Tis the Swiss lingo, I reckon, stickin' to his tongue like lollypops, sweet and sugary.'

'Is he Swiss?'

'Sure—both he and his uncle.'

'Does his uncle cross with him?'

'Lor', no! Miss Leila. This soft sand be no ground for stickin' a crutch in.' They were then mounting it, side by side, towards the ferryman's hut. Leila lingered at the door. 'And yet he do handle the gig smartly, a gig he've bought and altered the colour of—painted her a dark reddish-brown, and fitted her wi' a lug-sail and a little mizzen, tanned both of 'em to much the same colour; and he do drive a bit, townwards mostly, in Sally Basset's jingle.'

'He sails and drives?'

'Both—sails in the evenin's, and stays out late, too—line-fishin', I fancy—runnin' out into

the bay, far out, then back to the eastward, close in under the dunes, and along the slow slack water until the ebb do catch 'n, and carry 'n down to the Point again. Clever sailin', Miss Leila, sure 'nough—not every evenin', only once in a while, and bringin' home for Sally Basset many a nice string o' fish; and drivin' not every day, but just for the change of it, when the maggot do bite 'n.'

'The maggot?'

'The mood, I s'pose,' explained Peter, 'the incline-ation. I do call 'n maggots, Miss Leila. His do bite 'n for solitary drives and sailin's; mine '—and his eyes twinkled, while the wrinkles of his rough, red face were all conformable to his appreciative smile—'for many more passengers as winsome as you.'

Leila laughed outright, and said, 'I should call your maggot gallantry, Peter, if you were a younger man. Good-bye!' and she went her way to a self-invited tea-drinking with the childless widow, Sally Basset.

Sally was sympathetic and confidential. She had not seen Leila for some time, and she considered it an honour to be visited *sans cérémonie*. She regarded Leila's recovery as providential. She would have said that Dr Neville was the instrument of Providence if Leila had told her that she owed her escape from severer suffering, and possibly from death itself, to his timely intervention. And she would probably have associated the two in a manner that Leila did not desire. For, where Dr Neville was concerned, Leila was becoming abnormally sensitive.

Sally needed no prompting to talk about her lodgers. All that Leila had to do was to drop an occasional encouraging monosyllable as evidence that she was attentively listening. Soon, however, Sally's voice fell to a confidential whisper, not because any third person could overhear, but simply as a concession to the delicacy of what she had to say. Leila was startled—more than startled—incredulous, and said so.

'I cannot believe it, Sally.'

'Perhaps not, my dear. I don't blame 'e. I couldn't believe it; but I've been forced to. You cannot go against your own hearin', and your own eyesight, to say nothin' of the hinstings that a woman has. I'm fifty-six, Miss Leila, and—well, there, my dear, it be so, and you may believe it, or you may not believe it, but you cannot alter the fact.'

'What have you to go upon, Sally?'

'To go upon? Little things mostly; but puttin' 'em all together, my dear, they make a big fact that nobody can alter.'

'Are they in?'

'No, my dear—out, both of 'em, worse luck!' said Sally; but Leila thought otherwise. 'Now if *he* were in,' Sally went on, 'I'd convince 'e. For I'd ask 'n to join us. The way he do handle a tay-cup would convince 'e—almost,' she con-

ceded. Then, remembering her duties as hostess, 'See if the kettle be boilin'—do 'e mind?—while I do set the table.'

'Not at all,' said Leila, rising, as she answered the question, and stepping into the kitchen.

'There be furze in the outhouse,' Sally called after her. 'Push a bit under to bring 'n to the boil.'

Leila followed her advice. But, with the sprigs of furze half withdrawn, she straightened herself, and fixed her startled eyes upon a round, elongated package, like a huge bottle, protected by a wrapping of woven hemp, reared in the far corner. She recognised it at once. The furze was heaped around the lower part of it, but the hemp covering showed above the furze, and the neck protruded. It was a steel cylinder.

'What is that bottle-looking thing in the outhouse, Sally?' asked Leila innocently over the tea-table.

'Ballast for the boat, my dear; so they do say,' returned Sally. 'It be laid lengthwise along the keel, and the padding do make it sit easily against the curves o' the plankin'. I never see'd ballast like it afore.'

'Nor I,' said Leila. 'Where do they get it?'

'The old man do fetch it in the jingle from a cellar he've rented down to Bessow's Quay; not all of it, for sometimes he do get it out in the bay.'

'Out in the bay! It doesn't float about, Sally.'

'No. He do get it from any boat as can spare it.'

'But no other boat except his uses ballast like this.'

'None o' our boats as I do know of. Queer it be, Miss Leila—very queer. And queer, too, 'at ballast do need changin' when once it be settled in. And change it they do—frequently.'

'It is queer,' assented Leila, musing.

'Those he do fetch from the town he do shove into the outhouse, mostly under the furze; then, of an evenin'—always of an evenin'—both of 'em do drag'n down to the grotto, and lower'n over the ledge into the gig. And heavy work it be, my dear—main heavy. I cannot move 'n.'

'Under the furze? Are there others besides the one I saw?'

'Three more, my dear.'

After tea Sally took Leila down to the grotto, and on the way showed her the ruts scored by the weight of the cylinders in the soft gravel of the shaded path concealed by the overhanging hazels. The boat was beneath the ledge. Ropes were coiled in the grotto for the lowering of the cylinders. Leila, preoccupied by all she had heard and seen, only gave half an ear to Sally's further and more general conversation, and bade her an early farewell.

Leila's information enabled Dr Neville to

expedite his preparations. At his request, she visited the town the following day, and located the cellar at Bessow's Quay, an old part of the town, where at one time, previous to the construction of the harbour, the unknown Bessow had built a rough landing-place, now neglected and disused. Neville watched the opening in the black cliff. Except at high-water, it was approachable from the beach; then, however, the sea lapped it, and a boat could be floated close in. Sixty paces back from the opening, following the fracture of the rock, he tested the dunes, Day, the foreman, helping him—for he had taken Day into his confidence. There he found the charcoal. He intended sinking a shaft, and burrowing rapidly from the landward side of the cave; but everywhere the rock met them. Only a powerful explosive could have shattered a way through it. So he abandoned the idea, and decided to enter where the young fellow entered, and, if possible, take him in the act.

The police were to keep the cellar at Bessow's Quay under the strictest surveillance. The coast-guard, when the time came, were to bar the exit from the cave. The cottage on Corbie Point was to be watched by a posse of special constables. Everything was in readiness for a change of wind. For some days it had been northerly. Dr Neville surmised that, if it veered anywhere within his twelve points, another attempt would be made to release the noxious mixture. He frequently scanned the barometer. He turned his eager eyes upon the oscillating vane many times a day. The barometer fell slowly. The wind shifted westward. He warned the coast-guard to be ready instantly, on hearing from him, to close in upon the cave.

'Dare you enter the opening into the black cliff, Miss Fairley,' said he one morning, 'and go forward as far as the fracture will permit?'

'Alone?'

'The wind is veering southerly. I shall hide in the dunes, and keep an eye on the ferry. A sea-gull's cry will be the signal for you. Dare you enter?'

'Yes!'

'I am very grateful. A messenger will be waiting to carry the news to the coast-guard. I shall raise my hand to him. Then I shall follow you.'

Leila, crouching under the cliff, listened for the signal with a pounding heart. Presently, above the rush of the seas, the cry rang out, piercingly clear. She squeezed sideways through the narrow opening. For a few yards the cave was so contracted, a mere crack in the rock, that she was forced to maintain this awkward sideways movement. Then the crack widened, and the glazed and slippery footing over the rock ended in a natural step descending to a carpet of soft, fine sand. Here she could stand upright and turn herself. It was very dark. She went

forward, feeling her way with arms extended and feet moving cautiously, for fifty or sixty yards, until she could touch the walls again on either side. The sand continued, but the walls fell to at a sharp angle, and met above her head. Soon, however, they widened once more, and the fingers of her left hand came in contact with what appeared to be a wooden framework enclosing some harsh woven fabric, rounded and firm, and reared on end within it.

Passing her fingers along the framework, and still moving cautiously forward, she heard the dulled footsteps of some one following her, and the soft swish of garments brushing along the rock. She stood still, waiting, her quickened heart-beats drumming in her ears.

'I thought I should have caught you up before this,' said Dr Neville.

'I must be near the end,' answered Leila.

'Very near;' and he switched on an electric torch.

'Oh!' cried Leila, bewildered for a moment; then, her eyes recovering, she saw that they were in a small triangular chamber tapering to a point a little way beyond them.

The wooden framework was in four parts, and in each part, held upright, was a hemp-covered cylinder with a tap attached. Tubes above the taps connected the four, and opened out into a funnel under a long layer of charcoal. The charcoal was confined within an elongated case of finely meshed wire-netting.

'A neat little contrivance, Miss Fairley,' said Dr Neville.

'Ingenious and deadly,' she replied.

'We must press as closely in to the point as we can get—you first;' and he motioned her forward. Then, following, he released the catch of his electric torch, and they stood together in the dense darkness, listening for the incoming of the slim stranger.

Hours seemed to pass, but in reality they were minutes, and Leila whispered, 'Are you sure of him?'

'I saw him cross the ferry,' he whispered back.

And, before the sibilant echoes had quite died away, they heard him. He was approaching quickly, accustomed to the contractions and varying levels of the cave. He entered the chamber. Switching on an electric torch, he suddenly stood revealed to them, facing the framework stolidly, and all-unaware that any one was watching him. His eyes roved over the cylinders. Satisfied with the inspection, he lifted his eyes to the wire case enclosing the dull black mass of evenly laid charcoal. Then deliberately he stepped upon the lowest cross-piece of the framework, and steadily raised his hand towards the first of the taps.

'Frau von Kamphausen,' interposed Dr Neville softly but incisively—and he felt Miss Fairley trembling behind him, as the woman, dressed like a youth, jumped with fear—'I wouldn't do

that. It is unworthy of a daughter of Professor Ersch.'

'Who are you?' she demanded, dropping from the cross-piece and facing them, eyes distended, and the torch held searchingly out.

'Richard Edge Neville.'

'Ah!' she exclaimed, the breath whistling through her lips. 'And who is the other behind you? Your wife?'

'Not yet,' he answered calmly.

'Not yet,' she repeated, with a sigh. Leila had overcome her trembling, and the daughter of Professor Ersch her fear. To Leila's amazement, she continued wearily, 'I might have been.'

'But you preferred Kamphausen.'

'Von,' she retorted proudly.

'Von—I beg your pardon—and I claim to think that as Von Kamphausen's wife, and not as Professor Ersch's daughter, you are engaged in this detestable business of poisoning people secretly. It is not fair fighting, Frau.'

'As you please,' she replied sarcastically, referring to the distinction he had drawn between her relationships as wife and daughter. 'I am trapped, it seems, and by you, of all people, and by your wife to be. It is a fantastic *dénouement*. May I ask what your intention is?'

'Finally, to hand you over to the justice you deserve; but before then, to meet your wishes, if you have any, by requesting Miss Fairley to stay with you or to accompany you, whichever you prefer.'

'You were ever mindful of the proprieties, Dr Neville,' said she, glancing first at her attire, then past him at Leila, and saluting both of them with a mocking bow.

'I must warn you, Frau von Kamphausen,' continued Neville, preparing to leave them—for he detected no inclination on her part to go first—that the seaward exit is guarded, and there is no other.'

'There is no other,' she repeated in low, sad tones. 'It is the only way, so'—and instantly she raised her right hand. A sinister gleam ran along the barrel of her tiny revolver. Dr Neville was not quick enough to prevent her. A shot rang out, sharp, clear, awakening all the echoes of the cave; and she sank in a huddled heap upon the sand.

Leila suppressed a tendency to scream. Simultaneously with the crack of the revolver the light had gone out. Dr Neville switched on his own. Alarmed by the shot, two of the coast-guard men came hurrying in. They found the body collapsed exactly as it had fallen, and Dr Neville and Leila kneeling beside it. A slight perforation, seared around the edges, marred the fair, white temple of the victim. Instantaneous death from a perforation so slight seemed to be impossible. But the turbulent spirit had fled.

On the cottage veranda, far up on Corbie Point, Herr von Kamphausen sat with a swivelled

telescope focused upon the opening in the black cliff. He had not seen Leila enter, nor Dr Neville, for the simple reason that when they entered the telescope was focused on the ferry. From the ferry, having watched the crossing of his wife, he carefully followed her movements over the yellow sands. He saw her enter. And there he kept the telescope steadily fixed. On the disappearance of his wife within the opening he withdrew his eye from the eye-piece. Presently, slipping down the dunes, and dwarfed by the distance, he observed what appeared to be two small companies of ants. They closed in under the cliff—closed in until they met about the opening; and the telescope resolved them into men. He knew that the game was up. But, fascinated, he gazed on. Two of the men sprang within the opening. Still he gazed on. And in a little while four figures emerged, one a woman—or was there another woman? There was another form, straight and still, carried by the four; and then he knew not only that the game was up, but that his wifely confederate was dead.

He shut the telescope with a snap, reached for his crutch, and hastily left the veranda. Nimbly, more nimbly than his lameness warranted, he skipped into the shelter of the hazels, and hopped down the path. Half-way to the grotto he heard running feet behind him, and quickened his pace; but when he reached the ledge three men were waiting for him. To escape them he swerved, and stood precariously balanced for a moment on the very edge of the ledge; there, turning, he hurled his crutch at the three, slipped, and fell seventy feet sheer. His back struck the gunwale of the gig and broke it; but the splintering gunwale broke the back of its unfortunate owner, and flung his head violently between the thwarts, fracturing the skull on the bare end of a cylinder that lay beneath.

The cellar at Bessow's Quay was searched by the police. Among the useless odds and ends left there by a former tenant they found two full cylinders, which were handed over to Dr Neville. Inquiries among the fishermen elicited the fact that Von Kamphausen was occasionally seen far out, and, because of the colour of the gig, almost invisible, ostensibly line-fishing, but probably picking up from a suspicious trader or a rising submarine fresh supplies of gas. The cylinders were sometimes concealed in the cellar, whence, as opportunities presented themselves, he fetched them in the jingle, and hid them in the outhouse among the furze, and sometimes they were buried above high-water mark in the fine, dry sand immediately beneath the grotto.

Dr Neville remained another week as a paying guest at the Fairleys'. On the evening before his departure he strolled into the garden, seeking Leila, and discovered her seated in an arbour covered with a profusely flowering rambler rose, lost apparently in pensive meditation.

'May I come in?'

Her nerves had been shaken by the experiences of the past fortnight or so. She started slightly, and silently made room for him.

'Frau von Kamphausen forestalled me,' said he, seating himself, and gazing at her with his peculiarly steady gray eyes.

She understood him at once, and fenced the question that was springing to his lips. 'How did you know it was Frau von Kamphausen?'

'I did not certainly know until I saw her face in the glow of the electric torch. That confirmed my suspicion. The suspicion was an inference from the composition of the miasma. Years ago I took a chemistry course under her father, Professor Ersch, at a German university; and the mixture of poisonous gases, explosive when combined, was from a formula of his. Von Kamphausen was a fellow-student. We lodged with the professor. There was a double rivalry between us—as students and for the hand of Fräulein Ersch.'

'Then what she said was true?'

'Quite; and what I said also.'

'I learned a few unexpected things in the cave.'

'That my name, for instance, is Richard Edge Neville, and that I love you.'

'As you loved her.'

'No, Leila—as I never loved her. She, in my younger days, captivated my fancy; you, in my full manhood, have won my heart. I love you. I never said that to Fräulein Ersch. I love you. Is it not enough?'

'It is.'

THE END.

### THE MUSIC OF THE PINES.

THE fir-trees stir with the breath of Spring,  
Tossing their heads with a new-found mirth,  
While the darting sunlight searches out  
The opening fern in the soft brown earth;  
And a joyous song on the fragrant breeze  
Is borne from the depths of the swaying trees.

When soft the summer zephyrs blow,  
And gently stir the laden air,  
And scented, sun-warmed branches give  
Protection from the noonday glare,  
Low there steals on the drowsy ear  
Æolian music soft and clear.

When red amongst the sombre pines  
The rowan-berries glow,  
And mellow sunshine gently gleams,  
Though chill winds threatening blow,  
Sad is the song as the winds swish by,  
With many a shudder and mournful sigh.

When fierce and cold, with an eerie roar,  
The howling tempests roughly break,  
And dim in the screen of the drifting snow  
The storm-tossed fir-trees madly shake,  
Still on the wind as it surges along  
Are heard the deep notes of a wild battle-song.

L. A. WHEATLEY.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A FEW thousands of years from now, when the human mind may have achieved a state of reason and refinement that seems beyond it for the present, an impartial student of what may be called the Great Tribal War will be curiously concerned with the ecstasies, the vagaries, the contrasts, and the general performance and achievement of woman during this period of upheaval. Of all the sudden transformations of human nature ever accomplished, the unfamiliar phenomena ever presented, he may regard these as the most attractive for consideration; and in the vast amount of material that the world explosion blew up from the depths of humanity to the surface and left there until the cleaning up of two or three generations had been done, and the conditions of a new age settled, he may find much evidence bearing upon the eternal mystery of the nature and qualities of the human female. Some may fear that in the end so many contradictions will be presented that a solution will be no nearer to those investigators among our far posterity than to ourselves. That the spice of life may retain its full flavour, it were perhaps better so for posterity; for with the mysteries solved, that which once seemed wayward, erratic, and subject to an inexplicable instinct being at last understood and almost scientifically resolved, life would again be a step the worse for knowledge. We of this Tribal War have been tearing the veil from Nature, and employing the secrets we have discovered for, alas! our own unhappiness and destruction. Let posterity be warned. It may contemplate, but it must beware of deducing. That great privilege of tranquil contemplation, which it will find so entertaining, is denied to the contemporaries of the women of the period, engaged in their truly manifold activities. They do in a measure contemplate, no doubt; but their minds are overcome and obsessed by the circumstances of the time, and their judgments are undependable; in what they think and say, as in all things of this war, there is the element of opportunism at work. The issues are so vast, the risks so great, the passions so violent, that plain justice and pure reason can rarely be attained exactly. One says and does that which will, one thinks, lead to the most advantageous results. Conscience being

especially accommodating in periods of excitement and strain, one is led to feel that what is thus done and said is right and true. For such errors, then, as are now unwittingly committed, that cool and contemplative posterity will doubtless make a fair allowance. It will perceive that it was our part in these times to act quickly, to smoothen the working of the vast machine, and not to cause any unnecessary and unwelcome trouble.

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Yet those future students will lay under their microscopes the precious specimens of the phenomena of human nature that will be so carefully cherished in their museums, and they will compare and wonder. Some may apprehend that among those critics there will be two schools of thought in violent controversy with each other on the point as to whether in the early stages of the Great Tribal War the women were 'splendid' or were not. One of the records preserved will reveal strikingly the fact that it was universally declared in the first year of the war, and became a commonplace, that they were so 'splendid.' It was usually stated in the interrogative form—'Aren't the women splendid?' It was the habitual remark, delivered with much impressiveness, of tea-time conversations, and it was frequently printed by the newspapers, laudably anxious to encourage and inspire. Even the most sceptical editors argued: 'Perhaps if we tell the women they are splendid, they will be so, if they are not so already, just as, when a man is declared to be brave, he becomes truly brave accordingly, and demonstrates his bravery on the first occasion.' The circumstance will be the more impressive to the future student in that it will seem to him that the women themselves were the most addicted to a statement of this discovery of their general splendour, and that in no case did a woman deny it. This is hard evidence for the student. He will discover that one of the chief ways in which women were 'splendid' in those early stages of the war was that, according to their own admission or proud declaration, they 'gave their husbands to the war,' or their sons or brothers—or all of them—as the case may have been. Nothing, he will think, could have been more splendid than such sacrifice. This student, we will sup-

pose, belongs to the more generous of the two contending schools. The other school will affect to be of superior mind and judgment, representative of the higher qualities of that advanced age. It will also affect a high sincerity and a completely unmaterial sensibility; it will pose as the higher man. Perhaps we now should call the members of such a school—could we see and know them—prigs, blighted products of an age in which blood had run dry in parched veins; but to their contemporaries these people will certainly seem possessed of fine discretion. Refusing to accept in its entirety the prevailing view of our time that the women in the first year of the war were splendid—few flattering statements being made about them subsequently—the Rationalist School, as it may call itself, will urge that the women did not really give their male folk to the war, but that the men simply went, and that what the women did afterwards varied somewhat. A number of them wept, many worked, and others occupied themselves in divers ways, and were of smart appearance always. These future Rationalists will produce statements from the London, English provincial, and Scottish newspapers to show that large crowds of those who were supposed to be ‘splendidly’ engaged in war work were actually crowding the shopping districts of the West End of the Metropolis in a way they had never been crowded before. They will produce what they may consider evidence that thousands and thousands of women who began to nurse soldiers in their first enthusiasm ceased when they found the work irksome, tedious, uninteresting; that others returned to their homes and social diversions after a short season that was signalled by the appearance of their photographs in illustrated periodicals. That this school will be malicious in its attitude and suggestions may be anticipated, and it will hardly scruple to adduce some of the cold truths and keen criticisms upon her own sex, as upon the other, of that most candid lady, the Countess of Warwick, who, when the war was young and the populace and the papers unceasingly proclaimed the glory that arose from death on the battlefield, did not hesitate to write that ‘man was not born merely for glorious death—he was born for glorious life, and in the systematic and universally condoned slaughter of man by man there is neither honour nor glory.’ In her book is deplored that strange, unwholesome, unfruitful alliance between Venus and Mars to which human nature and instinct seem to fly in every generation. Beauty and the bloody sword join forces when the trumpet sounds. Venus encourages to slaughter, stirs the war passions, with hatred among them, and is not disillusioned—as all are disillusioned in war sometime—until it is too late. Meantime, rejoicing in her Mars, she decks herself in the feminine way with warlike imitations. For example, she took to khaki uniform whenever possible. The French soldiers who

came upon occasion to Britain marvelled, for they said that in France that colour was sacred to the warrior, and no woman should ever wear it.

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But there will always be good rejoinders to the peevish critics. There is the official evidence that in the autumn of last year two hundred thousand British women were at work upon the land. The work of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, a veritable feminine army in France and at home, must be considered an amazing development. The omnipresence of woman in London especially is one of the phenomena of the war. From the kitchens, the sitting-rooms, and the modest drawing-rooms of suburbia a vast young girl population, of whose very existence we were scarce aware, has come into the town with pens and ink and other things, and is working well. We see it, as we pass by, through the windows of Government offices, with flowers on the table, sometimes a cup of tea, and commonly a cigarette. It works well, is rewarded with a salary that its fighting brother had sometimes not achieved, and often it spends it in good living and fine clothes. So that at the hours of going and coming there is to be seen in our capital now such a spruce array of young British femininity as London has not contained before. It has gathered great spirits and a queenly independence. The political leaders have been busy on behalf of these women, or on that of their elder sisters, and have obtained for them a Franchise Act which gives some millions of them who are over thirty, and therefore super-wise, the parliamentary vote. Here, indeed, is a revolution. Truly the war has worked strange wonders among the women of these islands. Many emotions are mingled in them. They mourn, yet they must rejoice. They have lost, but have gained. As with all of us just now, from statesmen to soldiers, there is hardly time to think and really understand. To-morrow it may be different.

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So for Britain. In France also there have been great feminine advances and achievements. In the Chamber of Deputies the other day, when a new session was being opened, the doyen deputy, on whom the honour of an opening speech is always by custom conferred, declared amid cheers that for their good work the women of France must be given the vote. The Académie Française, the temple of the forty immortals, the most august body of intellectuals in the world, has been so far purely a man's affair; and the thought of a woman member of that illustrious circle, to which Richelieu first gave recognition, would surely cause a trembling among the dust and bones of every genius who in the past used to sit under the renowned cupola and now rests in fame. Yet it is whispered that ere long the Académie may place women in some of its

vacant chairs. We believe that in unhappy Germany and Austria the women have in their own way done their best; indeed, the wives and sisters and daughters of our enemies have made sacrifices and borne well sufferings such as we have not known. Russia has produced her own feminine phenomena in the war. One of the most remarkable of the thousands and tens of thousands of wonders of this amazing war was the 'Battalion of Death,' as it was called, which the women soldiers of Russia formed last summer when the male soldiers of the country were faltering and retreating. They were in full male uniform, drilled and disciplined. They were soldiers, and, led by Vera Butchareff, they went right to the front, and fought and suffered. And elsewhere than in the lands of the belligerents, where woman-power counts as such a factor in the struggle, in the domains of the neutrals, there has been an uneasy stirring among the women. It seems that in the world upheaval all old-established order is to be changed, that reversal is to be the rule. Nature appears almost apprehensive that the system evolved through ages has led to failure, and that a counter-system must be set against it. So events and circumstances provoke the change and accomplish it. Hardly is there a land in which the feminist movement has till now made such little impression as in Spain, where an overwhelming proportion of the women are wholly illiterate. They are not slaves to their men; they are held in a good respect. The Spanish women I have seen in the north, in Castile, and in Andalusia in the south appear happy and well cared for. They love and laugh and sing. But they have few rights; they have seemed not to sigh for any. The feminist movement, at the head of which is a distinguished Spanish writer, the Condesa de Pardo Bazan, had made little headway, and has received small encouragement. And in the meantime Spain, suffering from slackness, from indecision, and want of policy and strength, has been lagging behind the nations, and seemed not to know how to take good opportunities by the hand. But now, this year, a strange thing has been happening. Spain is afflicted with shortage of food. Ships carry no corn to her ports; the Germans are sinking even these neutral vessels. Spain is hungry. Administration has been bad; the hunger has been worse than it need have been. The men murmured; they came out on strike; but still they hungered, and more than before. And then, suddenly, the women arose, and the men marvelled. Never before had the Spanish women asserted themselves. They had loved and laughed and sung, indeed, and kept their kitchens well; it was not conceived that they could do aught else. They knew nothing of politics, while every Spanish man steeped his mind in unwholesome, artificial politics that led to nothing but more politics. In no land are

politics, nearly always the feeblest, most useless, and wasteful things, so useless and artificial and extensive as in Spain. When the hunger fever became acute and profiteering was rampant, the women who worked in factories struck, those who attended homes came out into the streets, and all marched along in thousands, every day, seizing the food-supplies in shops, at the markets, and at the railway stations. In many cases, with an amazing reasonableness, they paid what they considered to be a fair price for what they took, but not the price that had been demanded. Anyhow, they seized it by force. Police and even soldiers were often powerless against them. They proceeded to the headquarters of the municipal and governmental authorities, and stated their needs and their grievances. They made processions and approached the cafés by night, demanding of all the women employees that they should come out and join them, forcing them to do so. They rioted somewhat, for these things cannot be done without rioting. These are not days of achievement by tranquillity. And at last, when permission to hold an open meeting had been denied them, they assembled in public squares, and they, who had never been suspected of having the power to speak of anything save domestic matters and affairs of love and hate, made speeches which touched the truth of things more intimately than had the speeches of their male compatriots. In its overthrow of all recognised precedent and system, there was veritably something of the nature of Bolshevism in this movement of the Spanish women. It was not merely in the capital; it was not so much in the capital as elsewhere; it was all over Spain, and it continues as I write upon it.

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And now at the end we come to the matter that was most in mind when these notes were begun. American women are in the war. That is a great thing, for the American woman, with the best virtues of her British sister, the charm and taste of the Parisienne, and a great strength, independence, and sense which are all her own, is a fine human creature. The first association of American women with the war on the eve of America's entry into it was not, to many minds, a very promising thing; but yet there was in it a simple tenderness and a human reason that reached beyond all war. Miss Rankin had only just been elected to the U.S.A. Congress when the vote was put as to whether America should fling herself into the struggle or not. And then this Miss Rankin, of Montana, clever, thoughtful, young, and good-looking, was asked, like others, three times if she was for or against the war, and answered, 'I want to defend my country, but I cannot vote for war.' She did not vote at all; there in the capitol of Washington she buried her face in her hands and wept. There were people in England who laughed and said

stupid things of this first woman representative in America's Parliament, not realising that here at least were a special courage and sincerity and a great human pity. It would have been so easy—so much easier—to vote for the war. Some said that here was the moral of electing women to Parliament, here the quick demonstration of the stupidity of permitting women to meddle with public affairs. But I was glad to read in the chief newspaper of France these words, written editorially: '*Mademoiselle, la France, que vous savez si farouchement résolue au combat, bien loin de vous blâmer, vous comprend, vous excuse, vous sourit et vous console.*' Since that time, her country at war, Miss Rankin has gathered strength, and has voted and worked nationally with vigour and patriotic determination. The women of America generally are showing their worth. They are the most enlightened women, and nobly they are playing their tremendous part. One day not long ago a hundred thousand American nurses marched through New York. In that alone there is some measure of the effort of the American women. One afternoon, some five years since, I sat at a window in Fifth Avenue in New York, and for an hour, in a special mood of observation and criticism, watched the people walking by, particularly the women, considered as a new type, the newest women in the world. It was a fine afternoon in late September; the glorious Indian summer of New York enwrapped us. I made some notes, freshly inspired by immediate observation and with no war prejudice to interfere, and I should like to transcribe them now. I tried to summarise or crystallise, as it were, the many girls and women who were passing by, to extract a type from many variations. There is a trace of the Briton in her, I noted; rather more of the Parisienne; but these are only traces, and the rest is just new and original, like the tall buildings and the Pennsylvania Railway station. The American seems to have come nearer to licking creation with his women than with anything else he has attempted so far. And it is wonderful how quickly the new American-born girl answers to the influences of the national type. I noticed a fine girl bending round into the Avenue from Forty-second Street. There is

no mistaking that peculiar American gait, for there is no other like it. The women and girls do not seem to trip, neither do they walk; it is difficult to describe their gait. The American girl glides; she steals along the side-walk. Yet at the same time there is a certain delicate jauntiness of carriage, a little smooth swinging of body, a certain sinuousness of motion, and all the while her head is rocking gently, and now and then it goes craning forward until the complete symphony of movement can only be described as kittenish. Many dislike the American tongue, but good American girls of training speak delightfully. They seem to have made new voices for themselves, and their deep contralto, with a touch of the guttural in it, is a rich thing in human sound. As to their dress, they wear it as few women save those of Paris can. They are out to make themselves attractive. They believe that that is one of their missions in life, as it is. They have others. By every art and wile that her keen mind and fancy can invent the American girl has advertised herself, but she has the quality of goods to offer—according to the slang expression of the country, she 'delivers the goods.' American fathers and mothers will tell you that one of the chief characteristics of their daughters is their independence, and that no man can shake it. But the men state that they do not wish to shake it. They ask why they should, when they admire it so, and it serves them so well. For if this independence be pronounced, there is an absence of the lighter frivolity on the other side. This young woman is serious, thoughtful, has a mind, and desires to be a good companion. I have been in many American homes, and I have seen her 'delivering the goods,' being the perfect companion; and I know, though some others have not suspected, one of the chief reasons why the American man so often makes such a success of himself and strides out to the light of the business day with such confidence and audacity. He also knows. The American girl has helped to make those stars and stripes. She has 'delivered the goods' all the time, and she is delivering them now in overflowing measure. Britain will know something more of American women ere the war is done.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XVII.

THE forester's plans for the day following his altercation with Anita on the subject of the burnt letter were destined to miscarry, and the bread for the unknown camper on Goose Lake to be left in the cupboard, for he was suddenly wakened from a heavy, unrefreshing sleep by the buzz of the telephone, and rising noiselessly, so as not to disturb his wife, he slipped

into the other room and took down the receiver. The message was from the head forester, the watcher at the lonely observation post on the highest point in the lake district, warning him of a fire he had sighted some miles distant, and bidding him go and investigate. Dawn was breaking and the cabin chilly as David hastily dressed, pausing, however, gently to pull another

quilt over the sleeping girl, looking so rounded and pretty, the child-like face on the white pillow framed in masses of soft, black hair. *His wife!* David's heart bounded at the thought; and then, with as much speed and quiet as possible, he laid the fire in readiness for her to light, and scribbled a few lines explaining his absence and telling her not to worry if he were late in returning. Having hurriedly eaten some cold food and put a few things together for his saddle-pack, he crept out of the house, and fetching a horse from the corral, was soon riding in the direction of the fire.

Several miles already lay between him and his home when Anita, suddenly conscious of the vacancy at her side, woke with a start to see her husband's place deserted, and the sun, now mounting rapidly behind the trees, darting shafts of gold through her window. With a feeling first of bewilderment, then of alarm, she sat up in bed, at the same time noticing that David's clothes were gone and that a sense of emptiness pervaded the little house.

'David!' she called. 'David! Where are you?' Then her brows knitted and her eyes grew troubled as into her confused mind rushed the remembrance of the previous evening, and of David's cross-questioning about her letter. Was he still angry? Where was he now? What did he mean when he had kissed her, saying so strangely that with *her* he was not angry? With whom, then? Oh, how silent it all seemed! 'David!' she called again, and her own voice sounded loud and strange. A sudden terror seized her, and springing out of bed, she ran into the empty kitchen. There stood the two rocking-chairs, David's and hers, side by side. Almost uncanny they appeared to the frightened girl. Then her eyes travelled towards the door, and she saw the big key hanging on its nail, but the lock undone. Had he gone out and left her? And where had he gone—and why?

A thousand wild thoughts assailed her as she stood shivering and irresolute. Then a sun-ray suddenly danced on the blackleaded stove, and she saw the door open and the fire neatly laid, while on the shining top lay a scrap of white paper. With a cry, half of relief, half of fear, Anita picked it up, and opening it, read David's message, so full of tenderness and the thought to spare her anxiety. As Anita's eyes followed the hastily written words, as her mind slowly took in her husband's unfailing thoughtfulness—the fire laid ready for her, while he himself had gone breakfastless that she might sleep; his care not to disturb her—a great wave of shamed self-reproach swept over her, and bursting into tears,

she sobbed, 'I'm not worthy of so good a husband—not worthy—not worthy!'

For now Anita recognised only too clearly that her first thought on missing her husband was not for him, but for Gavin Barrie—a haunting dread lest David had gone to seek him out and do him harm. And she, David's own wife, knew in her heart that she would willingly sacrifice him, herself, the whole world, for the sake of this one man whose whereabouts she did not know, whom she might never again see. Yet in marrying the forester Anita Lalonne had done no premeditated wrong; rather had she been caught in a swift current of circumstances, which swept her along until she found herself turning away from the ugly little corrugated iron chapel at Keyes Mills as David Hardy's wife.

Her feeling for Gavin Barrie, engendered years before by his chivalrous care for a humble, unprotected girl, she had never attempted to analyse, or contemplated the possibility that either the man or her secret worship for him might ever remotely affect her life. In all likelihood, had not her husband's unreasoning jealousy awakened in Anita an instinctive fear for Gavin's safety should ever his path again cross their own, her love for him might never have risen to the surface to disturb the tranquil acceptance of her fate, rendered tolerable by David's devotion. But now, like a prisoner at the bar, she stood arraigned before the tribunal of her own conscience, her husband's love accusing, the while her aching heart pled for her. Huddled on the bare floor, her head buried in the cushion of David's chair, Anita wrestled with herself until the autumnal sun, mounting higher and higher, flooded the forester's home, and with its warmth and glow gradually soothed his distraught young wife.

Past the window flashed a jay, gorgeous in his livery of brightest blue; while the sharp rat-tat-tat of a solitary woodpecker, breaking in upon the enveloping silence, at length warned Anita of the lateness of the hour. Hurriedly dressing, and bathing her tear-stained face from a bucket of water, which it was one of David's evening tasks to have in readiness, she began brushing her heavy hair, whose glossy blackness threw into startling relief her unwonted pallor and great, sorrowful eyes. The woe-begone reflection in the mirror recurred to her mind that first evening at the Grizzly (long, long ago it now appeared), when the light from Gavin Barrie's tent, playing upon the whiteness of her walls and of the fair desert lilies, brought such comfort to her lonely heart.

(Continued on page 225.)



## THREE SCOTTISH SAILORS.

By JAMES FERGUSON, K.C.

THE contribution made by Scotland to the achievements of the British Army is fully recognised, but her share in the services of the Royal Navy is generally supposed to be comparatively insignificant, and to correspond to the small area which the cross of St Andrew occupies in the White Ensign. Yet it was the victory won by Duncan at Camperdown, after indomitable vigil off the Texel, at the most critical moment, with mutiny rampant at the Nore, that rendered later triumphs possible; and the genius of Nelson was well supported by three Scottish admirals, Lord Keith, the Earl of Northesk, and the fiery Cochrane. There have been other gallant Scottish sailors, and it may be not without interest to recall from oblivion the names of three captains whose careers illustrate the steady work of the old navy, and who did good service in their day and generation.

All were cadets of an Aberdeenshire family, one of whose members led the brigade that stormed the height of Schellenberg and hung on to the palisades of Blenheim; while another invented the first breech-loading rifle used in the army, and his fall at King's Mountain marked the turn of the tide in the war of the American Revolution. 'The precise point,' writes Bolingbroke, 'at which the scales of power turn like that of the solstice in either tropic is imperceptible to common observation, and in one case as in the other, some progress must be made in the new direction before the change is perceived.' It is a curious coincidence that while Roosevelt and other American writers fasten upon the importance of the action at King's Mountain in their revolutionary struggle, which resulted in the loss of the old dominion, a German biographer of Lord Chatham has fixed upon an incident in the life of the first of these Scottish sailors as the fateful moment when the future of the Seven Years' War was changed, and the first definite step was taken in the conquest of the new Dominion of Canada.

Captain John Ferguson, R.N., is first recorded as taking part as lieutenant in command of the *Ursula* in a successful engagement off Ostend in 1745 with three Dunkirk privateers and seven prizes, in which three of the prizes struck to the *Ursula*. Promoted to the rank of captain, he was during the rising of 1745-46 in command of H.M.S. *Furnace* on the west coast of Scotland, and distinguished himself as the hottest presser of the chase after the fugitive Prince. He 'rendered himself so conspicuous on that station by his activity, diligence, and good conduct, that he was promoted, it is said, on the express interference and recommendation of the Duke of Cumberland,' who became godfather to his eldest

son. He was known among the northern Highlanders as the 'Black Captain,' and the Jacobite writers describe him as 'a most active emissary of the Hanoverian party,' and 'a fit tool for William the Cruel.'

In May 1746 he came to Raasay, and sent a party ashore who 'burnt Raasay's good house to ashes,' and all the houses on the island except two small villages, found all the laird's furniture and silver plate in a cave, and carried off or destroyed a large quantity of cows, horses, sheep, and goats. He seized eight hundred stand of arms at Macdonald of Barisdale's house, and about the end of June landed on Barra with some hundreds of soldiers. A little later he was off the coast of Uist, and very nearly caught the Prince. Burke relates how, as they passed by Finsbay in Harris, the fugitives espied a man-of-war under full sail, commanded by Captain Ferguson, which pursued them for three leagues, they only escaping by getting into shallow water near Roudill. A little later, shortly before the disguised Prince and Flora Macdonald left Uist, they were taking supper with Lady Clanranald on the shore, when a message came that General Campbell and Captain Ferguson were at Armadale in search of the Prince, and Lady Clanranald had to hurry home to 'be strictly examined by Ferguson.' On a third occasion the huntsman was very near his royal quarry. The boatmen were taken on their return to Uist, and Ferguson, 'having got an exact description of the gown and dress the Prince had on, pursued him to Sir Alexander Macdonald's house, and then went to Kingsburgh, where he examined Mr and Mrs Macdonald and their daughter. 'If Captain Ferguson,' exclaimed Mrs Macdonald, 'is to be my judge, then God have mercy on my soul!' On his asking why she said this, 'Why, sir,' she answered, 'the world belies you, if you be not a very cruel, hard-hearted man; and indeed I do not like to come through your hands;' to which the captain replied, 'People should not believe all that the world says.' He then put some searching questions, asked to see the rooms where Miss Macdonald and the supposed maid slept, and observed that the maid's was better than the other, which confirmed him in the belief that it was the Prince in women's clothes who had been with Miss Macdonald. On Kingsburgh's daughter saying it could not be the person he meant, as she had heard the maid ask something from Miss Macdonald in Erse, he replied, 'This confirms me more and more in my opinion, for I have often heard that a fellow went to Rome some years ago on purpose to teach the Young Pretender the Erse language.'

An interesting local tradition has been preserved as to how the captain obtained his immediate clue. Two days after the Prince left Kingsburgh, his ship cast anchor at the Crannag below the chamberlain's residence. He went ashore, and finding a dairymaid in a field, 'entered into conversation with her, as indeed he did with all with whom he came in contact.' She was asked to go on board the ship, and was treated very kindly. 'Captain Ferguson spoke Gaelic to her, and she thought him the nicest and kindest gentleman she had ever seen, saying "that she had seen Prince Charles, that he was a night at her master's house, and that his appearance pleased her much, though he did not appear to be half so kind as Captain Ferguson himself was."' This was 'the first direct proof of the Prince's motions;' and the story seems to be confirmed by a letter from Sir Alexander Macdonald to Lord President Forbes, in which he mentioned that 'the women about Kingsborough's house, being examined, discovered the Pretender to have been there.' Shortly afterwards an officer and a party of soldiers rode up to where Miss Macdonald was, and demanded her name, as they had a warrant to arrest one Flora Macdonald, a rebel lady, who was to be taken on board the *Furnace* boat, commanded by Captain Ferguson. She was twenty-two days on board this ship.

Two quaint stories of second-sight are recorded as associated with these events. In 1744 a servant of Macdonald of Scarry-Dhonil, in Benbecula, saw at no great distance 'a promiscuous heap of redcoats and Highlanders on the path to the house;' and when in 1746 Captain Ferguson of the *Furnace*, at the head of a body of troops and Argyll Militia, came to the house, the people recognised them 'really as Maculloch had seen them two years before by the second-sight.' Also in the end of the year 1744 fourteen persons saw a large vessel coming in below Kingsburgh in the dusk of the evening, and drop anchor in the entrance to Loch Snizort, a very uncommon harbour. Next morning there was no vessel there, 'and we all agreed it to be the second-sight, which was soon accomplished, for Captain Ferguson, being in search of the Young Pretender with the *Furnace* sloop of war, anchored exactly in the dusk of the evening in that unusual place.'

The activities of the crew of the *Furnace*, and the Campbell and MacLeod Militia, who co-operated with them, were not confined to the islands, for one of the Prince's followers mentions that when he resolved to join Macdonald of Morar, they arrived at Morar's bothy or hut, his house having been burned by Captain Ferguson; and similarly at Baradale they found the house burned by the captain, and the laird in a bothy. The *Scots Magazine* records that Captain Ferguson and General Campbell, with a force of sailors, marines, and Argyllshire Militia, crossed the

country to Loch Morar, and after an engagement on an island, burned a Roman Catholic chapel, when the sailors danced a hornpipe in the priest's vestments. Subsequently, after a search of three days and nights, they discovered Lord Lovat, who was hiding in the hills, captured him and his strong force, and as they marched him down to the coast the pipers of the Campbells played the Lovat March. At his trial the Attorney-General said, 'He was taken by a party sent by the duke under command of Captain Ferguson, who treated him with great humanity;' and during the time he was on the ship they had frequent conversations regarding the rebellion. 'He was asked by the captain how he could act as he had done after all the favours he had received from the Government.' He answered it was not against the king but the Ministry he had acted; that they had taken away his company; and when he was told 'it was a bad revenge to endanger his own life and fortune,' his answer was, 'Who would have thought but that they [the rebels] could have carried all before them?' Thirty-three years before, Lovat had been assisted to escape from a situation of great danger at Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, by his custodian's grand-uncle, Brigadier Ferguson.

Captain Ferguson afterwards said that he was more than once 'within an hour of catching the Prince;' and on being once asked by his relative, Mrs Ferguson of Pitfour, whether he would have despatched him if he had caught him, he replied, 'I would have preserved him as the apple of mine eye.'

For his services on the Scottish coast Captain Ferguson was on 6th October 1746 appointed to command the *Nightingale*, a new frigate just launched. In 1747 he 'again distinguished himself by the capture of a French ship of somewhat superior force called the *Dauphin Royal*, carrying twenty-two guns and one hundred and fifty men. The enemy made a very obstinate though running fight, and was not overpowered till after a contest of two hours' continuance.' In 1753 we find him commanding the *Porcupine* on the coast of Scotland, and 'very actively employed in scouring that quarter and preventing the return of the rebel chiefs.' In 1756 he was transferred to the *Solebay*, and in that year the freedom of Aberdeen was conferred on Lieutenant William Ferguson of H.M.S. *Solebay*, 'of which an honourable man, John Ferguson, is captain.' In 1758 he was captain of the *Prince of Orange*, a fourth-rate of sixty guns in the Louisburg expedition, which in 1762 was one of the Channel Fleet under Sir Edward Hawke, and was afterwards appointed to the *Firme*.

The notice of his career in Charnock's *Biographia Navalis* concludes: 'An anecdote is related of this gentleman in Entick's History, which we think it would be an act of injustice to him to suppress. The coast in the neighbourhood of Louisburg was so well fortified both

by art and nature that it was generally deemed almost an impracticability to effect a landing. The admiral took the advice of each captain separately, and, to use the historian's own words: "It coming to the turn of Captain Ferguson, an old, brave, and experienced officer, whom Mr Boscawen had requested from the Lords of the Admiralty to attend him on this service, and in whose opinion and conduct in the most trying circumstances he could place great confidence, this captain having delivered himself in the most respectful terms in regard to the opinion of his brethren, whose reasons the admiral ingenuously related to him, and disproving the arguments drawn from the danger of the service, he advised the admiral, for his own honour and the glory of his country, to exert that power with which he was invested, and not to leave it to the uncertain resolutions of a council of war, which had been so fatal at Minorca, at Rockfort, and even at Halifax, to the disgrace of all concerned, and to the extreme loss of the nation." The admiral acquiesced in the justice of the captain's observations on councils of war, resolved to call no council, but strictly to adhere to his instructions, which were to land the troops on the island of Cape Breton.'

The result of that decision is writ large on the page of history. It was Louisburg that year, Quebec the next, and Montreal the next. Upon this episode Von Raville fastens as the turning-point in the British conduct of the war. 'Now came the critical moment to which we can almost point as marking a change in the whole colonial war. . . . This was the right word at the right moment, and seemed to break the spell which had so often bound the British military power. Boscawen took the captain's advice, and the fate of Louisburg was sealed.'

Captain John Ferguson's arms were recorded in the Lyon Register of 28th January 1757 as *Argent, a ship of war under full sail proper, and on a chief azur, three Boarsheads couped or. Crest, A dexter hand grasping a broadsword proper; motto, Pro Rege et patria.* He married Lydia Van Cumber, and on retirement settled at Chigwell, in Essex, where he died on 2nd March 1767, leaving two sons, William, a captain in the 24th Foot, and John, a captain in the navy, who died in Egypt in 1803.

The career of the second of the three cousins, while not exhibiting participation in the romantic events of 'the Forty-five,' or a history-making incident like that of Louisburg, illustrates the strenuous and continuous service of the old navy to which Britain owes so much. Captain James Ferguson, R.N., first went to sea in the *Leopard*, and became lieutenant in 1756, and post-captain in 1763, being appointed to the *Romney*, the flagship of Lord Colville, on the American station. In 1776 he went out with a convoy in command of the *Brune* frigate of thirty-two guns. In the frequent attacks on York Island

he was 'very particularly and distinguishedly employed,' and Lord Howe wrote in despatches: 'Particular notice is due to the ability displayed in the direction of many difficult and fatiguing services which Captain Ferguson of the *Brune* was charged with.' In March 1777 he commanded the naval part of a successful expedition sent up the North River to demolish an American magazine at Peek's Hill. He afterwards, in command of the *Venus* of thirty-six guns, distinguished himself at the action in April 1780 between Sir George Rodney and the Comte de Guichen. 'When night came on,' wrote Rodney, 'I formed the fleet in line of battle ahead, and ordered the *Venus* and *Greyhound* frigates to keep between his Majesty's and the enemy's fleets, which was admirably well attended to by that good and veteran officer, Captain Ferguson.' And his relatives in Edinburgh were proud to learn from one of his officers that 'Admiral Rodney paid him a very high compliment for his behaviour in the last action.' He was immediately appointed to the *Intrepid*, and afterwards to the *Terrible*, of seventy-four guns, was present at the battle with the Comte de Grasse off Martinique, and in command of the *Egmont* accompanied Lord Howe to Gibraltar in 1782. He was present at the encounter with the combined fleets, and in January 1784 was appointed lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, a post which he held till his death in 1793. 'This promotion,' the *Scots Magazine* noted, 'was granted him spontaneously without solicitation;' and the notice in the *Biographia Navalis* concludes with the quaint observation: 'This gentleman among some eccentricities possessed also many excellent qualities, and the shades of the former were not in any degree capable of obscuring the brilliancy of the latter.'

The third of our three sailors, Captain William Ferguson, R.N., was a native of Peterhead. He served on the Mediterranean station, and in 1756 received the freedom of Aberdeen as lieutenant of his relative Captain John Ferguson's ship the *Solebay*, and that of Montrose as commander of the *Prince of Wales*. But marrying a lady of strong Jacobite convictions, Miss Isabella Arbuthnot, who had seen her brother, a young midshipman—who had torn off his black cockade and joined the Highland army on being asked on the pier of Leith, 'What would your father say if he saw you wearing that cockade?'—sail into exile after concealing him for some time dressed as a maid-servant, the boy having found his way across country to Peterhead from the field of Culloden, and the lady insisting on his leaving the service of King George, he commanded for some time an armed merchant vessel, receiving the freedom of Dundee as Mr William Ferguson in 1759. On the death of Prince Charles he re-entered the Royal Navy, and after his final retirement was, in the days of the great war in 1795, commandant of the Peterhead

Artillery Volunteers, and on one occasion laid the guns of the local battery, and beat off a French privateer which threatened the town. He died the year after Trafalgar, at the age of eighty-nine; and his descendants told how one morning, tall and perfectly erect, the old man walked into his daughter's house, and said, 'Jeanie, we have won a glorious victory, but—Nelson's dead,' while the tears ran down his face.

Northern waters have again become the scene of naval action—as we write the guns are sounding on the Firth—and Scotsmen are realising the work of the British Navy in a way they have never done since Waterloo. There is all the more reason, therefore, for recalling their share, an honourable though a minor one, in its achievements of the past, which is greater than is popularly supposed.

## MAHOMED AFZUL, SUBAH DAR.

By C. G. NURSE.

'GOOD-NIGHT, colonel,' said my second in command. 'We will meet in the morning, as arranged.'

'All right,' I replied. 'I shall be there by half-past six.'

I had arrived at Jabalpur, to take over command of my new regiment, only on the afternoon of the same day, and had dined at mess for the first time. The exigencies of the service in the Indian Army, to which I belonged, often require the transfer of officers from one regiment to another in order to equalise promotion. This usually runs in the 'link' of three regiments, composed of men of the same classes, so that an officer transferred to another regiment generally finds himself among men of the classes to which he is accustomed. Occasionally, as in my case, promotion is given outside the 'link,' but in such instances care is necessary in order to ensure that officers so promoted may be fully in touch with the habits and customs of the majority of the men in their new regiment.

Most of the regiments of the Indian Army are formed of 'class companies,' and the — Punjabis, which I had been appointed to command, consisted of four companies of Punjabi Mussulmans, two of Sikhs, and two of Pathans. The last-mentioned, of course, come from the north-west frontier, that no man's land of feuds and forays bordering Afghanistan. I had served for a good many years among Sikhs and Punjabi Mussulmans; but, though I had seen something of Pathans on the frontier, I had never actually commanded men of this class.

The senior major, my second in command, was a keen soldier, and impressed me very favourably. Of medium height, but with enormous chest development, he had been in his youth a football 'international.' He had served some twenty years in the regiment, but at the time when the vacancy in the command occurred he had scarcely sufficient seniority to entitle him to promotion. Having entered the army from one of the universities, however, he was only a little younger than myself, as I had passed through Sandhurst at an early age. The situation, therefore, was a delicate one, and demanded considerable tact on my part.

April was well advanced, and the heat necessitated early hours for all parades and duties. On the following morning the adjutant accompanied me to the 'lines' at the time fixed, and here we met the major, as arranged. The British officers I had, of course, met at mess on the previous evening, and the first work of the morning was, therefore, the introduction of the native officers to their new commanding officer. Indians are great sticklers for etiquette, but as I had served with Indian troops for well over twenty years, I had no fear of offending their susceptibilities. The regimental office was a fairly spacious building under the shade of a huge banian-tree, and here chairs were placed, and the native officers were introduced in order of seniority.

It may be mentioned, *en parenthese*, that it is the correct procedure to shake hands with a native officer, after acknowledging his salute, and to allow him to be seated on the occasion of an interview. To generals and officers of superior rank a native officer presents the hilt of his sword to be touched, as a sign of his fealty. Men of a rank lower than native officer salute, and remain standing at attention, when they come before a British officer.

The subahdar major, the senior native officer, was, of course, the first to be introduced. He proved to be a Punjabi Mussulman of exceptionally good class, well educated, and a considerable landowner. I subsequently found him a tower of strength. He had never served in the ranks, as is usual with the majority of native officers of the Indian Army, but had received a direct commission, and had consequently reached his present rank at an unusually early age. I spent a considerable time talking to him, as became his rank and position. (He fell, fighting, at the head of his men, in the present war.)

The Sikh and Punjabi Mussulman native officers belonged to types that I knew well. The senior Pathan native officer was somewhat disappointing. Below middle height, with very little of the swagger usual among Pathans, he had a foxy expression, which, as I afterwards ascertained, did not belie his character.

The other Pathan subahdar, Mahomed Afzul, was of an entirely different type, and I was much

struck by his unusual appearance. Of medium height, but broadly built, he might have been at the time about thirty-five years of age, though perhaps, owing to his quiet and self-contained manners, he appeared older. But what made him so remarkable among his *confrères* were his blue eyes and fair hair and complexion. He might easily, judging from his looks, have passed for a Scandinavian; in fact, his hair and complexion were fairer than those of most of the British officers. Blue eyes are not uncommon among Pathans, but I had never before seen one who might have been mistaken for a native of northern Europe. As I was unable to talk Pushtu, I asked him if he could speak Persian, which is much used among educated Pathans. He replied in the negative, and we carried on our conversation in Hindustani, which he spoke fairly well, though with a very noticeable accent. Pathans who join our native army as recruits frequently do not know a word of Hindustani, but they soon pick up a working acquaintance with the language. On this occasion my conversation with Mahomed Afzul did not last very long, as I had a number of other native officers to see, and plenty of work awaiting me. I formed, however, a favourable impression of him, which subsequent acquaintance did much to confirm.

During the months that followed I found plenty of employment, as I had to get into touch with the system of a new regiment, and make myself acquainted with the character and capacities of the various officers, besides carrying on the ordinary routine work. Every new commanding officer of a regiment finds something that might be improved, but if he is wise he will only very gradually introduce changes in old-established regimental customs. I was not unmindful of this, and in a short time I was on excellent terms with all my officers.

I found that Mahomed Afzul quite came up to my first impression of him, as he proved to be strong and reliable, with great influence over his men. Pathans are never easy to manage and discipline, but his company was kept in good order. Although usually a man of few words, he would on occasion express himself forcibly in Pushtu to the men under his command. I heard unofficially that if any of the *jawans* (literally, young men, but used colloquially in a regiment for the men in the ranks) of his company showed signs of disobedience, he would not hesitate to take a couple of them by the scruff of the neck, and knock their heads together. His business was to keep his men well in hand, and so long as nothing in his methods came under my notice officially, I had no reason to interfere.

After I had been for a few months in command of the regiment, an incident occurred which gave me considerable trouble and anxiety. One night a rifle disappeared from the guard-room, and for some days I was quite unable to

trace it or to discover the culprit. Now, the loss of a rifle in peace-time is a very serious matter, as it involves all sorts of telegrams and reports, besides a fine of five hundred rupees from the company concerned, so I was most anxious to get to the bottom of the matter. Suspicion pointed to Pathans, as the value of a modern rifle beyond the frontier is usually calculated by its weight in rupees. Mahomed Afzul gave me valuable assistance in the matter, and some useful hints, and in the end the efforts of my personal orderly, who proved himself quite a native Sherlock Holmes, led to the recovery of the rifle and the conviction of the thief, who proved to be a discharged Pathan sepoy. The subahdar major hated Pathans, though they were, of course, his co-religionists, and frequently quoted the well-known saying, '*Pathan be iman*' (faithless or untrustworthy). However, he grudgingly admitted that Mahomed Afzul was a decent sort of man, and better than the majority of his race. Most of the native officers and all the British officers liked him, and as he was quite efficient at his work, I was able, later on, when a vacancy occurred, to promote him to the higher rate of pay of his rank.

One day at the beginning of the hot weather, after I had been about a year in command, I was on the point of leaving my house for my evening exercise, when my servant announced that a subahdar was in the veranda, and wanted to see me. On going outside I found Mahomed Afzul, who asked me to forgive him for coming direct to me, as the matter in question was of some urgency. It may be mentioned that in a native regiment only the subahdar major has the right of approaching the colonel directly. Other native officers should apply to their double company commander. However, I did not care to send him away without giving him an opportunity of explaining matters, so I had a chair placed for him, and asked him what I could do.

'Sahib,' he said, 'I want leave to go to my home.'

'This is very sudden, subahdar sahib,' I replied. 'Have you seen your captain sahib about it?'

'No, *huzur*; the matter is most urgent, and I came to your honour first, though I know it is not according to *dastur* [custom].'

'How much leave do you want?' I asked.

'My country is a long way off,' he replied. 'I have to travel for several days in the *rail-ghari*, and then, when I reach the frontier, I cannot go by the direct route, so it will take me about ten days to get to my home. I would request, by your honour's favour, that I may be granted three months' leave, as my domestic affairs require attention.'

I explained to him that others also wanted leave, and therefore I could only allow him two months, which was probably all he expected. I then asked him when he wished to go.

'To-night, sahib,' he replied. 'I must go before any news reaches my country that I am coming; otherwise I may never reach home. I have many enemies, and if they know I am coming, they will be lying in wait for me.'

I knew something of the blood-feuds among the trans-frontier tribes, and, moreover, I had heard of his being concerned in more than one affair of honour, as understood by his fellow-tribesmen. So I gave him a note to his double company commander to explain matters, and stating that I had granted him two months' leave. Then, not wishing to dismiss him abruptly, I sat talking to him for a few minutes. A native always likes one to show some interest in his private affairs, provided that no direct mention is made of his wife. I therefore asked him if he had any children.

'No, sahib,' he replied. 'I have two houses' (that is, two wives), 'but God has punished me for my sins by not granting me any children.'

'What sins especially?' I inquired.

'I have killed seven men in blood-feuds,' he said. 'That is why I shall find it so difficult to reach my home in safety.'

'Well, good-bye, and a safe return,' I said, rising to give him his *rukhsat* (permission to depart). 'You are still young and strong; there is plenty of time for sons to be born.'

'May God so ordain it!' he said fervently. 'It is my one desire to have a son, who may avenge me in case I fall at the hands of one of my enemies. *Mihrbani rakhsa*, sahib' (literally, 'Keep kindness,' the usual parting formula from an inferior in rank).

The regiment had now settled down to the customary hot-weather routine, and a large number of men were absent on leave or furlough. The frontier had seemed quiet, when suddenly some of the tribes got out of hand, and an expedition had to be organised at short notice to deal with the situation. My regiment was so far from the scene of the disturbance that it seemed most unlikely that it would affect us in any way. I had obtained some months' leave to England, my passage had been booked, and my heavy luggage despatched to Bombay. I was actually on the platform of the railway station with a view to my departure, when a telegram to the following effect was delivered to me:

'Your regiment will proceed to Nowshera for garrison duty, to replace the — Regiment, ordered on field service. Detailed instructions will follow.'

This placed me in a situation of great difficulty. Had we been under orders for field service no question as to my duty would have arisen, and I should at once have thrown up my leave. But garrison duty was another matter. I had only a few minutes to decide on my action before the train started. To lose the train meant to miss my boat, with the result that I

should probably be unable to obtain another berth, owing to the large number of passengers at this season of the year. The general commanding the district was absent on inspection duty; and even if he had been at headquarters, there was no time to refer the matter to him. So I decided to wire to him, asking for his advice as to whether I should proceed on leave or return at once from Bombay and go with my regiment. I just managed to get off the telegram before the train started, and asked him to wire reply to Bombay. On arrival at that port I received his wire, which was to the effect that in his opinion I should return, and go with my regiment. This, of course, settled the matter, and I took the first train back to Jabalpur, to find on arrival that the regiment was to leave early next morning by special train. The arrangements for the departure of the regiment had already been made, and I spent most of the night in sorting out and packing my kit.

I may mention here an incident which shows how officers have at times to suffer pecuniarily from the error of a subordinate. During my three days' absence the second in command and adjutant had made all the arrangements for the departure of the regiment. But owing to want of clearness in the wording of an order, field-service clothing was issued without proper authority. This resulted, more than a year later, in my having to pay to Government the sum of thirty-three pounds, on the ground that I, as commanding officer, was responsible for the error.

On reaching the Punjab, during the course of our journey, we began to pass through a part of the country where a good many of our men lived. Telegrams had been sent them to join at Nowshera, but many, having by some means ascertained when we were passing through the stations nearest their homes, joined us *en route*. We found at almost every station groups of our men and their relatives. Old men and women, fathers and mothers of our *jawans*, would make their way to the officers' carriage, bringing presents of fruit, vegetables, eggs, and fowls. The greeting we received was most gratifying, and by the time we had reached our destination we had considerably added to our numbers.

On arrival at Nowshera we found that quite a number of our men had arrived, having received the telegrams recalling them from leave. Some of them were trans-frontier Pathans, who lived far beyond the range of a telegraph-office, but had received the notice of recall sent through the political officer. Others arrived daily, and in a short time we had almost our full complement. The few men who had failed to join were, almost without exception, trans-frontier Pathans, who in many cases had found themselves unable to get back owing to the disturbed state of the country. Subahdar Mahomed Afzul

was among those who had not reported themselves, and as he did not arrive for two or three weeks, I began to fear that he might have been involved in the fighting, or fallen a victim to one of his enemies. One evening, however, he duly reported himself at my quarters.

'Well, subahdar sahib,' I said, laughing, 'I began to think that you had deserted, and were fighting against us.'

'Huzur,' he replied, 'how should I do such a thing, having eaten the salt of the Sirkar for so long!'

'How are things in your country?' I inquired.

'When I arrived at my home,' he replied, 'all was quiet, and I was engaged in building a tower near my house. But before the tower was finished troubles began, and some of my own tribe were implicated. One morning a party of the enemy, consisting of men of several tribes, came to my village, and called on us to assist them in attacking the Swat Bridge. I refused to join them, saying that the arm of the British Sirkar was long; but some men from my village went with them.'

'Did they molest you in any way?' I inquired.

'They did not dare to touch me personally,' said the subahdar. 'One of my wives is the daughter of the Khan of —, and the other a sister of the chief of —, and the man who killed me would find too many enemies to hope to live long. But they knocked down my tower, which had cost a lot of money.'

'How long did they stay in your neighbourhood?' I inquired.

'Two or three days; and then they went on towards the Swat Bridge.'

'But they never reached it,' I remarked, knowing that the move in this direction had failed.

'No; they fell out on the way, and there was some fighting, in which two of my uncles were killed,' said the subahdar, laughing heartily.

I hardly think, judging from his manner, that he was on the best of terms with some of his relations. 'And how did you get here?' I inquired.

'I could not get through by the nearest route,' he replied, 'so I made my way through the hills to the British force, and reported myself to the

general sahib. He kept me there for a week, as I was able to give him some useful information. Then he sent me here to rejoin the regiment.'

'I am glad to have you back,' I said. 'Most of your *jawans* have rejoined, and I expect that the others will soon turn up.'

'But, sahib, are we not for the fighting force?' he asked.

'I am afraid not,' I said; 'at any rate, for the present. Do you want to be in it, fighting against your own relatives?'

'I don't care a bit, *huzur*,' he said, 'whether they are my own relations or not. There are a good many of my enemies there too; and, anyhow, I should like to be in the fighting.'

The fates, however, were against us, and eventually, after some months of garrison duty, we were sent back to Jabalpur when the expedition returned. From here I took leave to England, and the last I saw of Subahdar Mahomed Afzul was when he and other officers assembled at the railway station to wish me *bon voyage*.

As my health showed signs of failing, I did not return to India, but retired at the end of my leave.

I heard subsequently that among the first lot of Pathan recruits enlisted after my departure were several men who had been recently fighting against us, one of whom had been three times wounded.

When the present war broke out, except for an occasional letter from one of my former brother-officers, I had almost lost touch with the regiment. However, I was interested to learn that, after serving for some time in Egypt, my old corps was transferred to another front. It sustained heavy losses in one of the big actions, and in the roll of honour, together with the names of a number of my former comrades-in-arms, I read the following: 'Killed, Mahomed Afzul, Subahdar, Indian Infantry.' A chance meeting at a French port with one of my former subalterns, now a major, enabled me to know that Mahomed Afzul fell gallantly leading his company. My friend was, however, unable to inform me whether his desire to have a son to carry on his vendettas had been realised or not.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### FLYING THE ATLANTIC.

SINCE this fascinating problem was touched upon in these columns in March a French aviator, Jean Navarre, has announced his intention to fly from the south-western point of Ireland to Newfoundland, a distance of somewhat under two thousand miles. According to *The Motor*, Navarre, before his discharge from

the army for certain youthful indiscretions, was the best aviator that France had possessed. For the Atlantic flight he favours a biplane of the Handley-Page, Gotha, or Caproni type, with a speed of about ninety miles an hour. The machine is to be fitted with four engines of three hundred horse-power each, and the crew is to consist of three men, each capable of piloting the aeroplane or running the engine.

Under favourable weather conditions the flight is estimated to take thirty hours. Each member of the crew would have a spell of piloting for five hours, followed by two and a half hours looking after the engine, and a rest of seven and a half hours. An enormous quantity of fuel will have to be carried, and as it is used up during the voyage the machine will become substantially lighter. This feature is to be taken advantage of by shutting off one engine at the end of the first ten hours, a second engine being closed down at the end of a further like period. The original speed will, however, be maintained, in spite of the reduced power, owing to the great reduction in weight caused by the consumption of fuel. The weight of the machine, with fuel and stores, at the beginning of the voyage is estimated at twelve tons. Another aspirant for the honour of accomplishing the first flight across the Atlantic is no less a person than Signor Caproni, the noted Italian designer and maker of aeroplanes. He will, of course, make the attempt in one of his own machines, probably similar to that described in this column in March.

#### WAX FROM SUGAR.

The process of refining raw sugar includes dissolution in water, followed by filtration through cloth to take out suspended impurities. In many refineries the filtration is effected by filter-presses, consisting of series of plates and cloths through which the liquor is squeezed by hydraulic pressure, leaving a sediment in the form of cakes. Until recently these have been used for fertilising purposes without further treatment. A Dutch chemist has now invented a process whereby wax, having all the qualities of beeswax, can be extracted from these cakes, and this is being done in the cane-sugar factories of Natal. The wax has already been exported to London, and it is being used by boot manufacturers and others in South Africa. This development will no doubt extend to the West Indies, as the demand for wax should easily absorb any probable production from sugar-factories all over the world.

#### POTASH FROM SALT LAKES.

The importance of potash as a fertiliser was emphasised here in November, when a new source of supply from blast-furnaces was referred to. Potash is also badly needed in the United States, and the consequently enhanced price has rendered commercially successful methods of obtaining it that could only have resulted in a loss before the war. Among these is the evaporation of brine from the salt lakes in Nebraska, in which 25 per cent. of the solid matter in suspension has proved to be potash. According to *The Engineer*, the water in many of the lakes is so caustic as to take the skin off the hand if dipped into it. The brine is pumped

through pipe lines to evaporating and treating works, which in some cases are as much as twenty-five miles distant. Continuity of supply is secured by pumping fresh water into the lakes, where it takes up the salts from the soil. Substantial profits are made from this industry, as the products sell for fifteenpence a pound, while the cost of manufacture is said to be only twopence.

#### A CONVEYER FOR MOTOR-CARS.

When the various parts of a motor-car are put together, or 'assembled,' as it is called in factory parlance, the work of attaching the parts under the chassis is very irksome and slow, even though the car be run over a pit, as the operators have to be continually reaching up over their heads. At a factory in Detroit this difficulty has been overcome by building the chassis upside-down; then, when all the underneath parts have been fixed and adjusted, the car is run under an immense four-sided frame, one corner of which is attached to the front of the car, while a circular track supports the back-wheels. The frame is then revolved by an electric motor, and the car is carried upwards until it becomes vertical, at which point, or just beyond it, the back-wheels leave the circular track and come to rest on the frame. Finally the frame, which is really a conveyer, is further revolved until it comes to rest exactly level with the floor above, and the car, now right way up, is run off for the reception of the remaining parts and body.

#### A NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING PERISHABLE FOODS.

As is well known, perishable foods can be preserved by storing them in cold chambers, where the destructive micro-organisms are either killed or maintained in a state of suspended animation. Similar results can be obtained with certain gases inimical to the life of the microbes of putrefaction. A gas system invented by a Parsee resident in London, Mr S. A. Kapadia, M.D., was recently described in *The Times*. According to his method the storage chambers are filled with a mixture of nitrogen and carbon dioxide, from which very satisfactory results have been obtained. Australian apples stored in this gas for weeks, under the observation of fruit salesmen from Covent Garden, showed no sign of deterioration, while partially rotten apples purposely placed in the middle of the batch had not contaminated the adjacent fruit. Equally good results were obtained with raspberries stored for a fortnight, while fish and eggs have been kept quite fresh for many weeks.

#### PAPER LIFEBOATS, SAND-BAGS, AND AIR-CUSHIONS.

Japanese papers have always been noted for their tough qualities, one of the strongest being produced from the fibre of the mulberry-tree.

This paper is now made both waterproof and airproof by a chemical process invented by a rear-admiral of the Japanese Navy, who has adapted the material to the construction of collapsible lifeboats. Jointing is effected by a special cement, that is said to have greater strength than the paper itself, though the joints are only one-eighth of an inch wide. This cement is also used to form various thicknesses of the material by sticking together a number of layers. Sand-bags made of this paper, while quite as strong as canvas bags, have the additional advantage of being waterproof. It is also said to be suitable for air-cushions, the inner tubes of pneumatic tires, bladders for footballs, and bags for flour, cement, and other materials of a powdery nature. According to the *Scientific American*, books bound in this paper are more durable than leather-bound ones, while it forms a good substitute for zinc as a lining for packing-cases.

#### A SIMPLE STOVE WHICH BURNS SAWDUST.

Where sawdust is procurable at a low price, it may be used in preference to coal for cooking and heating in the simple stove described below. The stove consists of a round box, made from sheet-iron, with a diameter and a depth of about eight inches. A ring of holes is punched round the side close to the top, and three iron brackets are riveted inside between the holes so as to support a kettle or a saucepan. A piece of wood, about two inches in diameter at one end and tapering to one and a quarter inches at the other, is fixed in the middle of the box with the small end downwards. Another piece of wood, one and a quarter inches in diameter, is pushed through a hole in the lower part of the side of the box until it comes in contact with the bottom end of the first piece, the end of the second piece being hollowed out so as to fit round the upright piece. The box is now filled with sawdust, which is rammed down so tightly that the pieces of wood can be withdrawn without any danger of particles of sawdust breaking away from the mass and filling up the spaces thus left vacant. In this way a vertical hole is left, with a horizontal hole meeting it at the bottom. To light the stove, a small amount of paraffin is poured down the vertical hole, at the bottom of which it is lit by a taper inserted through the horizontal hole. This stove, according to Mr James A. Carter in the *Popular Science Monthly*, will burn from three to six hours, giving off a steady heat without flaring up.

#### STATE-AIDED DEVELOPMENTS IN AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.

The seventh report of the Development Commissioners upon their work during the year ending 31st March 1917 contains some interesting matter, more especially in connection with certain investigations relating to agriculture.

Among the many items dealing with grants for various purposes is one referring to a sum of three thousand two hundred pounds allotted to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries for establishing three hundred centres in England and Wales from which reliable chicken-producing eggs were to be distributed, while twenty stations were to be established for the distribution of day-old chicks. The British Flax and Hemp Growers' Society was encouraged by two grants aggregating nearly eleven thousand pounds, to be devoted to experiments with a view to finding out whether flax can be profitably grown in this country; and a grant of twelve hundred pounds was made to the British Tobacco-Growers' Society for a corresponding purpose. Incidentally it is stated that the latter society was able to make agreements in 1915-16 with the growers to grow tobacco at a fixed price, and at their own risk. The importance of the sugar-beet industry is fully realised by the Commissioners, who have recommended a loan of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds for the purchase of the Kelham estate in Nottinghamshire, where sugar-beet is to be grown, and a factory established for manufacturing the sugar. In view of the present shortage of food, one of the most important grants is that of fifty thousand pounds to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries for installing motors in fishing-boats; while a gift of two thousand pounds was made to the Cornwall Sea Fisheries Committee for a similar purpose. Grants were also made for encouraging the breeding of horses and other live-stock, the use of electricity in the growth of crops, and the development of technical training in agriculture and fisheries.

#### AN INGENIOUS ITALIAN LIFEBELT.

The extra risks to which those who travel by sea are exposed owing to submarine warfare have directed special attention to lifebelts, and several new types have been invented. Among these is a collapsible belt which can be inflated in a few seconds by chemical action. Every one is familiar with the lifebelt or collar which has to be blown out by the wearer. This plan is not entirely satisfactory, however, as when a torpedo strikes a vessel, persons on deck are liable to be precipitated into the water by the force of the explosion, and under these circumstances no breath is available for inflating the lifebelt. In the new type referred to, which has been adopted by the Italian naval and military authorities, two adjacent bags on each side of the belt contain small quantities of water mixed with sodium carbonate and tartaric acid respectively. When it is desired to inflate the belt the valves between the two bags on each side are opened by pulling small strings, and the chemical action resulting from the mingling of the two solutions produces large volumes of gas, which fills the four bags making up the belt.

Another device for opening the valve depends upon the fact that the substance which holds the valves closed is dissolved by the action of sea-water. Before inflation the belt is perfectly flat, and can be worn under the coat without inconvenience. These lifebelts are being issued to Italian sailors and soldiers passing through the danger-zone.

#### THE WORLD'S WHEAT-SUPPLY.

Owing to the increasing dependence upon wheat as a food by the inhabitants of the world, we are approaching a time when all the available land suitable for the growing of wheat will be under cultivation. Moreover, the increasing demands cannot even be met by nitrogenous manures for increasing the yield per acre, as the existing supplies of these fertilisers will have become exhausted. This prospective difficulty is dealt with in the *Wheat Problem* by Sir William Crookes, recently reviewed in *Nature*. Originally Sir William's presidential address to the British Association in 1898, and afterwards printed in book form, the *Wheat Problem* has already run through two editions. In the present edition, the statistical information is brought up to date in an additional chapter by Sir R. H. Rew, and the book contains an introduction by Lord Rhondda. Apart from the production of nitrogenous manures from the atmosphere, the increase of the yield per acre is, according to the distinguished author, a laboratory problem. Among directions in which improvements may be effected, reference is made to the better utilisation of farm-yard manure, the elimination of fungoid diseases, and the selection of varieties of seed which give the highest proportion of grain to straw. Allusion is also made to the fact that Germany has been able to keep up her supplies of manure and explosives during the war by the production of nitrogen from the atmosphere.

#### THE PREVENTION OF STREET ACCIDENTS.

One would imagine that in London, with its dense traffic and narrow, winding streets, the problem of preventing accidents would be more carefully studied than in any other city in the world. Yet the only scientific attempts to obtain a satisfactory solution have been made in America. A very careful study of street accidents, with a view to their elimination, has been made at St Louis under the direction of Mr Charles M. Talbert, of the Board of Public Service. As a result, several novel devices have been adopted, among them being the illumination of policemen on point duty by overhead search-lights, the officers being rendered still more conspicuous by the white costume which they wear. According to the *Scientific American*, half-a-dozen search-lights of this description are now in use at dangerous corners, and accidents to policemen on point duty

have been greatly reduced. Another interesting novelty is a street box for testing the head-lights of motor-cars. Light from the lamps of the car to be tested passes through a slot in the front of the box, and falls upon a screen, lit up by an electric lamp of standard brilliancy. If the light from the car lamp exactly balances that from the electric lamp the car head-lights are passed as being correct, and the owner is given a card upon which this fact is recorded. It is hoped, in co-operation with other cities, to fix upon a standard for car head-lights which will be generally adopted.

#### FLAX-GROWING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Although extensively cultivated at one time both for its fibre and its seed (generally known as linseed), practically no flax has been grown in Scotland, and very little in England, during the last thirty years. The amount of linen urgently required for aeroplanes and other military purposes is, however, now so great that an appeal is being made by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to the farmers in certain districts to devote a portion of their land to the growth of flax during the coming season. The county of Fife, for example, is being asked to set aside an aggregate area of two thousand acres for this purpose. Any soil that is neither very heavy nor very light is suitable, and there is no danger of the flax being destroyed by either rabbits or wireworms. Farmers undertaking the experiment are offered free seed, and a fixed price of eight pounds ten shillings per ton for their crop, with a minimum payment of fourteen pounds per acre. They are also promised a supply of labour during the operations of weeding and harvesting when this is found to be necessary, and a mileage rate of one shilling and sixpence per ton where the crop has to be hauled a distance greater than three miles. It is sincerely to be hoped that a sufficient number of enterprising and patriotic farmers will be found ready to co-operate with the Board in carrying out this programme, and thus assist in meeting an important requirement for the effective conduct of the war.

#### AN ALARM-WATCH.

The alarm-clock has long been regarded as indispensable in many households, and there has now been put on the market an alarm-watch which bids fair to become quite as indispensable to the busy man of many engagements. The alarm can be set to go off at any moment, thus forcibly reminding the wearer of an approaching appointment. Even should the ringing of the alarm be drowned by competing noises, its vibrations are so powerful that they are felt in the pocket, and the wearer's memory is effectively jogged. The case of the watch is of gun-metal, and it is exceedingly neat and compact in appearance. There are two separate and distinct

mainsprings, this feature enabling the watch to run its full time whether the alarm is used or not. The alarm-hand works independently on a special dial, and can be set without opening the watch. The 'crown' or winding-knob is so constructed that it does not rotate while the alarm is in action (as does the corresponding piece of mechanism in the alarm-clock); hence the ringing cannot be stopped by reason of the 'crown' being caught in the pocket. This new timekeeper is useful not only during the day, but it also takes the place of an ordinary alarm-clock in the early morning. The hinge on which the back of the watch moves is placed immediately below the winding-knob, allowing the back to be opened so as to form a support upon which the watch can stand on a table by the side of the bed. The figures and hands are painted with the finest radium compound, and are therefore clearly visible in the dark. Moreover, the luminosity is permanent, a specially valuable feature in a pocket-watch, as the dial does not need to be exposed in order to be made visible, but can be read with ease at any hour of the day or night and in any place.

#### THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN SCOTLAND.

It is to be hoped that the recently issued Report of the Royal Commission on Housing in Scotland will prove an epoch-making document. Its length will probably deter many from reading it, but a carefully prepared Summary of the Report has been published which will prove invaluable to the busy man who wishes to grasp the essential features of the situation. To this Summary Sir George McCrae, Vice-President of the Scottish Local Government Board, contributes the following foreword: 'The Report of the Royal Commission on Housing is a soul-stirring manifesto. I would it were possible to circulate it in every home in the land, so that all might read the terrible and tragic story of present-day housing in Scotland. Although necessarily lacking in various striking details to be found in the official publication, I heartily commend this abridgment, which gives a clear survey of the ground covered by the Report, and will, I hope, induce many to peruse the larger work. This devastating war, with all its horrors, its sacrifices, and its heroisms, is teaching us many things. It has brought us into closer touch with the realities of life. It has given us a wider outlook, a sterner sense of duty. It has stirred our imagination to grasp what have hitherto appeared to be elusive possibilities. When the carnival of blood is over we shall be "up against" new problems which will not be solved by the old formulæ. We shall, indeed, be creating a new world on the wreckage of many cherished opinions and economic beliefs. In no department of national activity will the new spirit find fuller or freer development than in the sphere of municipal government. Our civic rulers will need to take bolder glimpses into the

future, and be prepared to face still larger responsibilities with confidence and courage. Especially will this be necessary in the domain of health and housing. The need is clamant and insistent, the opportunity inviting and unique. The old fear of intolerable financial burdens has been dispelled. The State has come to the rescue of the Local Authority. In the year 1912, speaking at a Housing and Town-Planning Conference, realising the difficulties which even then confronted Local Authorities, I pleaded for State assistance for housing to enable them to remove a grave scandal from our midst. But for the war that assistance might have tarried by the way. With this stumbling-block removed, there can be no going back. The conscience of the nation has been stirred. The response of the Local Authorities to the recent requisitions of the Local Government Board has been most gratifying. The extent of their necessities amply justifies the conclusions of the Royal Commission. The interest displayed by the Local Authorities is a pledge that they realise to the full the great opportunity afforded them of helping to create a better Scotland, a Scotland worthier of our race. May we hasten the time when those grim wastes of desolation, relieved only by still more hideous rows of miners' houses, when the rural pig-sties which serve as a substitute for human dwellings, and the fetid areas of our city slums will give place to a healthier environment, where the light of heaven will not be proscribed, and where every house will merit the name of home!'

*To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.*

#### JOY'S POWER.

A STONE, when in the water cast, sets wide  
And ever wider circles rippling on  
The water's face; the circles are not gone  
Till they have reached from side to farther side.  
The ripples catch the sunshine—gleam and glance  
Till the clear water stirs, a living thing,  
Moved to its depths, responsive, answering  
The impulse strong that set its waves a-dance.

When in the heart is born true happiness,  
Such living joy lets countless ripples free  
To catch the Sun of Love's great power to bless,  
Till all are moved in that deep ecstasy;  
Heart answers heart in one great consciousness,  
And sings a song of joy eternally.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

#### \*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLD SHIP AND THE NEW.

I.

I WAS working in the garden, hoeing the potato-patch, to be precise. Certainly, you may say that a naval officer has no right to have a house and a small strip of garden in war-time. He should be at sea, confounding the King's and his own enemies; but, as luck would have it, my ship had come in from sea that very morning. Moreover, it was the twenty-third of the month, and of those three and twenty days in the merry month of May we had spent no fewer than seventeen and three-quarters gallivanting about the North Sea on our lawful business. I forget how many miles we had steamed.

Also, if one is married, one's wife must live somewhere, and, as it happened, we had taken this particular house a full six months before the Kaiser set Europe ablaze from end to end. It was not until some time later, however, that we converted half the minute lawn at the back of the establishment into a potato-patch. It was some business, too, and the first year we got no potatoes larger than walnuts.

The family life of naval officers is always peculiar. We, the husbands, spent most of our time at sea, only getting ashore for a few hours in the afternoons when there was nothing doing. But activity and relaxation alternated with such frequency. At five o'clock in the morning one might actively be confounding the unspeakable Boche on the high seas; while twelve hours later, arrayed in flannels, one disported one's self in mixed doubles on the tennis-courts. The Hun was always close. Indeed, one could even strafe him, or be strafed, at breakfast-time, and be sowing sweet-peas in one's garden by two in the afternoon. And long before Zeppelin or aeroplane raids were carried out on London, our wives, hanging out of their bedroom windows at all hours of the night, and in strict defiance of the warnings of the special constables, were wont to regard the sausage-shaped monsters floating in the sky and illuminated in the beams of the searchlights. Rumour even said that the wives living in one road, in necessarily *négligé* raiment, were wont to forgather in each other's houses for late suppers or early breakfasts, call them what you will, after these entertainments ceased.

So, as they badly wanted it, I was hoeing the potatoes, while Michael, our eight-year-old Irish terrier, who loves gardening, was sitting on his haunches with his tongue hanging out, superintending my labours. Dick, the Sealyham, was absent from his place of duty at his master's side. He was investigating a neighbour's dust-bin. I am still thinking of a satisfactory method of camouflaging dust-bins.

Then it was, at about half-past three, that I saw Parsons coming down the road in some haste, with his baggy-bottomed trousers flapping in the breeze. Parsons was my bluejacket servant, and I knew from experience that his unexpected arrival in the middle of the afternoon signified something out of the ordinary. He always was the harbinger of activity, and his sudden advent generally meant an order to raise steam for full speed with the utmost despatch, followed by a hurried exodus to sea. So, expecting a summons to return on board forthwith, I dropped the hoe, resumed my coat, and went to the gate to meet him.

'Well?' I asked. 'What is it? Raise steam?'

'No, sir. It's a signal,' said he, removing his cap and producing a folded paper from the lining thereof, the place where the sailor invariably places important documents for safe keeping. 'The sub-lieutenant thought you'd like to have it at once, sir.'

He mopped his shining face, for the day was hot and he had walked fast.

The sub-lieutenant was wrong in his surmise, for I read the paper with my eyes starting out of my head, and feeling sick all over.

'You are appointed to *Triptolemus*,' it said tersely. 'Your relief in present ship will be joining to-morrow, Thursday.'

It had come at last. I had half-expected to leave for some months, for my time was up, and the ship, though people had come to gaze at her in admiration and envy in 1914, when she was yet considered rather a wonderful craft of a new type, was becoming elderly, and was leaving shortly for a new sphere of activity. Destroyers age rapidly in war-time when they are turned out by the score. But I had served for two and a half

years in her; had been in her, in fact, ever since she had come brand-new out of the builders' yard in '14, and hated the idea of turning her over, with her crew, to some one else. I looked upon her as my ship. We had grown up together, so to speak, until I knew, or thought I knew, her every whim and fancy, her every rivet and stanchion.

There was a dent in her side to remind me of the dark and blustery night when she became contrary, and no artifice of mine would induce her to answer her helm, and I nudged her rather hard into an oiler. There was a wrinkle in the stern plating where a blunt-nosed steam-trawler had butted into the poor old dear, and a piece of new plate on the fore-castle and another on the ship's side where a descending 6-inch shell from a shore battery had driven its way through the mess-deck and overboard without exploding. If the fuse of that shell had been a little better, I should not be writing this.

That particular projectile had been one of many others which nearly, but not quite, did for us. Three or four miles of hostile coast had sparkled with wicked-looking gun-flashes, while we, dodging all we knew how, had run the gauntlet with spray fountains darting out of the water all round us, and the air full of a terrifying, demoniacal screeching. Altogether it had been one of the most exciting days in our lives; and on the mess-deck, to commemorate the occasion, attached to the beam overhead at the spot where the shell came through, was a mahogany strip bearing an inscription in brass letters. 'Lest we forget our Easter Monday, 1916,' it read, though it was far too merry a Bank Holiday for any of us to be likely to banish it from our memories.

Yes, I loved that ship and everything to do with her. I was fond of her officers and men, for most of us had served together in fair weather and foul, in good times and in bad, for thirty months—thirty months of war. And war, with all its trials and vicissitudes, welds a ship together in no uncertain method. Ship's company, officers, and vessel learn to work together in a manner that years of peace-time training can never accomplish; and living constantly on board our little craft made us know each other's virtues and accomplishments, faults and failings, ways and tricks, to a nicety. We had all been through the mill together. We had learnt, in the great majority of cases, through bitter experience.

Altogether we fancied that our ship was THE ship of the whole destroyer navy. I don't say that she was any better than many others; merely that we thought so. After all, she was OUR ship, and we took an overwhelming pride in her; and that, if you come to think of it, is the life and soul of the service.

And the flotilla, too, the force to which we were all so proud to belong—it was a bitter

wrench to have to leave it, to cast aside the friends and associations of thirty months, and to have to start afresh elsewhere. It felt like going to a new school.

And who on earth was Triptolemus, anyway? I did not discover until afterwards that he was the son of Oceanus and Terra, a great favourite of the goddess Ceres, who cured him of a dangerous illness in his early youth, and subsequently taught him agriculture. Afterwards, in Ceres's chariot drawn by dragons, he carried seed-corn to all the inhabitants of the earth, and imparted to them the knowledge given to him by the goddess.

No; Mr Triptolemus—a fearful mouthful which the sailors would never be able to pronounce—left me rather cold. I much preferred my old ship, which was named after a bygone admiral, an officer who had led the fleet into action at Copenhagen, and in reference to whom the immortal Nelson himself, when asked to select a 'captain of the fleet,' or master-navigator on his staff, said, 'I will have — or none.'

We had heard of this saying from the present-day relatives of the gallant old warrior, whose picture hung in our wardroom; and from the very date of commissioning, '— or none' had been our proud motto. We had it exhibited on deck in brass letters on a scroll for everybody to see and to admire, and beneath it was a brass plate giving an abbreviated account of our namesake's career.

So I was very sad when I thought of what the old ship meant to me.

'You'd better go back to the ship and start packing my gear,' I told Parsons glumly.

He saluted and went off; while I, sick at heart and utterly miserable, went into the house to break the evil news to the sharer of my woes and joys.

'What is the name of the new destroyer?' she asked.

'*Triptolemus*,' I said very distinctly.

'Never heard of him,' she said. 'But I suppose it means giving up the house?'

'I'm afraid so. I know she isn't coming here.'

She fingered a china ornament on the mantel-piece, and looked very troubled, for the house was the same to her as the ship was to me. We had been married for eight years, during most of which we had followed a sort of nomad existence in rooms—rooms good, bad, and strangely indifferent. This was the first house of our own we had ever lived in.

I did my best to console her.

'Well,' she said at last, smiling in spite of her feelings, 'I suppose it can't be helped; but I shall simply hate giving up all this—simply hate it! I shan't see anything of you; and even if I do, I suppose it will mean living in dirty, smutty rooms again!'

'It's the fortune of war, poor old girl! I can't help it. I must go where they send me.'

And so, very sadly, we went together into the garden and talked it over, while I continued to hoe the potatoes. I felt I absolutely must do something to alleviate my thoughts, and for the time I was far too overcome to recollect that somebody else would benefit by my labours; that some one I had never seen might eat the potatoes we had taken such infinite care and trouble in planting.

And at that instant Dick, with a succulent chicken-leg in his mouth, and a sheepish expression on his face, came trotting down the garden path. Now, chicken-bones out of other people's dust-bins are not good for little dogs. Chicken-bones are not good for them in any circumstances, since they are apt to splinter. So there was trouble in the camp, and the culprit, dropping his booty, yelped twice, and fled like a streak of triple-greased lightning. Michael, with an expression on his face which said, 'Well, I'm a jolly good dog, anyhow. You never catch me dust-binning,' looked on and smiled. No; we had never caught him at dust-bins, but he sometimes developed an unholy penchant for rolling on dead sea-gulls.

## II.

By the next evening, having turned over my orders, books, papers, and documents to my relief, and having said good-bye to officers and men, I was a gentleman at large. But not for very long, for forty-eight hours later my wife and myself were in the train on our way to the northern port where the *Triptolemus* was being built. It would be ten days before I finally took the ship over from the contractors and sallied forth on the high seas; and ten days with one's wife in war-time, even in a strange hotel, are too good to be missed. We had left the dogs behind for the time being, and having seen the last of me, my wife would return south to the house, there to await word to pay it off, let it if possible, and rejoin me elsewhere with the dogs, and what household appurtenances the railway company would condescend to convey.

And one fine morning I found myself standing on a wooden jetty in a busy shipbuilding yard, gazing at my new ship. Ugly as her name was, I must confess that I liked the look of her, and, from what they told me, she promised to be a good three knots faster than the old vessel. So I went on board, and climbed up and down ladders, and delved into every hole and corner—the bridge, mess-decks, wardroom, cabins, engine-room; everywhere, in fact, where I possibly could go without upsetting the dozens of workmen who swarmed on board with their tools and pots of paint. And, lo! I began to take an interest in the ship, for I found her good. The 'chief,' otherwise the engineer officer, whom I had met before, had joined several months previously to superintend the preliminary trials and the placing on board of the various engines,

machines, and fittings pertaining to his special department—boilers, turbines, pumps, air-compressors, steering-engine, and a hundred and one other gilguys, whose names alone were familiar to me. The gunner (T.) had also made his appearance some weeks before, and what with his torpedoes and electrical apparatus, which seemed to arrive piecemeal and daily in wooden crates and cases, some the size of pantechicon vans, and others barely larger than cigar-boxes, he was a very busy man.

The 'advance party,' a few ratings of the deck and engine-room departments, had come north with him from their depot, and were billeted in quarters outside the yard. In fact, the first thing I had to listen to was a bitter complaint as to the inferiority of the breakfasts supplied to them. The matter was soon rectified, but surely it takes a bluejacket to grumble at boiled haddock and poached eggs for the morning meal.

The rest of the crew would join just before the final trials, and they, from what I could see of it, would have their work cut out to get the ship ready by her proper date; for not very far away was a large shed filled to overflowing with mountains of stores in bales, crates, drums, and packing-cases, which somehow had to be stored on board. Everything was there, from spare sparking-plugs for the motor-boat to candles, from screw-drivers to sealing-wax. And a little farther away, in a special building, padlocked, sealed, and guarded by a private of the Royal Defence Corps wearing the '82 Egyptian ribbons, were the shell and cartridges for the guns, the T.N.T. filled warheads for the torpedoes, and other highly dangerous and explosive contrivances with which we hoped presently to achieve the discomfiture of Brother Boche.

My first interview with the shipyard manager, Mr Matthew, to whose office I presently went to make my number, was rather unexpected, to say the least of it. I found myself in the presence of a thick-set, sturdy little man, with bristling iron-gray hair, keen gray eyes, and a ferocious expression. Evidently he knew destroyer officers of old—he should have, seeing that his firm turned out a destroyer every six or eight weeks—and regarded them as villains of the most lurid dye who wished to run away, or persuade him into parting, with all the paint and enamel in his perishing old shipyard. Indeed, after my introduction by the chief, my polite 'Good-morning!' and a perfunctory handshake, he stood there regarding me in a fierce and stony silence, with his eyebrows bristling like a nail-brush. Not that he alarmed me. On the contrary, I was merely amused, and began to wonder what had bitten him, or if this was his usual behaviour.

Then he burst forth: 'Good-morning, commander! I'm glad to meet you, and before long I hope to speed the parting guest!'

I must confess that he didn't look pleased to

see me; but his remark about speeding the parting guest struck me as rather inhospitable.

'There is one thing I want you to understand,' he went on in a roar like the bull of Bashan, 'and that is'—he paused, looking at me to see how I was taking him, and then wagged an admonitory finger in my face and leant forward as if he were telling me something highly confidential—'that is, that not one drop of paint, not one speck of enamel, not one pint of varnish, beyond the bare Admiralty allowance will I put on board your ship!' And with this final remark he thumped his fist on the desk until the ink-pot nearly capsized. 'That's flat, isn't it?' he bellowed.

'Good heavens!' I thought to myself; 'verily, the man must be mad!'

'I am not aware that I have asked for enamel or varnish,' I said in my most conciliatory manner.

'No; but you will sooner or later!' he almost shouted, wagging that forefinger of his in front of my nose. 'You're all tarred with the same brush! I know you!'

I laughed.

'Now we understand each other,' he went on more gently, 'I hope I shall see you at lunch at one-thirty. He'—indicating the chief—'will show you where we have it. Let me see,' he added innocently, screwing up one eye. 'How long is it you've been with us?'

'About five months,' the chief told him.

'And five months too long!' snapped the most remarkable Mr Matthew with the sweetest of smiles. 'I sha'n't be at all sorry to see the last of you. Speed the parting guest!'

But the heart of Mr Matthew, for all his abrupt manner, was very much in the right place; while the shipyard over which he held sway was one of the most efficient I have ever known. They have built men-o'-war of all classes for many long years, and if they stipulated to deliver a ship at such and such a time, she was completed to the very day, hour, and minute agreed upon; while such a thing as a break-down on the trials was practically unheard of. Their ships are good ships, and the *Triptolemus*, as we soon discovered, was very good.

The daily lunch with the firm's bigwigs was quite an amusing function. All the naval officers attended, and Mr Matthew kept us very much alive, particularly when he regaled us with stories of the Dumtavis Salmon Club. Only Mr Matthew can tell you what the D.S.C.—Salmon Club, I mean; not the 'Distinguished Service Cross'—exists for. Personally, I don't think it has much to do with salmon, except in the mayonnaise. There were also friendly disputes with Mr Bunderson, the firm's secretary, in regard to certain of Mr Bunderson's adventures in London.

And Mr Matthew had a wonderful memory. He seemed to remember everything he had ever read, particularly the *Ingoldsby Legends* and *The Dead Drummer of Salisbury Plain*. Moreover, he was a man of habit. Every day at lunch he was provided with a large tumbler of soda-water, all of which, except about three inches, he drank with his food. At the close of the meal he was handed a wine-glass half-full of whisky, and this he diluted with half the remains of the soda from the tumbler. He then consumed half the contents of the wine-glass, and rediluting the remains with the rest of the soda, disposed of that. But the remarkable thing about the ritual was that he never by any chance made a miscalculation. I watched him many times, but never once did I observe him fail to leave exactly the right amount of soda in the large tumbler.

And that trivial habit, absurd though it may sound, reminded me of more important things. The accuracy with which it was carried out day after day was typical of the spirit of orderliness, routine, and efficiency which prevailed in the shipyard, and both the remarkable Mr Matthew and the establishment he represents have my sincere admiration. They turn out the best and the soundest of ships I have ever come across, if the *Triptolemus* is a fair sample of their handiwork. I say so advisedly, for a good few thousand miles of sea-water have passed under her bottom since the day we commissioned her. The shipyard well deserves its nickname of 'The Portsmouth Dockyard of the North.' Indeed—But what is the good of my enlarging on the subject? Nothing that I can say will add to its reputation, nor could the adamant Mr Matthew ever be caused to blush.

Speaking of shipyards, by the same token, reminds me of something. Do you know why, in all Government and private dockyards, the hard billycock hat is the universal headgear in use by all the more important officials? The grades, starting from the bottom, run somewhat as follows: workmen, chargemen, inspectors, and foremen, with, senior to the foremen, the other more brilliant luminaries of the fourth, third, second, and first magnitudes. And nobody under the rank of inspector wears a billycock hat, while all the members of the senior grades invariably do. It is as much the badge of their exalted office as are the gaiters of a bishop, or the 'brass hat' in either of the services.

And why do they wear this unbecoming and inconvenient headgear? Why, to keep possible red-hot rivets descending from aloft from impinging on their valuable skulls. One is tempted to think that the heads of the actual workmen must be very hard.

(Continued on page 313.)



## FOOD VALUES.

By ROBERT BELL, M.D., F.R.F.P.S., Author of *Diet and Health, &c.*

**I**F the public would only devote a little time to the study of food values, and then exercise a modicum of common-sense and think for itself, instead of allowing itself to be blindly led into accepting as truth a fallacy which has proved for ages past to be productive of more bodily and moral decadence than those who have not given the question serious thought have any conception of, there would be less fuss made about meatless days. Indeed, they would be regarded as blessings in disguise.

Butcher's meat, after all, is only a second-hand article. As every one knows, it is produced solely from vegetable material, and that of the lowest grade, which has been assimilated by the animal, and which has enabled it to develop an amount of power and freedom from disease, which man, in consequence of his disobedience to nature's laws, does not possess.

Moreover, flesh meat is not a pure article of diet. It contains certain ingredients, named purins, which act as slow poisons in consequence of their being inimical to healthy cell-life. These consist of substances which were in the process of being excreted when the animal was slaughtered, and consequently were retained in the tissues from which they were in course of being expelled at the time of its death.

There is not a single anatomical or physiological characteristic in man's organs of digestion and assimilation which suggests that he has the remotest connection with the carnivora. There is, however, one remarkable fact that is worthy of notice and consideration—namely, that when man degenerated by associating himself with the carnivora, which he did when he killed to eat, his moral as well as his physical tone deteriorated accordingly, and they will continue to sink still farther until he begins to respect nature's laws, as it is his bounden duty to do.

Is it possible to find a more noble animal than the horse; a more useful one, for domestic purposes, than the cow; or one more powerful than the elephant? Yet their diet consists entirely of nature's gifts to them; and permit me to add, they are not subject to the diseases which afflict man. Indeed, in their natural state they are free from disease in any shape. It is only when they are brought under the influence of man that they cease to be immune; and their digestive apparatus is identical with that of man.

Now man has at his command a rare choice of the products of the earth, very many of which contain, weight for weight, much more nutritive value than the flesh of animals. They also have the advantage—and a great advantage it is—that in their natural condition they do not contain any of the pernicious purins I have referred to.

Take the cereals, for example. These contain, weight for weight, actually more food units than the best beef-steak in the market.

Consider this from a commercial point of view. It requires approximately an acre and a half of land to feed a bullock, and three years to bring it into condition for killing. At the most liberal estimate, the carcass will not contain more than four hundred pounds of boneless flesh and fat, and it will take a very fine specimen to yield that. An acre of arable land will yield, on an average, forty bushels of wheat, or their equivalent in oats or barley, in one of these three years; and in the other two probably fourteen tons of potatoes, or their equivalent in turnips or carrots.

Now let us estimate the food value of the produce of a cultivated acre of land at its lowest, and that of a bullock at its highest. Taking wheat as the standard, we find the former is twelve times greater than the latter. And when we also remember that the former is food which contains none of the elements of disease within it, while the latter is more or less responsible for disease in many of its disguises, what excuse can we have for disobeying nature's benevolent laws, and thus courting disaster, which in every instance is followed by reprisals in the form of penalties of a more or less pronounced type, and sometimes by severe suffering and premature death?

The wonderful variety of healthy and sustaining food in the form of fruit and other products of nature is so comprehensive, and is so conducive to the promotion of health and a green old age, that it would seem to savour of the grossest ingratitude to ignore her beneficent laws in the flagrant manner we are, as a nation, guilty of doing. Moreover, the products of the soil not only vary in attractive appearance, taste, and nourishing properties, but they adapt themselves to the climatic necessities of every latitude, so that there exist no grounds for grumbling.

Furthermore, we shall find that the greater the labour entailed in procuring food, the greater and more self-reliant, the more intelligent and courageous the nations will prove to be so long as they obey nature's laws. If they go astray, however, they will correspondingly deteriorate both physically and morally. And no form of sophistry will prove of the least avail in attempting to controvert this statement. Disobey nature's laws persistently (though, in truth, she is wonderfully forbearing), and the penalty, in the form of disease, is certain to follow; much more certainly, I may add, than the penalty which follows the disobedience of human laws.

Henslowe has put this fact into what may

possibly be considered unduly strong, though true, language: 'It is a greater disgrace to be in a hospital than to be in gaol. The former shows we have broken a law of nature, the latter that we have transgressed only a law of man.'

It would be well not to lose sight of the fact that man is the only animal who destroys part of the value of his food by cooking. I hope it will not be inferred from this statement that everything should be taken in an uncooked condition, but only that when cooking is resorted to, it should be done on conservative principles, so that none of the essential ingredients are allowed to escape in the process. Bread and other forms of food made from cereals are cooked, as we know, but their essential organic salts are all retained, though the vital principles, which I have named 'vitols,' are destroyed, and the loss of these is an important matter. This, however, can be made up for if we abstain from all other 'dead,' or, as I might describe it, 'devitalised' material, and I would insist upon a considerable amount of our dietary consisting of ripe fruit, salads, milk in its natural condition, cheese, and nuts of all kinds and variety, all of which need no artificial cooking at all. In order to retain their natural salts, vegetables should never be boiled, but steamed, and they should not be *overcooked*.

From the point of view of healthy blood it is a mistake either to cook ripe fruit or to peel it (though it is always advisable to wash it if there is the least suspicion that it may have been contaminated), as the important organic salts, those essential to healthy cell-life, are, as a rule, contained in the skin or just under it. The same precautions should be taken with regard to potatoes, as the skin and the part lying immediately below it are the most valuable portions of the tuber from a food point of view. Potatoes, therefore, should be thoroughly washed, and always cooked in their skins.

I, of course, do not insist that the skin of either fruit or potatoes should be swallowed, but it should always be thoroughly masticated, so that the salts may be extracted from it in the process. The skin may then be ejected if it is thought desirable, though for my part I prefer the skin of a potato to the interior. It is hardly necessary to add that potatoes are not wholesome in an uncooked condition; but this does not apply to fruit. Cooking deprives the latter of much of its nutritive value, and when cooked it is more liable to ferment in the stomach than when it is in its fresh condition. It must be borne in mind, however, that fruit, as well as

all salads and nuts, must be thoroughly masticated. If this is done, it will be found that it forms a much more valuable food in its natural state than when cooked.

Apples, onions, and carrots are especially excellent articles of diet, and should be eaten every day; dried fruits, such as sultana raisins, figs, dates, and prunes, in an uncooked condition, but well washed, are also of considerable value. As an indication of the most nutritious and health-giving forms of diet, I give a typical menu for a day. Breakfast should consist of some kind of fruit, such as an apple, a pear, an orange, a melon, or a couple of bananas, whole-wheat bread and butter, a fresh egg, lightly boiled or poached, and a cup of China tea infused not more than a minute. Lunch may comprise a fruit or vegetable salad, whole-wheat meal bread and butter and cheese, and from two to four ounces of sultana raisins. If preferred, an ounce or two of nut-kernels, including almonds, may be substituted for the cheese. An excellent dinner may be provided on the following lines. The stock for the soup should be made by boiling haricot beans, lentils, peas, or broad beans, which should be thoroughly macerated and the liquid strained off. When the soup comes to the table, a tablespoonful of carrot, onion, turnip, parsnip, or celery juice or pulp should be added for each person, and the soup seasoned to taste. A second course might consist of a little fish, with salad of tomatoes, lettuce, cucumber, radishes, or celery, or boiled sliced beetroot, and whole-wheat meal bread. This might be followed by macaroni au gratin or cauliflower au gratin, and a milk pudding or a cold shape served with cream and jam or marmalade. Dessert should consist of fruit in its season and nuts. The fruit and salad portions of the meal should never be omitted; in other respects the menu may be decreased or varied to suit individual tastes and the attendant circumstances. The writer has no objection to the use of stimulants in moderation, but these, and all other liquids, should be taken not during the meal, but after it.

A normal body is practically proof against disease. So long as the cells are properly nourished, and are therefore functioning properly, and doing the work for which they are designed, there is no opportunity afforded for micro-organisms to gain a foothold and start their vicious multiplication and disease-breeding activities. It is only when the vital resistance of the cells is lowered, and the germ-destroying power of the blood is lessened, that the microbes of disease obtain power to damage the organism.



## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

CHAPTER XVII.—continued.

**GAVIN**—Gavin! Always had he come, like some knight of old, to Anita's rescue. How often, even in these last two months, when the forest silence and shadows filled her with sudden panic, had his firm, kind words braced her failing courage: 'There's nothing to be afraid of. Can't you believe me?' And now, so well had she learned to place her feet on the stepping-stones this man had laid for them, that in her hour of distress the yearning for comfort led her to seek it in the quiet, waste places which not long since had repelled her.

Heedless alike of breakfast and of the cold, polished stove mutely gaping to be filled with fiery fuel, she presently opened the cabin door, hid the key in the usual place, and, turning her back on the empty house, stepped out into the wilderness world of peace. Instinctively her feet turned towards the forest; but discovering how heavy still lay the dew on blade and leaf, and that the thick, dampened dust of the road had scarcely been disturbed by Jackson's wagon, which had passed and repassed unawares to her, she walked slowly in its tracks, her heart gradually lightening, and her mind growing more calm under the blue sky that stretched ribbon-like above her head, and in her nostrils 'earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses.'

Neither hat nor wrap cumbered her; but now and again, as a beam of sunshine through the trees struck warmly on neck and shoulders, she gave a comfortable little shiver and sigh of content. Enticed by the subtle voice of newly awakened susceptibilities, she wandered on, forgetful of time and distance, absorbing with ever-increasing pleasure the beauties of a brilliant autumn morning—radiant prisms of dew on drooping fronds of fir and spruce, bright wreaths of blackberry and bryony, brown fern and gray-green boulder. The forester's girl had indeed been 'born again.'

Presently a sound new to her ears caught her attention, a dry, scuttling sound, accompanied by a sharp 'tchk-tchk,' followed by the appearance of a beautiful little animal, having a bright fox-red coat with dark stripes, and squirrel-like head and tail. Quite unafraid, it halted in its brisk career up the slanting trunk of a half-recumbent tree, and sitting up on its hind-legs, regarded Anita with eyes like velvet diamonds.

'*Mon Dieu! mais tu es beau!*' exclaimed the girl, returning the little creature's gaze with interest, then gave a little, suppressed cry of delight as a duplicate of the first appeared over the mossy top of a big rock, his soft, striped cheeks bulging with pine-nuts, and proceeded to give chase to his mate. Up the leaning tree

they scuttled (for Mr Chipmunk is not prone to seek lofty heights, as is his larger kinsman of the squirrel tribe); while Anita, sunburned hands lightly clasped behind her back, her shapely head, with its crown of glossy hair, tipped back in her upward gaze, white forehead, cherry lips, and round chin outlined against a panel of blue sky, stood silently watching them, an expression of delight on her sweet face, and curving her mouth in a happy smile.

Such the picture that suddenly confronted Gavin Barrie as, rapidly making his way along the road, winding hither and thither among the woods, he rounded a sharp curve—a picture that caused him to catch his breath, and to bring him to a standstill; while within him all that was human, mortal, and masculine, aflame with an unreasoning passion, urged him to take the one swift step that should make the girl his own—to snatch her to his breast, crush the tiny hands, rain kisses on those full, red lips and soft, fair cheeks. *His* should she be to make or mar. Oh God, to *mar*! Only a second of time for the drama of a lifetime to be enacted, a brief instant while the Devil and Gavin's good angel fought for possession of the man. Then, as some struggling thing within him launched a prayer for strength, Gavin swiftly slipped his fingers through the collar of his dog. Why break in again upon the peace of mind of this innocent girl? She seemed happy; and he—— Barrie turned upon his heel; he would slip away into the forest undetected. But the man had reckoned without the dog. 'Bob,' too, had recognised a friend, and, straining at the collar, uttered a long whine of protest.

Anita turned, and alas for the revelation in those deep, dark eyes, the look of joy surprised in the beautiful face suddenly dyed carmine from chin to brow, the eager welcome in hands impulsively outstretched!

Gavin's gray eyes, alight now with the love that can offer itself on the altar of sacrifice, met Anita's, held them for a fleeting moment; then, as from some strange tongue, he heard himself saying, 'Shall I let him go?' And the next instant Anita, careless of dusty paws and slobbering jaws, was kneeling by the roadside, clasping in her arms an excited, wildly demonstrative red-brown dog.

'Oh "Bob," "Bob," dear old "Bob," I've been so lonely and missed you so!' she crooned, half-crying, and kissing the soft, silky head.

Lucky dog! Alas, poor Gavin!

In Anita's dark eyes he had read the message, and knew that in the hollow of his hand lay this girl's whole future, for weal or woe. One

word—the word now trembling on his lips—one touch of his hand, now tingling with such agony that he drove his nails into the hot palm, and his little Anita could never face life the same.

Steadily Gavin Barrie crossed the road, and, in just such banal tones as he might have used to a society belle, said, 'He'll make you awfully dirty, you know. "Bob" is no respecter of clothes. Here, let me help you up;' and he held out his hand.

But the girl did not accept it. An instant longer she crouched with the panting dog hugged tight; then, a little unsteadily and very white, struggled to her feet and turned towards home.

Gavin, the width of the road between them, walked along with her, grasping at commonplaces of conversation to save himself and her. 'I had no idea,' he began, vividly conscious that with similar platitudes might he have addressed My Lady Vere de Vere at one of his mother's garden-parties—'I had no idea that we were such near neighbours. Dr Grey and I are camping on Goose Lake, which, I understand, is only a mile or so from the forester's cabin.' He glanced inquiringly at his companion, but she merely nodded her head and walked on in silence. 'Grey has just deserted me,' Barrie continued in even tones. 'That goading conscience of his would spur him out of his own grave were he buried forty feet deep! So he is off to Silver Creek again. Something wrong with the child he was looking after before. I shall miss him badly; he was the *cook*, you see,' added Gavin in a not very successful attempt at a joke; but there was no answering smile on Anita's tightly closed lips, and he went on desperately, 'Kenneth had already become quite an expert at flapjacks, but my own first experiment nearly killed even "Bob." That is why we asked your friend, Mrs King, to make some bread; that, and to save flour. So I came across with the doctor to fetch it, but found she had despatched my loaf up to your place.' Still no response from the girl at his side. Bitterly Gavin, himself supersensitive, realised that this sensitive little instrument within reach of his hand would vibrate solely to a master-bow, and that his clumsy fingers were but as a mute on the tightly stretched strings. Every trite, insipid word that he uttered—was it perhaps lowering him in her eyes? Was this struggle worth while? So the man battled with himself; yet when he spoke again it was with the same cold restraint. 'By the way,' he said, 'Mrs King gave me a message for you.'

Ah! now at length he had caught her atten-

tion, and she slackened her pace, for they had been walking rapidly. Relieved at this change in her attitude, Gavin Barrie, the taciturn, and himself a despiser of messages, found himself eagerly elaborating the few words of a Western ranch-woman. 'She sent you her—her *love*, I believe it was,' he said with his most courteous 'company' manner, 'and would be pleased if you could come down and see her before they go away.'

'Are they going out soon?' asked Anita, a thrill of anxious regret in her voice; then added half to herself, 'Then I shall be the only woman left in the mountains!' and she lifted a pair of eyes to Gavin's, so dark and troubled that on the instant his preconceived idea that she was happy collapsed, and a whirlwind of anger shook him as the thought shot through his mind, 'The *brute*! Is he making her life wretched?' Hastily taking out his cigarette, he lit one; then, blowing a great cloud of smoke, he replied with a bravely assumed display of enthusiasm, 'Then you should consider yourself a very *lucky* woman, Anita! The late autumn here must be superb; and fancy leaving *this*!' and he gave an embracing sweep of his hand over the wonderland of earth and sky. 'Fancy leaving all *this* for the crowded noisiness of one of those valley towns! I plan to stay on up here as late as one is allowed to fish.' Then, seeing a sudden flame of gladness leap up in the girl's pale face, he resolutely stamped it out by adding, 'That is, of course, if the doctor comes back soon. Otherwise, I would rather go on to Tahoe; there's nothing to keep me here.'

Anita started as though a whip-lash had touched her; she was suffering and bewildered. Gavin saw her start, knew that each trivial word was a blow to the girl, and she looked so white and pitiful. Suddenly before his mind rose a vision of the little Anita beneath the cherry-blossoms in the garden of the 'Rose d'Or.' A lump rose in his throat; his arms ached to gather her to him. Why keep up this absurd battle against the call of their own hearts?

And then, all at once, lo! a quick flush of colour in Anita's face, a look of rapt delight, as, pointing skywards, she cried, 'Oh, look! Look at those beautiful wild geese! See how low they are flying! I can see their heads, and their feet folded backwards. I never before saw them fly so low;' and she stood motionless, following with lustrous eyes the long line of gray birds so swiftly and silently cleaving the blue sky.

(Continued on page 309.)



## JERUSALEM LIBERATED.

By R. C. WYNNDHAM, Author of 'Predictions and Prophecies Relating to the Kaiser.'

**T**HE crusades of the Middle Ages had as their object the deliverance of Jerusalem and the Holy Land from the Saracens, and the First Crusade so far succeeded that it captured the Holy City in the year 1099, and set up Godfrey of Bouillon as the first Christian king of Jerusalem. But this success was not a lasting one. Eighty-eight years after the coronation of Godfrey the city surrendered to the famous Saladin, and despite repeated attempts at its recapture by zealous crusaders, it remained in Mohammedan hands until our own day. It was not until the crusade of the twentieth century—if we may so call it—that the sacred spots so dear to Christians and Jews have been set free from the Infidel's yoke, from the opprobrious rule of Mohammedanism, from Turkey and everything Turkish. But it is with shame that we see to-day the armies of three Christian countries—Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria—waging the battles of Mohammedans against Christians.

But this, of course, is by no means the first time that Christian Powers have taken the part of Turkey. Soon after the Crimean war of 1855, an Austrian prelate, Monsignor Mislin, visited the Holy Sepulchre, and in his diary he records the treaty of 15th June 1840, and the defence of Palestine by the combined fleets of Britain and Austria on behalf of Turkey against Egypt and France. And Monsignor continues: 'This is what the Crusade of the nineteenth century was! It is easy to be seen that it was far from the Crusade of St Louis of France; in our day we have seen the banner of the Cross float side by side with the banner of the Infidel in defiance of other Christian nations. Such are the miracles of diplomacy and of incredulity.' The writer, were he still alive, would have cause to be astonished now for a far different reason. This alliance of Britain and Austria with Turkey in 1840 was to prevent the preponderance of French diplomacy in the East, as the alliance of Britain, France, and Turkey in 1855 that of Russian influence. Those German papers which pretend a parallel case in the present war shut their eyes to these facts. All the doctors who have attempted for nearly a century to heal the 'Sick Man' have had but one object—namely, to avoid the heritage of the 'Sick Man' from falling into other hands than theirs; and so the dying agony of the moribund Turkey has been prolonged by a system of counteractions which only aggravated the malady without either killing or curing the invalid, while the doctors who took the cure in hand knew not how to, or could not, put new life into the veins of the dying man.

Germany now tries her hand, for one great

object of the Kaiser is to be crowned King of Jerusalem in Jerusalem. And here it may be noted in parenthesis that another idle dream of William II. is to be crowned Emperor of Rome in Rome, by the Pope, for which event he had his throne made some years ago and placed in the Palazzo Cafferelli, on the Capitol, where it still stands—why and wherefore is an enigma.

On other battlefields the armies of the Sultan might well be allied with those of another state for a common objective; but with regard to Jerusalem it is unnatural for the Cross and the Crescent to be found on the same side. The spirit which animates the Turk is certainly anti-Christian, but that which has stirred up Turkey's Allies in the war is the desire for conquest; and with this end in view they care not how they sully the name of Christian. Not all the German sophistry can controvert these truths. An old Oriental proverb, published in a work entitled *The Second Coming of Mahomet*, says, among other things, that Turkey would be at a future day the ally of a nation 'hostile to Europe;' and that, conquered, she would be compelled to abandon Constantinople and Armenia.

Whether the prediction of the unknown Arab prophet may come true or not, it certainly looks bad for Turkey. In this old prophecy the name of Germany is written in letters which cannot be mistaken—'A nation hostile to Europe.'

The alliance of Lutheran Germany with Mohammedan Turkey has proceeded by steps which only those who are blind have not clearly seen. In 1896 the Kaiser congratulated the Sultan on the victories obtained by his army (reorganised and trained by Germans) against the Christian subjects of King Constantine of Greece, that same Constantine who has paid for his tender love for his imperial brother-in-law with his throne.

In every phase of the Macedonian question Berlin diplomacy has been at the flank of Turkey as its support. The concession of the Bagdad Railway was obtained as the price of this, and so patent was it that a French journalist could write: 'All the documents of the German railway of Haidar Pasha have been bathed in Christian blood.'

After the Armenian massacres of Constantinople, William II. of Germany paid a visit to Abd-ul-Hamid (the man stamped by the British Parliament as the 'Red Sultan'), not to remonstrate with him, but to offer his friendship, and to advise him how to set himself right with Christian Europe and America. The example is without precedent and without imitators save one, Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who a few years

later (that is, after the proclamation of independence in 1898), following in the shadow of his Teutonic patron, also visited the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid's successor, Mahomet V.

From Constantinople Kaiser William went to Jerusalem, where he inaugurated the new German Roman Catholic church; and then, dressed as an Arab, he proceeded to place a wreath of laurel on the tomb of Saladin, the conqueror of the Christians in the twelfth century.

Let us examine the signs of the time immediately preceding and at the initiation of the war now raging. Germany was then an ally—a treacherous one—of Italy, for the Kaiser lent all his secret aid to the Turks during the Libyan campaign. Again he conspired (secretly, as usual) against the Christian nations in the Balkan war; but his crowning act of apostasy was his compelling the Sultan of Turkey to proclaim the 'Holy War,' by which three hundred millions of fanatic Mohammedans were by the law of their creed to slaughter every Christian in their path. True, his chief object was to cause rebellion in those countries subject to British rule in Asia and Africa; but, whatever were his motives, he is responsible for his actions, and the end never justifies the means. It mattered little how many thousands of Christians were massacred so long as he gained his object. The civilised world stood aghast at the fact that such a war should be proclaimed under the ægis of three professing Christian kings, one of whom bore the title of 'Eldest Daughter of the Church.'

The Holy War was a failure, not because Moslems had lost any of their old hatred for Christians, a hatred still as strong as ever, but because they had lost their former combativeness; though not for this failure can the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburg, or the Coburg-Gotha wash themselves of the shame before history. It was not their fault that the Holy War was a failure; on the contrary, they were sadly disappointed at the result.

The potent aid of Germany and her Allies has not been able to prevent the liberation of Jerusalem by Britain and her Allies. Let it be said with reverence that Islam infidelity and Christian renegation have been swept away by the will of the Almighty.

Thus Islamism, which has been forced to submit to the dictates of Germany, with the knife at its throat, and to the presence of the hated Christian in its territories, now sees Jerusalem gone to keep company with the lost provinces of Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Tripoli, the Balkans, Arabia, Mesopotamia, &c.; while the Sultan of Turkey, sustained by the Emperor of Germany, continues to style himself lord of those countries. However, empty titles do the world no harm, but rather contribute to its amusement.

The fall of Jerusalem has undoubtedly done more harm to Turkey than all her other reverses,

for with it the struggle of centuries has concluded with the overthrow of the last bulwark of antique Islamism, which now remains only a record. Austria, which saw with joy the defeat of the Turk under the walls of Vienna in 1683 by John Sobieski, now laments Islam's disaster, and weeps for its foreshadowed doom. Most probably we shall see in the near future the story of Constantinople of 1453 reversed, without its horrors, and the Cross floating once more over St Sophia, to the confusion of the Crescent. When we consider the origin of the Turkish banner, that union of paganism and infidelity, we shall not be surprised at its destruction.

The 'Sick Man' must die at last; the unscrupulous Doctor Germany sits at his bedside making his will, in which he puts himself down as King of Jerusalem, one of his mad dreams; he ransacks the cupboards of the moribund to take possession of all he can get. However, Turkey, reduced to impotence, will cease to be a permanent peril to the peace of Europe; and the Christian religion, which nearly twenty centuries ago gave the death-blow to paganism, and planted its banner on the regeneration of society, morality, justice, and right, at last occupies the sacred places of its origin, so long profaned by the Turk; and in the Christmas celebration of the Nativity of the Saviour's birth, 1917, has been celebrated also the liberation of Jerusalem.

Even the Pope has been set at defiance by Germany and her Allies. All the prayers of the pontiff have not been able to prevent the soldiers under German command from carrying away the women from the city, or to keep them from plundering the sacred places, convents, Christian churches, and private houses, when forced to abandon the city.

When the news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem by the British soldiers and their Allies, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome issued an order for a *Te Deum* to be sung in the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, in Rome, the following Sunday. 'But,' added his Eminence, 'my joy is dimmed by the circumstance that not all who have had part in the liberation of Jerusalem are Catholics, like the pious Godfrey of Bouillon; but now that the Holy Sepulchre is in the hands of the Christians, let us augur that all who believe in Christianity will return to the unity of the Faith, under one invisible Head, Jesus Christ, and His Vicar on earth.' But the good Cardinal has his doubts about the realisation of this augury. So have many people, since heretic Britain is the liberator of Jerusalem.

Monseigneur Duchesne of the *Académie Française*, the celebrated historian of early Christianity, expresses his opinion in the following terms: 'The victory of the Allies over the Turkish world can do much to forward the peace of

Europe. It is another "front," that of the Orient, where the victory must be secured. With regard to the possession of the Holy Places, the resolution of the matter does not seem very simple, because we must remember that if Jerusalem is sacred to the Christians, it is sacred to the Mohammedans also, and more especially to the Jews, who look forward to return to the Holy Land. Certainly all will be arranged at the Peace Conference when the time arrives, but for us who hold to the prophecies of the Old Testament the restoration of the Jews to their own land is sure.'

Some there are who ask most inconsiderately, 'To whom shall fall the possession of Palestine after the war, seeing that the British general was not alone, but was aided by a small contingent of French and Italian troops?' But those persons forget, or seem to forget, that this war has not been one of annexation on the part of Britain and her Allies, but to give freedom to those states which have been wrongfully and cruelly deprived of it, and have been in bondage, some of them for centuries, as in the case of the Jews.

With regard to the future occupation of Palestine, certainly the Jews are the only people entitled to it, and the great meeting held in

London early in December last seems to point to their restoration. It is the glory of Britain and her sons that she has been the instrument chosen to fulfil the prophecy of Daniel, and to bring about the time when God's chosen people of old shall be 'gathered out of all lands' to enter into their ancient inheritance. It is with evident pleasure that the subjects of Great Britain throughout the world have seen their Government encouraging the scheme. Mr Balfour's letter to Lord Rothschild pledging the British Government to use its best endeavours for the establishment in Palestine of a home for the Jewish people has been welcomed with enthusiasm by Jews all over the world.

English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, as well as Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, Indians, and men of South Africa, not forgetting French and Italians, all have lent their aid in the liberation of Jerusalem. It is much to be regretted that America joined the war too late for her soldiers to have a share in the glorious event, for the United States have done good work in Jerusalem, and in Palestine generally. However, it is a satisfaction to know that the great republic was duly represented at the entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem.

## A CROWDED HOUR.

By MARSHALL NORMAN.

I.

**D**INNER was over. The coffee stood upon the table. The flight commander was looking over the operation orders for the following day. Suddenly he glanced up. 'There's a special job on to-morrow,' he announced.

'Tough or otherwise?' some one queried.

'Pretty tough, I take it.'

'Then break it gently to us,' sighed Lorrie.

'My nerves are all of a twitter.'

'Well, it's this way. It's a one-bus job. We tossed for it between flights, and I lost.' He was interrupted by a chorus of groans. 'This bus has to go over to — and take some special photographs. It was decided that one bus flying high would be able to do it quicker and safer than a whole flock of geese floating around. And he would be able to climb higher.'

'I feel all of a doo-dah, all of a wonk,' moaned Lorrie from the other end of the table.

'What d'you think of it?' asked the flight commander.

'Sounds all right,' replied Blake, 'provided nothing goes wrong with the old engine.'

'What shall we do, then? Toss for it?'

'Right-o!' came the chorus.

'Good. Biggest number go out.'

Coins were produced and tossed. Four heads

and two tails came down. Jack Lorrie and Vernon Blake had to toss for the final decision. Lorrie spun the coin.

'It's a head,' sang out Blake.

'Wrong! It's a tail,' replied Lorrie, uncovering the coin.

'Cheerio!' exclaimed Blake, raising his coffee-cup. 'Here's to it.'

'What an escape!' breathed Lorrie. 'I feel in need of a stimulant. Pour me out a lime-juice, some one.'

'Which observer comes with me?' Blake asked.

'They'd better toss for it too,' replied the flight commander.

'No. I'm going with Blake,' put in Cope. 'I always work with him.'

'Good man, Cope,' said Blake.

'Well, it's not too bad,' said the flight commander. 'The idea is, you get up to eighteen thousand feet, dash over, get the photos, and come back at a hundred and twenty miles per hour, nose well down. And to lighten weight as much as possible, you carry only enough petrol to do the job—say enough for two and a half hours.'

'Sounds pretty easy to-night,' said Blake.

'It's a different story when it comes off to-morrow.'

'Never mind, Blake, old son; when you come back you'll get the M.C. and the D.S.O., and all the usual things. Then you'll go off to Buckingham Palace in your best pair of field-boots, and she'll love you ever after. Here endeth the first lesson.'

'Here's your map showing the squares required,' said the flight commander. 'You stand by to leave from 6 A.M.'

'What other jobs to-morrow?' asked some one.  
'Oh, just the usual stunts—that's all.'

## II.

It was a brilliant morning. Not a cloud flecked the glory of the sky. It was perfect for aerial photography.

Vernon Blake and Ronald Cope stood on the aerodrome dressed in the grotesque exuberance of flying kit. They were ready. The bus was awaiting them. The aerodrome orderly came up to Blake and saluted. 'The C.O. wants to speak to you on the telephone, sir.'

Blake walked across to the aerodrome telephone. 'Hallo!' he called. 'Good-morning, sir.'

'Ah! that you, Blake?' came the voice from the other end. 'Good-morning.'

'You want us to carry on, sir?'

'Yes. It looks all right for your job.'

'Yes, sir, it does.'

'Right, then! You can start at once. Good luck.'

Blake replaced the receiver and crossed over to the bus.

'Right-o, Cope. We carry on now.'

'Good enough,' replied Cope.

They gave the few final touches to their kit and climbed into their seats. Blake ran up his engine and glanced over his instruments. Then he called down the phone to Cope. 'You all right, Cope?'

'Yes, I'm all right. You?'

'Yes.'

Blake raised one hand and waggled it so that the mechanics could see the signal. They withdrew the chocks and stood clear. There was practically no wind. They could take straight off. Blake opened out his engine.

The graceful aeroplane ran straight over the ground gaining speed. In a curiously effortless way she left the 'drome and took to the air. Then she climbed upward rapidly. There is something in the take off and the landing of an aeroplane that prevents the movements from becoming stale. They are always interesting. They are either indescribably graceful or equally clumsy. Blake was an expert pilot, and that tells every time.

Up above, the bus was going nicely. She was Blake's own bus, and perfectly rigged. Her engine was good, and she climbed fast. Blake

sat easily in his seat, listening to the tuneful roar from his engine. His watchful eyes took in the never-ending story of his many instruments. And yet he had time to look about him—at the world below, with its little fields that became smaller as they rose, its doll's houses, and its miniature streams. It was a glorious morning. There was a bite in the air. It was the time for effort and song. And as he listened to the song of the tireless engine he realised that he was vividly alive. Flying had imbued in him a vague, indefinable sense of subconscious reasoning that told him things that the earthly folk know nothing of; and, as he sat with his attention fixed on the handling of his machine, this subtle sixth sense whispered to him the outside facts that the good pilot is always conscious of. It is the sort of intuitive instinct that must give a migratory bird its sense of direction and location.

They climbed rapidly to ten thousand feet, but after that their climbing speed fell off. But always the finger of the height-recorder travelled slowly round the dial. And in the meantime there were many interesting things to watch—the tiny houses that grew to mere pin-points, the woods that merged from greens to dark browns, the lakes that varied in tint chameleon-like, the towns that became so utterly insignificant, and, over there, the yellow fringe that met the waters of the sea; and, on that sea, the moving ships that caught the eye with the white splash of foam from bow and stern, the little boats that lay at anchor, in appearance like sausage balloons hanging in the sky; away beyond them all the land they fought for, a distant dullness on the farther landscape—Blighty.

Blake shivered involuntarily and glanced again at the height-recorder. He had, for the nonce, piloted his bus mechanically. The sensitive, moving finger had paused at a fraction over eighteen thousand feet. He lifted the telephone. 'Hallo, Cope!' he called down. 'Are you awake?'

'Yes, some!' came the muffled reply in his ear. 'Too bleedin' cold to snooze. What height are we?'

'Just over eighteen thou. We can go over now.'

'Right-o! The sooner the better.'

## III.

They crossed 'the lines,' that utterly repulsive blight that smears the fair face of France. It is repulsive not merely in the coarse physical sense, but also in the refined sense that hurts the eye. It is loathsome to look upon. It stands for all that is evil in civilisation. It looks it.

They were flying at a great height. Their engine was inaudible to those on the ground. They were a tiny speck against the blue background of sky. They were all but invisible.

It was a relief to get across without the crack and woof of Archie breaking into the even monotone of their engine. It gave every promise of a 'cushy' job of work.

At this height there were no enemy machines to be seen. Far below them they could see some Huns engaged in a scrap with a British patrol. But they had to carry on, for they had only a limited quantity of petrol in their tanks.

At last they reached the place they had to photograph. Blake turned the bus over the ground required. Cope buried his head in his cockpit, intent on securing the best possible areas. He glanced through his peep-hole and pulled the cord a dozen times. Then he lifted the telephone.

'I've got all the pictures of Hunland they want.'

'Right!' Blake answered.

Blake turned the bus until the compass read W.N.W. He seemed uneasy in his seat. He sat with his head cocked a little to one side, listening to the engine. He was not pleased with the sound of it. Every now and then he turned a little tap and vigorously operated the hand-pressure pump. The automatic pump had frozen up, and the engine was being starved. Quite suddenly it began to cough in a pathetic, forlorn sort of way. It emitted a big wuff of blue smoke and began to vibrate. Blake's face wore an anxious expression under his mask.

Cope, facing the tail, looking out for Huns, heard the engine coughing. Like most observers, he knew little of the working of the engine, but he knew enough of his work to dislike intensely any uneven running over Hunland. He grabbed for the phone again. 'Anything wrong with the old whirligig?' he inquired.

For a moment Blake did not reply. He was busy nursing the engine. This increased Cope's anxiety.

'What's the trouble, Blake, old son?'

'Valves and ignition getting fed up, I think,' Blake replied.

'Is it serious?'

'Yes. Don't you see how slowly we are travelling? There's a strong wind up here.'

The engine spluttered and coughed again.

'What's that you said? You've got the wind up?'

'No. There—is—a—strong—west—wind—blowing—up—here.'

'Oh yes. Sorry!'

'We're travelling very slowly, and if the engine conks we'll never make across the lines. Probably land just behind the Hun trenches and get done in.'

'Kee-ristopher! What are you going to do?'

'Look out for a deserted bit of Hunland, and get down there without being observed. That is, if the engine goes "phut."'

The engine's spluttering grew into a consumptive cough. The revs dropped off. The

whole bus rattled disconsolately; and, after a final touching effort to pick up, it suddenly went completely dud. At the same instant Blake turned off the petrol-supply and ceased his valiant efforts with the hand-pressure pump. They began to spiral down.

'Hallo!' called Blake. 'Keep your eyes skinned for a really deserted bit of country while we're going down.'

'Right-o!'

Cope stood up in his cockpit and looked around him. There was not another machine in sight. He held on to the gun-mounting as they spiralled down. It was an almost vertical spiral, making it a difficult proposition for Cope to stand up. But it produced the desired result—they lost height quickly. As they came down they breathed slowly and gulped frequently to prevent any ill effects from the denser air.

Cope gazed in all directions as the horizon swung round. 'No towns within some miles of us, and the country straight below looks fairly quiet,' he shouted.

Blake nodded his head in answer. Just as Cope was beginning to feel the effects of the continuous spiral Blake put the machine into a side-slip, then dived. Down, down they went. The finger of the speed-indicator moved rapidly up to one hundred and sixty miles per hour. The ground appeared to rise up to meet them. Woods became distinguishable as trees. But these and fields, and an occasional small farmhouse, were the only features of an uninteresting landscape. And as Blake realised this he smiled quietly to himself. There was still a chance, he thought. His pleasurable feelings were rudely interrupted by Cope.

'There's a Hun coming over to us. Shall I fire?'

'No. Don't do anything,' yelled Blake. 'We're just going to land.'

As he spoke Blake slowed the pace of the machine and made his final choice of landing-place. They glided down at a steady sixty, flattened out, and pancaked slightly, for, at the last moment, Blake realised that the ground was rougher than it had seemed. They drew up without mishap.

The Hun machine flew right over to them low down. Cope sat down on the floor of his cockpit with his gun cocked and ready. The Hun must have been a new pilot. He flew directly over them, about two hundred feet up. And, as he passed, the rattle of Cope's gun joined the deep roar of the Mercedes engine. The Hun flew straight through the line of bullets that traversed him from end to end. His machine kept on steadily for a second or two; then her nose went down, and she dived headlong for the ground. The dead pilot must have fallen forward on his joystick. The sound of the crash came to their ears. A second later a sheet of flame

rose from the spot where the machine had fallen. Two minutes later a second fire blazed where their own bus had landed. To the average Hun the wreckage would present the appearance of having resulted from a scrap in the air. The two pigs of Britishers must have fallen out of their machine in the air. Doubtless their bodies were to be found miles away.

## IV.

Fliegen Leutnant Obersturm was on his way back to the aerodrome. He had been out on a balloon protection patrol. It had been a tiresome job. Several times during his two hours' patrol he had been worried by those cursed British pilots attempting to destroy the observation balloons. And once he had nearly been brought down by a scout that swooped down on him. He had barely escaped by diving vertically almost to the ground. Then the balloon came down in flames. He thought gloomily of the strafe that awaited him on landing at the aerodrome. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. He turned round, and saw his observer pointing to the ground below.

He circled round and looked over. Then he saw the wreckage of two machines, one of them still smouldering. He throttled back his engine and came lower.

Ah! an Albatross scout. And the other—yes, a British machine. He thought rapidly. Here was his salvation. He would land to make certain of the type. Then he would claim to have brought down the Britisher that had brought down the Albatross. And the time? Yes, just when the balloon was brought down. So he would clear himself.

He landed close to the wood near the wreckage. He left his engine running and got out. He spoke to the observer, and they crossed over to the crash. They were so busy trying to identify the type of machine that the two figures that crawled from the wood got into the Hun machine unobserved.

Blake took in the details of the machine at a glance. It was much the same as a captured machine he had seen before. Cope looked over the gun in the observer's mounting. It was simple enough. Blake opened out the Mercédès. They rushed across the ground and rose.

The two Huns beside the wreckage started at the sound of the engine. They swore. Then Obersturm drew his automatic and fired. The bullets whistled past Cope's head. 'Guess I'll test this gun,' thought Cope. He aimed over their heads. At the first crack of the gun they dropped flat. Cope chuckled to himself. Blake, having got a thousand feet in hand, turned the bus south-west. He decided to make for a quiet part of the line.

They were just about to cross, when they saw a British artillery bus in trouble with three Albatross scouts. Blake turned and charged

straight at the Huns. He got right in amongst the unsuspecting scouts, and his front gun spat out simultaneously with Cope's rear gun. Two of the Huns went down—one turning over and over, spinning slowly down in the twisting death-dive; the other a tumbling spume of flame. The third put his machine into a vertical nose-dive. The British artillery bus made for home all out. He had seen enough of Huns without waiting to watch them scrap among themselves.

Blake headed for the lines all out. He crossed at three thousand feet. The British Archies opened fire on him. While he was dodging them Cope leant forward from his cockpit.

'Umpteen British scouts coming down on us,' he yelled.

Blake nodded and shoved the stick forward. The Hun bus plunged earthward in a nose-dive. At a hundred feet up he flattened out again and opened the Mercédès full out. They were travelling at a tremendous pace. The scouts had been well away from them at first. They could not catch them at the pace they were travelling. And the wonderful camouflage effect of the Hun bus made them difficult to pick up so low down. They were too low for Archie.

Birdnesting over the trees, they came to the aerodrome. As they came in sight they could see men running to man the ground machine-guns, others starting up machines. Cope stood up and waved his arms wildly. A machine-gun spat up at them. The crackling bullets tore a great hole in the fuselage behind Cope.

'Damn the blinking idiots!' yelled Cope. Blake shut off the engine to come down. The machine-gun stopped. Little groups of men stood watching them. The Hun bus touched ground lightly in a perfect landing. Blake taxied her up to the tarmac, and switched off.

Lorrie came up to them with a revolver in his hand. Blake put his hand above his head.

'Mercy, *kamarad*!' he bleated.

'Well, I'm!'—ejaculated Lorrie.

Blake and Cope got out. The squadron commander came up. Cope produced the box of plates from his pocket.

'Sorry we had to borrow a bus to come home on, sir; but, you see'—and Blake explained the mystery to an open-mouthed circle.

Just as he finished a scout landed and taxied up. The flight commander got out.

'This is my Hun, sir,' he said to the squadron commander. 'We've chased him all the way here. He must have got the wind up and come down.'

The squadron commander chuckled and pointed to Blake and Cope. 'There are your Huns,' he said, and told the story briefly.

'Well, I'm!'—His tone was the same as Lorrie's. 'Congrats, you two. I thought he was a pretty stout "Hun."'

And in due course Blake and Cope did go to Buckingham Palace in their best field-boots.

## SIR THOMAS PICTON AND FRANCIS HALL

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

'Life has been called a pilgrimage. It is one in many respects, and the simile is never more applicable than when we make, at certain intervals, a halt in the onward march of our ideas, to revert to the contemplation of times gone by, and endeavour again to bring out the lineaments of events and objects which, like the rich and delicate-carved work of some ancient cathedral, we perceive to be growing daily more indistinct, and in danger of being finally blended into "a mass of things, but nothing certain." —FRANCIS HALL.

'A FAIR, pleasant face, with a twinkle in the blue eyes,' is the not unattractive picture preserved to us of one of the most chivalrous characters and most self-effacing Paladins that ever drew sword in the service of a distressed country. Francis Hall was a Winchester College boy. There he won a prize every year, from 1803 to 1807 inclusive, as well as the Prince of Wales's gold medal for English verse—the subject of this winning essay being the 'Fall of Babylon'—in addition to making and keeping a host of friends. The youthful Wykehamist, his school course completed, went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1807. Here young Hall had not as yet taken his degree, when, on 15th June 1810, he became very literally 'a Cornet of Horse.' In other words, he found himself commissioned in the 14th Light Dragoons on the date in question.

Francis Hall was to win his spurs in a good, if a hard, school—the school of Wellington and Picton. These commanders were in Portugal, and were about to commence their memorable pursuit of Marshal Masséna's army, beginning at Santarém and ending at Sabugal. Cornet Hall joined the British headquarters, with a draft of his regiment, in February 1811. From that date until September of the ensuing year he saw continuous active service, including the sanguinary repulse of Masséna's forces at Fuentes de Oñoro, where his charger 'Sancho' received a musket-bullet in the shoulder. The young officer kept a journal, and it makes perfectly delightful reading. The fare provided *en route* was, he says, 'far from despicable—broiled Tagus salmon, roast pork, salad dressed with oil not very rancid, wine, porter, and oranges.' And here is a charming impression of the gallant Sir Thomas Picton: 'I waited on him, as is usual, to inquire his orders. They were such as I was happy to execute, being to dine with him and take a bed in his quarters. They were the first dinner and bed I had met with during the advance, so I did my best both in eating and sleeping. The General's sociable good-humour rendered his hospitality still more agreeable, and now that his talents have been proved, and his praise on earth consummated, I feel pleasure in recalling the simple energy of his manner, which bespoke the resolute soldier, capable of grappling with Fortune for the wreath of Victory.'

A less pleasant picture is drawn of the terrible

atrocities practised upon the unfortunate Portuguese peasantry by Masséna's soldiers during the sullen retreat of the Marshal Prince of Essling. Never, says Cornet Hall, had he seen 'such lines of wretchedness traced upon the human countenance' as in the case of these poor Portuguese. It was a common thing to have to remove the corpse of the murdered owner before procuring a lodging for the night; and 'I remember lodging at a mill, in which we found the miller lying with his limbs drawn up in the writhing attitude of a painful dissolution, both his hands pressed to a wound in the left side, inflicted by a sword or the bayonet.' It is noteworthy that these horrible barbarities were not continued after the French had been driven over the Portuguese frontier into Spain, the reason doubtless being that in the latter country Napoleon's brother Joseph ruled nominally as King of Spain, until finally expelled by Wellington's glorious battle of Vittoria.

On 25th September 1811 Hall was slightly wounded in an engagement at Carpio—so slightly, apparently, that he resented its mention in the *Gazette*; for he writes home: 'By a diabolical blunder, I am afraid you will have seen my name among the slightly wounded; it is true I got a scratch on the 25th, but it was so slight that the adjutant promised not to return me as wounded. He afterwards sent in my name without my knowledge.'

During the winter of 1812 the subject of this sketch was invalided home, remaining in enforced idleness till after Waterloo. In October 1815 he received the appointment of military secretary to Major-General John Wilson, commanding the Eastern District; and in the following year he accompanied Wilson to Canada, that officer having been nominated Administrator and Commander of the Forces there.

And what about Hall's friendship with Sir Thomas Picton, of whose heroic death on the field of Waterloo he heard with the most profound grief? Born in August 1758—some eleven years before Napoleon, Wellington, Soult, and Ney—at Poyston in Pembrokeshire, Picton had been early marked out for a military career. Entering the 12th Foot as an ensign, at what we should deem the preposterously early age of thirteen, he joined his regiment at Gibraltar in 1774, but did not see much active service for nearly twenty years thereafter.

This great soldier's historic leadership of the celebrated 'Fighting Division' of our army in Spain and Portugal commenced with his brilliant share in the smashing defeats of Masséna—Napoleon's '*enfant chéri de la victoire*'—at Busaco (1810) and Fuentes de Oñoro (1811), and

did not cease until Toulouse in 1814. Every schoolboy is familiar with Picton's not less glorious end—how he was seriously wounded at Quatre Bras, but successfully concealed the hurt in order that he might not miss the greater day of Waterloo, and how he fell on that stricken field at the head of his troops, covered with wounds and glory. It has always been recognised that, after Wellington himself, his were the brightest laurels in that brief but bloody campaign of June 1815. In St Paul's Cathedral Picton is commemorated by a monument, his portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, and he was the inspiration of Tom Moore's fine poem beginning, 'Oh, give to the hero the death of the brave.'

Sir Thomas Picton's personal qualities and qualifications have been ably summarised by Colonel Vetch. He was, says this authority, 'warm in his friendships, but strong in his enmities. He had a very strict sense of honour, which would not brook the petty deceptions of society. His manners were brusque, and his speech blunt and without respect of persons. He was a capable administrator. As a soldier, he was a stern disciplinarian, cold in manner, calm in judgment, yet when excited overwhelmed with passion. With the foresight of a born commander, possessing considerable power of combination, strong nerve, and undaunted courage, he proved himself Wellington's right hand in the Peninsula.'

We must now return to Francis Hall, who disposed of his commission in the British Army in 1819 in order to become a soldier of fortune. As he had already 'sampled' the Buenos Aires of the Portuguese capital—the pleasantest part of Lisbon, as he says, 'emphatically' (! 'euphemistically') 'denominated Buenos Aires'—so he was now to sample the Buenos Aires of Latin America. That continent was in the throes of its gallant fight for freedom from the yoke of Spain. General Devereux was engaged in raising his illustrious 'English Legion' for service over there, and Hall placed his sword at Devereux's disposal. The Legion, as is well known, performed prodigies of valour under the leadership of the Liberator, Simon Bolivar. In its heterogeneous membership served Irishmen (including a son of Daniel O'Connell), Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen. The majority of these were killed, or died of disease comparatively early in the fray; but Hall, who must have possessed a splendid constitution, not only served the new-born Republic of Colombia for fourteen years, but attained the rank of colonel in her service.

Incidentally he received the—to him particularly congenial—appointment of Hydrographer to the Colombian Government. This work led him into a lot of travel and exploration. He scaled, together with M. Boussingault, the famed volcanic heights of Pichincha and Cotopaxi, fairly lowering the climbing record of Humboldt himself, seeing that in the ascent

of Cotopaxi he attained an altitude of some three hundred feet higher than the great naturalist. Nor were the golden possibilities of his adopted country as a field for immigration lost upon Colonel Hall. His facile pen, indeed, embodied his views on this important question in a pamphlet which he dedicated to Jeremy Bentham, who had been much interested in the formation and organisation of the English Legion. And the manuscripts of his journals and 'many excellent plants' were despatched to Dr Hooker of Glasgow, who included them in the *Report of the British Association for 1835*. Ere then Francis Hall had breathed his last.

Ever the apostle and exemplar of freedom under all its forms, his 'extensive and peculiar' South American experiences included an imprisonment of twenty-four hours' duration for sturdily standing up for the rights of a poor blacksmith, whose implements, and therefore his means of livelihood, had been coolly annexed, without any payment or compensation, by the local authorities. The blacksmith's champion won in the end.

Finally, he lived just long enough to be able to endorse the truth of Bolivar's bitter declaration that 'he who promotes a revolution ploughs the sand.' In 1833 Colonel Hall was at Quito, when one of the innumerable revolutions peculiar to South American history broke out. This was the insurrection which developed into the breaking away of Ecuador from the Republic of Colombia. It became Hall's duty, of course, to play his part as a soldier of Colombia, whose troops he assisted to lead in this civil war with the Separatist rebels. Alas! his experience in this new theatre of operations was destined to be brief indeed. On 19th October 1833 he was shot dead in battle at Quito while leading on his men to the attack of some rebel barracks.

Francis Hall was a noble character, and was also, as we have seen, something of a philosopher. 'It is no wonder,' he once wrote, 'that remembrances are guests in whose presence we feel constrained to a more than ordinary sobriety of deportment. Their very entrance strikes a chord of melancholy. They are dwellers among tombs, and bear in their countenances the "pale cast of thought" suitable to those who, while yet in the flesh, hold converse with the departed.'

#### SEA MUSIC.

WITHIN the shell, washed by the ocean's foam,  
The deep sea's music finds a lasting home.  
We hear again the ocean's melodies,  
The stored-up music of the murmuring seas.

So in my heart, as in that ocean shell,  
May all life's sweetest music ever dwell,  
All lovely words and thoughts make one sweet strain,  
Yielding its perfect music back again.

FRANK ELLIS.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE FAR EAST IN WAR-TIME.

By G. W. R. MILLAR.

#### I.

THE early morning was sunny and bright as we steamed into the roadstead of Hong-kong on board the Nippon Yusen Kaisha s.s. *Suwa Maru*, a fine ship of just under eleven thousand tons, bound for Japan, and the last addition to the Japanese mail line. But as the passport and customs officers left us, and while we were still waiting for our pilot, the weather suddenly changed; rain began to fall, a high wind rose quickly, and in a very short time the junks in the bay were making heavy weather. We had visited Hong-kong before, in the early summer of 1913, when returning to Scotland from the Far East by way of Korea, Manchuria, and the Trans-Siberian Railway. But the times were changed now, for it was the end of the third year of the Great War, and the first thing that struck us was the much smaller number of ships now in the harbour of Hong-kong, and that none of those which were there flew the Union-Jack, which was a change indeed from the conditions of four short years ago! But still the British Empire was, after all, not left wholly unrepresented, for ere long a very smart new Australian destroyer came along in fine style, and our hearts were rejoiced once more to see the White Ensign flying at her stern.

As the day advanced the weather cleared again, and the wind fell. We decided to visit the peninsula of Kowloon, on the mainland, the extreme point of which was ceded to Great Britain in the year 1861, and is now incorporated in the Government of the island of Hong-kong. To most people Kowloon is just a flat place on the map, whereas it is in reality a hilly and mountainous country. We succeeded in hiring a motor-car, and drove eastward along the bay, and thence inland for about twenty miles in all, until we had entered Chinese territory; and then we drove back again. Somewhat to our surprise, we found ourselves touring along a first-class military road, which pierced various passes through hills covered with fine trees. This road twists and turns round bends in the hill-sides, so that we came quite suddenly upon magnificent views of mountains and valleys, with ever and anon glimpses of the open sea,

and of arms of the sea studded here and there with islands, like gems in a wondrous setting. And above were the sun and sky of the mysterious East. As in Ceylon and Japan, every available piece of flat land bears a crop of rice, millet, or vegetables, and ploughing with buffaloes is in progress on many of these flats between the hills; while fishing-villages abound as we approach the shores of the bay. The railway from Hong-kong to Canton passes through a series of tunnels in the hills on this portion of its route, and runs in part alongside the military road we have mentioned. This railway, when joined up with Hankow on the Yang-tze, will enable people to travel direct from Hong-kong to Flushing by rail—that is, of course, after the war, and when things resume their pre-war conditions, if they ever do so again!

As there is apparently an endless quantity of granite in this part of the world, most of the houses, including even the poorer native ones, are built of well-dressed stone; and, of course, all the public buildings in the city of Victoria, the capital of the island, many of which are very fine, have been erected with this material. In some respects, therefore, Victoria, with its surroundings, usually referred to under the generic name of 'Hong-kong,' may claim even to rival the famous Aberdeen itself, as 'the Granite City of the North-East.'

About twelve miles on our way across the Kowloon peninsula we came upon a European settlement, with numerous villas, situated on a hill overlooking a fine bay. Most of these villas are owned by merchants or other residents in Hong-kong, who prefer to reside there to living in Hong-kong itself, to which they can travel daily either by train or steam-launch. Several launches, as well as yachts, were lying moored near the jetty in the bay beneath us.

As we returned in the evening over the pass in the hills which looks down on Hong-kong, the city and the shipping in the harbour were beginning to light their lamps, and by the time we reached the level the whole town and harbour were ablaze with lights, mainly electric. Viewed from the Kowloon side, with the great inhabited hill known as 'The Peak'

—which rises immediately behind the town—as a background, this presents a very fine and, indeed, striking spectacle.

We sailed early next morning, and, after creeping through fog, we reached Woosung, at the mouths of the Yang-tze, about noon, and passing up the great river, we in due time 'made' Shanghai. The first views of Shanghai from the Yang-tze show, among other things, a forest of tall chimneys pouring forth volumes of smoke. These belong to the numerous cotton and silk mills with which the town abounds. The actual approach to Shanghai by water is, in not a few respects, similar to that of London by the Thames, for each has its crowded shipping, and its lines of barges, tug-boats, and the like moving up and down its great river. At this side of the world, however, it seems impossible to realise that the greatest war in history is proceeding now, and has been for the past three years. The place is a busy hive of peaceful industry, and the only sign of war is furnished by two or three large Austrian steamers lying in the river, these having been interned by the Chinese Government. Certainly Shanghai is, in many ways, as rushing and noisy as London itself. Carriages, motor-cars, motor-lorries, drays, and rickshaws all take part in the crowded traffic, which has to be regulated by the police at all crossings. These police are tall and robust-looking men from north China, who wear blue uniforms, and are particularly efficient at their work. There is another respect in which Shanghai is remarkable at the present time. It is, perhaps, the only important town in the world where there is a large number of British and German citizens who meet day by day, but who are nevertheless obliged by the exigencies of time and place to maintain toward each other the semblance at least of a peace that is admittedly not in their hearts, and which is probably at best but a state of armed neutrality. This of course arises from the fact that Shanghai is an open port, and that the business quarter is situated in neutral ground, while each nation has its own Concession where its subjects reside. The German Concession contains the Teutonia Club, one of the finest buildings in Shanghai; and at the time of my visit the German flag was still flying over it, while above the door was a large replica of the national eagle in bronze. The Chinese do not seem to mind these things much, for they had then already broken off diplomatic relations with Germany; and, although war had not at that time been declared by China, the Government had nevertheless seized all the German ships in their harbours, and even now they were busily engaged in fitting them out for trading again on their own behalf! This is quite characteristic of the Chinese and their ways.

We hired a motor-car and drove round Shanghai and its environs. The country around

is very flat, and quite different from mountainous Hong-kong and Kowloon. It is, in fact, very similar in character to Holland, with numerous canals intersecting the land, many of these being considerably below the level of the fields, so that only the tops of the sails of the barges were visible. On others there are regular towing-paths raised slightly above the level of the canal, and members of the families to whom the barges belong might be seen towing them laboriously along.

The Chinese are great agriculturists, and every available square foot of ground seemed to be under cultivation, the crops being mostly one or other of the five chief cereals grown by the Chinese—namely, rice, wheat, barley, millet, and beans. But there are also acres of vegetables in addition, including sweet potatoes, egg-plant, and lettuce, all of which are highly esteemed. The European houses in the suburbs are for the most part built on the models of detached houses in England. Many of these are large and handsome buildings, mostly half-timbered and red-roofed; and all, or nearly all, have a garage attached, as every person of any note or position here seemed to possess a motor-car. The gardens are also well kept, with roses, hollyhocks, and many English flowers growing in them, while ivy and Virginia-creeper flourish and abound.

Coming back into the city in the evening, along roads lined with trees, and with brick walls separating the houses of the European residents from the road, with the clanging of the bells of electric tramways, and numerous motor-cars passing up and down, one is more reminded of the surroundings of a European city than of one in the Celestial Empire. And in the heart of the city itself the scene is, in the evening light, quite a brilliant one. The business houses are now closing up for the day, and, as fully three-fourths of the population moving along the streets wear long, close-fitting clothes of pale blue, dark blue, or other distinctive hue, there is quite a kaleidoscope of colour. Certainly animation in its life, combined with business bustle and prosperity, is written all over Shanghai.

Persistent fog-banks trouble us again after leaving Shanghai, and the steam-whistle goes very frequently, an unpleasant accompaniment of voyaging both by night and day. But at length we reach Kobe, and set foot once more on the sacred soil of old Japan, so long a closed and forbidden land to the European, and still, as regards both itself and its people, one of interest and mystery. But it is also in many places a land of surpassing picturesqueness and beauty, and a country which in a comparatively brief period of time has passed through many stages of political, commercial, and industrial development, and has assimilated many Western ideas in a way which, for a purely Oriental people, is truly astonishing.

## II.

Our first objective on the occasion of this visit to Japan was the mountain resort of Chuzenzi, and there we put up at the Lakeside Hotel, owned by a gentleman of the typical name of 'Sakamaki Show.' Lake Chuzenzi is situated about four thousand two hundred feet above sea-level, and is surrounded by hills and mountains. In some respects its general appearance is not unlike Loch Katrine, only the mountains are higher; and although this is now the month of July, the air is here quite decidedly cold, while at the lower levels of Tōkyō and elsewhere the temperature is at summer heat. During our last visit to Japan it was the time of the almond and cherry blossom; and the sight is one which can never be forgotten, just as it is a delightful experience to pass over the great Siberian plains in May, when they are covered with masses of wild flowers. But now in high Japan the ground is everywhere ablaze with flame-coloured azalea-bushes, the wild rhododendron, and the purple iris—the last-named in this high altitude growing low among the grass, much as the hare-bell does in Scotland. The air is clear and fresh, although fine days seem only to alternate with those of mist and rain. Chuzenzi is fast becoming a fashionable resort, and by the end of July the hotel, which accommodates over one hundred people, will be quite full. Various Tōkyō magnates have built themselves villas along the lake-side, and the British and other foreign embassies make it their summer quarters in the height of the hot-weather season. The lake is well stocked with trout, although they are not much disposed to rise to the fly, which is probably due to its high altitude. But in a small but rapid river which runs from Lake Utomoto down to Lake Chuzenzi, and has a fall of about eight hundred feet in six or seven miles, we did succeed in getting some trout to come to a relatively large and roughly dressed fly, which we acquired from a gold-bespectacled gentleman in flowing robes, who is in charge of the Government Fish-Hatchery after-mentioned. The great fall of the stream in so relatively short a course naturally makes it very rapid, and there are several large waterfalls; but there are fortunately also about two and a half miles of flat plateau land, where there is some quite fishable water, although the trout do not, on the average, run large. The Government, however, maintain a fish-hatchery at the point where the stream falls into Lake Chuzenzi, and there American trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), as well as Rainbow and Japanese trout, are raised. This will no doubt materially improve in time the size and quality of the trout both in the lake and the river. For the very reasonable sum of one yen—which is equal to two shillings and a penny of our money—I was able to obtain the necessary Government fishing per-

mit, together with the use of a ten-foot cane rod, a reel, a line, gut, and two flies. But fishing in Japan four thousand two hundred feet above sea-level has also its drawbacks as well as its charming and picturesque surroundings; for the water, being still snow-laden, is very cold for wading; while as soon as the sun comes out in power the fisherman is immediately beset with thousands of midges, also horse-flies and other forms of the fly pest.

Chuzenzi is situated two thousand feet above the railway station at Nikko; thereafter the route is partly by an electric tramway, and partly, from its terminus, up a very steep and winding path, either by rickshaw manned by two men—one pulling and the other pushing—or by walking. The traveller's luggage is carried up by pack-horse, and strings of these are continually passing up from Nikko with personal belongings and food for the hotel and the surrounding villas. The hotel is conducted on European lines, for the typical Japanese hostelry—with its almost entire want of furniture, its rooms divided from one another only by paper screens or panels, its sleeping accommodation (a mattress on the floor), and its dining-table about one foot high—does not yield the acme of comfort according to Western ideas; while there is little privacy for the traveller within, and much noise without.

The observant sojourner in Japan will, however, find much to see, and a great deal to learn. One thing which impressed itself deeply on our minds was that the Western Powers now in the death-grapple—alike on the fields of France and Flanders, on the Italian mountains, in the tangled wilderness of the Balkans, on the plains of Mesopotamia, and in the deserts and hills of Palestine—will have to reckon with a very real and rising Power in the Eastern Seas, when the questions of commercial supremacy and of the return of our trade with the East become again, after the war, matters of the first practical importance.

The conclusion of the war should see, as speedily as possible, a return of British strength and prestige in the Far East if we are not to lose our commercial and political as well as our social influence in China, and even in Malaya, before the intensity and driving force of our Allies the Japanese. In them we must recognise the existence of a nation who have for long been highly civilised—far more so, indeed, than many parts of Europe; of a country where not only do great cleanliness, order, and industry prevail, but where extreme cleverness, adaptability, and scientific attainment exist. Moreover, they are a people having a rapidly increasing birth-rate, and possessing a numerous, strong, and healthy population, resident as small-holders on the land, and not confined, under unhealthy and enfeebling conditions, in crowded cities and centres of population, as is too frequently the

case in this country. Hitherto Japan has, in comparison with many European countries, or with the United States, lacked money, and the resulting power to extend and develop its industries and promote its commercial interests. But there can be no question that it has profited financially by the war in an astounding measure; and any traveller through the country in recent times must have observed that factories and great public works are arising everywhere, and that powerful electrical plant is being largely installed in many places. But with all this modern development in industry and commerce, adapted no doubt and assimilated in large measure from both Europe and America, their high sense of patriotism and of pride in their own country and its history have impelled the Japanese still to retain most of the distinctive characteristics and features of their race—their national costume, house architecture, social and religious customs, and the ways and manners of their own people—unspoiled by contact with European ideals. Tōkyō is in itself a revelation to the traveller. With a population of nearly two millions, it now covers an area about two-thirds that of London, this being largely due to the houses being for the most part of one storey only. The main streets of the Ginza and Nihonbashi quarters of Tōkyō, which are continuous and extend for about two miles, are crowded with first-class shops constructed on the European plan, and include a large emporium similar to Harrod's. These streets are as wide as Oxford Street, and tree-lined; and at night, when blazing with electric lights, with electric cars passing up and down, and crowded with people, they resemble, but for the differences in costume and race, the main thoroughfares of any of the great European capitals. But racial differences and the difficulties of the Japanese language must prevent anything more than a comparatively superficial acquaintance at best with this clever and curious, yet exceedingly polite, people. Moreover, their ways are not our ways; their religion is essentially a thing by itself; and to them we must seem, as a nation, aggressive and ill-mannered when judged by their own standard of bearing and manners. On the other hand, truth compels us to say that many people who have had business transactions with them express some doubt as to whether their standard of commercial dealing is always on quite as high a level as their politeness and good manners; and, while comparisons are odious, I know it is felt all over the East that, strange as it may seem, the Chinese merchant of good standing frequently maintains, in this respect at least, an acknowledged priority.

It is said that a Japanese returns to his country after residence in Europe more impressed than before with the virtues of his own nation, and more full of patriotism than ever; and certainly, with all their faults and failings, there is much to be admired and respected in Japan and its people. I have seen them, for instance, both on ordinary days and on feast-days and holidays, and I have never come across a cleaner and more orderly and well-behaved race. In the Park of Yokohama on the 1st of July last—which was, I believe, the anniversary day of the opening of the port—I saw great crowds watching the Geisha dances, the daylight fireworks, and other national forms of entertainment—all clean-looking and well-dressed, and these were the poor! There were also troops of children, all healthy-looking and strong-limbed, bright and merry, and clad in fresh, washable garments. Climate and environment may no doubt have a good deal to do with it, but I could not help contrasting these things with what one would almost inevitably expect to see at home on the occasion of any similar public festival. The same spotlessly clean and fresh conditions apply to their houses, and also to their theatres and other places of public resort.

Of course, at this time of day one does not need to speak of the wonderfully artistic instincts of the Japanese, and especially of their peculiarly delicate sense of colour and the blending of colours, or the excellence of their workmanship, particularly in ivory, bronze, brass, cloisonné work, china, and cabinets. All that is well known, but still it is a revelation, and a fascinating pursuit as well, to visit the curio-shops of Tōkyō and other places in old Japan, and to see in them so many fine examples of Japanese art, both ancient and modern.

What the future of Japan will be it is impossible to foretell. The country will no doubt have its troubles to face, especially if socialistic and revolutionary ideas take any serious hold upon its people; and there may be financial difficulties as well if, as at present appears not unlikely, the nation should drive too quickly ahead in the way of industrial and commercial development; for there is a danger of its being carried away by the specially fortunate position which it now holds in the existing state of the world's affairs. But it is difficult to believe that a nation possessing inborn intelligence, capacity for progress, and a love of industry, determined to advance, and patriotic to the last degree, will readily be brought to any serious stop in the path of its development. And it seems to me that its emblem of 'the Rising Sun' has been well chosen.



## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

CHAPTER XVII.—*continued.*

LIKE an inspiration, the sight of Anita's suddenly glowing face awoke in Gavin Barrie a thought, chaotic but definite, a fragment of one of the Psalms he best liked when, as a boy, he sang in the school choir: 'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy works.' This girl beside him—she could and should be happy, for was she not already tasting the pure joy that is the gift to all such as turn to Mother Nature for comfort and companionship? Not for him was it to put a stumbling-block in the new path she had begun to tread, but rather to lend his strength for her to lean upon, to help her to learn the lessons for which she seemed so apt a pupil.

Answering promptly to her new mood, he dropped the artificial rôle he had assumed, and said in his old, friendly fashion, 'Wild geese! Well done, Anita! You saw them before I did. I expect by this time you could tell me lots of things about the wilderness world that I've not yet discovered. See!' he exclaimed, suddenly stooping; 'here is a feather from one of their wings, dropped almost at your feet. Let's put it in your hair!' and in boyish fashion he wove the quill among the glossy strands of her hair. 'There!' he exclaimed; 'with your black hair and feather you look like Pocahontas come to life! And now, tell me about your life up here. You're not afraid of the forest any longer?' he added half-quizzically.

A little ripple ran over Anita's face, and a smile danced in her eyes. 'Oh no!' she laughed. 'These'—and she waved her hands towards the thick-standing trees—are all my friends now; only, they never return the many calls I pay them.'

'That's much the best kind of friends,' commented Barrie—'the kind one can always go to, and are certain of finding at home. Can you tell a balsam from a fir yet, and a bull-pine from a sugar one?' Then he talked of the flowers and the birds, and thus by degrees drew from her pretty much just how she had spent these first two months of her new life. Evidently her husband had been constantly with her, and she had not been actively unhappy. Was she, then, quite content, and her heart satisfied as the forester's wife? That light suddenly kindled in her splendid eyes and shining like a beacon to his own soul when they faced each other at the turning of the road—was it solely surprise and the glad welcome of friend to friend?

Thus pondering, he fell silent while Anita prattled to him of the colony of woodpeckers that infested the trees round about her home; how gay and how saucy they were; and how, when she first went to live there, their persistent

rat-tat-tap-tap woke her at dawn; but now they were all going away South, so David told her, and she would miss them sorely; and again her face took on the wistful expression which Gavin had already noticed. But before he could shake off the preoccupation of his thoughts and reply, Anita suddenly stopped, and pointing to where, from the roadside, a faintly defined trail led into the thicket, said, 'This is where we must part. That is the trail to Goose Lake. I have never followed it myself, and David says it is not very good; but you will have the sun overhead, and plenty of light to see it.'

She stood, irresolutely holding out her hand; while Gavin Barrie, acutely aware how loath she was to say good-bye, felt a wave of gladness surge through him.

'Oh, but, my little Anite,' he said gaily, 'I'm not going to leave you here. I shall see you home, if I may, and fetch that bread of mine.'

But at these words every vestige of colour fled from Anita's face, and a look of fear crept into her eyes. 'Oh no, Mr Barrie!' she exclaimed, with difficulty steadying her voice. 'You must not! Please wait here, and I will bring the bread; or David will take it to you to-morrow. He is away from home just now.'

'Nonsense, Anita,' expostulated Gavin, preparing to walk on. 'Of course I shall fetch the bread myself, and, in any case, see you home. How do I know that you can find your way?' he asked with an attempt at badinage.

'*Mais non, m'sieur!*' cried the girl, suddenly breaking into French; and darting towards him, she threw herself on his breast, and, folding her hands in supplication, said beseechingly, '*Je vous implore!*'

Encircling the trembling girl with his arm, Gavin tenderly smoothed back from her white forehead the soft waves of hair, and looking steadily into the wide, frightened eyes, said gently, 'My little Anite, have I wronged either yourself or your husband in word or deed that you should forbid my coming to your own door?' Then, with a touch of sternness, 'Would you wish me to glide away into the forest like some mean reptile that has invaded David's paradise, while you yourself hide from him the simple fact of our having met this morning by merest chance? Come, *petite*,' he continued, quietly freeing her; 'let us go on. Can't you see that it would be as great a wrong to David as to yourself to give him any reason to suppose I dare not face him or cross his threshold?'

'Oh, you do not understand!' moaned the girl, yet, obedient to his will, moving on slowly, while Gavin, walking by her side, strove to reassure her.

'Be sensible, Anite. David knows that I have as much right as has any one else to camp on Goose Lake. Indeed, he has probably already heard so, and knows that I am not there to interfere with him.'

Thus reasoning, they reached the cabin, and though somewhat appeased by his words, it was nevertheless with no slight relief that she found the key in its hiding-place, and the forester still absent. At her invitation, a little shyly given, Barrie entered, and at once noted the unlighted stove. 'Anita!' he exclaimed, turning to the girl, who, white and weary, had sunk into a chair. 'Do you mean to tell me you have had no breakfast?'

Anita flushed; she could not bring herself to explain why she had felt constrained to flee out of the silent house into the cheering influence of 'all out-of-doors.'

'Please sit where you are,' Gavin bade her as she started to rise. 'I'll light the fire. I can surely do *that* much for you; and I see it is all ready laid, practical housekeeper that you have become!' he said cheerily, determined to keep Anita's mind diverted.

'David laid it,' she admitted, flushing a little.

'David, eh?' responded Gavin. 'David's a good boy!' he added lightly, striking a match. 'Now where is the coffee-pot? There? I say, but you keep it bright as silver! You should see ours at the camp—black as coal already!'

'That's David's job,' said Anita. '*He* scours all the pots and pans—to save my hands,' she added in an undertone.

Gavin's sensitive ear detected the faintest suspicion of conjugal pride in the statement. If Anita did not yet love her husband, he, Gavin, must help her to do so. 'Umph!' he grunted; 'I'm afraid an Englishman would consider the scrubbing of the pans was a woman's work, and he would sit and smoke,' he went on, callously maligning his countrymen.

'That isn't the way with Americans,' commented Anita, with the first touch of spirit that Barrie had yet called forth. '*Our* men try to spare the women all the hard work they can.'

'Do they?' queried Gavin sardonically, deliberately driving another nail in his own coffin. 'Glad, then, that I'm not an American. Were I married I should expect my wife to do all those things, and not to think about her hands!' No reply from the hearer, but two small red spots suddenly burned in her cheeks. 'Now where shall I find a cup and saucer?' he asked when the coffee was brewing. 'Did this exemplary David wash his own breakfast-dishes too? I can't see even a spoon lying about!'

'I'm afraid David didn't *have* any breakfast,' she replied rather shamefacedly, yet with a stir of pride in her voice. 'You see, he had to go out very early, and—and—he didn't waken me to get his breakfast; not even a cup of coffee.'

David is very good to me,' was added in a half-whisper.

Then, going to the cupboard, she brought out a ham, and asked Gavin to cut it, explaining that David always sliced it for fear the knife might slip and cut her fingers. And so it was throughout all the small preparations for Anita's breakfast; it was David did *this*, and David who did *that*, and at each admission her guest expressed surprise and admiration, or rallied the young housekeeper good-naturedly, until she herself began to feel uncomfortably conscious that the tables were turned, and that in their marital relation the forester shone in the eyes of the Englishman to better advantage than did she.

Refreshed by the meal and cheered by Gavin's insidious praise of her husband, the unreasoning fears that early in the morning had so possessed her began to seem foolish and fantastic; while Barrie's frank ease, the friendly contact of the red-brown dog leaning against her knee, and the strange combination of circumstances which had brought them thus together in her own home lessened a tension that might have otherwise proved intolerable.

Presently Barrie lighted a cigarette, the action at once recalling to Anita's mind David's self-denial on that point and his remark about 'useless toffs.' But now, thanks to Barrie's subtle bending of her mind, she found herself unexpectedly begrudging him a luxury David would not afford; so that when, glancing about for sign of pipe or tobacco, Gavin remarked inquiringly, 'Then your husband doesn't smoke?' she answered, with heightened colour and a small spark in her eyes, 'No; he is *saving*, so as to give me a better home some day.'

'Ah,' murmured Gavin, deliberately sending home still another nail in the coffin he was building for himself, 'I'm afraid that is more than I could do for *any* woman. Better be a bachelor and smoke than a married man and forswear one's tobacco! *Mais à chacun son goût!*' he ended lightly, blowing a series of smoky rings and idly watching them float away.

Anita, too, watched them in thoughtful silence. Somehow to her seeming Gavin Barrie's speech did not ring true. Him she had the best of reasons to know to be good and generous. Then why masquerade in a cloak of cold selfishness?

And possibly before long she might have divined his real motive had he not abruptly risen from his chair, and tossing through the open door the end of his cigarette, said carelessly, 'Come now, "Bob," you and I must be getting back to Goose Lake or there will be no fish-heads for your supper to-night!—And may I have my bread?' he asked, turning to Anita.

Without answering, she fetched the loaf, wrapped it in paper, and handed it to him, on her guard not to meet his eyes.

'Good-bye, little Anite!' he said, pausing, hat in hand, in the doorway. 'Sure you are not

afraid to be left alone?' he asked kindly, a mad hope tearing at his heart that she might bid him tarry. But Anita merely shook her head, smiling such a woe-begone little smile that Gavin felt his own courage failing, and made haste to retreat; then, suddenly turning, he caught both the girl's hands in a fierce grip. 'Promise me you will be happy, Anita—happy because of all this!' and he motioned towards

the wild green world, now glowing with mid-morning radiance.

'Yes, I promise,' whispered Anita, and watched him go, his boon companion careering joyously before him. Blue and crimson flashed a jay across the road and vanished among the trees. Alone, yet unafraid, among the great silences stood the forester's girl.

(Continued on page 327.)

## FRUIT-GROWING IN THE CAPE PROVINCE.

By JAMES PATERSON.

**W**ITHIN a radius of one hundred and thirty miles from Capetown are situated the fertile fruit-growing districts of the Cape Western Province, where some of the finest deciduous fruits in the world are produced.

Quite close to Capetown itself is Wynberg ('wine mountain'), the slopes of which are covered with vines yielding during the months of February, March, and April many hundreds of tons of grapes; and, owing to the South African markets being limited, and the export trade not yet established on a firm basis, the Capetown residents and visitors are able to purchase first-class grapes in the season at one penny or three-halfpence per pound.

In the Stellenbosch district (thirty miles from Capetown) some of the finest fruit-farms in the province are to be found, particularly those owned and worked by Lord De Villiers, the Rt. Hon. John X. Merriman, and Sir Thomas Smartt. Here the soil is peculiarly adapted for the successful growing of peaches, nectarines, Japanese plums, pears, and apples; and at least one enterprising farmer, with a ridiculously small acreage, made two thousand pounds from fruit exported by him to England during a recent season extending from December till about March. Irrigation is not resorted to, as the rainfall during the winter months drains from the surrounding hills, and soaks into the valley where the fruit is grown.

A few miles west of Stellenbosch are located, in the valley bounded by the Groot Drakenstein range of mountains, a group of farms acquired by the late Cecil Rhodes about twenty years ago, when up-to-date methods of fruit-farming were in their infancy, his idea being to demonstrate that with scientific management and a moderate outlay of capital the attainment of profitable results was quite an easy matter. Several years had to elapse before the thousands of fruit-trees planted on these farms could reach the producing stage; but in due course the trees came into bearing, with the result that large jam and canning factories are now kept amply supplied; the local and inland markets are so well catered for that the price of fresh fruit during the season is kept at a low figure throughout South

Africa; while, owing to the cargo restrictions of war-time, the management have recently been at their wits' end to know what to do with the balance of their crops. A few years ago a continued spell of more than usually hot weather brought the plum crop in this valley to maturity with unexpected quickness; and, after all the available outlets had been taken advantage of, two or three hundred tons of large, luscious plums had to be buried in the ground.

Situated a few miles on either side of Groot Drakenstein are the French Hoek and Paarl districts, where large quantities of grapes and hard fruits are produced, the farms almost invariably belonging to descendants of the original settlers, many of whom were French Huguenots, as their names—e.g. Hugo, De Villiers, Le Roux, Du Plessis, and Du Toit—testify. On many of these farms are to be seen Bibles and relics brought from France during the Huguenot persecutions several centuries ago.

The Wellington district (forty-five miles from Capetown) is noted for its apricots, the soil there being well suited for the growing of this fruit. Here, also, Mr Rhodes purchased a number of farms for the purpose of demonstration; but with the exception of one or two they have since passed, in accordance with the original intention, into private hands. An Englishman who settled in the Wellington district fifteen or twenty years ago, with no practical knowledge of farming and very little capital, has made his farm one of the most up-to-date and profitable. The ground he acquired had been so notoriously unproductive that his neighbours were very pessimistic regarding his prospects; but, being energetic, intelligent, and enterprising, he set about breaking every known local precedent, making free use of dynamite to blast out old roots and open up the soil, with such successful results that now only first-class fruits are grown, and his farm is looked upon as a model of what a fruit-farm should be.

South of Wellington, the fruit season begins to slacken off in February; but in the Worcester district (one hundred and ten miles from Capetown), and in the Hex River valley, which runs north of Worcester for a distance of twenty

miles, the season only commences in that month, and continues till May, when the deciduous fruit season in the Cape Province definitely closes. While all descriptions of hard fruits are grown in the Worcester and Hex River districts, there are also extensive areas under vine cultivation there, and the local growers are particularly favoured in that they have practically a monopoly of the markets during the latter part of the season. During the months of March, April, and May the daily quantity of grapes despatched from these two districts to the coastal and inland markets of the Union of South Africa averages about fifty tons, while in normal times considerable quantities, limited only by the ships' cold storage accommodation, are exported to England.

The two largest fruit-growing concerns—namely, Rhodes Fruit Farms, Limited, at Groot Drakenstein, and the Cape Orchard Company, Limited, in the Hex River valley—possess cold-storage chambers, which they fill with the harder varieties of fruit (apples and pears) during the season, and are thereby enabled to place a limited supply of summer fruit on the local markets throughout the winter at enhanced prices; but the softer varieties, such as grapes and peaches, cannot be kept satisfactorily for long periods in the ice-chambers.

During the past few years a commencement has been made on a fairly large scale to dry fruit, and this industry is making good progress. Several jam and canning factories have been established during recent years, but there are still opportunities for more enterprise in this direction.

Enormous quantities of grapes are utilised for wine, brandy, and grape-juice making; but the farmer seems unable or unwilling to retain the products for the long number of years necessary to bring them to full maturity. The grapes are usually carted in bulk in high-sided wagons from the vineyards to the distilleries; over rail journeys they are contained in old cement casks, and on arrival at the winery they are shovelled into the still. When troop-trains were being moved about the Union some time ago, the soldiers were on the look-out at crossing-places for the trains conveying grapes in bulk, with the result that many of the casks reached their destination more than half-empty.

Many of the more progressive fruit-farmers endeavour to market their own produce; but some coteries of Dutch, Indian, and Greek dealers act as middlemen between the growers and the town buyers. These middlemen pay to the farmers, say, seven shillings and sixpence per hundred pounds of hard fruit, and three to four shillings per fifty pounds of grapes, or they buy a farmer's entire crop for a fixed sum, sometimes named and accepted quite at random; and the only trouble the farmer then has is to cart the fruit to the nearest railway station or to the middleman's store. The middlemen require to buy

largely, and they run a risk of losing money, as when crops are heavy and ripen quickly the South African markets are apt to be glutted, and a fifty-pound basket of grapes, costing the middleman about five shillings to place it on the Johannesburg or other inland market, may be sold to the wholesale buyer for half that sum.

The old-time reluctance of the original settlers to sell any portion of their extensive farms is now not so great, and large areas of ground are held, awaiting buyers, by the various land companies. Good fruit-producing land is worth from twenty to fifty pounds an acre, and a plot of from five to fifty acres is sufficient for a beginner to start with. During winter-time—from June to November—the ground should be cleaned, the fruit-trees should be sprayed and pruned, old and useless trees and vines should be rooted out, and substitutes planted, and the summer's stock of fruit-boxes and baskets should be laid in. Throughout all the fruit-growing districts, thousands of new trees and vines are coming into bearing yearly, far outnumbering those discarded as too old or infected with disease; and additional extensive plantings continue.

Year after year the South African markets become overstocked with the local fresh fruit, so that what is wanted is a large market outside the Union, and the Cape fruit-growers look to the United Kingdom for such a market. During the 1913-14 season about five hundred thousand boxes of deciduous fruits were exported from Capetown to England, and during each of the two following seasons about half that quantity was exported, the reduction being due to the irregular sailing of the mail steamers and restriction of cold storage accommodation therein. Of course, the best of the fruit is selected for export. Of the hard fruits, only those unblemished and of proper size are taken; while all the grape-bunches require to be trimmed, the soft and unsuitable berries being snipped off. Single-layer boxes to hold from eighteen to twenty-four peaches, plums, pears, or apples are used, and with the wood-wool packing they weigh from six to ten pounds. A larger size of box is used for grapes, ten to twelve pounds of this fruit being placed in each box, which, with the wood-wool packing and a heavier type of box, brings the total weight of each box to about fifteen pounds.

There is a tendency on the part of exporters to expect too high a price for their fruit, and this in part may be explained by the comparatively limited quantity handled. White managers or supervisors demand good salaries, but native labour is cheap, so it follows that an increased output would mean a comparative reduction in working expenses. A bright future is in store for the industry, and the Rt. Hon. John X. Merriman predicted that the time would come when grapes in full shiploads would be sent from Capetown to Europe. Before this can be done, however, the Cape farmer, instead of expecting anything

up to fifteen or twenty shillings for each fifteen-pound box of grapes, will have to be content with four shillings and sixpence or five shillings, at which price the retailer in England and Scotland should be able to supply 'the man in the street' with grapes, equal or superior in quality to the local hothouse variety, at not more than one shilling per pound. Increased production and ample marketing facilities in Great Britain, the Continent, and probably the United States of America will render the lower price more than adequate.

Not long ago the farmers of Bathurst, South Africa, who abandoned ostrich-farming in favour of the cultivation of oranges and pine-apples, were supplying London with pine-apples at sixpence each. In 1915 the Bathurst plantations yielded almost thirty millions of pines, in addition to large quantities of apples, lemons, and tangerines. The State railways agreed to carry the fruit grown by members of the

Bathurst Farmers' Union to the docks at fifteen shillings a ton, a reduction of thirty-seven shillings and sixpence a ton on a six-hundred-mile journey. The Union Government made arrangements with the Union-Castle Line to take the fruit from Capetown to Tilbury at twenty-five shillings a ton. The export of dehydrated fruits had also begun, while oranges from Natal and the Transvaal arrived in London at a time when the products from other plantations were not available. All this activity, however, has been checked by the limitation of cargo space.

When the war ends, and many of our returning citizen soldiers yearn for a continuance of that open-air life to which they had been accustomed for a few years, what more pleasant and profitable occupation could they find than fruit-farming at the Cape, or assisting to open up European markets for the sale of some of the choicest of the world's fruits?

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER II.—COMMISSIONED.

#### I.

WE have now been in commission for some months. The time is 4.15 pip emma; the season, the early part of winter; and now, having finished tea—which meal, so far as I am concerned, consists of a piece of ship's biscuit and a cup of liquid of a rich burnt-sienna colour, the acidity of which would dissolve a tenpenny nail—I am at liberty to retire to my cabin to start this second chapter.

We have food at peculiar hours on board ship. Lunch is at twelve noon, and tea at half-past three; and the latter meal, from my point of view, is a fraud, a delusion, and a snare. The sub. and the doctor, however, seem to enjoy it. They defy the Food Controller by eating hot-buttered toast camouflaged with jam and potted meat, also slabs of solid-looking 'Scotch bun' sent for their delectation by one or other of their sisters or female cousins, who seem to think that they are half-starved. I, not having a sweet tooth, do not indulge in such gormandising.

The weather is pestilential, and through the open scuttle over my writing-table I can hear the shrill whistling of the wind, and the swish, slap, and gurgle of the seas as they go racing by. It is blowing hard; while ever since the early morning, when the needle of our aneroid started to go backwards with some rapidity, it has been snowing, raining, and sleeting at irregular intervals. The temperature on deck, as some one tritely observed, is enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey. I am only too thankful that we are not at sea.

Every now and then I can feel the ship quiver

and tremble as a particularly strong blast catches her and tautens out the cable which secures us to the buoy. We have an anchor watch set and steam up for slow speed lest anything should carry away and we should start sailing merrily down the harbour amongst our closely packed friends to leeward. I sincerely hope that nothing will part, for I, for one, do not fancy playing battledore and shuttlecock in a crowded anchorage in a gale of wind and the short winter afternoon drawing in.

I spent the afternoon in a folding-chair in front of a blazing stove. I started off by reading a book, until, very soon, my thoughts overcame me and the volume dropped with a crash. I let it lie, and continued to think. Then a heavy, sea-booted gentleman started to walk ponderously up and down, up and down, on the thin deck overhead, varying the monotony every now and then by a few steps of a double-shuffle to keep his feet warm. I have every sympathy for cold feet, but evidently the sailor on the roof did not realise that a destroyer is little better than a hollow steel drum, and that I, so to speak, am one of the cockroaches living inside that drum. At any rate, his peregrination sounded like the triumphal progress of an elephant battery and the Lord Mayor's Show all rolled into one; so I roused myself, went on deck, and asked the cause of my affliction, with what politeness I could muster, to continue his antics farther afield.

We have been five months in commission to-day, which reminds me of the heading of this chapter.

## II.

Generally speaking, a ship is said to be 'out of commission' or 'paid off' when she is laid up for a lengthy refit and her officers and men are not living on board. But there is room for misapprehension in the matter. Take, for instance, the case of Nelson's famous *Victory*, which still does duty as the flagship of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth. If you turned her up in the Navy List, the unabridged edition of which is inaccessible to the general public during war, you would find under her name a list of nearly four hundred officers, including the Commander-in-Chief himself. Moreover, to hazard a wild guess, at least ten thousand men must wear the H.M.S. *Victory* cap-ribbon.

These officers and men all belong to the various shore establishments at Portsmouth—the Royal Naval Barracks, the Signal School, and so forth; while the gallant old three-decker herself, though she still flies an admiral's flag and answers all salutes, is manned by a 'care and maintenance party' of barely more than twenty men. Courts-martial are also held on board her in the cabin once occupied by the immortal Nelson, for, though a court-martial room was once erected in some naval barracks, I believe it to be a fact that no naval trial could legally be held ashore until this war.

Take the *President*, again, the names of whose officers fill thirty-one closely printed columns in the Navy List, and whose number must run into thousands. I doubt if many of them have ever set foot on board the 1140-ton *President* (late *Buzzard*, late sloop), moored off the Temple Pier, London, the vessel to which, by legal fiction, they all belong. They are employed in the various departments and divisions of the Admiralty, and on miscellaneous and special services all over the United Kingdom. Even the officer who has the title of 'Inspector of Coals' in Scotland nominally belongs to the *President*.

The act whereby a man-of-war is commissioned, the ritual which transforms her from a hulk into a fighting vessel, is simplicity itself. It consists merely in hoisting the White Ensign and the narrow, whip-like pendant, even the ancient formality of the commanding officer reading his commission to the assembled ship's company having fallen into desuetude. The process of commissioning, however, the preparation involved in making a ship into an efficient fighting machine, is quite a different matter. It necessitates a deal of careful organisation and hard work; while, let it be said, no vessel is thoroughly herself until she has been several months in commission and her crew have had time to shake down and have learnt to work together. But of commissioning the *Triptolemus*, more anon.

Apropos of the pendant, however, the badge of every commissioned man-of-war which does not fly the flag of an admiral or the broad pendant of a commodore, it is hardly necessary to recapitulate the story of the celebrated Admiral Martin Van Tromp, who, during the Dutch wars of the mid-seventeenth century, proved such a sharp thorn in the side of us British. Indeed, it was on 30th November 1652 that the Dutchman, with a fleet of eighty ships and three hundred merchantmen, encountered Blake in the Strait of Dover and rather worsted him. It was after his victory that Van Tromp is said to have sailed on up-Channel with a broom at his mast-head as a sign that he had swept the British from the face of the sea.

The Dutch admiral is reported to have hoisted the broom at his mast-head as a sign of contempt for our fleet, in much the same way as Von Capelle, Von Tirpitz, and certain other Teutonic naval gentlemen might possibly like to do in the present year of grace nineteen hundred and eighteen. But it must be admitted that in sixteen hundred and something we had a very difficult job in preventing the Dutch from doing what they pleased. Was it not in 1667 that a hostile squadron under De Ruyter sailed up the Medway to sink shipping and to destroy dock-yards and storehouses?

Blake, the British admiral—he was really a general, by the way, before he took to commanding fleets and winning battles afloat—is supposed to have retaliated to Van Tromp's insulting broom by hoisting a 'whip at the mast of his ship' as a sign that he would presently lash the Dutchman into submission. He carried out this threat; and it was from this whip, we are sometimes told, that the present man-of-war pendant, the narrow, white streamer with the red St George's cross next the mast, is supposed to have originated.

But it was not. The pendant came into use long before Blake's time. It started in the days of the Henrys, when seamen were mere nobodies; when there were no such things as regular men-of-war, and ordinary merchant-ships were hired or commandeered for use as fighting vessels whenever the necessity arose. These requisitioned ships were commanded by military officers, gentlemen in armour, who, on embarking, transferred the single-trail pennons borne on their lances to the mast-heads of their ships. In larger vessels or squadrons, moreover, the commanders might be knights or knights-banneret, who flew their swallow-tailed and square banners when they risked themselves afloat. Going to sea in those days was always something of an adventure, especially if one fell overboard in armour, but these emblems of command and authority have been handed down to posterity in the commodores' broad pendants and the admirals' rectangular flags of the present day.

(To be continued.)

## SOME MEMORIES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By J. M. S.

**I**T has been my privilege to possess two old friends who had clear recollections of the Wizard of the North.

One cold February day, many years ago, I was conducted with a friend through deep snow to Abbotsford by the late Lord Napier and Ettrick, K.T. (who died December 1898). It was my first visit, and naturally every detail impressed itself upon me, especially as we had the good fortune to be received by the chaplain of the present owner, who was a personal friend of Lord Napier's. He showed us the armoury, full of treasures collected by Sir Walter, and each one with a history attached. There hung the keys of Loch Leven Castle, thrown into the loch by the page, Willie Douglas, as Queen Mary made her escape by boat in 1567, and guarded by the waters till, nearly one hundred years ago, they were found on a sandy bank which an exceptionally dry summer had created, and then they found their way to Abbotsford. There was the key of the old Tolbooth prison, and many other wonders. Then to the library, where stood Sir Walter's easy-chair, shelves and shelves of his favourite books, with a little gallery running round the top, and his large writing-desk. The interior, of course, is not shown to strangers, but the kind chaplain opened it for our benefit, and we saw the contents, just as the owner had left them—his tortoise-shell spectacles—or were they made of dark-coloured horn in those days?—his stump of pencil; his nail-scissors; the last accounts, which would not come right; the very last signature, 'Walter 'cott' (the omission of the initial letter showing the disease against which the writer was making such a brave fight).

Then, as we stood in the great bow-window of the long dining-room, where the creator of the 'border castle' breathed his last, the famous bust by Chantrey looked down at us with its shrewd, humorous smile, and Lord Napier took up his tale. He told us how he, as a boy of twelve, had been brought by his father to see the great writer; how the dinner began at five; and how weary and impatient, and even bored, he had been, sitting for over two mortal hours at the large round table, which still stands there, while his host discussed county business with his father. But later young Francis Napier felt that marvellous amends were made for the tedious hours at the dinner-table, for they spent the long summer evening out of doors, and Sir Walter, resting his hand on his young guest's shoulder to help his lameness, poured forth such treasures of legend, song, and story about every hill, valley, and ruin in the neighbourhood as he alone could. 'And,' said Lord Napier, as we

looked over the snow-covered grounds, across the Tweed, to the heights beyond, 'I am actually the only one in the whole countryside who has seen and spoken with Sir Walter, and am now no other than "the oldest inhabitant."'

I visited Abbotsford again as a tourist the summer before the war. The entrance was besieged by motor-cars, augmented by a continuous stream, and four guides were kept busy the livelong day in taking round parties of about ten. We waited patiently for our turn, which came at last; but my thoughts went back with regret and affection to the silence, the solitude, and the snow of my first visit.

The other old friend who retained vivid memories of Abbotsford and its founder was the Honourable Mrs Walter Arbuthnott, who died at a great age in 1891. Even when over eighty years old she retained traces of very great beauty, and, Irish by birth, though living as wife and widow in Forfarshire, she was always overflowing with wit and fun. It was she who, when various remedies for sea-sickness were being discussed, and one member of the party recommended dry champagne, exclaimed, 'Dry champagne? Stuff and nonsense! Give me dry land!'

She was fond of telling how, as a very young girl in her teens, she frequently stayed at Abbotsford as a sort of pet and plaything for the daughters of the house, Anne Scott and Sophia (Mrs Lockhart), though both were many years older than herself. She was on friendly terms with the great deerhounds, Camp and Maida, and related an incident which was repeated several times at luncheon. In view of the five o'clock dinner, this was a very simple meal—a round of cold beef, or a ham, with a dish of potatoes, followed perhaps by cake and fruit, being all that was provided. Sir Walter carved, talking eagerly all the time, and more absorbed by his stories and reminiscences than by his duties as carver. By his side sat Maida, so tall that his head was level with the table; and as slice after slice was laid on the plate, it was promptly snapped up. Sir Walter seemed to feel subconsciously that the plate was rather slow in filling, but went on talking and carving till Maida had had enough, the girl guest on his other side being too shy to interrupt his flow of conversation by calling attention to the theft.

And in her own house Mrs Arbuthnott's recollections invariably ended with the opening of a faded old brocade 'treasure-box,' in which lay a bundle of letters, tied up with almost colourless red ribbon, each letter full of kind words, pretty little compliments, fun, and *joie de vivre*, and all signed, 'Your faithful old lover, Walter Scott.'

## ABOUT PLATINUM.

## AN INDISPENSABLE METAL IN PEACE AND WAR.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN.

OVER twenty pounds an ounce in the United States of America, or about five times the value of gold; twenty pounds an ounce in the United Kingdom—the difference in value being due to a greater shortage in the United States of America, and no exports being permissible unless very recently—it follows that platinum is both scarce and in great demand, of which our Government is perfectly aware. Nearly two years ago it commandeered all available supplies of the crude metal, and constrained jewellers, dental manufacturers, pawnbrokers, and other users and dealers to make a return of all the manufactured articles of, or containing, platinum which they had in stock. At the same time all transactions in the metal were prohibited, nobody being permitted to buy except accredited agents acting for the Government, and nobody to sell, except to or with the consent of the Government.

Recently we have had the Dominions Royal Commission, or, to give it its full title, The Royal Commission on the Natural Resources, Trade, and Legislation of Certain Portions of His Majesty's Dominions, taking up the matter and dealing with it (*inter alia*) in the following terms: 'In particular it appears to us of most pressing importance to ascertain whether workable deposits exist in the British Dominions of such minerals as quicksilver, platinum, borax, and potash, which are at present obtainable almost solely from foreign sources. Also, where quantities of such minerals—for example, platinum—are known to occur in conjunction with other ores, it is imperative that steps should be taken to secure their recovery.'

The same Report continues: 'Special cases may arise in which raw materials of great economic and military importance—for example, quicksilver and platinum—cannot be found in sufficient payable quantities within the Empire. In this event we regard it of importance that British capital should be directed towards the multiplication of sources of supply.'

'If supplies cannot be obtained from British sources, it is clear that, in the general interests of the Empire, its civil and military industries should draw their supplies from as many sources as possible, and not depend on a single foreign country for their requirements.'

That platinum is indispensable the above extracts afford ample evidence. Now as to the reasons why. Readers will be more or less familiar with the peace uses of this very precious metal—for jewellery, as chains, rings, brooches, &c.; for dental uses, as palate-plates; for

chemical and metallurgical purposes, as crucibles, platinum being impervious to the corrosive action of oxygen or any other gas, and, except in *aqua regia* (a combination of nitric and hydrochloric acids), insoluble in acids. It was also, until it became too costly, in considerable demand for the 'leading-in' wires of electric incandescent lamps, and at one time for the filaments. Among other uses are for electrical 'contact-breakers'; for weights and vessels for concentrating acids; and particularly for the contact points of the ignition system of engines for aeroplanes, motors, &c.; points of magnetos; telegraph and telephone instruments, &c. The introduction about thirty years ago of platinum-type processes in photography caused a great run on the metal, and a corresponding increase in price. In 1880 it could have been bought at thirty-five shillings an ounce; ten years later it had risen to eighty shillings an ounce. Its price to-day, as we have seen, is four hundred shillings!

As may be supposed, its qualities are remarkable. Alloyed with iridium, it is the hardest of metals. It is quite unaffected by atmospheric action, and does not tarnish or oxidise in the air at even the highest temperatures. It is exceedingly malleable and ductile, and possesses an extremely high melting-point, yielding only before the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, or in a very powerful blast-furnace. It is because of this, and because it is not affected by the atmosphere, and has great electrical resistance, that it is in such clamant demand for scientific apparatus. It possesses the lowest coefficient of expansion of any metal, and has a greater specific gravity than any other known substance except the somewhat rare metals osmium and iridium, which are often found associated with it, and which it nearly equals in weight. In simple English, this substance with the bluish-white metallic lustre expands less by heat than any other metal, and is one of the heaviest forms of matter known.

The great interest taken in platinum by the Government and its experts is accounted for by the fact that in many ways it is helping to win the war. The most important, perhaps, is its use as a 'catalyser,' or 'changer,' in the fabrication of what is known as 'contact mass.' Finely divided platinum is precipitated on asbestos, or on anhydrous magnesium sulphate. The 'mass' is made by soaking the base in solutions containing platinum chloride, and afterwards heating it, which results in a distribution of fine particles of platinum throughout its body. The resultant

'contact mass' is of the greatest importance in the manufacture of sulphur trioxide, which, in combination with water, yields sulphuric acid, an essential in the manufacture of the high explosives so vital to the success of ourselves and our Allies.

Platinum has, moreover, a remarkable history, almost a literature of its own, full of interest. First discovered by a Spanish scientist, Antonio de Ulloa, in the Chocó District of Colombia, South America, now the Republic of Colombia, but at that time an appanage of the Spanish Crown, some of its qualities were quickly recognised, as its ductility, hardness, weight, and immunity from oxidation. But its market value was almost nil. Indeed, the then monarch of Spain would appear to have wished to impress the Colombian natives with the idea that it was valueless, for he caused an order to be promulgated that all platinum discovered was to be delivered to the Treasury without reward, as, perhaps, a curiosity, but not worth anything. The result being unsatisfactory, as might have been expected, for the natives had found out that platinum—when they were able to smelt it—and gold made excellent fish-hooks, it appears to have been decided to offer a small recompense. At any rate, about 1786, His Most Catholic, but not very liberal, Majesty caused an offer to be made of two pesos per pound.

It is not easy to ascertain the exact value of two pesos (dollars) at that date, but it might approximate to four shillings—for a quantity of precious metal now worth two hundred and forty pounds in London, and about two hundred and fifty pounds in New York! There is a record of one thousand nine hundred and forty kilogrammes, acquired at the price quoted, having been sent to Madrid in one year, but naturally the natives much preferred to sell their platinum to adventurers who visited the coast, from whom they obtained twelve piastres, or 'pieces of eight,' per pound, equivalent to about three pounds sterling, and a considerable improvement on two pesos, or the natives might have been expected to continue, when able, to convert their platinum into fish-hooks.

About the year 1800 platinum became rather

plentiful in Spain, where it was converted into cups, wine-jugs, and other utensils. There is a record of a chalice of the then new metal having been presented to Pope Pius IV. in 1789, and of two busts of himself having been sent as a gift to the then occupant of the Spanish throne. One of the royal busts was wholly made of platinum, the other of platinum alloyed with copper. It would be interesting to know whether those almost priceless busts are still in existence, and where they are to be found.

The Report of the Dominions Royal Commission also states that about 95 per cent. of the world's supply of platinum has been produced in Russia, the Ural Mountains being the source. But unfortunately this source is gradually becoming exhausted, the production having fallen from 300,000 troy ounces in 1911 to 78,674 troy ounces in 1916.

In the year last mentioned the approximate world's production, so far as can be ascertained, was, in order of quantity, as follows: Russia, 78,674 ounces; the Republic of Colombia, 25,000 ounces; the United States, 750 ounces; New South Wales and Tasmania, 222 ounces; Canada, 60 ounces—a total of 104,706 ounces, of the value, approximately, of £1,675,296.

The Republic of Colombia alone appears to be increasing its production, which was 12,000 ounces in 1911 and 1912 respectively, 15,000 ounces in 1913, 17,500 ounces in 1914, 18,000 ounces in 1915, and, as stated, 25,000 ounces in 1916.

The Chocó District, where all the Colombian platinum is found, comprises an area of from 20,000 to 25,000 square miles, and it is said that the whole of the river-lands contain that precious metal, which is obtained by washing the gravels and earth. But with the crude appliances used by the natives, as picks, shovels, and pans, there would not appear to be much hope of making up the shortage which is disturbing the authorities. It is true, there is a dredge at work on one of the Colombian rivers, but from all accounts at least a hundred dredges could be employed profitably and without greatly diminishing the market value of the metal.

## THE NELSON TOUCH.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON, Author of *The Sure Shield*; *Action! Turret and Torpedo*; &c.

THE destroyer looked the embodiment of force and speed as she swept down upon the lone trawler. The latter, pursuing her lawful and peaceful occasions on the Dogger Bank, saw many such craft in the course of her fishing, and therefore bestowed little or no notice upon them.

But this one was different—her second in command had once worked under Amos Birch,

master of the steam-trawler *Nelson*—and whenever she passed the lonely fisherman she made a point of deviating from her course and exchanging news and notions with Birch and his one-legged son James; and, in consideration of sundry pounds of tobacco and 'tots' of spirit—raw, neat, and pungent—the destroyer usually backed away to her vigil with a plentiful supply of still flapping fish wherewith to eke out the

items on her bill of fare; which same items, be it understood, usually came out of cans. And this time, in addition to more tangible things, she conveyed to the *Nelson* a warning—an intimation regarding a Boche *unterseeboot* which had lately been located in that vicinity, and which, possessing marvellous cunning, had so far escaped the traps set for him by the hunters.

The U-boat, according to the war-vessel, made a speciality of strafing unarmed vessels. Only the previous week he had cropped up off the Norwegian coast, and had shelled a drifter working there till the drifter's crew had been compelled to take to their boats. Then the victorious U-boat had approached and boarded the still floating wreck, transferred the whole catch of fresh fish to his own holds, and sheered off, leaving the fishermen to sink or swim, as Heaven or fate should decide.

'Yes, it's just like him,' mused Skipper Birch. 'The Boche is a dirty dog at the best of times, and the sooner he's taught manners the better for all hands. I hope, however, this particular chap doesn't come alongside me; I haven't even got a pea-shooter to fight him with.'

'No,' laughed the destroyer's commander. 'If you should see him, just put some salt on his tail, and keep him till I call again. I'll give you a fiver for the Hun-bird every time you catch him.'

Skipper Birch laughed. 'D'ye think,' queried he, 'that if I could get close enough to salt Fritz's tail, I'd wait for you to come along? Not me. I'd tie him up astern and tow him into harbour, and then make a fortune showing him at a penny a head.'

'Well, I must be going,' replied the other. 'Keep your eye lifting and your salt-pot ready. You may not have long to wait before he turns up and pays you a friendly call.'

And, with a whisk of her stern, the warcraft stood off towards her beat in that eternal chain which guards the shore of the Island Kingdom.

That commander might have been endowed with the gift of prophecy. At any rate, it was scarcely two hours after the wake of his screws dissolved into the surrounding water that a long, thin, broomstick-like object thrust itself through the surface of the North Sea, elongated itself into a full-sized periscope, broadened out into a conning-tower upon which were black and white diapering and a huge 'U 77,' and finally flattened into a whaleback, with a nasty, clamorous, fire-spitting four-inch gun perched atop.

The U-boat wasn't even polite enough to introduce himself, or to wait until the *Nelson* made overtures with a view to their becoming acquainted. He simply swung round the muzzle of the four-inch till it bore directly upon the trawler, and proceeded to make matchwood and scrap-iron of what, though exceedingly elderly and obsolete, was a very efficient fishing-craft.

The *Nelson*, having her trawl down, was com-

pletely at the submarine's mercy, and, even had the trawler been a modern, steel-built craft, she must have been battered to pieces in a second. As it was, her crew of ten had all their work cut out to deal with the fires that started among her splintered woodwork; and, one after another, four of these dropped where they stood, victims to the hand of the assassin.

Skipper Birch, perched atop the frail bridge, and heedless of the shells which flew around him, turned over the well-thumbed pages of the International Code Signal Manual, and, after finding the page he required, hauled a string of vari-coloured bunting to the *Nelson's* mast-head. The German read it and snarled; he had seen it scores of times before, whenever a ship upon which he had opened fire had intimated her willingness to surrender in order to save the lives of her company.

But, in spite of that unconditional offer to accept his terms, the German's gun spoke again and again, now—having made sure that the trawler was wholly unarmed—more slowly and deliberately than ever. It turned its attention to the aftermost of the two small dinghies the *Nelson* carried, and when that four-inch had finished with it, the boat was a heap of smoking splinters. The deckhouse came next; then the funnel; and presently the shells worked forward till they reached the now evacuated bridge once more. Ten seconds sufficed to complete the demolition of this structure; and then, for the first time, the gun grew silent.

'Trawler ahoy!' hailed the *oberleutnant*.

James Birch poked his head cautiously above the bulwarks—he had heard of the Boche hailing a ship, and then, as soon as answered, turning the one who responded into a target for his automatic pistol bullets. But in this case there was no shooting, and at length James stood upright in full view, and waved an arm in acknowledgment of the hail.

'Trawler,' said the *oberleutnant*, closing his boat within fifty yards, 'please lower your boat and come across. I have refrained from splintering it so far, as you see.'

And, as though feeling the inward glow of true benevolence, the officer straightened his back and held erect his head, watching the lowering of the dinghy and the commencement of the passage between trawler and submarine. And, to ensure that the former should meditate no treachery, the latter kept the four-inch laid on her midship portion, while the Boche crew stood ready with drawn pistols to beat back any attempt at boarding made by the three half-murdered men in the cockleshell boat.

The dinghy reached the submarine, and, with a snarling oath, the *oberleutnant* stepped down from his conning-tower into its sternsheets.

'Back to your vessel, *schweinehund*!' he snapped, fingering the trigger of his automatic.

Captain Birch stood watching the dinghy's

progress. 'Jim,' he exclaimed suddenly, 'I'm wounded; play up to me.'

Deliberately, callously, the skipper rolled in a pool of blood which had ebbed from the veins of one of his men, and, with a dirty handkerchief, made shift to bandage his head. Smothered in blood from head to foot, he was an awful sight, and the groans he emitted could not have contained more agony had they come from a man mortally wounded. Jim, sensing something of his father's purport, smiled and hastened to the gangway to receive the Boche.

'The captain—where is he?' demanded the *oberleutnant*, keeping that automatic readily poked forward. 'Quick; take me to him. I have no time to waste.'

'This way, sir,' said Jim, with an assumption of abject fear. 'The skipper lies under the bridge, sir, nigh to dying.'

The German's lip curled, and there was no sympathy or tenderness in his eyes as he looked upon the blood-stained form of Skipper Birch.

'You surrender your ship, *hein*?' he asked aggressively.

'I signalled that same to you half-an-hour ago,' responded Birch. 'But since then you've killed four of my hands, and finished me. Yes, you can have the ship and all that's in her; I'll not want her across the Border.'

The Boche hid a smile and turned to Jim. 'You will get all the hatches off and stand by to transfer your fish to us, Herr,' he commanded. 'It will be a welcome change of diet for us; and, see, we will pay you for it. We will allow you and your crew to get away in your boat before we sink your trawler utterly.'

'Very kind of you, I'm sure,' said James quietly.

The German looked at the one-legged youngster sharply, as though suspecting a *double entente* in the words, but Jim's face was a blank as he shouted a string of orders. The German, after a quick glance round, strode to the *Nelson's* bulwarks and hailed his own vessel.

'Come alongside,' he hailed. 'We have provisions for you.'

His face creased in a smirk at his own witticism, and the submarine's servile crew laughed aloud as though at some huge joke. They knew that it paid them to pretend to appreciate their commander's playfulness; Fritz had a very short way with those who displeased him in even the slightest manner.

The U-boat hove her sinuous length across the waters, and presently came alongside. Wire hawsers were passed from the trawler to her, and, snugly secured, she rode the waves.

The *oberleutnant* again took charge. 'Open the torpedo-hatch,' he ordered. 'And, half of you, get below and stand by to stow these fish as they are thrown down. You, Hermann, Johann, and Ludwig, remain on deck at the gun; keep a good look-out for any interfering

Englischer warcraft, and let me know as soon as you sight anything. Carry on.'

The Germans dissolved into the submarine's interior, the three named men leaning over the breech of their gun and animatedly discussing their chances of seeing harbour that week. The *oberleutnant*, after the fish had commenced their passage from trawler to submarine, called Jim to attend him, and made a tour of the ship with a view to picking up any unconsidered trifle of loot that might strike his eye. But, instead, he picked up something that never struck his eye—a blow from a short iron crowbar, which dropped on the top of his head, and plunged him through a meteor-filled abyss into the dark and bottomless chasm of oblivion. He never knew what followed; never understood why the blood-stained form of Skipper Birch, being carried below by two of his men, should so suddenly become animated; never felt the fingers that stripped him, or saw the now exceedingly nimble skipper rig himself out in the gold-laced garments taken from his own body.

Hugely surprised would he have been to see the alacrity with which Hermann, Johann, and Ludwig thrust their hands heavenwards when the muzzle of his own automatic pistol—now in the hands of Jim Birch—menaced them; equally surprised to find himself being more or less roughly hauled across decks and up ladders till he lay, face downwards, on the top of his own conning-tower, while, the single automatic pistol now being multiplied by four—the three German sailors possessed one each, but had no opportunity of using them—four of the *Nelson's* crew stood guard over the torpedo-hatch, and waited for some one to come and inquire why the stream of passing fish had so suddenly ceased.

But, quite suddenly, the functions of these four men ceased; the patent torpedo-hatch shot down, and its inner bolts were slammed home, defying all their efforts to lift it. But, with the utmost nonchalance, they shot the outer bolts, and thus prevented the Germans inside the submarine opening it also.

'You slammed it to and locked it when you liked,' said one of the *Nelson's* men. 'You shall open it when it pleases us, and not before.'

Somebody at the foot of the conning-tower ladder, well inside the submarine, started shooting upwards, and his bullet grazed the cheek of Skipper Birch.

'I'll soon stop that little game,' quoth the skipper. 'Here, Jim, lend me a hand; we'll shove this *oberleutnant* of theirs across the line of fire, and see if they'll do any target practice then.'

Jim and his father carried out the idea; they pushed the blanket-wrapped figure of the officer over the opening in the conning-tower, and they even improved upon the original suggestion by jamming the *oberleutnant's* head half-way down it and over the edge of the sliding watertight hatch.

'Now,' cried Skipper Birch, in the plainest of English, 'try your monkey tricks on, Mr Boche. Shoot—and you'll punch holes only through the body of your own officer; try to close your conning-tower hatch and submerge, and you'll not only crush his ribs, but you'll find so much water coming into the boat that you'll go down farther and deeper than you'll quite like. On the other hand, go ahead with your surface engines and see if you can manage to tow the old *Nelson*, especially if she has her trawl down and her own engines going full speed astern; also, if that isn't enough to stop you, we'll see what a sea-anchor can do in the matter of checking your way; or, maybe, towing a couple of buckets astern will do the trick. Try it, anyway.'

The Germans tried it. They found themselves moving only about an inch in a week. The *oberleutnant*, having now regained consciousness, gave them terribly threatening orders when they attempted to close the conning-tower hatch upon him; and the torpedo-hatch refused to budge in spite of all their efforts. And all the time, clad in the *oberleutnant's* garb, with the *oberleutnant's* loaded pistol pressed into the back of the *oberleutnant's* neck, with his whole weight deposited comfortably—for himself—in the small of the *oberleutnant's* back at the place where it bent ungracefully over the edge of the conning-tower's sliding watertight door, sat Skipper Amos Birch, entreating his prisoners to oblige him by singing the 'Hymn of Hate,' or, if so be that they didn't happen to know that famous concoction, the strains of '*Deutschland über Alles*.' But they sent him up consolidated hate in streams, without music, and with hardly intelligible words, until his case-hardened soul rejoiced.

Once or twice the *oberleutnant's* groans—Skipper Birch was by no means a light weight—almost softened his heart; but a glance at the shell-scarred trawler and the memory of those four huddled figures on her decks banished all compassion, and he only sat the tighter, and screwed the menacing pistol farther home.

'That trawler's name, now, Mr Boche,' he murmured at times—'that should have been a warning to you. *Nelson* it is; named after the finest fighting sailor-man that ever was. And, if it's any consolation to your soul, my lad, just think of this little business as what they call a "Nelson touch," and you'll not be far wrong. And, by that same token, I'm hoping that destroyer won't be long before she appears, or I shall have to shoot you as you lie, just to make sure that, while I'm having the sleep I so badly need, you don't wriggle clear and apply another Nelson touch—that of keelhauling—to me and my lads.'

The destroyer hove in sight just as dawn grayed the eastern sky, and, so that her feet

might not linger in the more or less pleasant sea-lanes, three of Skipper Birch's crew made shift to fire the submarine's four-inch. And, at the report, the war-vessel pricked up her ears, and, eager for a scrap, came swiftly across the waters, and paused only at the submarine's side, to hold her sides in silent laughter, and, later, to ask questions.

'Hello, skipper!' cried the commander. 'So he did pay you a visit, after all, eh?'

'Ay; and he stayed to tea as well,' replied Birch, 'though I had the dickens of a job getting him to remain over till this morning. You see, I had to take away his clothes and wear 'em myself, and his little pop-gun too, though that came in handy to persuade his valet, his cook and bottle-washer, and the rest of his retinue to stop as well. By the way, he won't sing—he's rotten company—though I believe he's got a good voice. I can't get either the "Hymn of Hate" or "*Deutschland über Alles*" out of him, though I've been spinning him a yarn all night about a Nelson touch.'

'Rotten sort as guests, aren't they?' laughed the commander. 'Well, seeing that you've got the salt on his tail as per prescription, shall I lead him to his little nest, and hand over the fiver?'

Skipper Birch scratched his head in rumination for a moment. He looked over the battered *Nelson* and over the U-boat; he regarded his own resplendent form and the blanket-wrapped German.

'Well,' he said at last, 'you can take over the Hun-bird with the salted tail and cart him into harbour; also, at the same time, you can sling me a rope across, and I'll follow you—just to see that the old *Nelson* isn't swindled. But, as for the fiver, you can keep that to buy sweets with. I'm by way of thinking that repairs to the *Nelson*, compensation to the crew, to me for the good suit I've ruined, and to the widows and orphans of the four men who've gone west in this little scrimmage, will swallow up all the prize-money we'll get for having applied to at least one Hun-bird what they'll be ill-pleased to remember as "the *Nelson* touch."'

#### FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP's years are a spinning thread,  
Sparkling in friendship's sun;  
But when the ties of friends are dead,  
The spinning thread is spun.

Lovelight shines from the length'ning thread  
In tender, tremulous rays,  
Woven silver, gold, and red—  
The tale of happy days.

And, if to culminate our fears  
The thread is spun at last,  
Its colour dimmed by unshed tears,  
It 'twines itself through all the years,  
Fair memory of the past.

MARSHALL NORMAN.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE PHILANDERER.

By ASHMORE RUSSAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

Oh, wilding chicks come home to roost;  
And lapses—ere one grows a beard—  
In gray *sagesse* are met in joust;  
Lads light o' love must dree their weird!

PHIL McANDREW had never felt need or inclination to stare at the Pacific—'silent,' from the difficult vantage of 'a peak in Darien.' It would have entailed wholly unnecessary and distasteful exertion. A hammock in his father's orange-orchard a few hundred yards from the beach at Panamá, overlooking the before-mentioned often-anything-but-tranquil ocean at the easily accessible altitude of sixty feet or so, afforded a sufficiently satisfactory view-point; while the frolics of youthful companions appealed to him more strongly than any wondering silence of 'stout Cortes and all his men' could possibly have done, however thrilling. From which it may be gathered that the youth was a lotus-eater, which is a poet's euphemism for a dissyllabic descriptive word beginning with the same letter.

A Creole from New Orleans, whose loveliness had taken the heart of her man by storm—dour Scot and rough diamond though he was—had brought Phil into the world, and bestowed upon him a gift which she considered her greatest and best, for she had given the boy full measure of her extraordinary beauty. He was her counterpart, with black eyes that could flash with simulated passion, or plead irresistibly for love, as he willed; jetty hair curling over an ivory forehead; features clean chiselled as those of an Antinous or a Narcissus; complexion pale olive and roses. He would have made the most bewitching girl, as, indeed, he was the handsomest boy imaginable.

*Simpatico*—estimable attribute amongst the Latins of Central and South America—and generous, for Duncan McAndrew, the dour, had garnered much gear, and was not niggardly with it, the boy had shoals of friends, some of whom were generally to be found in the McAndrews' great white bungalow, in the well-kept gardens, or in the orchard, where tree-ferns, yuccas, palms, flowering cacti, and broad-leaved plantains mingled with oranges, lemons, limes, mangoes, guavas, and avocates; while orchids—almost priceless in

other climes—in baskets, or fastened on any odd fragment of wood, depended from almost every branch within reach.

In the orchard we find him, swinging lazily in a roomy *hamaca* hung from a gnarled arm of an ancient mango-tree, and only separated from another similar *hamaca*, hanging parallel, by a basket of *Peristeria elata*, the 'dove' orchid, or *Espiritu Santo* flower of Central America. In this *hamaca* reclined a girl, fair-tressed and blue-eyed, good to look upon in every way—his cousin, Flora Cameron.

'It's no use being unkind about it, Flo,' he was saying, in his gentle, caressing voice; 'I can't help myself. The governor says I've got to go to Moctezuma, and learn how to manage the *finca*. You know him as well as I do. When he says a thing he means it, and it's no use my kicking. Even the mater agrees with him. She wishes me to go; so I suppose I'll have to.'

'I also wish you to go,' rejoined the girl, 'but—not alone—to live there alone'—she hesitated in some confusion. 'It hurts to have to remind you. You made me promise, and I did it gladly. You are twenty-one. But even if you were not of age, your father would be pleased. You have only to ask him.'

The boy turned in his hammock. 'The mater wouldn't hear of it,' he said over his shoulder.

'Mothers are like that,' returned the girl. Three years Phil's junior, she was a woman, he only a child in comparison. 'Nobody is ever good enough for an only son. And I belong to your father's family, not hers,' she added.

'Any mother would say I hadn't seen enough of the world, if I am twenty-one,' he retorted.

'Then you were only playing when you pretended to be in love with me—when you kissed me, and made me kiss you?' exclaimed the girl angrily, red spots showing on both cheeks as she swung herself half out of the hammock. 'Do you expect me to ask you outright to keep your promise?'

'Don't get cross, Flo,' he pleaded. 'It'll all come right in a year or two. I'll write to you, APRIL 20, 1918.'

and I'll be glad to get letters from you. We're only kids yet, Flo, and we might both be very sorry. Besides, you'd be miserable on Moctezuma, up there on that mountain amongst the Mexican Indians. They're a rough lot; and I'm thinking of you just as much as of myself.'

The girl, who was now sitting on the edge of the hammock, rose to her feet. 'I dare say,' she rejoined scornfully. 'If you were thinking of me, you would consider my self-respect. You would understand what it means to a girl, who has allowed herself to be made love to, to be treated like this. I made myself cheap, and I hate myself for it. To-morrow I shall hate you. Oh, without the Mc you'd be well named—Phil Andrew—Philanderer. There isn't much difference in the spelling, and the words mean the same thing. I ought to have been warned by the way you treated little Lola Mendez. Poor child! She's Dolores now. She'll never be light-hearted Lola any more. But you won't break my heart, Phil. I am Scottish—a great deal more Scottish than you are, and you will pay.' She broke a spray from the orchid beside her, a white flower like a dove with wings partly raised as if for flight. 'You gave me one of these that night,' she went on bitterly. 'I give it back to you for remembrance—to remind you that I am not a dove now, whatever I may have been, and it will be no use offering me an olive-branch. I won't take it.'

'I didn't know you were such an awful shrew, Flo,' he remarked plaintively.

'Oh!' she gasped. 'And that is all you can say—accuse me of shrewishness!—you coward! But I have done. I wouldn't marry you now if'—

She was about to add 'if there wasn't another man in the world,' which in such an extraordinary contingency would have condemned her to lifelong single-something-or-other, but her sense of humour and Scottish practicalness checked the banality on her tongue. She walked away without another word, contemptuous and justly angry.

During some six months her cousin had made love to her—had asked her to marry him on several occasions; had jilted Lola Mendez on her account, or so he had allowed her to infer—a lapse very easy for the chosen one to forgive. She was sure that dour Duncan would have been pleased to see her his son's wife. Several times he had asked her to extend her visit. But it now appeared that Phil preferred to occupy the big *casa* on the Moctezuma *finca* alone, as the manager, who had been in charge for years, was leaving. He did not wish to marry at present; therefore, as she correctly reasoned, he had been playing with her, as for a man in love not to want to marry was contrary to human nature, as she understood it. That Mrs McAndrew would object strongly was probable, but for the reason

she had stated, and not on account of the relationship—she and Phil were only second cousins, and that degree of kinship was no bar.

It had been arranged that Phil should leave Panamá for Mexico on the first boat which would call at the port of Ocos in Guatemala, as by that route he could get a train to take him half-way to Moctezuma. Such a coasting-steamer left a few days later, and the Philanderer went with it. Duncan McAndrew and his still beautiful wife saw him off, as also did a score or more of his friends; but Flora Cameron was not present. Although staying at the bungalow, she had avoided him almost completely—indeed, had not exchanged half-a-dozen words with him since those herein recorded. Duncan McAndrew, however, had had much to say in his homely way, the following included:

'I hae written tae McNab, ma lad, and he has his instructions—to mak' a mon o' ye if it's ony way possible. Ye're juist a feckless bairn the noo, wi' nae thocht but tae hae what ye misca' a guid time wi' thae lads an' lasses—mair especially the lasses. McNab'll gie ye wark eneuch, an' he'll report every month. As for lasses, except Indian *muchachas*, maistly squat an' unco' ugly, there are nane nearer than fifteen miles o' Moctezuma, as nae doot ye're aware o'. McNab is sair set on gettin' back tae Aberdeen, and I've promised tae let him go, an' gie him a pension as sune as he can report conscientiously that you're fit tae be left in charge. He's a guid man, McNab. He'll dae his best wi' ye. He's earned his pension, and is keen set on gettin' it.'

Not a word did grizzled and dour Duncan McAndrew utter with regard to Flora Cameron, although he was much too canny not to be aware that something had happened.

So Phil duly arrived at Ocos, whence he journeyed to Moctezuma, being met at the nearest railway station by McNab and a couple of *mozos* with riding-animals. At the Casa Grande, a great, oblong wooden house on stone pillars, with two verandas overlooking the *plaza* and the church on one side, and on the other the coffee-drying *patios*, the stores, and machinery buildings, he took up his residence, and for a month or so worked to the satisfaction of McNab, whose yearning to spend the end of his life amongst his own people was only natural after forty years in Mexico and Central America. Every other day the Philanderer was present at roll-call, which took place at four o'clock in the morning; every forenoon he rode over each area where work was going on, supervising planting, pruning, and cleaning operations under McNab's watchful eyes; and then, at the expiration of the indefinite period mentioned, he tired of it all.

'This life's too stupidly dull for anything,' he complained. 'Think I'll go down to Santo Domingo for a change.'

'Vera weel,' rejoined McNab, who was no jailer. 'How lang for?'

'Oh, a day or two. The Lopez people will put me up, I expect.'

'Oh ay, nae doot o' that,' said McNab dryly, 'seein' who ye hae for a father, an' ta length o' his pooch. But I misdoot ye'll get into mischief. There's twa *señoritas* at Santo Domingo I hae in mind to warn ye o'. Don Duncan wrote as ye'd a girt weakness for ta lasses, so I'm juist tellin' ye tae hae a care.'

As might be supposed, the Philanderer was greatly amused, laughed heartily in his pleasant way, and rode off the same hour. The Lopez *finca*, Santo Domingo, was the nearest coffee-plantation to Tapachula, the largest town in that part of the state of Chiapas; and Tapachula could and did boast of numerous *tiendas*, two hotels, a theatre, a club, recreation-grounds, and other places where time could be passed more or less unprofitably.

Mexican *finqueros* may always be relied upon for hospitality, but at Santo Domingo Phil McAndrew was received with something like enthusiasm. Don Manuel and Doña Isabel, who had been very friendly with Duncan McAndrew in days gone by, when the last-named was planting Moctezuma, greeted him like a long-lost relation, placed everything they possessed at his disposition with more than the customary Mexican liberality, and, as he was an *extranjero*, therefore not to be too strictly bound by Mexican social observances, introduced him to their two pretty daughters without loss of time, as also to the rest of the family, which included their son Pablo, who had the reputation of being *un hombre vivo*—i.e. a young man very much alive, but rather given to gambling, cock-fighting, and drinking more *aguardiente* and *vino tinto* than was good for him, as also Scotch and rye whiskies when he could get them.

As for the girls, Carmen and Josefa, respectively of seventeen and fifteen years, they were not only pretty and charming—Pepita, as the younger was generally called, being quite a beauty—but educated, for Tapachula could also boast of a seminary for young ladies, attached to a convent, which they, living so near, had attended for some years. Naturally, having been an anchorite for six weeks or so, the Philanderer fell in love with both of them within twenty-four hours. This would not have hurt anybody, least of all the Philanderer; but unfortunately the girls both fell in love with him in the same brief period of time.

That also might not have harmed either *señorita* very much, for young ladies in Mexico seldom wed the youths they fancy, opportunities for real courtship being very difficult to come by; but the elder girl being required to go to the town on some errand, the Philanderer rode with her, and instead of taking her back home immediately her little *negocios* were finished, he

persuaded her to stable her pony at a *tienda* and accompany him to the recreation-grounds, where he rowed her about on the lake in full view of all the pleasure-seekers there, and made love to her after the manner of his kind, also in full view of everybody. Time sped swiftly, darkness came on with its usual suddenness, and—unheard-of thing!—the couple rode home alone together by the light of the stars.

Even then, as they contrived to get their animals stabled and themselves into the Santo Domingo *casa* unperceived by any of the family, nothing unpleasant would have happened but for the intervention of the green-eyed monster.

'Where have you been?' asked the younger and more *petite* *señorita* at the first opportunity.

'To Tapachula,' replied the elder.

'With Don Felipe?' demanded Pepita.

'He rode with me,' Carmen replied.

'Oh!' flashed the little beauty, in a rage. 'And you have just returned? It is disgraceful! What have you been doing?'

Had Carmen been a prudent *señorita* she would have told an innocent tarradiddle about her pony having thrown a shoe, and the blacksmith having to be sought in all the *tiendas* in the town; but, truth to tell, she was rather proud of the escapade, elated, and more than a little agitated by the experienced and very handsome Philanderer's love-making, therefore disposed to let prudence go hang, or whatever may be the equivalent in the mind of an innocent, carefully shielded Mexican maiden.

'I have been with Don Felipe in a boat on the water,' she said, adding, after a pause for effect, 'He loves me!'

'You cat! You wicked cat!' raged the fiery Pepita; and snatching a slipper from a bare and very pretty foot, she struck her sister in the face with it, then flinging it down, seized a plait of Carmen's raven hair and tugged it viciously. 'I'll tell *el padre*! I'll tell Sister Dolores!' shrieked the child of nature. 'I'll tell my *madre* and Pablo! Everybody shall know!'

Alarmed, fearful of the consequences, the elder girl endeavoured to soothe the jealous little spitfire; but the mischief had been done. The Señora Lopez had overheard the quarrel. The story came out in all its heinousness. A storm in a tea-cup, the reader may be inclined to think. An apology, and then—but in Mexico an apology in such a matter is an insult. There is only one remedy, one expiation.

Phil McAndrew would have ridden off to Moctezuma, and taken train and boat to Panamá if necessary, but the opportunity was not given him. A family meeting was convened at once, at which he was obliged to be present. Carmen and Pepita shed many tears. Don Manuel and Doña Isabel took the result for granted, and

spoke very little. *El hombre vivo*, Don Pablo, said everything for everybody, and sufficient for all.

'What have you to say, Don Felipe?' he demanded finally, fingering the butt of a revolver in its leather frog on his hip. 'You are British, but you know our ways. You knew my sister would be compromised—that such things are not allowed even to affianced in this country. Everybody knows. I was in the town. I heard of it. I knocked down the man who told me. I did not believe. You will marry my sister, of course—when?'

'Si, señor—when?' echoed Don Manuel and Doña Isabel together.

The Philanderer was not really a coward—at least, not all the time. Nor did he feel entrapped. As Don Pablo had said, he knew the customs of Spanish America. Telling himself that he had been a fool, he did the right thing. Crossing the room to Carmen's side, he took her hand.

'If Carmencita will be my wife,' he said, 'I will marry her whenever you like.'

'Buena!' exclaimed Don Pablo.

'Muy buena!' echoed Don Manuel and Doña Isabel.

Pepita ran from the room, bitterly repentant.

She had terminated her first, if very shadowy, love romance with a vengeance!

The Philanderer returned to Moctezuma next day, and told McNab, who shook his gray head sagely, said little, and sat down to write to his *padron*, Duncan McAndrew. The receipt of his letter at the white bungalow caused Mrs McAndrew to have a fit of hysterics. Duncan, generally so dour, laughed.

'I wad suner it had been Flora,' he said. 'A guid girl o' guid Scots stock, she wad hae been the woman for him. But it might hae been waur. Don Manuel was a guid friend lang syne, and aye helpful tae inexperience. A' the Lopezes were respected, an' we maun juist bide wi' what canna be mended. I'll let McNab gae hame noo, an' he shall hae his pension. Don Manuel'll see the young fule doesna ruin the *finca*.'

Flora Cameron uttered but one word when she heard the news—'Oh!' but her sunburned, brown face paled suddenly.

A month after their betrothal Phil McAndrew and Carmen Lopez were married, and went to reside in the Casa Grande at Moctezuma—which is not the end of this story, but merely the end of the first chapter.

(Continued on page 345.)

## THE BALANCE OF POWER.

By Sir RICHARD LODGE, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and Author of *The Student's Modern Europe, The Close of the Middle Ages, &c.*

THE doctrine of the balance of power has been defined by an eminent professor of international law as the political maxim 'that no single state should be allowed to become strong enough to overbear the aggregate strength of the rest or of some considerable proportion of their aggregate strength.' The maxim had its origin in the internal politics of Italy at the close of the Middle Ages. Machiavelli describes in *The Prince* how the five predominant Italian states in the fifteenth century—Venice, Milan, Florence, the Papacy, and Naples—schemed to prevent any one of themselves from obtaining excessive power. From Italy, the instructor of Europe in art, literature, science, and statecraft, the conception of a necessary political balance spread to the newly formed European states, whose earliest international relations were concerned with the assertion of rival claims to territories and to domination in Italy. The doctrine took perhaps its deepest root in our own country, and, although other motives—religious, commercial, and colonial—have played their part in moulding our foreign policy, the necessity of maintaining the European balance has been a continuous and a dominant tradition of our Foreign Office from the sixteenth century to the present day.

For generations this tradition was accepted as axiomatic and as a sort of natural law. It was followed and defended by politicians of hostile parties, and it contributed to secure continuity in our foreign policy, and to keep it, at any rate partially, outside the turmoil of ordinary party disputes. The first notable attack on the tradition was made by John Bright, who regarded it as responsible for our participation in the Crimean War. With characteristic vehemence he denounced the doctrine of the balance as 'a foul idol, fouler than any to which heathen ever bowed.' For the last fifty years extreme Radicals, and in recent years representatives of the Labour Party, have, with varying degrees of emphasis, repeated these denunciations. The outbreak of the present war, and the assertion in some quarters that one of its motives is to restore the balance of power, has revived the controversy in an acute form, and the Union of Democratic Control has thought it worth while to circulate a pamphlet attacking the traditional doctrine as laying undue stress upon national rivalries, as fatal to international co-operation, and as the fertile parent of wars.

In view of this controversy, it may be of interest to glance at the operation of the doctrine in past history. To trace this in detail would be

to write the history of Europe for the last four centuries. But there have been four notable occasions on which the balance of power has been momentarily overthrown, and an obstinate struggle has been fought for its restoration. On three of these occasions our own country has played a prominent and almost a decisive part, and some of the proudest and most familiar traditions of our national history are associated with these struggles. The first great disturbance of the balance came very early in international history, before any state had had time to develop or formulate any definite principles of foreign policy. In the early years of the sixteenth century the accidents of intermarriage and death brought to the young Archduke Charles of Austria the most magnificent inheritance that ever fell to the lot of any prince. In succession he became the ruler of the then undivided Netherlands, of the kingdom of Spain, with its Italian provinces and with its vast dominions and vaster claims in the New World, and finally of Austria and the other German territories of the House of Hapsburg. To this vast inheritance he added by election the dignity of Holy Roman Emperor as Charles V.

The task of defending the liberties of Europe against this menacing agglomeration of lands and wealth in the hands of a single ruler devolved upon France, whose national existence seemed likely to be strangled by the encircling coils of the Hapsburg hydra. England played rather an ignoble part. Henry VIII. and Wolsey, often strangely credited with the invention of the doctrine of a balance, were tempted by the prospect of a share in the spoil into alliance with the emperor, and it was only after the defeat and capture of the French king that the disappointment of their hopes drove them into a tardy league with France. Even then they gave little active assistance, and France, almost single-handed, would have been hard pressed to hold its own had not Charles V. been harassed by Protestant opposition in Germany and by the Turkish wars. As it was, the Hapsburg power was shaken rather than broken when Charles V. abdicated and divided his vast dominions between his son and his brother.

In the next generation the danger to the balance of power was revived in an acute form. The loss of the German provinces freed the Spanish monarchy from weakening distractions, and the annexation of Portugal in 1580 gave to Philip II. not only the control of the whole peninsula, but also a claim to the undivided sovereignty in the eastern as well as in the western world. This time England played a more honourable part. Her sailors refused to recognise the Spanish claim to an exclusive right of trade and settlement in the newly discovered regions, and, aided by the revolt of the Netherlands, and by an alliance with the rising naval power of the Dutch and the French, Elizabethan

England not only secured its own independence by dispersing the Armada, but vindicated the liberties of Europe by crushing the might of Spain. But the hostility evoked during the long struggle, and intensified by religious antagonism, lasted long after the original motive had been weakened by success, and England, by clinging under the Stewarts and under Cromwell to the French alliance, helped to build up a Power which proved as dangerous and dictatorial as Spain had been in her palmy days.

Louis XIV., who inherited the gains which France had amassed under Richelieu and Mazarin, was the prototype of the present German Emperor. In the French Army, led by great soldiers like Condé, Turenne, and Luxembourg, he possessed a military machine with which he defied and defeated successive coalitions against him. Confident in his strength, he claimed to dictate his will to the humbled Powers of Europe. The climax of his ambition seemed to be reached when the last Hapsburg king of Spain bequeathed the still imposing Spanish dominions to a Bourbon prince. At this crisis England again came to the rescue of Europe. The last achievement of William III., the lifelong opponent of Louis, was the formation of the Grand Alliance, and after his death the military genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugene rendered possible a settlement which put an end to French ascendancy and restored the balance of power.

For nearly a hundred years after the Peace of Utrecht the balance in Europe was occasionally shaken, but never seriously disturbed. The next great crisis, the last before the present war, arose out of the wars which had their origin in the French Revolution. Not content with the glory of having repulsed the attack of a great European coalition, France became in its turn the aggressor, and the marvellous exploits of Napoleon Bonaparte made him for a time the master both of France and of the Continent. The zenith of his power was reached in 1807 when the Russian Czar became his accomplice at Tilsit, and a vast Continental league was organised to crush the one obstinate and unsubdued opponent, Great Britain. But the naval ascendancy which Nelson had bequeathed as his legacy rendered this country immune from direct attack, and the attempt to destroy British trade recoiled upon France by provoking the enmity, and at last the national antagonism, of both subject and allied peoples. Once more peace was secured to Europe by the restoration of a balance of power in 1815.

It is clear that the effort to restore the balance after it has been overthrown has resulted in prolonged and desperate wars, and in all the sacrifices which such wars involve. Yet it is difficult for any one who admits that war is at times inevitable to deny that these wars were necessary and essentially righteous wars. The whole of our national history must be rewritten

and our national traditions must be reconstructed if the struggles which brought immortal fame to Francis Drake, to Marlborough, to Nelson and Wellington, are to be condemned because they were entered into for the principle of the balance of power. For there were only two alternatives to war. Either we should have humbly bowed the knee to the conquering Power and allowed the national existence of the lesser states to be destroyed, or we should have become the partners and accomplices of the conqueror, and sought to pacify our uneasy conscience with a possible share of the spoil. This was the policy which Henry VIII. and Wolsey attempted in 1520, and into which Alexander I. of Russia was tempted at Tilsit. This was the policy which led to the infamous partitions of Poland, when Austria and Prussia were induced, the one reluctantly and the other willingly, to connive at the aggressive policy of Russia on condition that they should receive an equivalent. This monstrous perversion of the principle of the balance, that robbery is licensed as long as the thieves take equal shares, would have been fatal to the lesser states of Europe. But it has never been accepted by Great Britain.

An argument which is often urged against these great wars for the restoration of the balance is that the ultimate settlement was often based upon a disregard of the principle of nationality, that in the treaties of Utrecht and of Vienna diplomatists carved states as if they were so many Dutch cheeses, without any regard to the wishes and interests of the people who lived in them. But this argument is both irrelevant and unhistorical. The disregard of that real though undefinable force which we call nationality was no essential part of the doctrine of the balance, but was a vice of the time when those settlements were made. It must never be forgotten that the principle of nationality, or, in the current formula, the right of self-determination, is a growth of the nineteenth century. To blame earlier statesmen for its disregard is as preposterous as it would be to condemn the peoples of ancient Greece and Rome because they were not believers in Christianity.

Another almost equally questionable argument is that in the intervening periods between the great struggles, when the aim of diplomacy was to maintain an existing balance rather than to restore a balance which had been upset, European states, our own included, have adopted expedients and alliances which critics looking backwards condemn as immoral or inexpedient. They may have scented danger in the wrong quarter, their precautions against one state which was reputed dangerous may have contributed to exalt a more formidable enemy, or they may have pursued a policy which they afterwards had reason to regret, as when we bolstered up Turkey in order to check the aggrandisement of Russia. All

these charges, though they frequently fail to allow sufficiently for contemporary forces and conditions, may be admitted without weakening the contention that a reasonable balance of power is both desirable and necessary. Neither statesmen nor public opinion have any claim to infallibility. The most democratically controlled diplomacy that the ingenuity of Mr Trevelyan or Mr Ponsonby can conceive will make at least as many blunders as the oligarchical diplomatic service which they condemn has committed in the past. The detection and condemnation of past errors, whether real or merely alleged, cannot alter the fundamental historical fact that the policy of maintaining the balance of power, and of restoring it when momentarily destroyed, has saved the lesser states of Europe from extinction, has averted the establishment of a soul-destroying despotism, has rendered possible the assertion of the principle of nationality, and has enabled the foundations to be laid of a system of international law. The experience of the present war has shown how impotent are the sanctions of international law when any single state is strong enough and immoral enough to defy them.

There remains the favourite contention of the present time that the doctrine of the balance of power has had its day, and that it can now be laid aside. In its place is to be erected a League of Nations. President Wilson has given his approval to this contention, and Mr Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons has somewhat hesitatingly shown an inclination to accept it. But it is equally reasonable to contend that the restoration and the maintenance of the balance of power are essential conditions without which no League of Nations can be formed or can discharge its desired functions. If a single Power and its confederates can defy the aggregate strength of the other Powers, the league is condemned to impotence, and international law becomes a mockery and an illusion. Such a Power, if it joins the league, can dictate its will to its associates, and the league ceases to be an association of equals. If it breaks away from the league, no sanction is strong enough to punish its recalcitrance. The ultimate resource of the most pacific league must be armed force, and if that is inadequate, no milder measures, not even an economic boycott, can hope to be successful.

Meanwhile these speculations as to a distant and utopian future are exasperatingly futile in face of the incontestable facts that the European balance is at the present moment in greater danger than at any time since the compact of Tilsit, that the collapse of Russia has been as disastrous as was the desertion of the allied cause by Russia in 1807, and that Europe has no hope for the recovery of its freedom or for the establishment of a secure peace until the balance of power has been restored.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

## CHAPTER XVIII.

DEEP dusk had already fallen when David Hardy, every shred of his clothing exuding the pungent smell of bush smoke, his face and hands blackened with charcoal, turned his horse into the corral and entered his cabin. All trace of his ill-humour of the previous evening had been routed by his long fight with the fire demon before whose flaming sword even the patriarchs of the forest are doomed to fall; and it was, moreover, for a man habituated for many months to a hermit life, a heartsome thing to see cheerful lights a-twinkle in the windows, to have his hungry nose assailed by an aroma of venison stew, and, on opening the door, to find a young wife with hot cheeks and bright eyes peering anxiously into the oven, where some dozens of fluffy biscuits were turning golden-brown.

'Can't kiss you, darlin',' David exclaimed as Anita sprang up to greet him. 'I'm as black as any nigger from that cursed smoke! But just you wait until me and the wash-basin have exchanged compliments, and then I'll make up for lost time!'

Anita laughed, and hurried to fetch a large, rough towel; while the forester filled a big basin, in whose depths he was soon splashing and spluttering. During the process his nimble tongue, unquenched by soapy floods, told Anita fragments of news about his day's task: how the fire had not been long started, but, as was often the case, had repeatedly outcropped by burrowing underground to points quite distant, and it was this that had detained him so late. 'Never any tellin',' he gurgled from among the soap-suds, 'when or where a mere pin-point of fire may pop out again and run up a tree like a lamp-lighter! Well, now to get some of these blamed ashes out of this mane o' mine! Any warm water handy, darlin'?' and the hot water supplied, the black curls were speedily immersed, streams of gray ooze pouring down his forehead. But, even so, David could still talk; and presently, as Anita crouched once more at the oven door, she heard his half-drowned voice saying, 'Went off in such a hurry this mornin'—ppf—ppf—forgot all about that campin' party's bread—ppf—ppf-f. Chuck me the towel, please, Annie. Guess I'll have to hit out with it after supper. Ppf—ppf—Lord, I feel like a drowned rat!'

Now Anita's thoughts had been concentrated upon the biscuits, whether it were better to turn the pan round so as to give those nearest the oven door a better chance of browning as David liked them. Therefore, quite unthinkingly, she said the first thing that came into her mind: 'Oh David, you'll be too tired after supper.'

Then, instantly realising that she had made a blunder, and thankful that the hot stove was sufficient excuse for the sudden burning of her cheeks, she added, 'Besides, he came for it himself.'

By this time, however, her husband's head and ears were so completely enveloped in the heavy towel, and so deafened by the fierce rubbing, that Anita's remark, spoken low and with her back towards him, failed to penetrate. With thumping heart she awaited some comment, but as none was forthcoming, snatched eagerly at the thought that, for the present, there was no need to say anything further. After supper she would tell him all about Gavin Barrie's sudden appearance.

'Now!' exclaimed David, emerging from the towel and running a comb through his glistening locks. Next, with a merry whoop, he swooped down upon Anita, rubbed against her soft, flushed cheek his beard of two days' growth; then, fired by the contact with her sweet face, suddenly snatched her up in his arms and rained true lover's kisses on her lips. 'There!' he exclaimed at last, popping Anita down into a rocking-chair; 'if that ain't meat and drink to a hungry man, my name ain't David Benedict Hardy. No; you just sit still, darlin', and I'll dish the supper. I reckon that's my share o' the job; and you're some tired, too, I'll bet.'

Anita protested, but David had his way; and presently he pulled her forward, chair and all, shoved the wood-box under her feet, and then, with loud commendations of the stew and biscuits, rapidly disposed of a much-needed meal. Between them the dishes were quickly cleared away; and then David, having replenished the stove, sank into the comfortable rocker, gathering Anita on to his knee, and weaving his fingers in and out of the hair that lay so soft against his shoulder.

'Well, if this bain't a cinch!' he chuckled contentedly, tightening the arm around his wife's slim waist. 'Talk o' bein' President of the United States, and livin' in the White House! Why, he bain't in it with yours truly! Gettin' sleepy, ain't you, darlin'?' he asked presently; then suddenly, as the clock jangled out eight rasping strikes, he exclaimed, 'Oh lordy, blessed if I bain't gone and forgotten that fellow's confounded bread again! Can't help it! He'll have to fall back upon flapjacks for breakfast. Won't hurt him, and I'm too plumb-tired to foot it all the way to Goose Lake in the dark. Sorry, Annie! Did I pinch your little hand?' he asked crooningly, feeling the girl in his arms suddenly flinch. Then, as a pine-knot

in the stove blazed up, throwing red tongues of light over Anita's face and hair, he said, looking intently down upon her, 'Gee, darlin', you're gettin' prettier at the rate of ten dollars a minute! Shame you ain't got a better-lookin' partner!'

Anita, her mind whirling distractedly, found no answer ready to her lips, so, as though in mute remonstrance, she raised David's free hand, and kissed it fervently.

'Don't waste kisses on these horny old fingers, darlin'!' he expostulated, and dumbly pleading, bent his face to hers, and got his full reward. Satisfied, he folded her yet more closely, and resting his head against the chair-back, presently dozed; while poor Anita lay passive in his arms, hating herself for what seemed a deliberate deception, yet utterly unable to bring herself to the point of telling him the simple truth, lest his smouldering jealousy be again fanned into hot flame. Her brief remark as to the camper having fetched his bread had evidently been unheard by David, and what should she say to him if, in the morning, he suggested taking it to Goose Lake?

All at once her torturing thoughts were interrupted by prolonged snores, then a snort, and with a writhing of cramped limbs David woke. 'Hello, Annie! Guess I must have been asleep. Reckon it's gettin' late, too, and that "downy" is the best place for both of us. Come along, little girl,' he added drowsily, setting Anita on her feet; and in less time than it takes to tell, the chorus of snores was again in full voice.

Not so with Anita. No sooner was her partner fathom-deep in slumber than the girl, burying her head in her pillow, gave way to a passion of hot, stinging tears. Vain now to upbraid herself; but why—oh, why had she not told David at once of Gavin Barrie's visit? The chance was there; yet she, like a coward with guilty conscience, had let it slip. Through her brain ran Gavin's own words—not by word or deed had he wronged her husband, yet her very silence as to their encounter and his coming to the house would inevitably give David a wrong impression, injurious alike to herself and to Gavin. What if, blinded by jealousy, he should believe the very worst of them both, should cast her out of his home, or seek out Gavin, and—Cold with a sudden awful fear for the sake of the man who had been so good and true a friend, she sat up in bed and strove to think calmly. What could she do to retrieve the fatal blunder she had made? Could she slip out and, in spite of the darkness, find her way to Gavin's camp, and implore him to leave the district? Vain—vain. Not for worlds, she knew right well, would so true a gentleman as Gavin Barrie slink away like some evil-doer or leave her alone to

face her husband's anger should he learn the real facts. No; when morning should come, there would be but one course open to her—to fling herself on David's mercy, and, by sheer force of tears and prayers, make him believe her true to him, and Gavin Barrie true to them both. Not for an instant did she seek to excuse herself, or to blame her husband should his jealousy indeed 'burn like fire.' That his own hasty, suspicious temper was in great measure responsible for her seeming deception, and therefore infinitely more culpable, formed no part of her simple, unsophisticated philosophy.

At length, mind and body exhausted, Anita fell into a heavy sleep, from which she was not roused even when David, long wanted to early waking, rose quietly and slipped away to the corral to feed his horses. On his return, there being still no movement in the bedroom, he gently closed the door, lit the fire, prepared breakfast, and carried to the bedside a cup of well-made coffee.

But Anita still slept, and her husband, observing her closely, noticed that, instead of the usual rosy flush which was his daily delight to see, her cheeks were pale and dark shadows lay beneath the closed eyes. 'Best let her sleep,' he said to himself. 'She's been workin' too hard, and looks wore out. I'll just put the coffee to keep hot, and hit out for Goose Lake. Mebbe that fellow'll be needin' his grub.' Drawing the curtain to keep the rays of the rising sun out of Anita's eyes, he wrote a few lines on a bit of paper, and, still without disturbing her (for a woodman's life had made him stealthy as an Indian), arranged a sort of scarecrow out of her clothing at the foot of the bed, pinned his note to it, and, chuckling over the ludicrous appearance of his handiwork, returned to the kitchen.

A hasty wash and shave, and then, searching the cupboard, he found an uncut loaf, and, without reflecting that there should have been two, wrapped it up and set out on his good-natured errand. Just outside the door his attention was caught by a small object gleaming like gold where the sun struck it, and stooping, he picked up the burnt end of a cigarette; not the brown-paper, home-rolled cigarette of the West, but a gilt-mounted product of a more luxurious part of the world. A perplexed frown knit the forester's brows as he turned the fragment over and over, smelled the delicately flavoured tobacco, and finally, scarcely knowing why he did so, stowed it away in his pocket. Then, with an abstracted air, he strode down the road, and soon turned into the shadowy trail which, the previous morning, Anita had pointed out to Gavin Barrie as the short cut to his camp on Goose Lake.

(Continued on page 341.)

## SCOTTISH STREET NAMES.

By G. M. FRASER, Librarian, Aberdeen Public Library.

UP till the middle of the eighteenth century the street names of Scotland and northern England followed a clearly defined rule. They were all strictly descriptive; that is, they were not applied as names in the considered, formal way that has been the fashion since. They grew up in a natural way as designations of the thoroughfares according to situation, or character, or use.

From this circumstance the older street names are very valuable now as indicating local conditions that in many cases have long since passed away, and are only to be known, perhaps, from these old street names. Thus, the Cowgate, a common street designation in the older burghs, tells us of the road along which our forefathers of the primitive community drove their cattle to the common grazing outside the town. The name Spital, which occurs sometimes as a street name, but oftener in wilder parts of the country, always tells of a hospital, or hospice, in former days. The Spital of Aberdeen, the street that connects Aberdeen with the adjoining burgh—erroneously styled Old Aberdeen—and the street in which George MacDonald dwelt as an arts student at Aberdeen University, recalls the Hospital and Chapel (dedicated to St Peter) founded by Bishop Mathew Kyninmond in the twelfth century, and the street name is now all that we have to inform us as to where the ancient hospital stood.

The commonest element in the historical street names of Scotland and northern England is the expression 'gate,' as in Castlegate, Trongate, &c. The history and use of this expression illustrates the story of our Lowland Scots dialect generally. It happens that many of the streets containing this expression in their names formerly had in them the old gateways of the town. But this expression has nothing to do with gateways in that sense. These were always known, not as 'gates,' but as the 'ports,' of the burgh (Fr. *la porte*, the gate)—such as the West Port, the Seagate Port, and so on. The expression in the street names is the old Anglian *gate*, a road or way (Old Norse, *gata*), and in this sense the expression is proverbial in Scotland. 'Down that gate,' the old people used to say, meaning 'down that way;' and Burns uses the word in this correct sense in the opening of Tam o' Shanter,

As market days are wearin' late,  
And folk begin to tak' the gate,

meaning, to take the road. So the street name Castlegate, familiar in many old burghs, is the Castle Road; the Gallowgate was the road to the Gallow-hill, outside the burgh, where the meaner sort of offenders were hanged; the

Trongate was the road to the Tron, or public weigh-house; and so on. This proper meaning of the expression, one ought to say, has been nearly lost sight of in Scotland. I observed not long ago that in Ayr the name of the old Sandgate—the Road to the Sands—has been painted up 'Sandgate Street,' making a tautology, which in Ayr is particularly bad. Lanark makes the same mistake with 'Wellgate Street;' and even Haddington, which has some fine old street names, offends with 'Hardgate Street,' which is the Paved-Road Road!

Much enlightening history is embodied in these old names. The Wellgate of Dundee is the road—the gate, or gait, as it came to be spelt in Scotland in later centuries—that led to the Lady Well, the public fountain of the burgh, to which the water was conveyed from the springs of the Law Hill (also a tautology), the Hilltown, and elsewhere. The Gallowgate of Aberdeen led to the gallow-hill, where, as late as 1776, a wretched man was hanged in chains for the murder of his wife.

The use of this expression is common in English towns as far south as York, Leeds, Manchester, Stafford, &c. The Greengate of Stafford (although this has been forgotten in the town) led to the old borough green, outside the walls; and the Gaolgate is the street that still leads to the county prison. It may be remembered that it was in the Eastgate of Stafford—the East Road—that Izaak Walton was born in 1593.

Nearly every historical town in Scotland has a High Street or its equivalent—with one exception, Aberdeen. The expression 'High,' in this sense—'as every schoolboy knows'—is the Anglo-Saxon *heah*, meaning chief, or main. The reason why there is no High Street in Aberdeen is not well known, but is quite historical. The main street of Aberdeen is Union Street, a fine avenue, begun to be made in the year 1800, the year of the Union of the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland; hence its name and the names of other Union Streets in various towns. But before Union Street was made Aberdeen was a small, compact town, with a number of short, ancient streets, not one of which was in any sense a main street. So there was no High Street, although there is a High Street, properly so called, in Old Aberdeen, but it goes back only to the sixteenth century.

It is curious to find that some towns have two main streets—that is, both a High Street and a Main Street, meaning the same thing. Ayr offends in this matter, too; and Dunfermline, which does not seem to be aware that in 'Kirk-gate Street' it calls its thoroughfare Kirk-Street

Street, 'maks siccar' by having two main streets like Ayr.

Any wretched, narrow passage in a Scots town used to be designated a vennel, but only where there were a number of such, as in Perth, the ancient capital, did they get distinctive names—the Meal Vennel, Butchers' Vennel, &c. This is a different element from the Anglian 'gate.' It is one of the many French expressions we got through John Baliol's famous Franco-Scottish alliance, and is *la venelle* of the French, meaning a narrow, mean street. It is astonishing how widespread this designation as a street name was in Scotland. We had it in practically every historical burgh, from the Black Vennel of Inverness, and the Little and Muckle Vennels of Cromarty, to the Glasgow Vennel of Irvine, where Burns worked as a flax-dresser, and the Wee Vennel of Dumfries, where also Burns dwelt. This idea of meanness was so associated with the expression 'vennel' in the Scots mind that it was applied to any place so utterly squalid that in the forcible Teutonic it might otherwise be termed a pig-sty.

Other French elements are to be found in our Scottish street nomenclature, although not the expression *rue*, as seems to be thought in Greenock, where Rue-end Street seems to suggest a wrong derivation of 'row.' But a true case of French derivation is the designation 'Causeway-end.' It is *chaussée*, the paved way. We must not suppose that all the multitude of French words in common use in Scotland came through the old alliance between the two nations, and Francisque Michel's remarkable lists in his *Critical Inquiry into the Ancient Language of Scotland* must be carefully used, but it is quite amazing how widely and deeply the French influence penetrated Scottish life in this way. But the matter has been admirably treated by Professor Gregory Smith in his monograph on Middle Scots, and it is well worthy of the study of all who are interested in the derivation and history of our mother-tongue.

All the street designations so far dealt with are common to Scots burghs generally. But most of these burghs have descriptive street names—quite ancient, and arising in the old natural way—that are peculiar to themselves, and are derived from strictly local conditions. The Overgate and Nethergate of Dundee, although names peculiar to Dundee, do not come into this category, because they are intelligible to any one of knowledge in such things as the Upper Road and Lower Road—names of general quality, although restricted to local application. The same is the case with the old Boulget, or Bowlgate, of Edinburgh, for there were other places that had a public bowling-green, with the road leading to it known as the 'Boulget.' Such a strictly local designation is the Guestrow of Aberdeen. There is no other Guestrow in the country, and although this is a remarkable case

of a misapprehension, the name in its correct form, as well as in the corrupt form, is absolutely unique.

In the older histories of Aberdeen the name was explained as meaning the street where the townsfolk lodged distinguished strangers as guests. It so happens that this old street did contain the residences of provosts and other prominent citizens, and in one of the finer buildings—still standing—the Duke of Cumberland was lodged for several months while on the way north to Culloden in 1746. But that idea of the meaning of the name was quite erroneous—as, indeed, might have been seen if people had remembered that Aberdeen was not the only town that entertained strangers, although the only town that had a Guestrow.

The key to the puzzle was found in the old Latin title-deeds of the properties in the Guestrow of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The little street was described there as *Vicus Lemurum*—Road of the Spirits. In those days nothing intervened between the sloping back-gardens of this street and the graveyard of St Nicholas Church, the mother-church of the town, and it was seen (and there is now ample corroborative evidence) that 'Guestrow' is really the Ghaist Row, where the spirits of the departed from the adjoining churchyard might possibly be met with.

Since the later years of the eighteenth century the streets in Scottish towns, like those elsewhere, have been formally named, and the names now follow no rule of any kind. The case of the Union Streets of various towns is an instance of an excursion into general political history. Constitution Road of Dundee is another. That steep acclivity has not been the resort of Dundonians for a morning 'constitutional,' as the name might suggest. It takes us back to the opening years of the century, when the Catholic Emancipation proposals set the country by the ears. Scotland was very much opposed to these proposals, as was the king, and Scots burghs were zealous in voting addresses to His Majesty for his resolution in standing up for the constitution. Dundee and other towns carried their enthusiasm so far as to name one of their new streets Constitution Road, or Constitution Street, in commemoration of this national episode.

Such political references in street nomenclature are pretty likely to be regretted afterwards (though they are hardly likely to be very numerous in Scotland), but literary references are rather different. A group of streets in the west end of Aberdeen are named Rubislaw Terrace, Albyn Place, and Waverley Place. They were laid out in the late twenties of last century on part of the lands of Rubislaw, the patrimony of W. F. Skene, historiographer of Scotland. The Skene then in possession was W. F. Skene's father, James Skene of Rubislaw, the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott. Rubis-

law Terrace was so named from the family property. Albyn Place was named from the street, in the new town of Edinburgh, where James Skene dwelt; and the adjoining Waverley

Place was named to mark the association of Skene of Rubislaw with Scott, who by this time had made the famous public acknowledgment of his authorship of the Waverley Novels.

## 'C'EST LA GUERRE.'

By JEAN COCHRANE BRANTS.

OUT here in Switzerland we are living in an atmosphere of pet economies. I am sure Miss Matty, of blessed memory, would feel almost as much at home among us as in her native Cranford. Candle-ends, tails of string, and scraps of paper—what a new spirit has quickened their worthlessness! The common has become new, the vulgar distinguished. Matches, and soap, and cotton thread are teaching the dullest a new respect for the labour of man.

And the bread cards, the cards for the coal and the rice, the sugar and the macaroni, are working a revolution, social and moral. They are all the colours of the rainbow, and bear on the back this awful warning: 'This card is personal, and under no circumstances can it be replaced;' truly a responsible possession, therefore.

'*Ces cartes m'énervent,*' wailed our apple-woman as she stood emptying her pockets and bags on the kerbstone in a frantic search for what was not there. A month without bread or sugar is a common kind of nightmare here. When butter, milk, and fat cards are added, this night fear no doubt will come to be

the frightful fiend

Who close behind us treads.

'*C'est la guerre,*' says the good-natured Vaudois, and feels he has said the last thing about the situation. And with an equanimity truly admirable, he buys his coals and bread and sugar *à la carte*!

'*C'est la guerre.*' He says it to every new police regulation which complicates life for him.

'*C'est la guerre.*' He says it after three hours in the market-place waiting for butter. He has been known to say it when, his turn come, he finds no butter left.

'*C'est la guerre*' said even the old market-woman who offered me a swede for ninepence. I expostulated, but it was of no use. '*C'est la guerre,*' and there the matter ended.

'*Ah! c'est la guerre,*' when it rains, when it snows, when the linen is not clean.

'Two bits of soap?' growls the washerwoman. 'I cannot wash you clean on that.' Now was my turn. '*C'est la guerre;*' and I went on calculating how often we could still wash with soap at all.

We were sailing on the lake that last still autumn day before the bread card came. Dipping, sweeping, wheeling round us was a cloud of gray-winged seagulls tensely watching for the bread that never failed. Such a feast

they had, too, for the last time, and never a crumb touched the water, so unerring was their eye. Next day was the same whirling mass around us, following through the misty evening. A curious silence held us on the boat as we watched their flight and listened to their lonesome crying echoing o'er the water.

'*Personne vous a dit? C'est la guerre! Nous avons tous la carte de pain,*' came a small voice from far behind.

And often as I use my card I am back again on the still lake, with the swish of the water in my ears and the cry of a seagull calling—calling for bread; and sometimes—is it fancy?—voices mingle with the cry.

In this Island of Peace we think, we speak, we hear of nothing but the war; and it would be wrong to imagine that Switzerland does not acutely suffer. She is not a self-supporting country by a long way, and is dependent on her neighbours for the necessities of life. She is absolutely dependent on Germany, for instance, for coal and iron, which is not even *promised* without compensations. The Allies, on the other hand, limit all importations through onerous restrictions, lest aught of theirs pass to the enemy. A slight consideration of this situation reveals what dainty steersmanship is needed to guide this ship of State.

Now, since the war Switzerland has become not only the refuge-haven of the wearied and suffering, but the very refuse-heap of Europe. The foreign element is ridiculously high. It is possible to walk through the principal streets of Lausanne and Geneva and not hear a word of French. The Swiss refer to these alien immigrants as monkeys, thereby vastly relieving their minds. This baboonoid designation, originally given only to foreigners of a darker hue, is now becoming the general name for us all! During these days of rationing, it is a real hardship to see so many strangers pouring into the country and crowding hotels and tea-rooms. But we must remember that, as hotel-keeping is one of the chief industries of Switzerland, this situation could not be interfered with without ruining a large proportion of the population. It would not be surprising, however, if the people who suffer most were to forget this. With the exception of the Zurich riots, now proved of German instigation, the calmness of the Swiss is beyond all praise.

There has been much criticism, much suggesting, much writing 'to the Editor' by flustered

citizens, anxious to cope with the undesirables, so looming an element in this foreign crowd.

Scarcely a day passes without some alien name figuring in the criminal columns for spying, or theft, or murder even, with this note appended: 'Needless to add, this monsieur enjoyed a supplementary bread card.'

This is truly hard to bear, especially in *la Suisse romande*, where, as in France, bread is the staple food of all classes. '*Ces messieurs de Berne ne comprennent pas ça*,' complains the Vaudois, who cannot get over the fact that his German-speaking brother, who eats little bread, enjoys the same ration as himself. Though it is difficult to see how the gentlemen at Berne could have arranged it differently. Certainly the introduction of the bread card has shaken the foundation of our life and put the fear of death on the peasant, who sits on his potatoes like a hen on chicks. To oust him from this place of privilege if not of honour remains the problem, and to make him share with his fellows of the towns! Our farmer himself promised me my potatoes right heartily in autumn. Ever since I have been keeping him in mind. First it was too wet to dig them up, then too fine to miss a day in the fields; then the frost came. Each member of that family had his good reason why the potatoes could not be sent to-day. By Christmas I became alarmed. Impossible to get them *anywhere* if the farmer did not keep his word. After a minute and searching investigation two facts came to light. The farmer was drunk when he promised, and his wife, in mortal fear of the bread card, would sell nothing.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the milk troubles of last November. For two days on end we got no milk at all; that was how we first learned that troubles existed. The apology offered was concise. With cows on 'dry' fodder and oil-cake wanting, milk was reduced by half, and badly divided! Since, though times are better, there is often a day when the dairymaid 'forgets' to call.

Butter is hardly mentioned among us. A man in the town who sells it has ruined a gentle character. Before this war, never was a pleasanter salesman. Now he rarely smiles. He wears the expression of a man robbed. When his butter arrives from the central depot a placard appears over his door: '*Pas de Beurre*.' He locks himself in for the afternoon. But the queue outside holds firm, and he has to open the door in the long-run.

Cheese is becoming a scarcity. Through a miscalculation at the beginning of the war, exportation reduced the stores too rapidly—a tragedy in a country where it is a staple food. Not a mountain chalet without its well-stocked cheese-room, the trial of the summer visitor, who finds it impossible to grow accustomed to its odour, so pungent in changing weather! Winter's trial, the odour of choucroute, also is absent this season. In the cheaper restaurants and shabbier

boarding-houses from morning till nightfall a faint but irritating acidity pervades the atmosphere in normal winters—choucroute. This is likewise a staple dish, and a dainty to boot, when properly treated.

This year the caterpillars have saved us—a salvation not altogether to be applauded from the point of national economy. It was in the warm summer days that the butterflies came, living snowstorms flitting over the country. So beautiful and innocent they seemed! The air was full of them, the fields a dancing white. The Dance of Death, we called it as we watched them day by day. The plague of caterpillars that followed devoured everything to their taste. The cabbages with naked fingers pointed skyward like witches' brooms; and everywhere—on the ground, on the roads, over the walls and the houses—were nothing but caterpillars crawling, crawling. So choucroute is scarce and very dear this year. The peasants make a substitute of turnips, and, ready for eating at every market stand, beetroots are sold that have been cooked with the pig's meat!

Fruit also helps to fill the aching gap. Fortunately last year the crop of apples was abundant, and now they are more plentiful on the market than potatoes. Unfortunately, again, apples require sugar, and for long months that has been our most coveted possession, or rather *want*. Distracted advertisements used daily to appear in the papers from people ready to exchange, for a bag of sugar, anything in creation or imagination—butter, pigs, coals, potatoes, or perambulators!

Now that the fiercest frost in memory has come upon us, these advertisements have changed their tune. Sugar is offered for coal. We have stopped talking condiment in our struggle for warmth. Indeed, coal is a most serious difficulty, though all has been done to mitigate the distress. All last summer the Swiss were allowed to gather wood in the forests near the town, and every morning whole families, grandmothers and babies included, might be seen toiling up the hills, pulling every variety of hand-cart and barrow, to return in the evening laden with pine-logs, and the baby asleep strapped on the top. Now in winter these same hand-carts are ever on the road to the gas-factory fetching the monthly allowance of coke.

'Cannot you send my coke?' said a simple-minded new-comer to the distributing officer.

'No, madame; and it's very heating to fetch it yourself.'

Every month, alas! this allowance becomes easier to carry. Trains every month become fewer; factories are stopping; hotels are only half-full. This lack of fuel has forced Switzerland to inspect her own mountains and peat-moors, and a poor anthracite has been found in the Valais which burns only when powdered and mixed with peat. The briquettes made of this mixture burn, but give little heat. And the modern

house, with its central heating, has become a grave problem.

But perhaps the greatest trial of all is our gas ration. Gas cooking has always been encouraged here, and most houses are fitted with gas-stoves; but the allowance is steadily diminishing. It is many months since baths were forbidden, and woe to the person who exceeds her limit! So,

many an anxious housewife out here spends much of her time on top of a ladder watching her gas clock. Once more—*c'est la guerre*.

'*Qu'il y soit au moins du pain*,' is the heart-felt cry of the people. 'Gas, coals, sugar, we may do without; but give us bread. Be it ever so old, ever so sour, give us our daily bread.'

## SMALL HOLDINGS AFTER THE WAR.\*

By THOMAS NORTH CHRISTIE.

SMALL holdings as a means of keeping people on the land and as a 'guid-ganging' platform plea have had much attention for many years; and now, as we all hope, the blessed day draws near when swords may again become ploughshares, an increased and wider interest is being taken in such settlements, with the expectation that in them may be found homes for many of those who have served their country so gallantly and well.

It is true that the effect of recent legislation and the effort to promote small holdings has been very disappointing, both as regards the creation of new holdings and the settlement of existing ones. The new holdings have even failed to equal in number those that have ceased to exist in the same period, and the cost to the State has been preposterous. The settlement of the older holdings by the Land Court has, in the main, been on the simple, popular principle of giving a pound's worth for twelve or fifteen shillings; but such a system ends the creation of holdings by private arrangement, and intensifies what is really the crux of the whole problem—namely, the provision of buildings. One instance, the Duffus case, will illustrate the point. A small tenant in 1903 lodged with the owner an offer to continue his lease of the holding at an increase of rent from twelve pounds to sixteen pounds, provided the owner put up new buildings at the estimated cost of two hundred and ninety-four pounds fourteen shillings. The offer was accepted, and the buildings were erected. When the Land Court was instituted, the tenant applied to it, and the Commissioners, ever ready to be benevolent at some one else's expense, reduced the stipulated rent from sixteen pounds to eight pounds. For this annual payment (out of which the owner has to pay rates and maintenance charges) the tenant gets three hundred pounds' worth of buildings, twenty acres of arable land, and some out-run; which out-run, he admitted, sometimes produced a rent of five pounds for winter grazing.

The interference intended by the legislature

probably had justification. There are land-owners who would, if they could, charge a tenant rent for improvements executed by the tenant himself, and similar exceptional land-owners might trade unfairly upon circumstances that would practically compel a tenant to agree to an inequitable rent rather than be turned out of his old home. No one will quarrel with the setting right of such wrongs, and it is not, therefore, the *intention* of the legislature that is to be blamed, but the way the intention has been interpreted by the majority of a body that should be, but is not, impartial.

All those who have at heart a wish to see small holdings increase and succeed will rejoice that of late a saner view of the relative positions of land-owners and small-holders seems to be making way. Sir George Younger and Mr Wason have joined in a deputation to the Scottish Secretary; and, later, Mr Munro invited the largest land-owners to discuss the problem with him; so, at last, one may leave the party side of the question to dwindle before patriotic common-sense. No one does, no one can, doubt the desirability of keeping people resident on the land, and few, outside Westminster, care a pin's head whether they remain as small proprietors or as small tenants so long as they remain and brighten and strengthen the country with well-filled quivers.

The writer has had opportunities of ascertaining facts and watching tendencies not only in Scotland, but in other countries, and, wish as one may, there is no use in being blind to facts 'that winna ding,' or imagining things to be as one thinks they should be. East or West, in every country, just in proportion to the progress of 'civilisation,' the tendency amongst the younger people is universal, and it is to seek the towns. They prefer town employment, town distractions and society, to the more wholesome but humdrum existence that their forebears were content with. The standards of living have changed, too, and a holding that supported a family a generation ago will not support a family now. Buildings that suited the old folk and housed them in their joys and sorrows to ripe old age will not now pass the county inspector, and rightly so. The frugal grandparents and parents toiled and

\* The Editor recognises that certain statements in this article are open to controversy, but as the subject is exciting attention, he thinks Mr Christie's paper will be read with interest.

moiled as their descendants of to-day will not. They are not to be blamed; life has been made easier for us all, but it is better to recognise facts and not cherish the idea that deer-forests or grouse-moors or land-owners' rents have been the main cause of what we regret and would fain remedy. The old folk, who knew not bicycles, cinemas, or excursion trains, die off, and in the more distant glens and hillsides it becomes increasingly difficult to get the younger folk to remain and carry on. However sympathetic and patriotic in the matter we may feel, let us not be led away with false ideas of the small-holder from an agricultural point of view, but, rather, in his interests, let us keep clearly in view the changes that time has brought about. Sentiment, particularly in the Highlands, is strongly in his favour; patriotism sees in him a man with a stake in the country, and, as such, a source of strength; while eugenism hails him and his environment as one of the chief palliatives to the degenerating influences born of the manufacturing-city conditions. But as an agricultural proposition he is much less desirable; he does not cultivate as well as the large farmer; his limited acreage means small fields, with consequently a greater waste in fences and roads, and handicaps him in the use of the ever-increasing labour-saving appliances. Conditions suited to the spade and the sickle will not suit the double-furrow plough or the binder reaping-machine, far less the tractor. His buildings and his water-supply cost very much more per acre, both in construction and maintenance, than the single set required for the big farm. The small-holder has suffered by reason of the indifferent land that has been his portion; for the fat land, if there was any, went to the large farmers. There are friends of the small-holder who even yet would condemn him to that handicap, and vainly try to plant him in the glens of the deer-forests and moors. When the Secretary for Scotland speaks of Borgie as being suitable for small-holders, he allows his appreciation of the Duke of Sutherland's generous gift to warp his judgment. It is true that one should not look a gift horse in the mouth, but you need not regard the gift of what is but a Highland sheltie as if it were a thoroughbred.

Borgie's rough land, forty miles from its railway, will never make successful holdings, and the Board of Agriculture will need to be relied on to camouflage the failure by forestry—a delightful budget-heading to play with when the day of reckoning runs into the next century! Indeed, Mr Munro condemns his own opinion; for, while with one breath he speaks of Borgie as being suitable, with the next breath he complains that he cannot get land; and yet a quarter of a million acres adjacent to Borgie, but nearer to the railway, were then in the market. If you pay a high wage for doing an easy day's work on a government job, you will, of course, get

men to live at Borgie, and they will appreciate comfortable houses with land attached; but they will not really be permanent small-holders, and if the government spoon-feeding ceased they would soon dwindle away. The number of men who at the conclusion of the war will wish to become small-holders, and who are fitted for agriculture, is problematic, and perhaps the wish is parent to the thought that they will be a very large number. On the other hand, some of those previously engaged on the land will be unsettled by their war occupations, and may be reluctant to return to their pre-war ploy. It is difficult to understand why we have up to now neglected a class that can be added to the category of small-holders with greater ease and in greater numbers than the agricultural class proper hitherto aimed at. In the vicinity of all the country towns (cities are a different problem) there is an eager demand for homesteads with a few acres of land—perhaps up to eight or ten acres. The applicants cannot expect to get such places at a rental of some shillings per acre, and they are willing and able to pay a sum combining a house rent with a fair agricultural rent. They and their families will benefit by country surroundings and fixity of tenure just as much as any other class, and the fact that they are wage-earners in the town, as well as small agriculturists at home, does not make them a less valuable asset. Such a class of workers' homesteads, within a mile or two of the towns, would be much more attractive to, and suitable for, our returned soldiers than more rural holdings. The kindred idea of combining government work on forests with small holdings cannot be so quickly given effect to, and the mere fact that these holdings must be near the potential forests condemns them to situations with less favourable conditions of soil and climate, where the chief inducement to go will be the government pay, not the small holding. The suburban worker's homestead class would be wholesomely independent of government subsidies.

To the writer there seem to be outstanding facts that must be faced when the extension of small holdings is being considered. They are: (1) To be permanently successful as an agriculturist, the small-holder must get good, accessible land. (2) His holding must be large enough to give himself and a pair of horses full work. (3) That no considerable stretch of suitable good land exists in Scotland except such as is already incorporated in arable farms. (4) When such farms are taken over for small holdings the existing farm buildings will practically have to be scrapped. (5) That the financial crux of the whole matter is the provision of the buildings, not the acquirement of the land.

Legislation should provide for both small ownerships and small tenancies with or without buildings. There is no reason why both demands should not be catered for, and the owning class

would often manage the building problem much better than the State can.

We have the Secretary for Scotland stating that land cannot be had, and that long leases block the way; we have the newspapers constantly advertising large extents of land for sale in every part of the country; and we have, at the usual periods, countless advertisements in the local papers of farms to let or of displeasing sales, showing that there are annually thousands of farms freed of lease.

Let the Secretary for Scotland circularise all land-owners having, say, more than five thousand acres of arable land, and ask them to state what blocks they would be prepared to sell to the Government. It would be strange if there was any lack of offers (provided, of course, that legislative sanction was promised in the case of settled estates); but if there was, the said land-owners might well have compulsion applied to them. The larger land-owners, apart from being patriotic, have generally more land than they want nowadays, and their areas are so large and often so scattered that big sections could be disposed of without ridiculous amenity or severance claims for compensation. Of course, in large blocks there would be leases to run which must be respected, and in some cases unwritten

leases that would only end with the life of the old tenant; but these leases would fall in quite as fast as the Board of Agriculture could deal with them. The worker-homesteads near towns, fishing-villages, or country manufactures should be settled by local authorities vested with purchasing and borrowing powers—the purchasing-power including that of qualified compulsion. Such authorities would, naturally, be much more discriminating and economical than any central body could be, and, what at this time is very important, they are constituted bodies ready for immediate action. Thirty odd County Councils, with some hundreds of the smaller municipalities acting as their ‘subs,’ could fix up holdings in really appreciable numbers available for returned soldiers or sailors, and relieving or preventing a good deal of town congestion.

In the judicious promotion of the settlement of *suitable* small-holders in *suitable* small holdings the Board of Agriculture for Scotland has a work before it which will tax its capacity to the utmost, but which, if successfully accomplished, will redound greatly to its credit, be of incalculable benefit to the nation, and justify the very large expenditure of public money necessarily involved.

## THE HAPSBURG-SEILERN TRAGEDY—1914-15.

By R. C. WYNDHAM, Author of ‘Predictions and Prophecies Relating to the Kaiser.’

THE story of the imperial house of Hapsburg for over a half-century has been one of disasters, intrigues, suicides, assassinations, and mysteries. From the defeat of Sadowa in 1866, and the consequent expulsion of Austria from the German Confederation, of which the Emperor Francis Joseph was the head, followed by the assassination of the unfortunate Maximilian in Mexico, down to the present war, the reign of the late emperor was one long train of tragic events—the mysterious murder or suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolph; the assassination of the Empress Elizabeth, and that of the Hereditary Archduke Francis Ferdinand; the extraordinary disappearance of the *soi-disant* John Orth, &c. To these is now added the latest crime, consequent on the secret affiance of a young archduchess of Austria (whose name has been skilfully concealed from the public) with an officer on the staff of his late Imperial Majesty, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria. To these crimes and mishaps might be added the sad story of Charlotte, widow of the Emperor Maximilian; the vicissitudes of the Princess Stephanie, widow of the ill-fated Rudolph; the misdeeds of the Queen of Saxony, and so on. Troubles and misfortunes were heaped on the head of the sovereign, many of them of his own making, from the moment of his accession.

What crimes, what intrigues, can be laid to his account!

The story of the love of Count Seilern (the young officer alluded to above) and the archduchess begins with the Christmas of 1913, when they met for the first time at a Court ball in Vienna. A mutual attachment sprang up between them, notwithstanding the difference of station, and the hard-and-fast rules of the Hapsburg dynasty, so severe in the matter of *mésalliances*.

When the war broke out in 1914, the count was sent with a detachment of troops to a village in Hungary, at the base. Here he had time to think of her to whom he had plighted his troth before leaving Vienna, and as the season of Christmas came round again, and as ‘absence makes the heart grow fonder,’ he felt a longing to see the lady of his heart once more. In fact, the desire became so strong that a secret meeting was arranged between them. Both hoped that notwithstanding their difference socially, and the haughty traditions of the Austrian Court, they would gain the emperor’s consent to their union; but it was not to be, as the sequel shows.

In order to effect the proposed meeting, the archduchess joined the Red Cross Society, and became a nurse in one of the hospital trains which circulated from field to field, picking up

the wounded soldiers. One morning one of these trains, with the archduchess and a few faithful attendants only, stopped near the village where the count was quartered. Nobody, as they thought, knew of her arrival; but Austrian espionage is as cunning as the arch-fiend himself, and the emperor's spies were on their track. While the two lovers conversed together, feeling themselves safe from vulgar eyes, a spy had been on the watch, and when the train was about to take its departure, and the two were exchanging a tender adieu (alas! never to meet again), there suddenly appeared on the scene General von Hoetzendorf of the Staff, accompanied by two of his officers.

Without doubt, from a point of view of Court etiquette, this meeting between the archduchess and Count Seilern constituted a grave scandal, but as a consummate courtier the general restrained every impulse and every display of disdain until the train was out of sight. Then he summoned the count before him, and demanded of him the reason of the interview. The latter, however, a prey to great excitement, broke out into violent invective against his superior officer, who, while waiting to bring him before a council of war, ordered him to be arrested and confined a prisoner in a house in the village.

The solitude of his prison induced the count to reflect upon the enormity of his acts, and he now considered what was best for him to do. Convinced that not only had he incurred the Imperial anger, which was much to be dreaded, but that he had also replied with arrogance to his superior officer, he knew that the consequence of his rashness would be very serious, and to save himself he determined to take refuge in flight, and to repair to Vienna, where probably he would find some influential friends who could succeed in having his punishment mitigated. The high rank of his family, and the interposition of the archduchess with the emperor, might drive away the storm, and prevent it from breaking in all its fury on his head. To escape from his prison, then, he determined not to stop at any crime, and one morning the two sentinels who guarded his door were found dead, and the prisoner gone. A baron (whose name has not transpired), who was his intimate friend, had prepared what he considered a well-concealed refuge for him, but the spy was at work, and knew of it. The scandal, too, commenced to get abroad, although every means was adopted by the Court and the Austrian police to prevent its publicity. It seemed, however, the best way was to remove the count at once and for ever quietly and secretly to that 'bourn from which no traveller ever returns'—in plain words, to put an end to him without any rumour. At first, for convenience' sake, it had been thought necessary to ignore his hiding-place, while keeping him always in view; but other methods must be adopted now.

The old Countess Metternich, the one person indispensable in Viennese Court intrigue, and Von Gagern, the Austrian Minister at Berne, two of the vilest tools of the Hapsburg Government, now enter on the scene. The countess proposed to the emperor to get Seilern privately out of the country. For this purpose a free passport was to be granted to him to cross the frontier into Switzerland, to remain there till he could safely get away to America, never to return to Europe. In Switzerland he would be met by Von Gagern, or his emissary, under whose protection he would be until the final arrangements were made. Such was the plot. Count Seilern was to choose between this and death, the punishment of his threefold crimes, the greatest of which in the emperor's eyes was the daring to pay court to an archduchess of the House of Hapsburg. The count had no choice. To remain was certain death; but by accepting the offer which the supposed mediation of the Countess Metternich had procured for him, he might at a future time be able to rejoin the lady he loved. He therefore started for Switzerland. An envoy of Von Gagern met him at the frontier, and also an intimate friend, an Englishman residing at Zurich, to whom he had written. Meanwhile Von Gagern had rented a house close to Lucerne, which, in his capacity as Austrian Minister, was extra-territorial, and here the count was to stay while awaiting the propitious moment to start for America. Thither his friend accompanied him, and then took his leave, returning to Zurich. Judge of the Englishman's surprise when next morning he got an anonymous telegram from Lucerne telling him to return there at once, which he did immediately. At the station he was met by some members of the Austrian police in the employment of the Legation, who conducted him to the house of Von Gagern, and there showed him the dead body of Seilern, who, they said, had taken poison. Was it suicide or murder? Von Gagern declared it was suicide; but who would believe him? As for murder—well, the Swiss Government would not care to interfere with the house of a foreign Minister, and so the matter was hushed up, some plausible story being given to the Swiss authorities. As a matter of course, the Austrian papers published nothing of all this; but now the whole secret has leaked out.

#### ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu; the happy hours are flying;  
See in the west the sun's bed glows with light;  
He sleeps, his lullaby the soft wind sighing—  
So may you sleep to-night!

Adieu, once more; the long, glad day is ended,  
And overhead the crescent moon gleams white;  
She rests serene, by starry hosts attended—  
So may you rest to-night!

NORA C. USHER.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

**T**HAT to see is to know and believe is an old and well-respected maxim. There is in it a deeper meaning and a better appreciation of one of the subtleties of human nature than might at first be fancied. It is not so much that we may not believe in the existence, the reality, the wonder—if there be any—of the thing we have not seen, but of which we have read or have been told upon authority, as that the cold narrative of its parts and properties does not strike with full force upon our senses. There is the impression of something being second-hand, of our missing the full value, and so we may be a little indifferent to our information, perhaps even disdainful of it. The people of London and other places certainly believed in the horrors of this ugly war, but they believed in them more—more even than they did when they saw their streets filled with crippled and wounded men—when the bombs began to fall from the moonlit sky of nights and killed their folk, and when a long arc of British guns played in the full blast of a deafening barrage. No matter of selfishness or blameworthy individual foible, this; 'tis but the difference between a story, a narrative, a tale of something far distant, and the living reality of personal experience that needs no words for its embellishment. Now one may have some vague understanding that the chief romance of the war is in the air, and that more of it may be there before the business is completely done. Here is great adventure, and something new and strange. But it is not that only. In the day-time our own machines, with wings grown so wide in these recent years, fly over the town, their engines singing loudly. We know of them, see them, and experience a direct effect upon our senses. And sometimes when there is danger we hear them climbing up the aerial passes, seeking for the enemy that provokes us; and later, upon the summit of air, as it seems, we have seen these joyous adventurers among the night clouds, crossing the face of the moon. At such moments imagination has danced and leapt. These men, who to-day at luncheon were among us, have by witchcraft of their own soared away from earth, and there they are with their guns and things, twirling about and racing in company one with the other through the silver

land of the very moon itself! We have seen this thing; it has not been merely told to us; and so the warfare of the air has a special attraction to the townsman now.

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In the north-east corner of Trafalgar Square is the old church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, standing above its fine flight of steps, and presenting to the multitude who pass this busy corner what is supposed to be the best example of a Grecian portico in London. Of that fact they are mostly unaware; they are more interested at evening in the peculiar effect of the red lamp burning in this portico all and every night as a sign that the church is open during the whole period of the war, and is a place for soldiers' rest and contemplation. At one o'clock on a recent Saturday a young officer of the Flying Corps took with him a bride to this church, and there he married her. In that there was nothing remarkable; such a thing had been done before. (And yet a special glamour may seem to fall upon the airman's wedding, the nuptials of the gay rover who scours by night those lofty reaches of the atmosphere.) But, born of their adventure, their special courage, and their chivalry, these airmen have a form of most active camaraderie which is all their own. They who ride the winds seem as fast brothers one to the other of a new race of beings who have left the earth and dart among the birds. The wonder of their ways has worked upon their imaginations, and touched their strong hearts. An enemy is at his human best in this air service; the foes who fly display chivalry towards each other, respecting each other as they must. The best one can recall of the Germans is of their airmen dropping messages into hostile camps telling of the fate of British flyers who were missing, and of their now and then having descended low and let fall a wreath for the grave of some gallant foe for whom they had accounted and who had fallen within his own lines. The fighting in the air seems in some ways as a thing apart from all the ugliness of this war. But on this Saturday afternoon it was marrying and not fighting that the airmen were thinking of, and they were gay accordingly. The groom had a friend with him at the altar for best man; he

had another in the air outside. The best man of the air came up into the high sunlight from the west, with a joyous humming, and on reaching the square he swooped down low and roared the big engines of his new and giant plane in the people's ears. The airman found the church he sought, swam in the air towards it, and high above it circled round and round. A lightness of heart seemed to possess him. He rose and fell, he twirled about, he skimmed and darted; he twisted round imaginary corners that he made for himself, banking up on his side, straightening out again, banking the other way, putting his nose up to sniff the higher air, dropping down towards the roofs once more. This airman was in an unusual mood; he was out for an airman's wedding. Now the pilot appeared really to dance with his machine in air. This big and singing bird twirled more quickly, glided, swung round, and as we watched with necks that forgot their aching, it seemed in the fancy that he was beating time to a waltz of his own that he had improvised from the 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn. So low he sometimes swooped that he appeared to fan the face of the stone Nelson at the summit of the column, and then, with a one-two-three, he circled above a flagstaff. But it was not enough; the joy of the airman's wedding needed the fullest celebration. Here was this best man of the air just above the middle of Trafalgar Square, when the lips of the people parted a little more, eyes opened still wider, and nerves twitched sharply; for what did they see but this super-eagle standing on end in the air, stretching out its wings to the sky above, and leaping up and up, nose on the top, and then, as if in ecstasy, throwing itself on its back—and over—and falling down, and down, until it seemed to be coming to the earth! . . . And then it was straight again, and with the one-two-three of the imaginary dance it went twirling round the square once more. He had 'looped the loop' over the true centre of London, and lower, perhaps, than it had ever been looped before. As they made responses in the church, he leapt in the air again, and looped the loop a second time, danced in the air and looped again, and a fourth time soared aloft and looped. By this half-an-hour or more had gone, and it was reckoned that the couple were in the vestry with pen and ink for the signing of the deed. So it was done. One gay fling around the square, and then, rejoicing, the husband's friend sailed away over the tops of the buildings, down Piccadilly, over towards the Park, to his nest in the west. Some said it was a pity that the people were not entertained and educated more with such sights. They said it would stir them more. They would be roused to work and pay, they said. Seeing was believing.

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The French, with their imagination and their spiritual fervour, have a fine way of idealising.

They will snatch at a new fancy and construct a glory from it. And their glories work for them. They have made one from the romance of their own air service, which, as they intended, has become a striking feature of their present war history. Materials for a great and throbbing national romance were at their disposal. They accepted them, and have written, nationally and with a semi-official permanence, an epic of the air which at the end of the war will surely stand out and remain for ever as a typical story of France at her greatest, her most intrepid and heroic, in the most cruel war of all. In this fearful struggle there is produced a dense mass of heroism. The utmost limits of courage and nobility of spirit are daily reached in many places, and, as authorities have found, amid so much surpassing glory it is unfair enough to make distinctions. But France desired to find a symbol of herself engaged in the task to which she has laid her heart and soul, and she looked for it among her men darting amid the clouds above her, such men as displayed their utmost Gallic quality in the most romantic circumstances. The aviators of France have done amazing things—perhaps not more splendid than the aviators of Britain; but let that pass. The best among them the Republic characterises as 'aces' according to the number of their aerial successes, and Georges Guynemer was the champion of her 'aces.' In the autumn of last year, when at last he fell from the heights, stricken by a German airman's bullet, he had fifty-three conquests to his own account. That in itself is a wonderful thing; but all the circumstances of this life, which lasted for but two-and-twenty years, are romantic and remarkable, and the high authorities of France were right to seize upon them and urge the attention of the country, and especially its youth, towards them for the stimulus they must afford. It was felt that they would inspire more than ever the love of France, the recognition of duty, the cultivation of discipline, the practice of courage. Here is a pattern of the young man of France, they said in effect; look upon it and copy it. It is the best; it is France. While it was all burning truth, it seemed as if already the truth were legend; the subtle perfume of mysticism appeared to hang about it. The planes he flew with, the gloves he wore, became as almost sacred relics; people gathered solemnly and with immobile countenances in Paris to gaze upon them, and they spoke in low murmurs. Georges Guynemer, the glorious bird who flew away once into the skies and did not come back again, though they waited for him long and hopefully, seemed linked in immortal spiritual kin with Joan of Arc. There are some who do not find it difficult to imagine that at a time not far away the brave Guynemer, who was alive in the air less than a year ago, will be numbered among the saints. On a day that was set apart in

all the schools of France for homage to this hero, the mistress of a small seminary in the little village of Bouclans chose, just by chance, one of her pupils to write, of his own initiative and feeling and skill, a short testimony of the children's appreciation of the subject. The boy thus chosen by hazard was aged only eleven years and ten months, and he wrote the following, which the schoolmistress sent to the hero's parents: 'Guynemer is the Roland of our epoch. Like Roland, he was very valiant; and like Roland, he died for France. But his exploits are not a legend, like those of Roland; they are more splendid when told in simple truth than if they had been invented. For his glorification there is to be written in the Panthéon his own among the other great names. His aeroplane is placed in the Invalides. At our school a day is consecrated to him. This morning, on coming to school, we set his portrait on the walls; as a moral lesson we have learned by heart his last citation in army orders; for a writing-exercise we have traced his name; in conversation we have spoken of him; and, lastly, we have drawn an aeroplane. We have not come to think of him only since he died; in our school every time that he brought down an enemy aeroplane we were proud and happy. But when we heard of his death it was a grief to us, as if one of our own family had gone. Roland was the pattern of the chevaliers of another age. Guynemer becomes the pattern of the French of to-day, and all will try to follow his example, and to remind themselves of him as they did of Roland. I indeed shall never forget him. I shall keep the remembrance that he, like my dear papa, died for France.' So wrote little Franc-Comtois Paul Bailly of Bouclans, eleven years old.

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Think, then, of this model spirit of France. Georges Guynemer was born in Paris on the Christmas Eve of 1894. From his childhood upwards he had the tender affection of his mother and two elder sisters. His father, kindly, but more for stern discipline, was once an officer in the army, and had resigned four years before his son was born. He was devoted to historical studies. Now Guynemer is a very old French name. In the *Chanson de Roland* there is a Guinemer, uncle of Ganelon; and there are others in the old French romances and in the history of the Crusades. Fine traditions hang upon the name. Achille Guynemer, great-grandfather of Georges, went with Junot's army to Spain in 1811, and took part in the famous passage of the Bidassoa; one of his descendants married a young lady of good Scottish family, Miss Lyon. M. Henry Bordeaux, the distinguished French writer, who has devoted himself lovingly to a study of this subject, says that a Guynemer like Georges is the flower of an old French family. It is, he says, like the

case of the plant that bears but a single flower, and even that sometimes only once in a hundred years. All the sap is saved for this flower that has been so long awaited. From the heart of the plant a long stem extends, like a tree whose uniform branches seem as if they were of forged iron. From the end of this stem a wonderful flower comes to bloom; it is humid, and sheds its tears upon the leaves as if to invite them to sorrow for the doom that weighs so heavily upon it. When the flower withers the miracle is not repeated. Such a flower was Georges Guynemer. Some of the stories of his childhood are fine things. The old blood was sparkling in the boy. At school and college, though of but moderate physique, he loved games demanding agility and strength, and was specially addicted to one called *la petite guerre*, in which the class was divided into two armies, each with a general, and officers of various grades. Each soldier wore on his arm a detachable armband, and each army had a flag of its own, which was set up on a wall, a tree, or other suitable place behind it. The object of each army was to capture the flag of the other, and a soldier deprived of his armband was considered dead or out of action. Georges Guynemer always remained a *simple soldat* in these armies, not because he was not clever enough to be a general, but because his agility, quickness of eye, cunning, judgment, and so forth were so valuable in the ranks that he could not be spared from them. It was precisely these qualities that made him such a brilliant success in the air. He was not a good scholar, but he had a lively spirit, was loyal and generous, and possessed a keen sense of honour and a noble pride. The father of one of his friends was manager of a great motor-car factory, so Georges used to visit the works, and began to take a deep interest in motor-engineering. And then, when the aeroplanes began to fly over the country, he was fascinated, and followed every one with his eyes until it had faded away into the distant sky. When the time came for him to leave the Stanislas College and begin the practical work of life, his father asked him what he would like to be, and he answered, 'Aviator.' The parent was surprised, and, regarding aviation as merely a sport, said that it could not be. But the boy answered, saying, 'I have no other passion. One morning, from the quadrangle of Stanislas, I saw an aeroplane flying. I do not know what happened in me; I experienced such a deep emotion, an emotion that was almost religious. You must trust me when I ask you to let me go with the aeroplanes.' The father told the boy that he did not know of what he spoke, since he had only seen aeroplanes from below. 'You are wrong,' said the son. 'I have been up in one at Corbeaulieu.' That was an aerodrome near Compiègne, where they lived. This was only a few months before the war began. In July 1914 the Guynemers were at

Biarritz. Then came the war. Ardour burned in Georges. He asked his father if he might enlist. The answer was that the father wished him to do so. But he was three times turned down for medical reasons. He was disappointed, fretful, and restless. One day an aeroplane came down on the sands of Biarritz, and he talked to the pilot. Then he went back to his father and said he wished to go to the flying-schools of Pau; that before the war his parent had not wished him to take up aviation because it was only a pastime, but in war it was no longer a sport. 'Truly,' said the father, 'in war it is indeed another thing.' Georges went to Pau, and there he pleaded with Captain Bernard-Thierry, commander of the aviation camp. '*Mon capitaine*,' he urged, 'do me this favour. *Mon capitaine*, employ me! Employ me at anything you can think of, even in cleaning the machines there. You are my last chance! Let it be through you that I do something in the war!' The captain thought deeply upon it; he did not like to rebuff such enthusiasm. Then he said, 'I can take you as a pupil mechanic.' That was in November 1914.

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On a day in October three years later a memorial service was held in the little church of Saint-Antoine of Compiègne. Black draperies and the tricolour of France were wrapped about the pillars. The representatives of the Government and the Commander-in-Chief of the army, the heads of aviation and other sections, many brave 'aces,' a father, mother, and two girls, and numerous others sat with bowed heads to listen to the Bishop of Beauvais extolling the memory of a brave son of France. Outside many aeroplanes circled above the church. Comrades of the late Captain Guynemer flew in them; they were part of the famous squadron known as the *cigognes* or storks, to which the hero had quickly become attached after his first experiences at Pau, and in which he had achieved the highest distinction through his intrepidity, his courage, his coolness, extreme skill, and his marvellous instincts and methods in fighting in the air. These *cigognes*, who flew about the old church of Compiègne, seemed to brood in sorrow for the lost pride of their flock. In the middle of the public square of Compiègne there is a statue of Joan of Arc holding up to the heavens the old standard of France, and some said that day that it seemed she was waiting for the return of the hero from the sky to give to him the standard of victory. But, alas! nothing appeared in the sky. The glorious bird did not come back. In the church, again, the bishop read the last citation of Captain Guynemer, the final tribute paid to him in the army orders of the day. 'The general com-

manding the — Army states: Captain Guynemer, commanding Squadron No. 30, died on the field of honour, September 11, 1917. Like a legendary hero fallen in the full heaven of glory after three years of ardent combat, he will remain the purest symbol of the qualities of the race: indomitable tenacity, fierce energy, sublime courage. Animated by the most unshakable faith in victory, he bequeaths to the French soldier an imperishable remembrance which will exalt the spirit of sacrifice and stir to the noblest emulation.' The bishop at the close leaned towards the pew in which the father, the mother, and the two sisters sat, and he spoke of the gentleness, the filial tenderness, of the one who had gone; spoke of the redoubtable eagle which sometimes seemed to change itself to a swallow and fly back to caress with the tips of its wings the house where it was born. The French Parliament took up the tale of glory. Stirring speeches were made in the Chamber of Deputies; letters were read from the superior officers and the comrades of Captain Guynemer, love and admiration burning in the words; and passionately the Chamber passed a resolution, testimony of the Government of France, thus: 'The Chamber invites the Government to place in the Panthéon an inscription with the object of perpetuating the memory of Captain Guynemer, symbol of the aspirations and enthusiasms of the army of the nation.' Then the Senate resolved likewise: 'The Senate, associating itself with the homage rendered by the Government and the Chamber of Deputies, to glorify by an inscription in the Panthéon the memory of Captain Guynemer, hero of the air, salutes in him the spirit of sacrifice, of self-denial, and of energy of all the combatants in the armies of the Republic, who for more than three years have fallen for the country.' Then the Minister of Public Instruction acted. It was ordained that on the morning of November 5 the pupils in the various classes of all the schools of France should be assembled, and there should be read to them the resolution voted by the Chamber, the last citation of the army, the letters from Guynemer's superior officers and his comrades, and parts of the orations made in Parliament; and that a short discourse should be made upon this noble theme, associating with it the names of great Republican generals such as Hoche, Kléber, and Marceau. This was done; in each school it was a wondrous solemn ceremony. At the great Parisian school of Louis-le-Grand the Minister of Public Instruction attended. Since then this flame of pride has burned ever more brilliantly. France has determined that in the appalling whirl and confusion of this war, and after, Guynemer shall not for one day be forgotten.



## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

## CHAPTER XIX.

NOT many moments after the forester was on his way, another early riser, having disposed of his breakfast and deadened the fire with a covering of ashes, took his gun, and calling his dog, sallied forth in quest of some grouse, a covey of which delectable bird they had stirred up on returning to camp on the previous day. Following for a considerable distance the margin of the lake, he came to where on one side lay a waste of treacherous bog-land, above whose black surface rose hundreds of naked, skeleton trees, victims of fire or of inundations from the lake, and on the other a high, flanking amphitheatre of rock, thickly bestrewn with logs, debris of shattered boughs, and huge fragments of boulders, as though some Titan of the Stone Age had been playing quoits. Through this maze, now steeply climbing, now descending, at one moment threading along on dry hummocks between stretches of bottomless ooze, at another bridging them on the boles of fallen trees, the trail from Goose Lake pursued its devious way into a dense thicket of stunted pines, where game of all kinds was wont to shelter.

Thither Gavin Barrie purposed to go so soon as he had glanced about in the more open wood where he had seen the grouse. Another few moments and he would have disappeared in the thicket, before David Hardy, forsaking the usual route for this rougher but shorter one, had reached the fork. As it was, however, Barrie's dog, rushing ahead, nose to the ground, suddenly fetched up short at a point where the trail, before plunging to the edge of the bog, passed between two vast sundered rock-masses. Neither around nor over this obstruction was it possible to advance, and David Hardy, heedlessly scrambling up the steep ascent, suddenly found his progress barred by the motionless apparition of a large, red-brown dog. Astonished, he stared at the animal, which, immediately scenting him, began to bark furiously; while simultaneously the forester recognised the dog, and like a flash his quick mind grasped the connection between the presence of this creature and the end of the tell-tale cigarette reposing in his pocket.

Instantly the smouldering fires of hate flared into fury, and with a savage oath he shouted, 'Get out of here, you d—d cur!'

But the dog, nothing daunted, refused to budge, barking the more fiercely and blocking the trail as he bounced up and down on his fore-paws like a beast at a chain-end.

Hardy picked up a stone, but before he could fling it at his four-footed antagonist there came a shrill whistle, accompanied by the hurried clink of hobnails on the rocks and a voice

calling, 'Hello, "Bob"! Good dog! What have you got there? Treed a bear, have you?' followed by the tall figure and broad shoulders of Gavin Barrie.

'Call your dawg off, or, sure as I'm a livin' man, I'll brain him!' roared Hardy; and Gavin, mistaking the man's pallor and malevolent expression for signs of fear, seized 'Bob' by the collar, and quickly interposed his own body between that of the forester and the infuriated animal, which behind the bars of his master's legs continued to growl and utter short, spasmodic barks.

For an instant the two men confronted each other in silence; then, as Barrie's eye fell upon the stone in Hardy's hand, he said in level tones, tinged with contempt for what he misread as cowardice, 'Drop that stone! The dog won't hurt you. I'll make him keep his distance.'

'And, by God, I'll make *you* keep *your* distance!' hurled back the forester, his fiery temper aggravated to white-heat by the implication of cowardice from this man whom he hated. 'You think I'm feared of your dawg, do you? A pair of curs, both o' you—you and your bellowin' hound—sneakin' round the woods an' up to a decent man's very door like a mangy coyote round a goat-corral! As if 'tweren't enough for you to try to steal my girl behind my back, but you must follow her up now she's my wedded wife!'

During this tirade Gavin Barrie had turned very white, and more than once his fingers tightened on his gun; then he quietly grounded it beside him, and taking out paper and tobacco, began, with great exactitude, to roll a cigarette. Nonchalantly striking a match, he started to throw it away, then carefully extinguished it, saying, 'I was forgetting that the sharp eye of a Government forester is upon me! You *are* a forester, are you not?'

Hardy, rather taken aback by the Englishman's apparent failure to recognise him, sullenly let fall the stone, which, bounding down the rocky incline, was swallowed up in the neighbouring bog—a fact of which Barrie quickly but imperceptibly took note. Then followed a brief pause while the forester's mind worked rapidly. The Englishman's *sang-froid* was something upon which he had not reckoned, and for a moment, even with all the cards in his own hand, as he supposed, he was in doubt how to play them. The smoke-rings, however, which Barrie carelessly blew and idly watched floating away, presently furnished a further opening. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out the cigarette-stump, saying truculently, 'Think you can fool me with that sort of bluff, do you? Well,

mebbe, if you don't recognise *me*, you will *this*!' and he thrust forward the crushed fragment.

'Yes, to be sure I do,' replied Barrie in an indolent tone, and lazily inspecting it. 'Sorry I can't offer you something better instead, but that was my last one, more's the pity.'

'I wouldn't smoke one of them stinkin' things if you had a hundredweight of 'em,' snapped Hardy. 'I've got some better use for my time and money, thank God, than to loaf about puffin' out smoke like the engine in a lumber-camp!'

At this retort a flush of anger swept over Gavin Barrie's set face; but, determined not to quarrel with Anita's husband, he controlled himself with a strong effort, and said coldly, 'As you don't seem able to keep a civil tongue in your head, and the morning is too fine to waste, I'll be obliged if you will retreat and let me pass.'

'No! That's just what I don't propose to do!' shouted Hardy. 'You and me has got more than one score to settle, my cock o' the walk, and the sooner the better!'

He took a step forward; but, his foot slipping, there jolted from under his arm the loaf of bread, which all this time his subconscious self had tenaciously gripped. Leaving the paper to flutter limply to the ground, it followed the same road as the stone into the bog, there for a brief moment to shine, a tiny islet of golden crust, before disappearing in the insatiable black mud.

This incident served to recall to the forester's disordered mind the errand upon which he had set out, at the same time affording Barrie a clue as to the reason of his coming that way. Remembering, too, Anita's suggestion that her husband should bring him the bread rather than that he himself should come to the house, he quickly concluded that Hardy must have already known of his camping on Goose Lake, and threatened his wife should she have any intercourse with him. This also would account for the forester's angry attitude as to the finding of the cigarette outside his door, for evidently Anita had not divulged their meeting.

Deeply wounded by the girl's apparent lack of good faith, and his pride hurt to the quick, Gavin then made a fatal blunder by remarking haughtily, 'If you were bringing that bread to me, you need not have troubled, for I fetched my loaf yesterday.'

The forester's face grew livid as he demanded hoarsely, 'Did my wife give you that loaf yesterday?'

'Yes, of course she did,' replied Gavin hotly. 'Do you suppose I sneaked in and stole it from the cupboard? What do you take me for, that you stand there insinuating all sorts of abominable things? Come now; move out of the road or I shall have to drop you over the rocks after the bread, and you mayn't get out again very easily.'

So saying, he picked up his gun and took a

step towards Hardy, the red-brown dog close to heel, while within the forester's breast raged grief at what he now believed to be the proof of Anita's faithlessness, and hatred of the man who, though the seducer of his wife's affections, faced him with such imperturbable assurance.

Blinded by passion, and his reason for the moment nearly unhinged, he made a sudden spring at his opponent, and strove to grapple with him in the narrow gap between the riven boulders. Well for him was it that the Englishman's bulk intervened between him and the dog; otherwise had the white fangs been inevitably buried in his legs.

Yet, even aside from this, Barrie, by reason of his superior height and position, had the advantage. Bracing himself to receive the man's sudden onslaught, he succeeded at the same time in slipping his gun behind him, and then, gripping the forester by the shoulders, began forcing him inch by inch backwards down the trail, slippery with smooth slabs of granite and loose stones.

But it was not without avail that for years past David Hardy's arm had been 'lifted up' against the trees, his whole way of life making for muscle; and when added to this was the powerful incentive of hate, it would probably have fared ill with the older man had not the red-brown dog, now able to squeeze beyond the rocky buttresses, suddenly sprung at the forester with such violence that he lost his footing, struggled vainly to recover himself, and with an oath toppled backwards into the bog below. In falling he struck his head upon one of the innumerable tree-trunks littering the bog, and, thus unconscious and helpless, would probably have speedily sunk into a living grave had not his enemy rushed to his rescue.

Sliding down the face of the rock, he managed, with great caution, to reach and balance himself on a log, and seizing the prone man by the collar, succeeded, at the risk of choking him, in dragging him from the mud-hole to firmer, though quaking, ground. Then, bidding his dog, which had scrambled down after him, to keep guard, he picked his way back to the trail, ran up to fetch his gun, and returned to face, at a few yards' distance, his defeated foe just as he opened his eyes and struggled to rise—an action which his canine custodian resented with low growls. 'All right, "Bob,"' said Gavin. 'You go chase yourself now. I think I can play the rest of the game with a lone hand.' Then to the forester, kindly but austere, 'Are you hurt, Hardy? Your bed was soft enough, but I fancy that old log with which you came in contact was a fairly hard pillow. And you're in a pretty mess, too,' he added grimly, as Hardy, plastered from head to heels with black mud, and with slime from his thick hair trickling down his ashen face, tried to sit up. 'Here, give me your hand;' and David, half-dazed and speechless, suffered his late antagonist to pull him up and prop him

against a rock. Neither had a flask with him, nor was the water fit to drink; but Gavin found a stagnant pool, and soaking his handkerchief, gave it to Hardy, who mechanically wiped his lips and mopped the soil from his face.

Then Barrie, grounding his gun and lightly claspings the muzzle, said, with a suspicion of a twinkle in his gray eyes, 'Well, Hardy, thanks to my dog, I think I've got the better of you, and as it was evidently a case of one or other of us ending his days in a bog-hole, I'm profoundly glad it wasn't I, and almost equally so that it wasn't you!' Then, suddenly changing his tone and flushing hotly, he burst out, 'You've behaved like a blamed fool, David Hardy, and it would have served you jolly well right if that mouth of yours, in which you don't seem able to keep a clean, civil tongue, had been filled with mud enough to choke you. I don't understand even now what all the bluster and fury was about; but I do know just one thing, and that is that that same fiery tongue of yours isn't fit to lick your wife's boots. A brave little woman, facing a lonely life such as hers, and you curse if an old friend so much as looks in at her door.'

'Friend!' snarled the forester. 'Friend *nothin'*! When a woman's married she doesn't need no friend barrin' one, and that's her husband; and I'll not stand to have you or any other fellow hangin' round my home. You *talk* smooth enough; but why didn't she *tell* me you had been there, 'stead of lettin' me come on a fool's errand? I'll teach her to deceive me another time!' he raved on, working himself up again into a fury. 'And as for you—well, the sooner you hike out of these parts, the better for you.'

'At present,' replied Barrie coolly, 'it seems to me, from the position of things, that neither of us is likely to get very far from this particular spot unless you considerably alter your tune.' Then suddenly, with change of voice and manner, he went on forcibly: 'See here, Hardy; why make a fool of yourself and wreck your own happiness and, which is much more important, your wife's? She has done you no shadow of wrong, nor have I; yet now, for the second time, you've tried to murder me, and it's no thanks to you that the knotted end of a rope isn't already waiting for you!'

At this the forester started perceptibly, then tried to rise to his feet; but the quaking moss sank beneath the pressure of his boots, and with a scowl he again reclined against the rock.

'Now,' continued the Englishman, 'according to the rights of the thing, I should be justified in giving you a tap on the head with my gun, tying you up, and leaving you here until I could notify the authorities; and if you attempt to move from where you are I sha'n't hesitate to empty one of these barrels into your leg. But I will give you one chance, and that is that if I let you off and help you out of this

mess, you go straight home, and,' he added sternly and significantly, '*drop this incident of our meeting out of your mind.* You fell into the bog, lost the bread, and never reached the camp on Goose Lake. Do you understand? I shall expect your word of honour upon this; and if you won't give it'—Gavin ran his hand smoothly up and down the barrel of his gun and awaited the discomfited forester's reply.

Still grieved that Anita should have so compromised herself and him by concealing his visit to her home, Gavin nevertheless made a desperate throw to avert a final catastrophe between the man and his wife. Having pretty accurately gauged David Hardy's temperament, he rightly concluded that if he could compel him to curb his violent temper, the crisis would pass and leave him once more rational. In the meantime—so Barrie quickly determined—he himself would soon break camp and return to the Grizzly, and thus avoid any chance of again exposing his little Anita to the jealous fury of her husband; for that the latter truly loved her he hadn't a shadow of doubt.

While the Englishman was thus rapidly thinking, through the forester's mind also raced thoughts—cunning thoughts, so out of keeping with his own straightforward character that Gavin never suspected what lay beneath the words which David Hardy now spoke, sullenly but steadily: 'Well, I reckon you're right, and that it won't help neither Annie nor me if I have to be strung up for a bit of a flare of temper. You ain't got a shadow of right,' he went on rapidly, and with a flash in his dark eyes, 'to dictate to me what I shall or shall not tell my own wife; but I'll give you my word that I won't say nothin' to her about this mornin', provided you'll give me yours that you won't go near my house so long as you're campin' on Goose Lake; otherwise, empty your shooter into me, lock, stock, and barrel, and be damned to you!'

At the closing sentence of the forester's speech a heavy flush dyed Barrie's fair skin, and an angry retort trembled on his lips; but, with a supreme effort to spare Anita at whatever cost to his own pride, he said quietly, 'I give you my word.' Then, giving the forester a hand to extricate himself from his uncertain position and so gain solid ground, he added in a voice wherein contended self-control and outraged feelings, 'Go—for God's sake, *go*—and, if it's a possible thing, purge from your soul as much slime as you do from your shirt! There is abundant need for both!'

With which passionate speech, he wheeled in his tracks, slung his gun across his arm, and disdaining so much as to look whether or not his late opponent took the outward trail, deliberately retraced his steps and struck into the bush, the red-brown dog at his heels.

(Continued on page 353.)

## THE SWALLOW COMES BACK.

THE 'fuller crimson' has come upon the robin's breast, and the lapwing has got the new crest alluded to by the poet. So we welcome back the swallow:

Once in each revolving year,  
Gentle bird! we find thee here.  
When nature wears her summer vest  
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest.

But so familiar is its yearly coming that we cease to wonder at it. Why should the swallow leave those genial climes where it has passed the winter to brave, it may be, the rigours of an English April? Of course, we have explanations from our scientific advisers, and, equally of course, we accept them. Yet in our heart of hearts we are scarcely satisfied.

A Northern poet gave some of his latest thoughts to the subject, and evolved a beautiful theory. It was Runeberg, one of Sweden's greater bards, to whom the idea came that the summer birds come north in search of light. He could not think that they came to his comparatively bleak and barren land in search of food or climate. Only in one thing was his country richer—the longer day. The summer visitors, then, must come in search of more light. And it is a fact that when the longer days of northern summer set in, then the tide of bird-migration sets northward. When the days shorten again after the autumn equinox, then the birds seek once more the genial south. 'The bird of passage,' said Runeberg, 'is of noble birth; he bears a motto, and his motto is, "*Lux mea dux*" ("Light is my leader").'

There is also a scientific theory which makes 'more light' the great motive of summer migration. It is not, however, the love of light implied in the poet's fancy, but the prosaic fact that the longer daylight gives the birds more time for feeding. The nesting bird requires all the time it can get to feed itself and its voracious young. How in the world does it ever find leisure to sing? One strong point in favour of this theory is that it explains the wonderful regularity of migration. When the appointed time has arrived the birds start on their journey, often in defiance of the weather. If there is an opposing surface wind the migrating hosts will rise, and pursue their course above it. And how often we see them arrive when the country, from the climatic point of view, is not ready for them! But if light be the arousing force, the regularity of the increasing daylight in the north after the spring equinox would be sufficient to account for the birds observing so accurately the times of their coming.

In search of light! Yes, it is a beautiful idea that the aerial pilgrim is drawn north in spring by its love of light. We recall what Mr Baring-Gould has said of the Celtic saints.

They were, he tells us, children of the light, and their love of light led them, in their frail wickerwork coracles, to pursue the summer sun northwards, even to Iceland. So the swallow comes over the rough northern waters to the same land of frost and fire, and the cuckoo ventures within the Arctic Circle. In search of light! Yes, it is a plausible scientific explanation that the migrating bird is seeking more daylight that it may have longer hours of feeding. And yet—well, there is our swallow. Why, on this view, are some content with the comparatively short day of the south of England, while others seek the longer daylight of Scandinavia or Iceland? Why does the nightingale, Ben Jonson's 'Dear good angel of the spring,' stop short in its northern journey at York? And how is it that some willow-warblers find the daylight of North Africa sufficient, while others must needs go to Norway and Sweden? And why do not migratory birds in general seek the midnight sun of the North Cape, or the darkless summer day of the Arctic? What influence, again, can the longer or shorter day have on the great east and west migratory movements? These questions seem to touch the weak points in the light theory of migration. Yet there may be some truth in the poetic views of Runeberg, as well as in the more prosaic suggestions of the scientific explanation. Both seem to clear up certain difficult points which other theories leave untouched.

The swallow is a great wanderer. It is believed to pass the winter in those

Genial bowers  
Of Memphis and the shores of Nile  
Where sunny hours for ever smile,

of which Anacreon speaks. But recent investigations show that it may go much farther. It is not anchored in North Africa for the winter, as it is here in summer by breeding cares. Swallows ringed in this country have been caught in South Africa. 'Thou, O swallow, who hast flown through the whole of the earth and the islands, art bringing up thy young in the picture-frame of a painted Medea.' Surely the old Greek writer had that knowledge of the swallow which has only come to us through the recent capturing of ringed specimens in South Africa.

So the robin ringed here is caught wandering in France in the later year. The bird is a wanderer by nature. The migratory instinct is as essential a property of the bird as its feathers. And this view of the bird as an incorrigible wanderer explains much that is otherwise difficult in migration. It gives a reason for the fact that the swift goes some six weeks before the swallow. The migrants are tied here, and

the wandering instincts held in check, just so long as breeding cares last. The swift is finished with its one brood before the swallow is done with its two. So it departs in early August. The cuckoo, too, goes early, having distributed its eggs amongst suitable foster-parents. The young cuckoos follow much later. And amongst the very earliest to go are those odd birds which have not found mates. The east and west migration of thrushes, larks, starlings, &c., in autumn is likewise explained as a manifestation of the wandering instinct of the bird.

And those extraordinary migratory movements westwards from the west coast of Ireland which have been observed at the lighthouse on the island of Rathlin O'Birne. Immense flocks of

birds moving westwards where the nearest land is North America! No other explanation but the inherent migratory instinct, which *impels* a bird to wander, seems to meet the case. The bird is a wanderer by nature; the migratory instinct is as much a part of bird nature as a horny beak and feathers. An assumption! Yes; but the other view, that the avian race was once non-migratory, and that the migratory habit has got to be evolved, is equally an assumption.

But the swallow comes back. Let us not trouble with theories and explanations, so long as it deigns to honour our barns and chimneys with its nests, and the martin still sticks its 'procreant cradle' in 'every coign of vantage' on our dwellings.

## THE PHILANDERER.

### CHAPTER II.

And little sins—mere flaws of youth—

By years inured, nor early seared,

Are lions in the path, forsooth!

Lads light o' love must dree their weird!

THE months passed, and the years. Having completed the contract which had kept him at Panamá, Duncan McAndrew sold his property there, made over Moctezuma to his son, with other lands in Mexico, and took his wife to Scotland. Thus the Philanderer came to be reckoned amongst the dollar millionaires—Mexican dollars, let it be understood. These were the days of the great coffee boom, when many of the foreign planters in Mexico had their town houses at San Francisco, California, U.S.A., therefore a long journey from their sources of income. Amongst them was the Philanderer, whose wife and children spent the wet seasons at the city on the Golden Gate.

Fortunate in many ways, Phil McAndrew should have been happy; and perhaps he was, for Carmen Lopez had made him a good wife. Aware of his besetting weakness, as will be made clear, she had made light of his lapses, or, at worst, had not permitted them to wreck her life—a hard rôle for a Mexican woman whose instincts are those of her Spanish sisters, but fiercer, owing to the Indian blood in the veins of the great majority. She had given him four children, all girls, of whom he was passionately fond. At the time of the tragedy the eldest was seven.

Until her marriage with Milton Willett, an American coffee-planter, who owned a *finca* in Guatemala, on the Mexican border, and no great distance from Moctezuma, Flora Cameron had stayed on at Panamá with the McAndrews. That her heart had not been broken her marriage may, or may not, have been evidence. That she had neither forgotten nor forgiven was shown by her conduct whenever her cousin visited his people,

for she invariably disappeared. She had met him face to face by accident once since his hasty wedding. On that occasion she had looked through him with stony eyes, ignored his attempted greeting, and passed him by with no more sign of recognition than if he had been a half-naked beach-comber gleaning driftwood on the shore.

His astonishment, therefore, was great when, attended by a *mozo* leading a pack-mule with baggage, she one day rode up to the big house at Moctezuma, dismounted from her tired horse, and asked to see the *padrone*. Being at home, the Philanderer went at once to the *plaza*.

'What! Flo?' he exclaimed. 'This is indeed a surprise! But come in. Wherever have you ridden from?'

'From home—three days,' she answered wearily. 'I have left it for ever. I want advice and help. You are the only relation I have on this side of the world now, and when a woman leaves her husband for good, she can only go to her own people. Where is your wife?'

'San Francisco. But never mind,' he answered in his most *simpatico* tone. 'You look dreadfully tired. You must lie down for a couple of hours. I'll send you some tea. Then, when you have had a bath, you will feel better, and you can tell me all about it.'

A few hours later the runaway wife entered the *salon*. She had bathed, and dressed herself in her prettiest frock, and she looked more charming than ever. Her fair hair, blue eyes, and clear skin were a tremendous contrast to Carmen's dark features and raven tresses; as also was the trim, lissome figure, for the Mexican mother soon loses her shape and her youthful appearance. The Philanderer's pulse beat faster at sight of her, and the first thought that crossed his mind was the usual—in such circumstances—lamentation over spilt milk: 'What a fool I have been!'

Having seated her in the most comfortable chair in the *casa*, he told her that he was ready to hear her story, and advise her to the best of his ability.

'I never loved Milton,' she began, 'but I was as good a wife as I could be. There was another woman—Conchita. I asked him about her, and he struck me. You never would have struck me, Phil. That's all of the story that matters. I have left him for good. How do I stand under Mexican law?'

The Philanderer could not repress a feeling of elation. His pretty cousin, one of his early sweethearts, and the best of them all, had never loved her husband! He was swift to draw a conclusion.

'No,' he said, 'I can't see myself striking a woman—least of all *you*. But I'm not a lawyer. Ordinarily, half the property, real and personal, your husband owns in Mexico belongs to you, and half of your property here to him, if you have any. Neither can sell without the consent in *escritura* of the other, and if there were children the judge of the orphans might have something to say. But there are no children'—the Philanderer knew that—and you have left your husband. The last may be serious. I must consult Vera. He's the best lawyer in Tapachula. I'll send a *mozo* for him. He'll be here to-morrow.'

'Can I stay?' she asked.

'Of course. Where could you go? To an hotel? The Tapachula hotels are not nice places for a lady, and Tapachula is twenty miles from here, anyway.'

'But your wife?'

'I'll send a telegram to her by the *mozo*. She won't mind.'

The runaway wife looked at her one-time lover quizzically. 'She's either very complaisant, or you must have changed a great deal,' she remarked. 'I think you must have changed. I have been sitting in this chair at least a quarter of an hour, and you haven't spoken a word she might not have heard.'

Remarks and tone alike were provocative—perhaps intentionally so, for she was in a bitter mood. The result was as might have been expected. The Philanderer, who had been sitting facing his visitor, moved his chair to her side.

'I haven't changed at all, Flo,' he said, in his most mellifluous tone. 'Not about you. You didn't love Milton Willett. You have said so. I didn't love Carmen. I was a fool. I always was a fool. I loved you better than anybody. We ought to have been married before I came to Moctezuma. I asked you to marry me, and I backed out, like the ass I was. Now I've got to put up with it, I suppose; but I'm as fond of you now as I was then.'

'It's too late, and I ought not to be here,' she rejoined. 'It's much too late for you to talk like that; and if I have run away from my hus-

band, I'm not the sort of woman you seem to think. I must go to-morrow, after I have seen your lawyer.'

He was sitting by her side—he, the Philanderer, not to be deterred by a woman's 'No,' or twenty 'Noes.' She was as good to look at as ever. He slipped an arm round the back of her chair, and let it fall on her shoulders.

'It isn't too late, Flo,' he began, ignoring her movement of annoyance, and paused, as Pablo Lopez, who was acting *administrador* of the *finca*, and had been working in the office close by, entered the room from the veranda in his slippers, therefore almost silently.

'I thought you were alone, Felipe,' he remarked, and stood staring. *El hombre vivo* had not been informed of the arrival of the lady, who was an entire stranger to him. The Philanderer had removed his arm, but not quickly enough.

'I must introduce you, Pablo,' he said, a trifle disconcerted. 'Permit me, Flora? My wife's brother, Don Pablo Lopez—my cousin, Mrs Willett. She has come to see me on business.'

Don Pablo bowed rather frigidly, and presently returned to his work. But that afternoon the *mozo* who acted as mail-boy took to the office in Tapachula two telegrams addressed to the Señora McAndrew in San Francisco. One of them—Pablo's—translated, was as follows:

'Better come home as soon as you can. Felipe has a cousin staying at the *casa*. Another Anita.—PABLO.'

The words 'Another Anita' led to the tragedy, for Anita Morales was exceedingly pretty. The daughter of a neighbouring *finquero*, she had attracted the susceptible Philanderer, who had paid her such attentions as were possible. Doña Carmen knew, and had been greatly troubled; but the girl had married. The mention of her name in Pablo's telegram, however, awoke bitter memories. She telegraphed at once to say she was returning home, and left San Francisco by the next steamer, taking the three youngest children with her—her babies—to be her most powerful advocates in the contest which she feared.

Off the coast of Mexico the boat, s.s. *Colima*, encountered a terrible storm, and sank. There was no survivor—not one!

Phil McAndrew received the awful news by telephone. He was alone. His cousin had left for Mexico City a week before, carrying out her own intention, and acting on the lawyer's advice. Don Pablo was somewhere on the new plantations. At the foot of the veranda staircase saddled horses stood always. The Philanderer sprang into the saddle of the first he came to, and galloped off in a frantic state of mind to find Pablo, who knew that his sister had sailed.

'The *Colima*—the *Colima*!' he shouted, as he caught sight of his brother-in-law in the *monte*. 'She has gone down, and not a soul saved! My God! what shall I do?'

At first Don Pablo was incredulous. But the Philanderer's bitter grief forced conviction upon him. The part he had played in the tragedy struck him like a blow from a quirt. Forgetful of the fact that Don Felipe knew nothing of the telegram he had sent, he stammered out excuses: '*Madre de Dios!* It—is—terrible! But it is as much—your fault—as mine; more your fault—much more.'

'What do you mean, you idiot?' raved the Philanderer. 'How your fault? How mine? I'm crazy, but you're a fool!'

'Perhaps,' rejoined Don Pablo resentfully. 'I telegraphed to her to come home. I saw you with your arm around that woman's neck. I thought my sister ought to be here. Now whose fault is it?'

The Philanderer groaned, and fell from his horse in a faint. The same day he rode down to Tapachula, and telephoned to San Benito, so-called port, but actually open roadstead. A coasting-steamer lay there, waiting for cargo, or, rather, for good weather, so that the cargo could be shipped. That boat he chartered at great cost, and offered a large sum to the *lancha* men to put him aboard of her. At the risk of their lives, they did it. The next three weeks he spent cruising up and down, calling and landing not only at every port, but at every inlet, every *playa*, on that part of the coast, more than half-mad, seeking his wife and children, alive or dead—questioning—questioning, but always disappointed. How could it be otherwise? Where the s.s. *Colima* went down, the Pacific was alive with sharks!

Forced to give up the hopeless quest, he voyaged on the coaster to her home port, San Francisco, and there went to the devil, no matter how.

For years the Philanderer's sleep was broken by horrible dreams. In the middle of the night he would call for his lost babies—for Panchita, youngest of all, born at San Francisco; for Belita; for Mariquita; for Carmencita, his wife. He had paid, and continued to pay. But enough of torture. The Philanderer had paid.

At forty Phil McAndrew was comparatively a poor man. Boom-times in coffee-planting do not last for ever, and his sojourn with the devil had been prolonged and very costly. The old nightmare troubled him occasionally, but as the years had sped the horrid memory had grown more and more faint. Occasionally he visited Moctezuma, but after a few days he would become restless, and leave the *finca* to the care of Don Pablo. His home was at San Francisco. His cousin, Flora, he never saw, never heard of, never thought of if he could avoid it. Otherwise, eleven years after the tragedy, he was much the same Philanderer, handsome, soft-voiced, *simpatico*, impressionable, fascinating, ready to make love to every pretty woman who

crossed his erratic orbit. As he was still thought to be a millionaire planter, and known to be a widower, these were many. Amongst them was Mrs John J. Bunter.

The widow of a patent medicine manufacturer famous in his day for his bold advertising, Mrs John J. was believed to be wealthy. Certainly she was a fine figure of a woman, and of a most 'coming-on' disposition. The Philanderer met her at the Las Palmas Hotel, Los Angeles, where she was staying with a nephew, a diminutive but exceedingly sharp young man, Drake Frogart by name, commonly called Froggie, who was supposed to be connected with the Press.

Mrs John J. was very fond of watching the moon rise from a snug corner seat embowered in palms and magnolias in the hotel garden, and there, one momentous evening, the Philanderer found her, and requested permission to watch the moon rise in her company.

'Why, sure—delighted,' said Mrs John J., and not only made room for him, but shared her cushions. Of course, he made love to her—that goes without saying—and eventually kissed her before taking her in.

Next morning, at breakfast on the veranda, he received a shock. A fellow-guest, who had been his *vis-à-vis* at several previous meals, handed him a copy of the Los Angeles *Star*, with a single word of comment: 'Congratulations!'

'What for?' asked the Philanderer.

The fellow-guest pointed a long, bony finger at a paragraph in the newspaper, and said, 'That, old son.'

The Philanderer read the paragraph, and gasped.

'We have pleasure in announcing that a marriage has been arranged between Mr Phil McAndrew, the well-known millionaire coffee-planter of Moctezuma, Chiapas, Mexico, and of San Francisco, and Mrs John J. Bunter, widow of the late millionaire pill-maker of Chicago, both staying at the "Las Palmas." We wish them happy.'

'*Carrumba!*' exclaimed the Philanderer, greatly agitated; and, newspaper in hand, he left the veranda in search of Mrs John J., whom he found in the breakfast-room.

'Here's a nice josh!' he exclaimed. 'I hope you won't think I'm responsible for this. There'd be trouble if I knew who'd done it.'

'Wal—what is it?' she asked quite coolly.

The Philanderer gave her the newspaper, pointing out the paragraph, which she read slowly to herself.

'Wal?' she questioned, still perfectly cool. 'What about it?'

'It's a great piece of impertinence. It's not true.'

Mrs John J. rose in well-assumed indignation. 'Of course it's true,' she rejoined, with emphasis. 'What sort of a man are you, anyway? Didn't you say I was a real peach, and just the sort of

woman you could be happy with anywhere, even if it was on a desert island? And didn't I say I wasn't stuck on desert islands—Los Angeles was good enough for Mamie Bunter—but I'd try to make you happy, and it would be a real pleasure? And didn't you kiss me to cinch it all up?'

For the third time in his life, so far as is known, the Philanderer was taken aback. 'I—I—don't remember,' he stammered. 'I didn't think I went so far as'—

'Oh, didn't you?' she interrupted; and looking over her shoulder, she called, 'Froggie!'

Instantly the diminutive nephew stood beside her. Where he had come from the astounded Philanderer had no idea.

'Yes, aunt?' he said.

'Where were you when Mr McAndrew and I were in the garden last night?' she demanded.

'In the magnolia behind you, smoking a cigarette,' he replied unblushingly.

'You heard what Mr McAndrew said?'

'Sure! Every word. Couldn't help it.'

'And what I said?'

'Sure!'

'And you told the *Star* man?'

'Sure!'

'There!' exclaimed Mrs John J. triumphantly.

'Now, Phil, what are you going to do about it? You don't want to wriggle. You said I was a peach, and I am—ain't I?'

One feels almost inclined to say, 'Poor fellow!' But, like every other trouble in his philandering career, he had brought it upon himself. Besides, only a wife could keep him in order, and, to use her own expression, the new Mrs McAndrew, relict of the late John J. Bunter, 'sure did.'

Both were disappointed on the millionaire aspect of the union, but there were no recriminations of any consequence. As the lady remarked to her confidant, Froggie, 'There's no sense in pot and kettle quarrels. I wanted a husband, and I've sure got a good looker.'

THE END.

## UNCLAIMED PRIZE-MONEY.

By SIDNEY H. PRESTON.

THE recent distribution of the prize-bounty awarded for the Heligoland battle of August 1914 again draws attention to the remarkable fact that there are very large sums of army and navy prize-money still unclaimed arising from some of our victories of many years ago. An official publication shows that between 1809 and 1876 the unclaimed shares of army prize-money amounted, with accumulations, to £1,890,451. Only £1,122,040 had been claimed, the residue, after setting apart £75,000 to meet anticipated claims, having since been applied towards keeping up Chelsea Hospital and grounds. The interest on the latter sum is still utilised for the same purpose.

Various legacies have from time to time been received by the Chelsea Hospital Commissioners. Some of these bequests are applicable towards providing surtout coats for the in-pensioners and the distribution of small gratuities on the anniversary of the birthday of King Charles II. In addition to the sums already mentioned, prize-money to the extent of £41,144 was erroneously paid to the Exchequer between the years 1841 and 1853, and may possibly yet be repaid to the Commissioners. In this event the total unclaimed balance would be increased to nearly £120,000.

One result of the present great war has been that the lists of soldiers' unclaimed effects, which are periodically published by the War Office, have, unfortunately, been greatly lengthened. A recent issue of the *London Gazette* contained the names of some hundreds of deceased officers and men whose effects, amounting in value to over

£10,000, are awaiting the claims of their next-of-kin or representatives.

The total amount of unclaimed naval prize-money is nearly £300,000. The greater part of this sum has been transferred to the Consolidated Fund, but is available for the payment of any claim which the naval prize cash balance may not be sufficient to meet. There are funds in hand arising from booty captured at Pegu and in China, Indian prize-money, captures for breach of blockade on the Canton River, bounty for the destruction of pirates, and grants for stores captured at Kertch and Yenikale. A parliamentary return was published some years ago which showed the unclaimed shares of all prize-money, slave and pirate bounties, salvage, and other moneys distributed by the Admiralty, but this return dealt only with shares unclaimed between 1855 and 1902. There are records, however, of very valuable prizes taken by us many years previously. For instance, in 1745 the British privateers were very fortunate in cruising against the enemy. Captain Talbot, on a cruise off the Western Islands, fell in with and, after a most obstinate battle, took two large French ships. These were from the South Seas, where they had been for four years, and were immensely rich prizes. The treasure and plate taken out of them filled forty-five wagons. Each sailor's share in this prize-money amounted to £850, while the proprietor's share was £700,000. There is a wide difference, indeed, between the value of shares in naval prize-money in the past and at the present day.

A romantic application made by a claimant some years ago respecting army prize-money ran

as follows: 'Can you give me any information of the prize-money of General —, E.I.C.S.? No claim has ever been made by the heirs, because a marriage certificate could not be found. It was a runaway wedding. The general's heiress married her groom. The will was lost, together with other papers connected with the family.'

No doubt the larger portion of the unclaimed balances of the army and navy prize-money will, for many reasons, never be claimed, and it seems a fitting opportunity to suggest, therefore, that a substantial sum—we would suggest £100,000—should be handed over to the Red Cross Fund.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### BRITISH-BUILT HOSPITAL-TRAIN FOR U.S. ARMY.

AT first sight it seems rather surprising that the United States should order in this country a hospital-train for her army; but when one considers the saving in transport effected and the previous experience of our railway companies in this direction, strong reasons are apparent for such a course. The train referred to has been built by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, which had already constructed five similar trains. Sixteen bogie carriages form the train, which has a length of nearly one thousand feet, and weighs four hundred and forty-two tons. Three tiers of cots on each side of the ward carriages provide accommodation for four hundred and eighteen cases, but the cots of the middle tier are so hinged that they may be lowered to form backs for the cots of the bottom tier when these are used as seats. In this way a larger number of men can be accommodated when some can sit up. The accommodation includes a kitchen-car, sitting and dining rooms for sick officers, a pharmacy and a bathroom; while the water-supply system has a capacity of over three thousand gallons. Some interesting illustrations of this hospital-train are given in *The Engineer*.

### ELECTRIC WELDING FOR DAMAGED GERMAN SHIPS.

Most people are familiar with the simple operation of welding one piece of iron with another as performed by the village blacksmith, but it is not so generally known that broken articles of steel or iron can be welded together again by electricity. When this operation is carried out, one wire from a powerful dynamo is connected to the damaged article, while the other wire terminates in a carbon rod which is applied to the joint, and creates a white-heat at the point of contact. Special alloy steel wire is used for welding by this process, and is applied to the joints almost like a cement. Iron castings joined up in this way are actually stronger at the welds than elsewhere, and the work can be carried out very quickly. This process was utilised for repairing the machinery of the German and Austrian vessels in American ports which were taken over by the United States when war was declared, the crews of these ships having done all the damage they could to the

machinery when war was seen to be inevitable. Electric welding has enabled quick repairs to be effected, and fifteen vessels have been thus treated and put into service.

### NEW METHOD OF MAKING CAST-IRON PIPES.

Every one must have seen cast-iron pipes in use as rain-water pipes on houses, as gas and water mains under the streets of our towns, and for other purposes. Hitherto such pipes have been cast in the ordinary sand moulds used for other types of castings, the moulds being split in half lengthways, so that they can be taken apart for the extraction of the pipes when the metal has cooled. Naturally a core has to be arranged down the middle of the pipe, and much difficulty has always been experienced in getting this exactly in the centre. Again, where the joint comes, metal is apt to run into the crack and leave fins on the pipe, which have to be cut off afterwards. To avoid these drawbacks attempts have been made during the last fifty years to cast pipes in revolving moulds, in which the liquid metal is thrown round the surface of the mould by centrifugal force. Such moulds need not be split in half, as the pipes can be withdrawn from the ends, while the outsides of the castings are left perfectly smooth and require no subsequent treatment. Until comparatively recently none of the attempts has been successful, but pipes are now being cast in revolving moulds in Brazil, where a machine has been at work for the last three years. We understand that Mr D. S. de Lavaud is responsible for the success of this undertaking, but it was only after many difficulties had been overcome that satisfactory cast-iron pipes were produced by this method. Exhaustive experiments were carried out to ascertain whether the moulds should be heated, and, if so, to what degree of temperature. It was found, however, that the best results were obtained in cold moulds; consequently the moulds are water-jacketed. Those familiar with iron-founding would naturally suppose that a cold mould would produce a hard and brittle pipe. This, however, is not the case, the pipes coming out soft and comparatively tough. The thickness of the castings produced in this way is perfectly even all over, and pipes as thin as one-eighth of an inch can be successfully produced. Moreover,

much less time is occupied in casting pipes by this method than by the old plan, ten an hour being turned out by the machine referred to. It is claimed for this process that it produces pipes 30 per cent. stronger than those produced by the ordinary method, that the weight is reduced by 40 per cent., and that the metal is far less liable to corrode. The business has now been removed to Toronto, and when certain minor difficulties have been overcome plant will be laid down for working on a large scale.

#### PALATABLE BREAD FROM WAR-FLLOUR.

An interesting investigation into the reasons for the sourness and other unpleasant qualities of war-bread has been carried out lately in France by Professors Lapicque and Legendre. It was found that these defects became pronounced when more than 80 per cent. of the wheat was turned into flour, and, according to the first-named professor's report, they are caused by the layer of aleurone surrounding the germ. The function of this substance is to fertilise the germ by fermenting the white inner portion of the grain which formed the white pre-war flour, the process being set up by the presence of moisture. When left in the flour, as is the case if 85 per cent. of the grain is utilised, the aleurone ferments in the bread, and gives rise to a sour taste and smell, and causes indigestion in many people. Further investigation showed that when the 'middlings' containing the aleurone were exposed to an alkali—for example, the vapour of ammonia—they changed in colour to a lemon-yellow, which indicated the elimination of the liability to fermentation in the bread. Subsequently this discovery was applied in a military bakery by treating the 'middlings' separately with lime-water (another alkali) until the change of colour was produced, after which they were used with the other part of the flour for making bread. The results were entirely satisfactory, the bread being sweet both as regards taste and smell, even after being kept for several days, while it was lighter in colour than the ordinary war-bread. Eventually it was found that equally good results could be obtained without treating the 'middlings' separately, by mixing the flour with lime-water instead of plain water. The amount of lime is too small to form a danger to health, being only one part to three thousand parts of bread.

#### GERMAN SHORTAGE OF IRON ORE.

Before the dawn of civilisation fighting between savage races was mostly caused by lack of food. As a tribe increased, the district in which it was located ultimately became too small to yield the necessary supplies of animal and vegetable foods for supporting the population. In such circumstances either a migration to a richer area was effected or the borders of the tribal domain were enlarged. If other tribes

already in possession of the coveted land resisted, fighting ensued, and the stronger party turned out the weaker or killed them off. According to some authorities, all wars, even up to the present time, have arisen, directly or indirectly, from similar causes; but civilisation has introduced other commodities worth fighting for, and lack of food no longer forms the only source of dissension between nations. The possession of iron, for instance, is now a vital factor in the progress of every powerful country, and, according to a recent article in a contemporary, a shortage of this metal for maintaining the increasing iron and steel industry in Germany exercised no inconsiderable influence in bringing about the present war. Support for this view is found in a memorandum to the German Chancellor in 1915 by a number of leading industrial societies, in which one of their requirements, as a condition of peace, was the retention by Germany of the rich iron-producing region of Briey. Even stronger evidence of Hunnish rapacity is afforded by a quotation from a Leipzig paper, published last October, in which the suggestion is made that if Germany keeps the iron-mines of France and Lorraine she will be able to produce fifty million tons of iron ore per annum, which would give her a preponderating share in the production of this commodity in Europe, and assure continuous work and prosperity for the German working-classes. That a shortage of iron ore made itself felt in Germany before the war is apparent from the purchase of the Soumont iron-mine in Normandy by a well-known Prussian ironmaster, with the intention of establishing smelting-works and shipping the iron to Germany. Moreover, the originator of this undertaking, which was on a large scale, pushed it forward in the face of very considerable difficulties, and some two million pounds had been spent on it when the war began and the concern was taken over by the French. Incidentally the German scheme has been vastly extended by French engineers, and this source of iron is already proving of great value to our Ally.

#### SALVING A GERMAN 'TANKER.'

When the war comes to an end hundreds of fine ships will be lying at the bottom of the sea, many in such positions as to render the raising of them a practicable proposition. Salvage operations are, therefore, of particular interest at the present time, as showing what can be done by perseverance and ingenuity. A difficult task of this nature was recently carried out on the Mississippi, near the town of Baton Rouge, where the German tanker *Gut Heil*, sunk by collision in 1912, was successfully raised. Some time after the accident her underwriters, the Standard Oil Company, tried to raise her, says the *Scientific American*, but this attempt was a failure, and nothing further was done until a few months ago, when a New York salvage

concern undertook the difficult task of refloating the vessel. The undertaking was rendered particularly risky by the fact that the ship was lying on her side with her deck towards the shore, while during the four years she had been under water large quantities of mud, estimated at four thousand tons, had found their way into the hull. This mud was first removed by a powerful compressed-air siphon; then the hull as a whole, as well as each compartment, had to be made water-tight. Ferro-concrete was used for this purpose, the work being carried out under water by divers. The intention was to blow compressed air into each compartment, and thus expel the water through suitable outlets at the bottom—a plan now often followed for the salvage of large ships. It was very important that the water should be evenly expelled from all the compartments; hence, in addition to the air-hose and water-outlet connections, small pipes were run to a series of gauges which showed the water-pressure, and therefore the water-level, in each. These gauges and the compressed-air valves were all mounted together on a control platform, the operator being thus able to see exactly what was happening, and to vary the air-supplies as required. Arrangements were also made to turn the vessel right way up as the water was blown out. This was accomplished by a big wire-rope attached to the deck, passed round the vessel, and made fast to a powerful winch on shore. Checking-ropes were also attached to the deck and led direct to other winches, their function being to prevent the vessel from righting herself too suddenly. The above preparations, which occupied two months, led to a complete success, and the *Gut Heil* was refloated in a day. When sunk, this German ship was valued at about sixty thousand pounds; such a vessel is now worth more than three times that sum. Iron and steel do not corrode nearly so fast when completely immersed as when half in and half out of the water, and the *Gut Heil* is said to be structurally sound, while her machinery can easily be put into order again.

#### FUTURE SOURCES OF PAPER.

Further drastic restrictions on the import of paper came into force on the 1st of March, and it is instructive to consider how dependent this country has become upon other countries for the raw materials used in the manufacture of paper. A lecture dealing with this subject was recently given at the London School of Economics by Mr R. W. Sindall, a specialist in paper technology. According to the lecturer, the possibility of a shortage of wood-pulp (from which paper for newspapers is mostly made) became apparent thirteen or fourteen years ago, but no serious consideration was given to the position by the trade as a whole, although one or two individual firms took steps to ensure their own future supplies. In 1914 over eight hundred thousand

tons of paper were prepared from imported materials, whereas in 1917 the output was only three hundred and twenty thousand tons. The chief producing countries are the United States, Canada, Norway, and Germany. Some idea of the magnitude of the problem may be gathered from the figures stated by Mr Sindall of the number of trees consumed in the manufacture of wood-pulp necessary to meet the world's demand in normal times. The consumption was given at from fifty to sixty millions per annum. Perhaps a more startling way of presenting the case was the further statement that from one hundred and fifty to three hundred trees were required to produce the pulp used for one issue of a certain daily paper. Very little can be done during the war to improve the situation, but for the future bamboo was stated by the lecturer to constitute the most promising source of pulp in the British Empire. Nothing was said to encourage the belief that this country can ever become self-supporting as regards the production of paper-making materials.

#### RUNNING CAR-MOTORS IN CLOSED GARAGES.

When a car is laid by, as is now the case with many, some owners run the motor occasionally to make sure that everything is in order, and ready for the road, should the car be required unexpectedly. Garages are often heated and used for purposes other than the housing of the car, or some part of the car may be overhauled, the work being done much more comfortably in a warm garage. Under these conditions there is a strong temptation to run the motor with the garage closed up; but this practice, according to the *Scientific American*, is a dangerous one, as the gases given forth by the exhaust mainly consist of carbon-monoxide, which is of a deadly poisonous nature. Moreover, this gas has no smell, and a very small percentage of it is fatal, while the symptoms before collapse are easily attributed to other causes. Sometimes a ringing in the ears and a slight giddiness are noted; but even if a person affected goes out into the fresh air at once, he or she may become unconscious, with disastrous results, unless help is speedily forthcoming.

#### HEAT AS A PALLIATIVE MEASURE IN CASES OF SHOCK.

During severe winter weather at the front many wounded men are inevitably frozen stiff with cold ere they can be brought to a dressing-station and receive the kindly attention of a surgeon. Before anything can be done for them they have to be 'thawed out.' This is effected by means of oil-stoves placed under their temporary couches, only the head being left uncovered by blankets. In the less exposed stations hot pipes are installed for the purpose. The poor chilled soldier is 'baked,' as it were, to a certain temperature, and is soon comparatively comfort-

able and fit for surgical examination and treatment. This warming arrangement not only counteracts the effects of exposure in 'No Man's Land' and during the stretcher-bearers' arduous journey over miles, perhaps, of precarious duck-boards; quite accidentally it has been found that men thus 'thawed' suffer much less afterwards from shock than those who have not undergone the 'baking' operation. Accordingly the advent of milder weather will not give a respite to the oil-stoves and the hot pipes, which may yet come to play a regular part in the curative treatment of men suffering from shock.

#### AN EXPANDING BAND FOR WRIST-WATCHES.

As was noted in our issue of June last, the wrist-watch has, by a natural process of evolution, developed into a thoroughly serviceable article, popular alike in naval, military, and civilian circles. A corresponding development has taken place in the band by which the watch is held in position. The leather strap originally used was worn through in a comparatively short time, and it had the disadvantage of staining the wrists, especially in wet weather. The expanding metal band, which was next tried, was soon found to be unreliable, for the uneven pressure to which it was constantly subjected caused it to yield unduly at the point where the strain fell, thus completely destroying the elasticity of the band, and terminating its career of usefulness. A band made up of a number of expanding links, on the same principle as a lady's expanding bracelet, promised better results; but through its catching in the hairs usually found on the back of a man's wrist, it was a constant source of irritation and sometimes of considerable pain. A device which has recently been put on the market appears to avoid all these disadvantages. It contains only two expanding links (which are placed end to end, and come in contact with the wrist only on the inner side), with a section of curb chain, ending in a clip or hook, on each side of them. The new band is easily put on or taken off, and while always keeping the same position under normal circumstances, may be pushed up the arm to allow of the hands being washed. The springs, being of gold, are not affected by water, and permit of the band being oxidised, if that is preferred to the more usual silver pattern.

#### COMPULSORY SEED-TESTING.

The necessity for the maximum production of food within our own borders has led to a step being taken which has long been advocated by the best-informed agricultural opinion. With regard to the seeds which they purchased, English and Welsh farmers have hitherto been largely in the hands of seedsmen, and some serious failures of crops which took place last year were clearly traced to the unwitting use of old, incorrectly described, or otherwise unsuit-

able seed. By the Testing of Seeds Order, the seller, before offering seeds for sale, must have them thoroughly tested, and at or before the time of sale must disclose to the buyer all the essential facts, including the percentage of purity, and the nature and quantity of certain dangerous impurities (if any), revealed by the test. To help both buyer and seller the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has just opened an official seed-testing station, where samples of seeds will be scientifically tested on payment of a very small fee. It is interesting to note that in this matter England has lagged behind not only Continental countries, but Ireland, Scotland, and the daughter-lands of Britain as well. Seed-testing stations have been in existence on the Continent for over forty years; Dominion farmers have long obtained the best expert advice for the asking; Ireland has had its compulsory testing and its station for sixteen years; six years ago Scotland established a voluntary testing-station, which has now become the official centre. It is certain that the application of compulsory seed-testing to every part of the United Kingdom, and the helpful working of official centres in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, will confer a great benefit upon all tillers of the soil, and will in the near future prove of inestimable value to agriculture.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

#### THE GOAL.

THE tiny streamlet in its wandering glee,  
Bank-bound, flows on with others of its kind;  
The whispering waters hear upon the wind  
A voice that cries, 'O children, seek the sea.'  
Deep unknown mystery—impelling goal—  
That all in unison must reach at last;  
Streams grow to rivers, till the waters vast  
Within one mother sea find the one soul.

Thus in each heart is love—a little stream  
That needs must seek another to flow on,  
To swell the flood of love—for not alone  
We reach that mystery of which we dream.  
Love the beginning—love the final goal—  
And every soul a part of one vast soul.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### PETER DAUNT'S FIRST BRIEF.

By B. PAUL NEUMAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

PETER DAUNT was a tall, lean, shock-headed boy in the top class of a Council school near Chancery Lane. He was not very popular with the other boys, for he was no good at games. To the head-master he was a great disappointment. It was very rarely that a scholarship came to Rotchet Row. Here was a boy who could hardly help winning one, and his father and mother refused to let him try. In vain did the exasperated master set forth the dazzling possibilities of the famous ladder.

Mrs Daunt only shook her head, and repeated at intervals, like a refrain, 'Me and 'is father don't 'old with scholarships.'

Their utmost concession was that, instead of escaping by the Labour Certificate, Peter should stay on till he was fourteen.

'It's a wicked shame,' said Mr Gibb to the boy's class-master. 'He's the cleverest boy in the school.'

'Oh yes,' answered Mr Pilling. 'There's no doubt about that. The best we've had in my time.'

A day or two before Peter's fourteenth birthday Mr Gibb received a very vilely written note asking if he could recommend one of his scholars as office-boy in a barrister's chambers, 'beginning at seven shillings a week, with a steady rise if he proves satisfactory.' The body of the letter was bad enough, but the signature was hopeless. Mr Gibb inclined to 'Welling,' Mr Pilling favoured 'Lattery,' while a third consultant voted for 'Cutting.'

Finally, Mr Gibb wrote a commendatory note, and told Peter to take it in person. 'The barristers' names will probably be written up on a board,' he said, 'and you must judge which is nearest to the signature in the letter.'

Luckily, the address was printed on the note-paper. 'Agar Chambers, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane,' suggested to Peter a large, handsome, modern edifice. Instead, he found an old, dirty, ramshackle, two-storey house, the ground-floor front occupied by a firm of estate agents. Under the stairs that led to the upper floors ran a long, ill-lighted passage with a door

at the end of it. At the entrance of this dismal house was painted a table of contents:

*Ground Floor.*—Messrs Mander & Skill.

Mr Lilly.

*First Floor.*—Messrs Aydon & Francis, Commissioners.

*Second Floor.*—Mr Hopely.

Rejecting both the firms, Peter chose Mr Lilly as being the nearer of the other two. Accordingly he walked along the passage, and gave a hesitating knock at the door. There was no answer. After waiting a minute or two, he tried again.

This time the knock had hardly sounded when the door was jerked open, and a big, loose-made man with a large pasty face and dark angry eyes appeared. He spoke in a loud, rasping voice. 'Who are you, and what do you want?'

Disconcerted by this rough reception, Peter took out the note he had brought, and offered his credentials. 'Please, sir,' he said, 'I think this is meant for you.'

'Then why the devil isn't it addressed to me?' demanded the big man; but he opened the letter and glanced at its contents. 'Oh,' he said, 'you're the boy, are you?'

'Yes, sir,' Peter answered. 'Mr Gibb wasn't sure about your name.'

'Teaches writing, and can't read it, eh? Do you know my name?'

'I think you're Mr Lilly, sir.'

The big man turned on his heel. 'Shut the door,' he said, 'and come in here.'

Peter did as he was bidden, and followed his leader through a small room, bare and dirty, into a larger room, dirty too, he thought, but, if anything, overcrowded with furniture, and lined with well-filled bookshelves. A fire burned brightly in the old-fashioned grate, the air was heavy with the reek of tobacco, and Peter's quick eye caught sight of a big black bottle and a tumbler standing on the mantelpiece.

Mr Lilly pointed to the arm-chair at the table. 'Sit down there,' he commanded. 'Take that pen, and write what I read out to you. There's some paper.'

Hardly waiting for the boy to get ready, he opened a book and read three or four lines of what sounded to Peter unintelligible gibberish, beginning with, 'To have and to hold.'

Half-way through, the boy stopped, and held up his hand. 'Please, sir, I lost something there. Would you please read it again?' he asked.

'No, I won't. Put down what you haven't lost.'

When Peter had finished, Mr Lilly took the paper and glanced at it. Then he crumpled it up and threw it into the fire. 'You'll never make a lawyer,' he said. 'Any fool could read those pot-hooks. Now then—where's Nova Zembla? What's thirteen times thirteen? And whereabouts is your liver?'

From force of habit, Peter stood up. 'In the Arctic Ocean,' he answered. 'One hundred and sixty-nine. My liver's somewhere here;' and he stroked the middle of his waistcoat.

'To-day's Thursday,' said Mr Lilly, his voice not quite so rough as at first. 'Can you come on Monday?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Nine o'clock sharp. Nine till I've done with you. Seven shillings a week to start with. Here's the Queen's shilling.' He tossed a shilling on to the table. 'Now, take yourself off.'

This was how Peter Daunt joined the Devil's Own.

#### CHAPTER II.

PETER soon found that he had enlisted in a very strange service. Before he had been in Agar Chambers a week, he knew that the black bottle was a very important article of furniture. When it disappeared, there was work of some kind in view, and Mr Lilly smartened himself up and became quite brisk and business-like. When it came back, he sat in his chair, alternately dozing and glowering, a short, heavy pipe between his lips, half the buttons of his waistcoat open, his necktie all awry, and his language, when he was disturbed, sulphurous in the extreme. The work was chiefly coaching. On two or three days in the week several young men came to be squeezed through their legal examinations, and one of the boy's duties was to write out and put on Mr Lilly's table, the first thing in the morning, a list of such appointments, and, at the end of the day, to enter them in a diary. Occasionally—very occasionally—a solicitor's clerk would leave a set of papers, and sometimes make an appointment for his principal to call. More often, a boy from Mr Lagsdale's chambers in Stone Buildings would come round with papers to be 'devilled,' which, in due course, Peter had to take back. Another of his duties was to cut the *Reports* and *Weekly Notes* as they came in, and see that they were kept in order of issue. The books had overflowed into his room, and,

being of an orderly disposition, he had cleaned, and sorted, and arranged them according to size.

Besides being orderly, he was remarkably quick, and in consequence found the time often hang heavy on his hands. He had joined an evening-school, and practised shorthand diligently; but sometimes he turned to what he called 'his' books for companionship. Most of them were quite beyond him—Latin and Greek, and some old volumes of conveyancing forms; but among them he found two odd volumes of the *Lives of the Chancellors*, and one of the *Lives of the Chief-Justices*. These he read over and over again, till he knew them almost by heart; and law, which at first had seemed to him unutterably dry and repulsive, began to wear quite a romantic aspect.

From his master he received no encouragement. Indeed, Mr Lilly treated him with an almost inhuman detachment, as if he were just a piece of office furniture, until he really welcomed the occasional outbursts of oaths with which on 'bottle days' the barrister greeted everything he said or did. Yet it was not long before the boy began to make himself useful. When he had been in Agar Chambers about six months, Mr Lilly cut his right hand rather badly with a broken glass.

He called Peter into his room. 'I shall have to use your pot-hooks, after all,' he said, and began to dictate some questions for one of his pupils. A very rapid worker, he soon grew impatient.

'You're infernally slow, Daunt,' he exclaimed. 'I'll try to do it myself with my left hand.'

'Please, sir,' asked Peter, 'may I try to take it down in shorthand, and then transcribe it?'

'Of course you can, you young idiot. Why on earth didn't you say you could do it?'

'I haven't got much speed,' Peter answered modestly.

The experiment, however, proved so successful that henceforth few days passed without Peter being called in to take down.

Among the pupils was a young articled clerk named Rowe, who was preparing for his intermediate. His father, a solicitor in the City, was one of Lilly's few regular clients, and occasionally brought him a heavy brief. The son was a lively, pleasant young fellow, who seemed to have taken a fancy to Peter, and often stopped for a few words with him after the lesson was over. One day he left one of his law-books behind him, and on his next visit he found the boy poring over it.

'Hallo!' he exclaimed; 'are you going to be a judge?'

Peter blushed, for the *Lives of the Chancellors* had indeed stirred his ambition.

'I was just looking out the answers to some questions I took down yesterday,' he answered.

'That's the very job I shall be tackling to-morrow,' said Rowe.

This was in the summer, and a week or two

later the young man came in at lunch-time when Lilly was out.

'Look here,' he said. 'I'm taking my holiday next week, and I shall be away for three weeks at least. You seemed very keen on this book. Shall I leave it with you till I come back?'

Peter's face lit with pleasure. 'Oh, will you?' he exclaimed. 'I *should* like to try it. It seemed to make law quite easy.'

'No,' declared Rowe; 'that's more than your boss can do, and he's about as clever as they make them. He was senior classic at Cambridge, though he doesn't look like it now.'

'What's senior classic?'

'The best of his year in Latin and Greek. He's looked upon as a very big pot. Lots of the judges haven't been in the first half-dozen.'

Peter's eyes opened wide. 'Will he be a judge?' he asked.

Rowe shook his head. 'If he could have kept his lips dry, he might have been,' he answered.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Rowe came back from his holidays Peter returned the book—it was an elementary work on contracts—with fervent thanks. Rowe smiled—a somewhat incredulous smile.

'So you enjoyed it?' he asked.

'Yes, I did indeed,' Peter replied.

'Did you understand it all?'

'No. I've put down some of the things I couldn't quite get hold of.' And he took from under his writing-slope a piece of paper covered with notes.

'Your boy out there is a bit of a wonder,' said the young man to Lilly a few days later.

'Is he?' asked the barrister carelessly. 'What's he been up to now?'

'He's been reading that book of Fletcher's,' replied Rowe, 'and he knows it from cover to cover.'

Lilly was not sympathetic. 'Little fool!' he commented. 'What's the good of that to him? If he'd get out of his disgusting pot-hooks it'd be more to the purpose.'

But from that time Peter's legal education made steady and rapid progress. Thoroughly interested, Rowe lent him book after book, and, so far as he could, helped him to solve the difficulties they contained. And every six months Peter's wages rose a shilling a week, and he added a good fraction of a cubit to his height.

(Continued on page 375.)

## THE AGE OF INSECTS.

By C. A. EALAND, M.A., Author of *Insects and Man*, *Insect Enemies*, &c.

AT a certain period during the infancy of the world strange monsters peopled its surface, gigantic long-necked creatures disported themselves in its waters, and uncanny flying beasts filled the air; it was the Age of Reptiles. They possessed the earth, and it was their world for the time being. Other times brought other Ages, till to-day we appear to have arrived at the Age of Insects. The statement may be received with incredulity by those who have given it but a passing thought, yet the fact remains that insects are, directly and indirectly, doing more harm to man and his belongings than any other single agency since the birth of the world.

From the earliest recorded times insects have been mentioned in uncomplimentary terms. They were implicated in the plagues of Egypt; they have devastated the face of the earth ever since. Of the half-dozen most deadly diseases to which man is heir, four at least are transmitted from man to man solely by the agency of insects. More loss is caused to the farmer, the stock-breeder, and the market-gardener by insects than by any other means. Vast engineering projects—the early efforts to construct the Panamá Canal, to wit—have been abandoned on account of these six-legged enemies of man; other schemes of lesser importance have only

matured at the cost of thousands of human lives because ticks, which are closely allied to insects, transmitted disease far and wide. A South American suspension-bridge is actually known as Verruga Bridge, on account of the toll that verruga-fever, a tick-transmitted disease, took of the lives of the workmen engaged in its construction.

Apart from disease, heavy financial loss is caused annually by insects. We must turn to the United States for figures. The Americans estimate that the actual money loss occasioned by insects in their country during a year amounts to no less than two hundred and fifty million pounds. One-fifth of the American fruit-crop is destroyed annually; and, by one species of insect alone, the rich vineyards of France were threatened with total destruction. Add to this story the fact that a man's activities may be reduced as much as 75 per cent. for a number of years by such a disease as malaria, and it is clear that the insect question is not one to be lightly shelved.

There are rather more than five hundred thousand different kinds of animals on the earth at the present day, and of these at least three hundred and fifty thousand are insects. As a class they far outnumber any other class in the animal kingdom. Individually they are more

numerous than all the rest of the animals combined—a fact that is liable to be disregarded; it is mainly on account of their numbers that they are so dangerous. Their attacks on man and his property are, for the most part, so insidious that they may be overlooked for a considerable time or escape observation altogether.

The summary of insect devastation makes a doleful reading. In this country we are often subjected to considerable annoyance by the bites of gnats. Well, a gnat is a mosquito; they are one and the same thing; and mosquitoes are certainly the worst enemies of mankind the world over; though, so far as we know, the British species do not transmit any disease. It is always wise to add a proviso when writing of blood-sucking insects, for the harmless insect of to-day may, by the light of later research, prove eventually to be a serious menace to health.

Malaria is passed from patient to patient by a mosquito. Not so very long ago this disease was thought to originate in damp places; in fact, the very word 'malaria' is derived from the Italian *mal aria*, 'bad air.' The connection between the disease and moisture is certainly very close, but not of the nature that the early medical men surmised. Moisture is favourable to the breeding of malaria mosquitoes, but in itself has no connection with the disease.

How the first malaria patients came into being is a matter of conjecture, but once they are established in a district frequented by the mosquito essential to the transmission of the disease, its rapid spread is assured. This brings us face to face with a fact that has been proved beyond a doubt; the disease can only be carried by mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles* or some closely related genus. If a malaria subject be bitten by a mosquito of the genus *Theobaldia*, for instance, which in turn sucks the blood of a healthy man, he will suffer no inconvenience beyond the temporary irritation common to such attacks. Supposing, on the other hand, an *Anopheles* imbibes malarial blood and later passes to a healthy person, that person becomes infected with malaria, and thus the disease is spread. Each insect can infect three or four individuals. With the infected blood the mosquito takes up a very large number of minute organisms; these develop in the insect's stomach, then break loose into its body-cavity, and eventually find their way to its salivary glands. As a result, at the end of twelve days or so—the time taken by the parasites to develop within the mosquito and pass to its salivary glands—the next human skin to be punctured by the needle-like sucker of the insect is destined to serve as a mantle for a malaria victim. It all sounds very simple, and perhaps not very alarming, but nearly one-half of the sickness in the tropics is the immediate result of malaria, a

disease which is disseminated by mosquitoes, and by mosquitoes alone.

Another mosquito—which, by the way, is partial to pools in the vicinity of human dwellings—is the sole agent for the transmission of the dreaded yellow-fever. This disease, less than twenty years ago, was thought to be highly contagious and infectious; however, many people who had never been near a fever patient contracted yellow-jack, as it is called. This set the medical men thinking, with the result that the guilt was laid upon mosquitoes of the genus *Stegomyia*. The story of the transmission of the infective germs by the insect differs but little from that of the similarly transmitted organisms of malaria. The human host is only a source of infection to the mosquito during the first four days of his illness. If he is bitten during that time the disease will be spread. For a fortnight after her drink of yellow-fever blood—the females alone suck blood—the germs of disease incubate within the mosquito. Thereafter, for the whole of her existence, she will infect by her bite any other human being whom she may favour with her attentions. It was these two mosquitoes, *Stegomyia* and *Anopheles*, that held up the construction of the Panamá Canal, till the United States Government took the matter in hand and dealt so severely with the insects that the Panamá district, from being a veritable death-trap, has been converted into one of the most healthy areas in the tropics.

For some unaccountable reason certain diseases, above all others, appear to grip the public imagination. Sleeping-sickness is one of the number. We are confronted from time to time with vast problems in the government of our African colonies, and not the least of them is the control of sleeping-sickness, which has spread rapidly over a large part of the continent and claimed literally hundreds of thousands of lives. No disease has created more interest or been the subject of more careful study; no ailment holds a more tragic fate for its victims. Two kinds of fly, closely resembling our house-fly, are responsible for the spread of this disease. They go by the name of *Glossina*, and are peculiar in that they never lay eggs, after the manner of the house-fly, but bring forth fully developed grubs, which speedily hide in the ground to pupate. Mosquitoes, it will be remembered, carry disease from man to man; *Glossina*, on the other hand, may derive its disease-causing organisms from big game, which act as reservoirs without apparently suffering any ill effects. It is not till a month or so after its sanguinary meal that the fly becomes infective; during this time the causative parasites of sleeping-sickness are undergoing changes within the insect's body. Then, for at least four months, man or beast bitten by the fly will surely become infected by the organisms causing sleeping-sickness. Some comfort may be derived from the fact that these

flies live only in definite situations, or 'fly belts'; and, by destroying the brushwood which the flies frequent, or by moving the natives *en bloc* from the 'belts,' considerable progress has been made towards reducing the ravages of sleeping-sickness.

Compared with the last-named disease, plague may be considered a disease of the Middle Ages. Not that it has been stamped out, by any means—there have been some recent serious outbreaks—but its greatest ravages, when it became a perfect scourge, occurred in the years of long ago. It and its method of transmission, however, are so well understood that it is one of the diseases which may be said to be in a fair way to being eradicated. Originally a disease of rats and some other rodents, plague is carried to man by the agency of a flea.

The cup is by no means full yet; the list of insect misdemeanours can be extended to far greater lengths. The common house-fly, which most of us in our youth were taught to protect, is now known to be a very important agent in the transmission of tuberculosis, though it accomplishes its fell designs in a different manner from the flea, the tse-tse fly—as *Glossina* is called—and the mosquito; for it has no biting or piercing mouth, so it cannot penetrate the human skin. It is no less dangerous on this account; its filthy habits render it obnoxious. Consider what happens when an insect, with a body well adapted for the carriage of germs, feasts and frivols on the dung-heap, the outside privy, or the garbage-tin, and a moment later, in an attempt to quench its thirst, drowns itself in the contents of the milk-jug, or becomes hopelessly involved in the family jam.

In some parts of the tropics and sub-tropics a hideously disfiguring disease, known as elephantiasis, is rife; it is so called on account of the enormous swelling which it produces in the limbs and other organs of its victims, so that a human leg may grow to resemble that of an elephant. The actual disease is caused by minute, transparent, thread-like worms, not more than one-hundredth of an inch in length, which dwell in the human blood and lymph. And here is a very pretty, though true, story of these parasites. By day blood drawn from a pricked arm or finger or leg of a man suffering from elephantiasis would probably reveal no trace of these tiny worms; towards evening the same test would show a multitude of the parasites, a proof that they lurk in the deep-seated vessels in the day-time, and travel to the vessels just below the skin at nights. There is a reason for almost everything in nature, though sometimes her ways are obscure. Any one who has lived in a mosquito-infested country knows, only too well, that the attacks of these insects are always more virulent after sundown; during the day they bite but little or not at all. The blood-parasites, then, by coming to that part of the human body

where they have the best chance of being sucked up by a mosquito, at a time when this is most likely to happen, are giving themselves every opportunity of being carried to a new host. Again, it is necessary for them to be taken up by the mosquito, for only in its muscles can they complete their life-cycle.

Many ticks are proved disease-carriers, a dozen different flies are under suspicion, the bed-bug is all but convicted, and lice also have a record equally bad. Practically every insect capable of piercing the mammalian skin must be under suspicion till such time as it is acquitted of disease-carrying propensities. It is not pleasant reading, when there is so much that is beautiful in the insect world; but facts are not always pleasant.

But even could some undreamed-of power destroy all the disease-bearing insects in a night, the situation would still be serious. The monetary loss occasioned by these little pests is almost beyond belief. Take the codling moth, the little scoundrel whose unwelcome grub is so often discovered at home in the core of an apple. He has been known to destroy 90 per cent. of an apple-crop, not only in one year and at one place, but over and over again. Seeing that he is common wherever apples are grown, his escapades are no small drain on the pockets of the apple-growers. The Mediterranean fruit-fly, probably the most destructive fruit-pest in the world, is of such importance—or shall we say so notorious?—that special quarantine officers are appointed at all the North American ports to prevent his effecting a landing. The grape-vine *Phylloxera* destroyed in less than twenty years one-third of France's fairest vineyards; then it was discovered that the attacks of the pest could be circumvented by grafting the French vines on to American stock, which had become immune from the insects' attacks. The Colorado potato-beetle put half the potato-growers in the world into a state of panic till a remedy for it was discovered. The Hessian fly frequently causes a loss of 50 per cent. of the wheat-crop in countries where this cereal is extensively grown. These form a select band of six-legged criminals, to which may be added a couple from the almost countless host of destructive insects, mainly because they are surrounded by the glamour of romance. The gipsy moth is sufficiently destructive in Europe to be classed as a pest; it is partial to woodland trees. It has, however, never become so absolutely out of hand in its native home as it has in the land of its adoption, America, where it was accidentally introduced just fifty years ago. It is the old tale of the rabbits in Australia over again, with this difference—they were purposely introduced, but the introduction of the gipsy moth was an accident. Half-a-century ago an American entomologist was seeking a substitute for silk; he collected silk-spinning moths from all over the world, and among them he imported

the gipsy moth from Europe. He was careless of his charges, and some escaped, with the result that over a million dollars a year is now being paid by the American Government in a vain attempt to keep the little aliens in check. Every likely remedy and a good many unlikely remedies have been tried. Predaceous beetles, which had kept the insect within bounds in its European home, were introduced; everything, in fact, that the cleverest entomologists in the world could think of has been attempted, with the result that the insect is still spreading, and ruining valuable forests as it goes.

Half-a-century ago also another insect, in the shape of the cottony cushion scale, was introduced into America from Australia. It destroyed about half the citrus-groves in California within ten years. The Americans attacked the problem with their usual perspicuity, and sent an entomologist to Australia to study the native habits of the insect. His researches proved the happiest in the whole realm of economic entomology. A little ladybird beetle was sent all the way from Australia to America to see if it would lend its aid in the destruction of the cottony cushion scale. So successful were its efforts—it devoured the scale whenever and wherever it could be found—that at the present time there are great breeding establishments in America where the ladybirds are reared in millions, and when an outbreak of the citrus-pest occurs the beetles are despatched to deal with the situation. As a consequence, the cottony cushion scale is

no longer a serious pest to citrus-growers, and it has been brought within reasonable limits solely by the little Australian ladybird.

On the credit side there is little to add. Few insects give us anything of real value. The silkworm; the honey-bee; the lac insect, which provides shellac; the cochineal insect, which fell into disrepute with the introduction of aniline dyes; and one or two others of minor importance, are almost the only insects which are a benefit to mankind. Little enough in very truth to balance against the awful indictment which could be brought against insects in general. In the Boer War disease carried off more men than did bullets, and much of this disease was caused by insects. The true history of the present war has yet to be written, but preventive medicine has progressed rapidly in recent years; hence much better conditions prevail. The appointment of competent entomologists on every front is a move in the right direction.

Every summer the question of infant mortality is raised; as often the house-fly is harried in a half-hearted manner. It must be brought home to the public that the house-fly is the cause of the majority of these deaths which we can so ill afford. When that is done, 'the man in the street' and 'the woman at home' will unite in a war of extirpation.

Are we to leave the insect in eventual command in this world of ours, or, with the advent of happier times, will he be dealt with as he deserves?

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardon's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

### CHAPTER XX.

WHILE only a short mile distant, in one of the wildest spots of that wild district, the forester grappled in a life-and-death struggle with his supposed rival, his cabin by the roadside stood so silent and serene in the early morning sunshine that a gray timber-wolf, gliding stealthily out of the bush, where a famished goat had provided him with breakfast, squatted on his haunches in the open, and lazily scratched his ear. Then, with the unerring instinct of his kind, detecting something uncommon about the door ajar and the palpable silence within, he fearlessly stole into the kitchen, padded softly about from corner to cupboard, and snatching in sharp, white fangs an untouched ham from the shelf, leisurely trotted away to hide his booty against a leaner day.

None was there, however, to note the thief or the theft. Within the fast-cooling stove a handful of red embers were rapidly graying into the unsubstantial ghosts of what once had been ruddy boughs pencilling blue skies; a coffee-pot, whose fragrant contents had ceased to steam,

stood beside an unused cup; and on the well-scrubbed table bread and bacon still awaited the knife. But this morning no small, soft hands busied themselves with preparations for breakfast, no light footfall hurried to and fro on household tasks.

When David Hardy, after a wearisome tramp, reached home, sore and smarting from his recent experience—at one moment cursing himself as a fool for allowing himself to be tricked into a quixotic promise to a man he detested; at the next, as a vision of Anita's pale face and shadowed eyes rose before him, secretly relieved that he was in honour bound not to frighten her by telling of his quarrel with Gavin Barrie—it was to find the cage empty and the bird flown. Plastered as he was with foul mud that caked clothes and hair, and somewhat unstrung now by the violence of his emotions and of his struggle with Gavin, he felt it almost as a reprieve not to have at once to face Anita; and, too absorbed in his own physical plight to notice details, once satisfied that she was not in the

house, he closed and locked the door, and stripped off his loathly garments.

Then, having washed himself, and with many a muttered curse freed his hair from the dried mud, he opened the drawer in which Anita kept his fresh clothes neatly folded, and with the comfortable sensation of cleanliness once more pervading his being, coupled with a ravenous appetite, began to think of food, and at the same time automatically of his wife. He had felt no special surprise at her absence, knowing that often when he was away very early she herself would slip out into the sunshine, and return a little later with a basket of cones or bark, the quicker to heat the oven. But now, looking about more carefully than hitherto, he was surprised, then angered, to find she had gone out breakfastless, and left the coffee he had so thoughtfully prepared for her standing untasted. Hastily searching the bedroom, he found the clothes in disorder, his note and her hat gone, although her high boots were left scattered about as though she had suddenly begrudged the time to lace them.

This somewhat reassured David, and he began rekindling the stove, the while his overwrought mind swayed between anger against Anita, increasing uneasiness at her prolonged absence, and a pettish feeling of grievance on his own part, very rare to him, that she should have left him to prepare his own meal on his return from Goose Lake.

Through the rapid stream of his thoughts flowed, too, a sullen undercurrent, which now and again bubbled to the surface in such disjointed phrases as: '— him! I'll get even with him yet!' 'Thinks he'll make off, and that'll be the end of it, does he?' 'Durned foreigner! What business, anyway, have he and his cursed dawg to hang around our lakes?'

Then, as his wife's incriminating reticence about Barrie's visit again obtruded itself, he quivered with jealous pain, and cursed the day that had brought the Englishman to Grizzly Station. But, as the time passed and Anita still failed to return, his angry mood changed to one of anxiety; and, re-entering the bedroom as the last place where he had seen her, his eye now discovered a note pinned to the white slip. With unsteady fingers the forester opened the folded paper, whose few lines, blurred by tears to which a sodden handkerchief bore witness, seemed to dance before his astonished eyes.

They ran thus: 'I am going away, David. Please believe me that I tried to tell you last night that the camper on Goose Lake had been here, and who he was. But you didn't hear me, and then—then I was terrified lest you should be angry again and misunderstand. You have been a far better husband than I deserve, but I am not the bad wife you will now think I am; and we can never be happy like this. Try to forget and forgive—Your loving, heart-broken ANNIE.'

Rooted to the spot, Hardy read and re-read the pencilled words, so misleading to a mind already dangerously deflected into a channel of malignant thought. 'Going away! Going away!' he repeated in dazed fashion. 'Going away—where? What for?' Then suddenly, as his eyes travelled more steadily up and down the paper, it was with the forester as when a thunderbolt blasts and rends one of the strong sinewed giants of the forest whose appointed guardian he was; for at one instant sheet-lightning seemed to illumine every corner of his mind, and the next, to leave it seared and blinded. 'God in heaven!' broke in tones of agony from his lips. 'My girl has gone to that foreign chap! Blind fool that I was to be so tricked! Oh Annie, Annie!' and in a paroxysm of anguish he dropped into a chair, burying his face in his hands. But the turmoil of his thoughts soon drove him to his feet again, and, with his wife's last message crushed in his hard fingers, he tramped the floor, muttering to himself and calling down imprecations on Gavin Barrie's head.

At length, flinging far from him the crumpled paper, he exclaimed, in such loud, bitter tones that, borne through the open windows, they must have startled the peaceful spirits of the great silences, 'Let her go! Let her go to her smooth-spoken paramour! Never man loved woman more faithfully than I have, and,' with a great sob in his voice, 'God knows I tried to make her happy. But'—here the fierce blood again rushed to his head—'true as there is a God above, I'll kill that skulking coyote, if I have to track him to the ends of the world, or lose my own life on the trail!'

Goaded by the thought, he began feverishly examining his revolver and cartridge-belt, and in another moment—so wild was his mood—would have rushed out on his mad quest had not the sudden bur-r of the telephone and his chief's voice speaking providentially deterred him.

'That you, Dave? Better ride over to Rattlesnake. Fire broken out there again. If there are any campers still about, you must keep a sharp look-out on them. Everything is as dry as powder!'

'A precious sharp look-out!' muttered David.

'What's that?' queried his chief. 'Oh, all right; thought you said something. Well, get a move on. There'll be some wind later on. So long!'

'So long, chief!' mechanically replied the forester. He stood a moment irresolute, then snatching up his hatchet and usual equipment, raced across to the corral, bridle in hand, and was soon loping up the well-known road. As thus on duty bound he hurried along, he could not forbear (albeit reason assured him the last direction his lost Annie would pursue was the rough road winding northward through desolate, and yet more desolate, country, until it dipped

down, sharp and precipitous, to the green ribbon of Ruby Springs) glancing from side to side, and whenever an extra rocky acclivity compelled even so sure-footed a steed as his to slacken its pace, the man's eyes and ears were on the alert for slightest sight or sound in the thickets. But in that wide republic of the wild nothing stirred, nor fur, nor feather; and the tense stillness so wrought upon the rider's strained nerves that when at length, round a bend of the road, there echoed the rattle and clink of iron-shod wheels and hoofs, his hand flew to his revolver, and his face wore so intent and distraught a look that the driver of the piled-up wagon which now hove in sight bawled out in blended tones of good-natured raillery and sarcasm, 'Hello there, comrade! You out for a "hold up" job? Got a mug on ye 'u'd scare the devil! Can't ye say, "How d'ye?" to an old pal before ye shoot him?' And David, recovering himself, recognised the grinning countenance of Nat Duncan.

'Hello yourself, Natty! No; I was lookin' out for a coyote that's been thievin' round my shack; but I reckon them rattlin' old wheels o' yourn scared him away! Bringin' out folks' stuff from Ruby, be you?' he questioned, drawing rein, and pulling his horse aside to let the other pass. 'No, don't you stop,' he went on, as Nat, stopping his sweating horses, took out his tobacco and began settling for a talk. 'I've got orders from the chief to use my nag's best legs to get over to Rattlesnake. Hell of a lot o' fires there'll be by-and-by!' he called back over his shoulder, spurring his horse forward.

'Lord, man! 'pears you're in some hurry, seein' the day's young yet,' laughed Nat; then, raising his voice above the din of rattling tires, he shouted, 'And how's the pretty little girl?—Missis Hardy, I *should* say, beggin' her parding and yourn. Do ye keep her locked up good

and safe, as I telled ye to!' he roared, winking waggishly.

David, inwardly anathematising the state of the road that made it impossible to set his buckskin to a gallop, and stung to the quick by Duncan's ill-timed jesting, yet had but one impulse—to protect the name and fame of his 'girl,' traitress to his love though he now believed her to be. 'Oh,' he replied, forcing himself to respond to his friend's banter, 'she's right smart, thank you, Nat; but you don't want to cage your bird too close once you've caught her. If they want to fly away agen—why—the words unbidden flared from his lips—'why—let 'em fly!' Instantly checking himself, however, he went on lightly: '*Mine's* the early bird too! Guess you'll see her down to Mrs King's. She was off down there early, I reckon, while I was huntin' up the horses. Believe she's gone to see about some housekeepin' stuff.' Then, moved by some unaccountable impulse, instantly, but too late, regretted, he called out, as the distance between himself and the noisy vehicle increased, 'If you see her, give her my love, and tell her to hustle back home.' So saying, he dug his spurs so sharply into the sides of his patient beast that it sprang forward with a snort, and rapidly bore its rider out of sight.

For a long moment Nat Duncan, his hands still hollowed round a newly lighted cigarette, stared with stiffening neck over his shoulder to where a puff of reddish dust alone bore evidence of the vanished horseman. Then, removing the 'fag' from his coarse lips and spitting wide over the wheel, he said beneath his breath and with huge relish, 'Damn me if I don't think that youngster's canary-bird's got claws!' With a short, appreciative laugh and a sharp snap of his whip, he, too, vanished among dust-wreaths in the opposite direction.

(Continued on page 371.)

## GEOLOGY AND THE WAR.

By 'SILEX.'

**A**MONGST the useful sciences that have been 'discovered' under stress of warfare, probably none has come into greater prominence than the science of geology, of which there is still, nevertheless, a woeful amount of misconception.

By sheer necessity we have been compelled to develop to the uttermost our home resources of mineral wealth, with the result that geological maps and memoirs, both official and private, are now studied in this country to an unprecedented extent. We must frankly acknowledge our debt to those far-sighted pioneers who persuaded a somewhat grudging and sceptical Government to institute and finance (albeit meagrely) a geo-

logical survey of the country in the early part of last century, and backed it up by their own brilliant and independent investigations, and gave it moral support.

It thus happens that records that were patiently accumulated for nearly one hundred years in comparative silence—one might almost say furtively—are now being eagerly consulted by all sorts and conditions of men, a large majority of whom, unfortunately, have not the necessary simple geological knowledge to make the best use of the maps and information put into their hands.

Our islands have been richly endowed with minerals, which were worked, in many cases,

for centuries before geology ranked as a science; with the result that the minerals were often wrongly named, old workings were unrecorded, and the mining was done by rule-of-thumb methods that had disastrous results upon the unworked ground.

Even at the present time cases can be shown in which mining is unscientific, in the sense that the persons controlling operations are ignorant of the structure and lie of the rocks with which they have to deal.

Although this country is the original home of the science, geology and geologists have been slow in making headway, and in breaking through the crust of prejudice and ignorance or indifference with which they were surrounded. Ours is at heart a conservative people with ingrained ideas.

By way of contrast, the geologist in a young country, like the United States or any of the great Dominions, is not looked upon as a dry-as-dust bore or a 'fossil,' poring over some musty book or still mustier bone, and weaving baseless theories, but is considered rightly as a 'live' man, to whom is entrusted highly responsible work in testing the fitness of the country for human habitation and successful endeavour.

In such countries the topographical surveyor, the railway engineer, and the pioneer are accompanied by competent geologists, who examine and name the rocks and minerals met with on the spot, and record their positions, lie, and extent upon the maps made by the surveyor. This practice does away with all possibility of error at the outset.

In recent years a great discovery of gold in the Rockies was reported by a prospector. The inevitable result would have been a mad rush to the spoil had not the responsible Government promptly had the occurrence investigated by a staff geologist, whose report stopped the boom and staved off disaster for many people.

In this country the science has had to catch up with, and get ahead of, settled occupation of the land and the improper exploitation of minerals. Geologists have raised their voices in vain protest against the obvious waste of money in certain mining operations, and in search for water or special minerals in rocks known to be barren, and against the misnaming of rocks and

mineral specimens or the classification of rocks of different geological types under a single trade name.

Above all, they have protested against the sin of leaving unrecorded valuable evidence upon the structure of the land obtained in mining, boring, and quarrying operations. This policy is worse than that of the dog in the manger, for its ill effects are liable to recoil in the long-run upon its authors.

In recent years, however, things have been looking up, and the geologist is coming into his own. No longer is he looked at askance as a dreamer and no practical man. Manufacturers, mining engineers, miners, well-sinkers, estate agents, and others are beginning to see that there is something in it after all, and to understand that there may be as many brands of geologist as there are specialists in Harley Street.

Geologists, like doctors, are grounded in the principles of their profession, but most have a special bent, that may lead one to have a better knowledge of the ways of oil or water than of the microscope, or of mineral ores than of the fossil contents of the strata.

Since the war began they have given advice about water-supply for troops at the several fronts, about the nature of the terrain in the occupation of the enemy, and the character of the rocks in which his trenches and dug-outs are constructed. More recently they have examined his concrete to find out the source of the gravel used in its composition. Nearer home, they have been called upon to advise in locating minerals for munitions of war and to find new sources of supply, as well as substitutes for previously imported raw materials. They are required to estimate reserves, and to consider in what direction future developments of coal and other mineral fields may best be undertaken. And many other things they do, about which, however, it is better to maintain a strict silence.

The time is now propitious for geologists and mining-men to work in concert and to pull together for the good of the country. A strong stimulus would be given to this happy union were only the first principles of geology taught to advanced pupils in our schools; for a knowledge of the earth we live on is of the beginnings of wisdom.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

CHAPTER II.—continued.

### III.

WHEN we commissioned the *Triptolemus* we were beset by very few pitfalls. For one thing, our ship's company consisted of less than a hundred all told; while the ship, being brand-

new, was as clean and as smart as a new pin. The men, of course, were strangers to the officers and to each other, but both the first-lieutenant and myself had just come from another destroyer

—of which the *Triptolemus* was a newer edition—in which we had served together for over two years. So two of us, at any rate, knew each other's ideas and habits, understood what to keep a watchful eye upon, and how to repress the comic proclivities of the inevitable funny man during working-hours. I have known the greater portion of a ship's company kept in a state of idle and hilarious excitement the whole of one forenoon by the antics of one of their number with a piece of burnt cork. Our men could not afford to be idle. They had their work cut out to embark mountains of stores and ammunition, and to stow them on board in their various storerooms, magazines, and shellrooms.

Before the ship was finally handed over to us she had to carry out her trials, and one sunny morning in June found us steaming down the river on our way towards the open sea. I don't know how many people there were on board. I omitted to count them, and merely remember having a vague recollection at the back of my mind that sixteen average men weighed approximately one ton. We carried several tons of extra, but not superfluous, flesh, bone, blood, and muscle. The ship was crammed to bursting with the firm's officials and workmen, Admiralty representatives and overseers, not to mention the officers and men who would presently form the ship's company. We were merely there as spectators to take over in the remote possibility of our meeting a German submarine. A pilot was in charge, while the contractor's men ran the engines and fired the boilers.

'Supposing she breaks down on trial?' I injudiciously asked one of the firm's representatives.

'My good sir,' he replied, with a look of injured horror, 'have you not learnt that our ships never break down?'

I apologised meekly, for he was perfectly right. A destroyer built by that particular firm appears every six weeks with the utmost regularity, and in no case has one of their vessels failed to exceed her contract speed. Nothing ever goes wrong, and the cut-and-dried programme is carried out to the very day, hour, and minute.

'At a quarter to seven to-morrow morning a motor will be waiting outside the door of your hotel,' Mr Matthew had told me at lunch the day before. 'After picking you up, it will call for our friends here,' indicating the chief and the Admiralty hull overseer.

'I shall be there,' I said.

'You had better be,' said Mr Matthew dryly. 'The ship waits for nobody, mind; not even the Prime Minister of Great Britain or the Bishop of Bath and Wells!'

'Are we to be honoured with their august presence?' I queried.

Mr Matthew glowered at my frivolity. 'No!' he snapped, wagging that finger of his.

'But the ship sails at 7.30 by my watch, *D.V.* or not. If you aren't on board by that time, she goes without you; and that's all about it!'

'And shall we have the pleasure of your company?'

'The answer is in the negative.'

'Coward!' I retorted with a sweet smile, whereat Mr Bunderson laughed, and the apostolic one became rather annoyed. He always resented one's taking liberties with him.

And by 7.20 precisely we, the naval people, were all on board; while a few minutes later Mr Matthew, watch in hand, appeared on the jetty abreast the ship. At 7.30, to the tick, he shut his chronometer with a snap, thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and waved his hand to the pilot. The men on the jetty started to haul the gangway ashore, when suddenly I heard excited voices under the bridge.

'Has any one seen Mr Elkington?' somebody was asking loudly. 'We can't leave without him!'

Who Mr Elkington was I hadn't a ghost of a notion. I had never even heard about him; though, from the commotion caused by his absence, he was evidently a person of importance who had something to do with our trials.

'Mr Elkington is missing!' they told Mr Matthew.

'Damn Mr Elkington!' retorted Mr Matthew, grinding his teeth.

And just at that moment the cause of all the commotion shot round a corner as if the devil were after him. He—Mr Elkington, not the devil—clutched a bag and an umbrella in one hand, and a bowler hat in the other. He came on gallantly, his overcoat flapping in the breeze behind him. He was in a desperate hurry.

Mr Matthew, with a face like a thunder-cloud, produced his watch and eyed him ferociously.

'I hope I'm not late,' the new-comer apologised, arriving breathless on the jetty and scrambling on board. 'The train'—

'Damn the train!' snorted the manager. 'You're two minutes fifteen seconds late, and I won't listen to your excuses. If Admiralty officials aren't punctual, how can you expect the contractors to deliver ships up to time, eh?'

But Mr Elkington, bag and all, was far out of earshot. The trial was quite satisfactory, and the *Triptolemus* exceeded her contract speed by at least two knots. Moreover, the firm did not intend their representatives or ourselves to go hungry. On the contrary, they evidently realised the invigorating quality of the Scottish sea-air, for the wardroom table was specially lengthened, and their catering staff had staggered on board with enormous hampers of provisions and cases of bottled beer. And we did not go hungry, either. The Food Controller . . . but the Food Controller was not there, so what does it matter?

And three days later, after an official inspec-

tion, we left the shipyard for good and all; while Mr Matthew, a number of lesser celebrities, and a crowd of workmen assembled on the jetty to see the last of their handiwork. We steamed down the river, carried out the final 'acceptance trial,' and then anchored in the estuary and forthrightly in the wardroom to sign the necessary papers transferring the ship to the Admiralty.

'Well, here's luck to the *Triptolemus*,' said the firm's senior representative, finishing his whisky-and-soda, screwing the cap on his fountain-pen, and reaching for his hat. 'I think you'll find her a good ship, and I hope you'll bag a submarine within a week. Don't go blowing yourself up on a mine, though!'

'Not if I can help it,' I laughed. 'Here's fortune to the firm!'

We followed them on deck, and a few minutes later the last of the contractor's men were scrambling into the tug alongside.

'Come along! Hurry up, men!' a bowler-hatted potentate on the paddle-box exhorted them, watch in hand. 'We shall miss the train if we aren't careful!'

The little vessel sheered off with a tootle of her whistle, a grinding of her paddles, and a waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

'*Au revoir!*' we called out after her.

'Good-bye! Good luck!' floated back. 'Hope you'll have a good passage!'

Ten minutes later, with her paddles stirring up the water behind her, and a volume of black smoke pouring from her thin funnel, she was fading away in the distance. She was in a

hurry. The people on board her had their train to catch. She somehow reminded me of a hungry, anxious chicken darting home at feeding-time.

And before very long our capstan was heaving round and the cable was coming slowly home.

'Anchor's away, sir!' came the shout from the forecastle. 'Clear anchor, sir!' as the muddy hook came to the surface.

The engine-room reply-gongs clanged noisily. The ship, gathering speed, turned on her heel, and an hour later we were in the open, the coast was fading into a bluey-gray line astern, and we were steaming at twenty knots in the teeth of a short, snappy little sea and a rapidly freshening breeze. We had left the fleshpots and amenities of civilisation behind us; but I, for one, was glad to be away.

'Now she feels it,' laughed the first-lieutenant as the ship started to bob and curtsy, and dollops of spray came driving across the forecastle. 'This'll shake the insides out of some of our people who've never been in destroyers before.'

It did, for on looking over the bridge-rail I saw a mournful, white-faced little party—well, offering their first tributes to Neptune. Poor fellows! they had my sincere sympathy. They were fearfully and wonderfully indisposed.

Yet another destroyer had been added to His Majesty's Navy. Yet another few ordinary seamen (for hostilities only) were learning from bitter experience that life on a T.B.D. is not all beer and baggy trousers.

(Continued on page 381.)

## THE SACRED LAKE IN ASHANTI.

By DAVID BOYLE.

SOME thirty-five miles south-east of Coomassie, after interminable travel through the vast steamy silences of the Ashanti forest, one is conscious of the path going steadily but surely uphill, and suddenly one finds one's self on the forest-covered rim of an enormous basin some four miles across and slightly less in length. In this basin lies a great clear lake reflecting the play of the clouds, a mirror untarnished save for the stakes of fishing-nets. Still the silence, the loneliness, of Africa; but a sort of mocking quiet. No boats—they are forbidden, as it is a fetish lake—no sign of life, apparently. But when one looks more closely, there are villages in plenty around the edge right below the hills, little collections of the ordinary Ashanti houses that seem to cover away from the cold mirror into the warmer green heights above. It is all right below, some four hundred feet or so of steep slippery hillside, and to look down at it gives almost the impression of a view through the wrong end of a telescope. A careful inspection reveals the fact that what might at first be

thought log-stumps are in reality men paddling on logs, all that they are allowed to do, and it is thus that they go out right to the centre for fish, for which there is an elaborate system of nets. This is the sacred Lake Bosumtwé, its fish and its customs jealously guarded by 'fetish' that prescribes exactly how the fish with which it swarms may be caught. Founded on the natural instinct of the Ashantis for 'animism' in all its forms, this fetish acts as a well-devised conservancy board, and by its regulations makes certain a constant supply of fish for all time. For example, no lines may be used, no boats may be put on the lake, and no mesh smaller than a certain size may be used in the nets, thus guaranteeing that the smaller fry may have a chance to grow big, that only a reasonable amount of fish are caught, and that every one has the same chance of a catch, good or bad.

There is a very powerful fetish priest in charge of the lake, and it says volumes for the tact and skill of our administrators that friction

is seldom heard of, and that a nice balance between native custom and modern progress has been kept right up to the present time. The water is brackish, and the natives, of course, hold that it connects underground with the sea; and its depth has never been established, as all attempts to fathom it up to now have failed. The people in the fishing-villages round the lake seem to have a lower level of reasoning and humanity than their agricultural relatives in the farms that everywhere lie hidden in the Ashanti forests, and the whole atmosphere gives one an impression of mystery, of primitive conditions. Viewed on a rainy day, this great gray gulf below the hills seems to be almost a veritable jumping-off place from the world; no roar of sea or breakers, as one might expect, but a wind tearing past into an unfathomable pit of colour-

less silence. Weird and fearful, no wonder that the people called it 'fetish'—it is so unutterably alone. They say they will not cross the lake even during the day, and, curiously enough, rest from fishing every seventh day for dread of a big snake, some declare, that lives in the middle. This is, however, probably in origin another wise rule of the 'fetish' priesthood to lessen the taking of fish!

As evening comes on, a few birds awake from sad contemplation and call from hill to hill, till suddenly the last gleams of light leave the water, and later the green sides and the whole crater become a misty tomb in an unearthly silence. Even the chatter of servants in the camp behind dies out at once amid such surroundings, and the silent forest reigns again now as it did before man intruded into this Avernus of West Africa.

## A NARROW SHAVE.

### A STORY OF ADEN.

By C. G. NURSE.

THE gun at the signal-station on Shum-shum, the highest point in Aden, had just announced the arrival within signalling distance of the P. and O. steamer carrying the mails from India.

'Mail-boat *a gaya* [has arrived],' remarked the havildar of the Residency guard, as he placed his rifle in the arms-rack.

He had just returned after relieving the sentries, and, taking the *hukka* (pipe) which was handed to him by one of the sepoy, settled down to a quiet smoke.

Outside the Residency the native sentry paced up and down in the fierce heat of a May afternoon, halting from time to time in the shade of the porch, and wishing that his turn of duty was over instead of just beginning. In the harbour below most of the shipping was concealed from sight by an intervening promontory, but now and again the shouts of Arabs and Somalis, engaged in coaling a steamer, could be distinctly heard.

Inside the Residency Brigadier-General Stockton, C.B., General Officer Commanding and Political Resident, Aden, to give him his full title, sat under the punka awaiting the arrival of his mail. The heat indoors, though somewhat mitigated by the regular fanning of the punka, was still considerable, and the perspiration streamed down the general's neck as he leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. In spite of the heat, the general's thoughts were not unpleasant. He had attained the rank of brigadier-general at an unusually early age, and his present duties were congenial to him, and might afford opportunity for further advancement. The position of the General Officer Commanding at

Aden is somewhat peculiar, as it includes both civil and military authority; in fact, it is in many ways similar to that of governor of one of the minor colonies, though the holder has not the status of governor. He is frequently addressed as 'Excellency' by foreign naval officers and diplomats to whom he affords hospitality on their way to or from the East, and is always known as *Al Wāli* ('the governor') by the native chiefs and dusky 'Sultans' of the Aden hinterland. A wide knowledge of men and matters, as well as considerable tact and discretion, is necessary for the successful discharge of duties in such a position, and all these the general possessed in a marked degree. His work and training had been, up to a few months before, when he was appointed to his present post, purely military, but he had at Aden an adequate staff for the performance of the civil duties. Being a wise man, he was content to hold the reins of authority without interfering unduly in the details of the civil work, and was, in consequence, popular with his subordinates.

The Resident's reflections were interrupted by the entry of an Indian servant bearing a large bundle of letters.

'General sahib *ka dāk*' ('The general's post'), he said respectfully, as he placed them on the table, and then withdrew.

The Resident began to open his mail, and to sort out the correspondence into three heaps, the first and largest for matters civil and political, the second for military communications; in the third and much smaller heap he placed his private letters. By the time he had nearly finished sorting his letters the

first assistant, Lieutenant-Colonel Staples, was announced.

Colonel Staples was a 'military-political,' who from his subaltern days had devoted himself to civil and political work. He had held his present post for some years, was a successful administrator, and had a thorough grasp of local conditions. In all matters pertaining to his department he was the Resident's right hand.

'Morning, Staples,' said the Resident. 'There is a big mail for you to-day. There are one or two things I want to ask you about. I see they have sanctioned an increase to the police force here of one sergeant and six European constables. This is the first I have heard of it.'

'The matter has been going on for nearly a year,' said Colonel Staples. 'The late Resident asked me to draw up proposals, and I did so, recommending twelve European policemen. However, even six and a sergeant are better than nothing, and will do for a beginning.'

'Well, up to now you seem to have managed very well with natives,' said the Resident; 'and I am afraid you will not get British policemen to stay long in a climate like Aden.'

'I have no doubt we shall find the men, sir,' said Colonel Staples, 'and they will be very useful in dealing with sailors, who are often a great deal of trouble, as they simply ignore the native police. A European is worth a dozen natives in dealing with a drunken sailor.'

'All right,' said the Resident; 'go ahead with it. I shall be interested to hear how the matter progresses.'

After a few minutes' conversation on other local official matters, Colonel Staples took his departure, and made his way to his own office.

During the next few weeks Colonel Staples secured, on loan for a year, the services of a smart young police-sergeant from Bombay, and four time-expired soldiers of good character from among those serving at Aden. He decided to reserve the other two vacancies for ex-sailors, if suitable candidates could be found, and informed the newly appointed police-sergeant of his intention.

On arrival at his office one morning, he found, waiting to see him, a man dressed like a boatswain or a quartermaster, who introduced himself as a candidate for one of the police vacancies. The man, who gave his name as James Spurrell, was of fine physique, appeared to be about thirty years of age, and spoke like a man of some education. On being asked for his papers, he said, 'I am afraid, sir, I have no papers to produce. I was serving on the s.s. *John Bathurst* as quartermaster, but met with an accident on board, and was sent ashore to hospital. All my papers and most of my kit remained on board ship. I only came out of hospital yesterday, and was going to ask for a

passage to England, when I heard there was a vacancy in the police here, and thought I would apply for it.'

Colonel Staples liked the look of the man, and his story seemed in every way plausible; so, after making a few further inquiries regarding his services at sea and other qualifications, he said, 'Well, I suppose you know what the pay is? If the doctor passes you, I will take you on probation in the police, but you will have to write for your papers, and let me see them when they arrive.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Spurrell. 'I will write home for my papers by the next mail.'

James Spurrell was duly passed by the doctor, and entered on his duties during the next few days. He soon got through the very limited amount of drill required of a policeman, and showed both zeal and intelligence in the performance of his duties. He was popular with his comrades, and, being a man of some education, made himself useful to his superiors in various ways.

Meanwhile Colonel Staples had proceeded on leave pending retirement, as his health was beginning to suffer from long residence in the East. He apparently forgot all about Spurrell's papers, as he did not mention the matter to his successor, Major Ingram. The major was much struck with Spurrell's evident capacity, and when the police-sergeant returned to Bombay on the expiration of the year for which his services had been lent, Spurrell was promoted to the vacant post.

The new police-sergeant continued to earn the good opinion of his superiors, and more than once distinguished himself by tact and discretion in difficult circumstances. His experiences with seafaring men stood him in good stead, and he several times showed great personal courage in the execution of his duty. On one occasion, when a 'tramp' steamer flying the 'Police' flag put in to harbour, and the captain reported a mutiny on board, his conduct in facing the men single-handed, and inducing them to listen to reason, earned for him the approval of the Government in an official report.

General Stockton's five years' tenure of office as Resident was now drawing to a close. He had long since become convinced of the soundness of the policy of employing European police to deal with the constantly increasing numbers of sailors of various nationalities who visited the port. The number of ships calling at Aden was increasing every year, and the Resident, in consultation with Major Ingram, decided to recommend the increase in the number of British police to fourteen men, including a sergeant and an inspector.

His recommendation was duly sanctioned, and, shortly after the arrival of the new Resident, James Spurrell was, on the recommendation of Major Ingram, promoted to be

inspector of police, at a salary of two hundred and fifty rupees a month.

One morning, about a year later, the s.s. *Magnetic* arrived from Australia, and was visited by Inspector Spurrell in the discharge of his duty. Among the passengers was Chief Inspector Mellinson of Scotland Yard, who had been sent out to Australia to bring back a notorious criminal for trial in England. No man can hope to attain success as a detective unless he possesses a good memory for faces, and the capacity of the chief inspector in this respect was almost phenomenal. Immediately he set eyes on Inspector Spurrell, he felt sure that he recognised him, though he had never seen him before, as Ralph Williams, who had long been 'wanted' in connection with a murder committed in a railway carriage near Cardiff five or six years previously. Mellinson had been in charge of the case at the time, and had carefully studied various photographs of the alleged murderer, but the culprit had never been brought to justice. However, even a chief inspector from Scotland Yard cannot arrest a man without a warrant; moreover, his present business was to conduct the prisoner now in his charge safely to England, and then hand him over to the proper authorities. He therefore decided to take no action for the present, and when Spurrell came on board, he greeted him in a friendly manner, saying, 'Good-morning, inspector. I don't envy you your job in this climate.'

'Well, the climate might be better,' said Spurrell; 'but this is our cold weather, and I should not mind if it were never hotter than it is now.'

'Have you been here long?' inquired the chief inspector.

'Nearly five years,' replied Spurrell.

A few unimportant remarks concluded the interview, and Mellinson, who was in plain clothes, did not disclose his identity, and sailed for England a few hours later.

About four or five weeks afterwards Inspector Spurrell received orders from Major Ingram to accompany the port surgeon on board a pilgrimage flying the quarantine flag, which had just arrived in the outer harbour. On their arrival on board matters were found to be in great confusion. Cholera had broken out among the pilgrims a few days previously, many deaths had occurred, and there were still a number of cases on board. These had to be conveyed to Quarantine Island before the ship could be allowed to sail. The pilgrims were mad with terror, and Inspector Spurrell spent a long and trying afternoon in helping the port surgeon to get them into some sort of order.

A couple of days later Inspector Spurrell felt unwell, retired to his quarters, and late in the evening sent for the port surgeon, who pronounced it to be a case of cholera. The port surgeon applied remedies, and decided to treat

him in his (the patient's) own quarters, as he considered him too ill to be removed to the isolation hospital. A brief report was made to Major Ingram, in order that he might arrange for the performance of the necessary police duties.

On the following day Major Ingram happened to be lunching with the Resident, and informed him of Spurrell's illness. The Resident expressed his regret, with hopes for his speedy recovery. While the meal was in progress the English mail was delivered, and the Resident, who had several other guests, gave orders for the letters to be placed on his office table, to be dealt with later on. A few minutes afterwards a letter was received, marked 'urgent,' addressed to Major Ingram, who asked permission of his host to open it. The letter proved to be from the port surgeon, and ran as follows:

'DEAR INGRAM,—I regret to inform you that Inspector Spurrell, who, as I have already reported to you, was taken ill with cholera last night, died this morning. The funeral ought to take place this evening, and I have arranged with Father Sebastian, whom I found in attendance when I visited the patient this morning, to hold the service at 6 P.M.—Yours sincerely,  
J. MACDONALD.'

Major Ingram handed the note to the Resident, who read it, and said, 'Poor fellow! I am extremely sorry. Of course, you saw more of him than I did, but he seemed an excellent man.'

'Yes,' replied Major Ingram; 'he was quite one of the best; sober, and very capable. We shall have a difficulty in replacing him. I often wonder how he drifted here, as he seemed a man of some education.'

'Was he married?' inquired the Resident.

'I think not,' replied Major Ingram; 'at any rate, I never heard of a wife. But I know nothing of his private affairs, except that he was a Roman Catholic.'

At the conclusion of the meal the Resident suggested to Major Ingram that they should have their smoke in his private office, and excused himself to his other guests on the plea of official business, saying to Major Ingram, 'Perhaps you would take with you any letters from my mail which belong to your department?'

'Very good, sir,' said Ingram, as the Resident led the way to his private room.

Sorting out his correspondence rapidly, so as not to keep Major Ingram waiting, the Resident put aside his private letters, and proceeded to open his official correspondence. A glance at their contents was generally sufficient to decide their destination, but the following letter seemed to need more careful attention, and was read in full. It was headed 'Scotland Yard,' and was signed by the Commissioner of Police, London.

'Confidential.

'C.I.D., No. 1874. 7/1/18—.

'SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that Chief Inspector Mellinson, of the detective department, recently passed through Aden on his way from Australia in charge of a prisoner. On arrival in London he reported to me that he believes that he recognised, in the inspector of police who boarded the s.s. *Magnetic* on her arrival at Aden, a man long wanted by the police—namely, Ralph Williams, a warrant for whose arrest was issued in connection with the murder of Albert Higgins on the 6th April 18—. Chief Inspector Mellinson states that he is so convinced of the identity of the police inspector with the said Ralph Williams that, had he been in possession of the necessary warrant, he would not have hesitated to arrest him on the spot. I may say that I have every confidence in Chief Inspector Mellinson, as he has a remarkable memory for faces, and was in charge of the investigation of the facts connected with the murder of Albert Higgins, which has never been cleared up.

'I enclose two photographs of the said Ralph Williams, taken in 18—; also a brief summary of the evidence in the case.

'I would request you to make inquiries regarding the antecedents of the inspector of police at Aden, more especially as regards his whereabouts in April 18—; and if, after examining the enclosed photographs, you are satisfied there is a *prima facie* case against him, that you will cause him to be arrested under the attached warrant. Should suitable escort be available locally, he should be sent in custody to England with a view to his being brought to trial, the escort being instructed to deliver the prisoner at Scotland Yard. In the event of no suitable escort being available at Aden, an officer will be sent by me to take charge of the prisoner on receipt of a telegram from you.'

'Read that, Ingram,' said the Resident, handing him the letter, and taking up the photographs, which he carefully examined.

Major Ingram read the letter, and put out his hand for the photographs, which the Resident passed to him.

'Well,' said the Resident, after giving him time to examine the photographs, 'what do you think about it? There certainly is a remarkable likeness to Spurrell.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Major Ingram, 'considering that these photos were taken six or seven years ago.'

'Do you know anything about Spurrell's antecedents?' inquired the Resident. 'He has been here some time, I suppose?'

'I always understood he had been a sailor,' replied the major; 'but I don't know much about him outside his work. He was here when I came. Perhaps I can find out something in my office.'

'Let me know the result of your inquiries,' said the Resident, and, handing Major Ingram a bundle of official papers, added, 'I suppose you will be at the funeral this evening?'

'Yes, sir,' said Ingram, as he left the Residency.

The funeral took place at the cemetery, which is situated at no great distance from the Residency. Father Sebastian conducted the service, which was well attended, as James Spurrell had been well known and popular among the European community.

The Resident and Major Ingram were both present, and as they walked away together at the conclusion of the ceremony the Resident said, 'Spurrell served us well, and, after all, a man is innocent till he is proved guilty. Perhaps he may have left some papers; and, anyhow, we have plenty of time before the next mail to reply to the Commissioner of Police. Let me have your opinion as regards his successor as soon as you can.'

'Very good, sir,' said Ingram; 'I will come and see you about it to-morrow.'

Early the following morning Major Ingram was transacting some business in his office, when the Roman Catholic priest was announced. Father Sebastian was, like many of his confrères in the East, a member of the Society of Jesus. Born in France, he had spent the greater part of his life serving his Church under Eastern skies, and had been for a dozen years or more in charge of the Roman Catholic community at Aden. Highly educated, gifted, like most of the members of his order, with great tact, and enjoying a considerable reputation as an Oriental scholar, he was *persona grata* to the British authorities. He spoke English quite well, and Major Ingram addressed him in that language.

'Good-morning, Father. I am glad to see you, more especially as I wanted to have a few words with you about poor Spurrell.'

'He desired me to deliver this letter to you,' said Father Sebastian, handing Major Ingram a sealed envelope.

The major took the envelope, and was about to open it, but hesitated, and turning towards the priest, asked him, 'When did he give you this? Perhaps it is his will.'

'More than a year ago he brought it to me, and asked me to give it to you in the event of his death. But I know nothing of its contents.'

Major Ingram then decided not to open the envelope until after the priest had gone, and putting it down on his table, said, 'Spurrell's death was very sudden. I understand from Major MacDonald that you were with him at the last.'

'Yes,' replied the priest; 'he sent for me this morning; he knew his end was near, and he died fortified by all the rites of the Church.'

'Thank you very much, Father,' said the major; 'I will attend to it as soon as I can. I

am tremendously busy this morning, as you see, though I am glad you called.'

Father Sebastian took his leave, and Major Ingram waited till he was outside, and then, inspired by a natural curiosity, opened the letter. It was dated about two years earlier, and contained a full confession of the murder of Albert Higgins on 6th April 18—. From his statement, it appeared that the writer, who acknowledged that his proper name was Ralph Williams, had been third mate on a ship running between Cardiff and South America. He was engaged to a girl at Cardiff, but during his absence on a voyage his fiancée had been seduced by Higgins, who was a clerk to a shipping firm at Cardiff. On his return to England the girl confessed to him, and the engagement was broken off. He determined to do all that he could to induce Higgins to marry the girl, and with that object followed him to Bristol, where he had gone on some business connected with his firm. On his arrival at Bristol, Williams was informed that Higgins had returned to Cardiff, and was much surprised to see him on the platform when he was preparing to enter the train on his return journey. He managed to travel in the same carriage, but during the first part of the journey he had, owing to the presence of other passengers, no opportunity of discussing matters with him. Towards the end of the journey the other passengers left the train, and he found himself alone with Higgins. He tried to induce him to repair the wrong he had done by marrying the girl, but Higgins jeered at him, and refused. He had brought a revolver, and, exasperated by Higgins's callous refusal, he pulled it out and shot him. The train was slowing down to enter a station, and Williams managed to drop on to the line unhurt, and to escape in the darkness before any alarm was given. He made his way back to Bristol, where he got a ship to Australia, sailing before the mast under the name of James Spurrell. Owing to his experience at sea, he was soon promoted quartermaster, in which capacity he was serving when he met with the accident which led to his being detained in hospital at Aden. He requested that the proceeds of his estate might be remitted to his mother, whose address he gave, with an intimation of his death under his proper name. Finally, he asked that his confession might be forwarded to the authorities in England, in order to prevent any innocent person suffering for his crime, for which, however, he expressed no contrition.

Major Ingram, after reading the confession, at once set out for the Residency, taking with him all the papers in connection with the case. He told the Resident of Father Sebastian's visit, and handed him the confession.

After reading it, the Resident inquired, 'Did Father Sebastian give any hint that he knew the contents of the letter he handed to you?'

'He told me he did not know what it contained,' replied Major Ingram. 'Of course, Spurrell may have confessed to him when he believed himself to be dying, if he was in a condition to do so, which I much doubt. In any case, a priest would hold such a confession absolutely sacred.'

'Of course,' said the Resident. 'However, it does not much matter, and all we can do now is to write to the Commissioner of Police, enclosing this confession, and inform him that the writer died a few hours before the arrival of his letter.'

'All right, sir,' said Ingram. 'By the way, have you noticed the post-mark on the Commissioner of Police's letter?'

'Is there anything unusual about it?' inquired the Resident.

'I have only just noticed it myself,' said Ingram. 'Here is the envelope. The letter, as you see, is dated the 7th of this month, and the post-mark shows that it was posted at 3 P.M. on that day.'

'Yes, it has taken some time to get here,' remarked the Resident. 'I suppose it missed the mail.'

Major Ingram pointed to a calendar on the Resident's table, and said, 'The 7th was a Friday, and you know that the Indian mail closes at 2 P.M. on Fridays. If the letter had been posted an hour or two earlier, it would have arrived a week ago.'

'By Jove, yes!' said the Resident. 'And in that case Spurrell would be now on his way to England to undergo his trial for murder, instead of lying in the cemetery here.'

'A narrow shave, anyhow,' remarked Major Ingram. 'Perhaps it is as well that the letter failed to catch the mail.'

#### DRYBURGH ABBEY.

(LORD GLENCONNER'S GIFT TO THE NATION.)

WITH rapturous gaze we view those sacred walls,  
Built for the Virgin's sake,  
Around whose heart a tender glory falls,  
And Tweed's still waters break.  
With ruined grace that thrills the thoughts of men,  
Yea, 'neath a magic spell,  
Through mystic shades that dim the Abbey glen  
Is heard the Abbey bell.

Where 'Gloria in excelsis' once arose,  
Within this house of rest,  
The happy birds till hallowed evening's close  
Sink in the glowing west  
Sing forth their joy; where monks adoring sang,  
Ere these gray walls were riven,  
Where swallows nest, long since sweet vespers rang  
That, soaring, entered heaven.

Oh! sacred fane beside Tweed's classic shore!  
Ruined, yet wondrous fair,  
Before thy shrine our souls love-held outpour  
A grateful homage there.  
For in thy peace the Border wizard sleeps,  
The poet of those glades,  
Whose holy dust this gracious valley keeps,  
Within its Abbey shades.

GILBERT RAE.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

IN THE O.P.

By F. O. O.

THE battery commander woke with that peculiar suddenness that one develops at the Front, felt for the electric torch that lay beside him, and turned its beam on to the watch upon his wrist. As he did so, the telephone at the head of his camp-bed buzzed impatiently.

He picked up the receiver, and put it to his ear. 'Yes,' he said.

'Three o'clock, sir,' came the voice of the officer on duty in the battery.

'Very well; I shall be down in a quarter of an hour. Tell the telephonist to be ready to start by then.'

He put the instrument down, struck a match, and lit a candle that stood, stuck in a bottle, on an empty packing-case. By its flickering light he could see the interior of his billet, a dilapidated room in a ruined house. The walls were covered with maps and diagrams in lieu of paper; most of the plaster had fallen from the ceiling; what was left was yellow and covered with a damp mould; the bare boards were rotten and stained. At one side, as far as possible from the holes in the ceiling, was the camp-bed, on which lay his sleeping-bag; at the opposite side was a rickety table and chair. A camp washing-stand and a couple of packing-cases completed the furniture.

The battery commander dressed with the rapidity born of long practice under such conditions, opened the door that hung precariously by one hinge, and passed out into the dreary streets of the deserted town. Five minutes' brisk walking brought him to the open space wherein his great howitzers lay hidden beneath an avenue of plane-trees. He made his way to a mass of ruins that showed where a big house had once stood, and called down an opening that led to the cellar beneath.

'All ready, sir,' came an answering voice, and the officer on duty, followed by a telephonist with his instrument slung over his shoulder, emerged from the opening.

'I shall open fire as soon as I can see the target,' said the battery commander. 'I'll send you down your orders when I'm ready.—Come along, Bombardier Morson.'

The way to the observation-post, or 'O.P.,' as the slang of the Front terms it, lay through the suburbs of the town, along a street where every

few yards a huge shell-crater yawned, between ugly heaps of bricks and rubbish that had once been rows of houses. The major and his telephonist picked their way by the light of their torches and by the flare of the star-shell that grew ever brighter as they approached the line. After a while they struck off on to a track that led across the weed-grown fields, and followed this for half a mile or so, until they reached the beginning of a communication-trench labelled 'Cheapside.' Ten minutes' walk along the trench brought them to a notice-board: 'The Bank. Heavy Artillery Observation-Post. No admittance.'

A short flight of roughly hewn steps led out of the trench into a ruined farmhouse, which looked utterly deserted. But within the crazy débris of bricks and rafters was a ladder, and at the top of the ladder was a wooden box, just big enough for a man to sit down in. The battery commander climbed up the ladder, squeezed his way through a hole in the bottom of the box, and took his seat upon a plank that stretched across it. Then he laid his glasses and other instruments that he carried upon a shelf in front of him, and opened a shutter in the side of the box. It was still dark; he could barely make out the shattered outline of the rafters just outside.

Meanwhile the telephonist had found two ends of wire that ran in to the ruin at the foot of the ladder, and connected his instrument to them. 'Line to battery all correct, sir,' he called.

'Thank you, bombardier,' replied the major. 'There's nothing doing yet; it's too dark.'

But already the night was coming to an end. The stars grew less bright, and the soaring lights from the trenches became pallid and less frequent. Here and there a solitary shot rang out, or a machine-gun chattered for a couple of seconds and was still. The sky began to lighten; dark outlines of distant woods and hills came into being. Swiftly the detail began to grow; through his glasses the major could make out the parapets of the opposing trenches, the reddish-brown masses of wire between them. The hum of scouting aeroplanes came to his ears, the reports of the anti-aircraft guns and the bursting of their shell, some of which he

could see like flakes of cotton-wool against the increasing blue of the sky.

His target that morning was a new communication-trench that the Germans had been digging for the last two nights. An aeroplane photograph had revealed their work, and he began to compare this photograph with the ground before him. Gradually the details coincided—first the line of a road, then a ruin that had once been a cottage, last a row of blasted poplars and the faint line of a hedge. The photograph showed the beginning of the trench at the point where the hedge met the row of trees. The major focused his glasses on the spot, but it was still too dark for his eyes to pierce the shadows.

A British field battery burst into activity with a sudden salvo. Its observer must have seen some sign of movement in the enemy's trenches, for six shrapnel burst neatly above the front line. Two more salvos followed; then all was quiet again. Far away in the distance the ungainly shape of a kite-balloon rose from behind a rise in the ground and soared slowly into the sky. Somewhere to the right a trench-mortar duel broke out, the heavy thuds of their bombs blending with the sharper crack of rifle-grenades. A battery of heavy howitzers woke up and joined in the fun; the major could hear their low reports, the long moaning flight of the shell, and the deep explosions that followed.

Meanwhile the light was improving rapidly. The major took his telescope from its case, and laid it carefully upon the suspected point. After a minute's watching, a sharp exclamation of satisfaction escaped him. He had seen a trifling movement, which, when repeated, resolved itself into a shovelful of earth being thrown out of the unseen trench. The working-party were still at their labours!

He leant over the hole in the bottom of his box. 'Call up the battery, bombardier,' he cried. 'Action—load—report when loaded.'

The telephonist below acknowledged the orders, and the major set to work with note-book and pencil to calculate his elevation. He identified the hedge and the row of trees upon his map, and read off the distance with his scales. A few rapid figures, and he was ready.

'Battery reports loaded, sir,' came the voice of the bombardier.

'Switch twelve degrees two five minutes right, elevation one nine degrees, all ranging; report when ready to fire,' called the major. He listened for the repetition of the order, then crouched down to light his pipe, taking care that the smoke did not blow out of the window and betray him. A pipe is a wonderful assistant to ranging, somehow.

'Battery ready to fire, sir,' came the voice of the telephonist from below.

'Fire!' exclaimed the major, picking up his glasses as he did so. In a few seconds he heard

the dull boom of the gun, followed by the moaning of the shell as it sped towards him and passed over his head. The first round always seems to dawdle through the air, prolonging the anxious seconds of its flight. The observer has ample time to remember all the things that may happen, all the errors of calculation that he may have made, the misunderstandings that may have occurred on the telephone, the mistakes in applying his orders to the guns. Any one of these may mean that the shell lands in his own trenches, killing his friends, and ending his own career in one fatal fraction of a second.

After an age of waiting, as it seemed, a fountain of earth and smoke sprang up before the major's eyes, closely followed by a crash that shook the crazy box in which he was sitting. The round had burst almost exactly where he had intended, a little to the right of his target, and some distance beyond it. The faint breeze of morning drifted the smoke behind the jagged line of the hedge, confirming his observation.

'Three-o minutes more left, one-eight degrees; fire!' he called.

The telephonist repeated the order, and in a short time the sound of the second gun reached his ears. There was no anxiety in waiting now, only an intense eagerness to see where the shell would fall. This time the cloud of earth and smoke sprang high up into the air, entirely hiding the target from his sight, showing the shell to have fallen short.

'Good!' muttered the major. 'That's got it bracketed!' Then aloud to the telephonist, 'One-eight degrees three-o minutes; fire!'

This time the burst could be seen beyond the target. 'One-eight degrees one-five minutes; fire!' called the major.

As he watched the end of the trench, whose newly turned earth was now plainly visible, he saw the shell fall plumb into it. For almost a second no smoke appeared; then a fan-shaped cloud rose slowly from the ground. The shell had burst in the trench itself, making a huge crater, and undoing in an instant the strenuous labour of many hours.

'Got it!' exclaimed the major joyfully. 'Battery fire, two-o seconds!'

The shells began to come over at regular intervals, bursting in and around the trench, and turning it into a chaos of mud and sand-bags. Every now and then a lucky round would hurl a mass of splintered wood into the air, when it fell into a pile of revetting material stacked ready for use. Through his glasses the major could see the progress of the destruction; and every minute or so he gave an order that switched his guns a few yards farther up or down the trench. At the end of twenty minutes of this work he put his glasses back into their case.

'Cease firing!' he called. 'Tell the officer

on duty it was a very good shoot, and that he can let the men fall out and get their breakfasts.'

The major's thoughts had been concentrated upon the work of his own battery to such an extent that he had had no leisure to observe what was happening elsewhere. But as soon as his last round had fallen, he began to realise that the Germans were not taking things lying down. Knowing that the bombardment of their nice new trench was obviously being observed from some point in the British lines, they had turned on a couple of field batteries to fire shrapnel at all the likely spots in the front line. For some minutes a very pretty firework display had been going on in front of the ruins of the farmhouse, and now the place itself seemed to have attracted their attention. What was happening?

A 'woolly-bear'—a kind of shrapnel with a high-explosive charge—burst with a deafening crash just above his head, sending one or two of the few remaining tiles clattering to the ground.

He collected his apparatus, and climbed hurriedly down the ladder out of his box. 'Come on, bombardier,' he said. 'We'll go and sit in the dug-out until Fritz is tired of this. I hope he won't knock the place down; it's the best O.P. we've got about here.'

The two slid through an opening in the floor of the place into a dug-out that had been built for just such an emergency as this. It was not proof against a direct hit by a heavy shell, but it would keep out splinters.

They were none too soon. The German field battery fired a dozen rounds at the ruin, making very fair practice. Luckily the small shell only knocked the place about a little more, making it look less habitable than ever. Then the German observer, deciding that he had wasted enough ammunition on so unlikely a wreck, switched his guns on to another suspicious spot a couple of hundred yards to the left. The major and Bombardier Morson emerged from their refuge, and took stock of the damage.

'No harm done,' said the major, after a swift look round. 'Glad I didn't stop in that pigeon-loft of mine, though. He's put a dozen shrapnel holes through it. Pack up, and we'll be getting back. We've got an aeroplane shoot on at ten o'clock. It's been a very jolly morning so far.'

'Yes, sir,' agreed the telephonist warmly. 'I'll bring a couple of men down here as soon as it's dark this evening and put the place straight a bit.'

So the two set off on their walk back to the battery and their well-earned breakfast.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XXI.

**DURING** the long hours of that momentous day, while in the fierce rays of a twin heat, sun-born and earth-begotten, David Hardy, together with fellow-foresters hurriedly summoned to his aid by the watcher on the lonely height, fought the fire-demon, his young wife, in the sunny, scented silence of a distant part of the wilderness, battled with a host of evil spirits yet more fiery. Only a few short months erstwhile, Anita at such a time would have craved human sympathy; but now it was with inexpressible relief that she had escaped from the confining walls of the small house and a terrified listening for her husband's returning footfall, into the absolute peace and security of the forest. With fast-beating heart and hurrying feet she pressed on and on, until at length, exhausted, she crept beneath a balsam, whose boughs, drooping umbrella-like to the ground, offered shade and shelter to the fugitive. Plans she had none, nor coherent thought, since, upon waking and finding David's note, the one idea had obsessed her of fleeing from his anger and the consequences of her unintentional deception.

'Cruel!—cruel!' she sobbed. 'What have I ever done that he should so distrust me? And now he will never believe me—never—never!'

But as by degrees the soothing influence of her surroundings quieted a temperament which, part of her Franco-American heritage, was unduly high-strung and excitable, into the turmoil of self-centred thoughts began to steal misgivings as to the justice of her rash act, and its effects upon her husband. A sudden wave of pity and remorse flooded her heart as all-unwillingly there came before her the realisation of David's distress at finding her gone, he knew not whither. Beneath the insistent probings of conscience her motives were mercilessly exposed, and she could not but ask herself to what extent had he so failed her as to deserve such treatment at her hands. If he were hasty and jealous, was it not wholly because of his great love for her, and ought she not to be able to bear with the one for the sake of the other? Her plea had been that he thought her a bad wife, but to his outraged affections might not her very flight seem a confession of actual sin against him; and if of her own, then—

With a cry of anguish, Anita covered her eyes, as though blinded by this new, pitiless light flashed upon her action. Her knight; her true, unfailing friend! Of what dark smirch on his white soul was she thus indirectly accusing him! What could he, *must* he, think of her

when the news of her disappearance from her husband's home should reach his ears? Or would David himself seek him out and accuse him? 'Oh, dear God,' cried the distracted girl, 'not that—not that!' and instantly struggled to her feet; then, dizzy and bewildered from long fasting and the noontide heat, she looked about to retrace her steps, faltered, and realised she was lost.

In anguish of mind, urged now by frantic desire to get home as soon as possible, she stumbled blindly on, fighting insidious voices that whispered, 'What if David refuses to receive you—if he turns you away, your character and his home alike ruined? What if, infuriated, he lifts his hand against you—should even kill you?' With hands pressed over her ears as though to shut out the tempter's voice, she began to run; then suddenly, beyond the screen of intervening trees, there gleamed before her astonished eyes the blue, dimpled waters of Laughing Lake.

And at the unexpected sight there leapt into the girl's mind a strange sense of profound relief, an unlooked-for solution of all her perplexities—here, in the sunlit waters, to *end it all*; to slip away, as it were, by accident. Then none need know, and perhaps even David would only guess. Up to that moment the idea of self-destruction had been peculiarly repulsive to Anita, upon whose memory was vividly impressed an incident of her early life in distant Paris. Escorted by her step-father's old servant, she was on her way to Harry Champion's atelier just as the body of a young woman was recovered from the river, and old Jeanne, with the morbid curiosity characteristic of her kind, had dragged Anita by the wrist to stare at the ghastly spectacle. At sight of the waxen face and long dank hair the child had sickened, and from that time could never look into the sullen stream of the Seine without shuddering at the thought of drowning in those waters, polluted by contact with the filth of a great city. But now this pure pool of shimmering water, whose surface, fanned by sweet-scented breezes of a primeval forest, mirrored a flawless sky of fathomless blue, seemed to offer to the weary, half-distracted girl a sanctuary from her sorrow; and so, with a new, glad light in her wide, dark eyes and a half-smile on her parted lips, she hastened towards the gleaming goal.

In her aimless wanderings she must have circled wide, for she found herself upon a tiny strand of shining sand where David, during the summer heat, had more than once brought her to bathe. For Laughing Lake, unlike Goose and Rainbow Lakes, Clear Pool, and others in that unique region of naked rock (where for many a league the mighty skeleton of mother-earth lies stripped bare), is not walled round with high bluffs and plateaus of granite, but, like a jewel in a gipsy setting, rests among the emerald green of

bush and fern. The margin is for the most part shallow and weed-grown; but this one miniature beach, sloping gently into deep water, had afforded a safe place for Anita to learn to swim, and David, holding her tiny hands in his, would lead her, mid laughter and protest, farther and farther down the firm grade, until suddenly her feet would sway beneath her, and with a little scream she would find herself caught in his arms, his warm lips kissing her cold, wet face.

Poor David! Upon his truant wife, standing in the full glory of the autumn day, sparkling wavelets lap-lapping against her shoes, memories of him now crowded thick and fast—his brown face and black curls shining with drops of crystalline water as, splashing and laughing, he rose before her admiring eyes, duck-like, from a dive into the clear depths, or with calm, even stroke clove the surface, till presently, with firm, swelling muscles, he pulled himself up upon a rock beside her, to bask and dry in the sunshine. And later the picnic supper, with snapping fire of easily gathered sticks, boiling kettle, savoury fish; and by-and-by David's arm round her waist to help her homeward along the dusky trail. Alas for those happy days! Impatiently Anita pushed back the heavy hair from her moist forehead, as if thus to lift the load of perplexity from her mind. David loved her. David was good to her. And Gavin Barrie, her knight, was blameless. Ah, then—yes, of course, it must be *herself alone* who had so tangled their mutual lives. It were better—better—A great weariness came over the girl. She sank down among the tall ferns, now turning tawny gold; the heavy lids drooped, and a merciful unconsciousness snatched her away from the peril of self-accusing thoughts.

She must have slept, and, in dreamland, wandered again, as always, in her beloved France. For presently she seemed to have turned from the white glare and hot pavements of a midsummer day in Paris, into the refreshing coolness and dim light of the American church, that sacred bit of the United States so dear to home-sick citizens of the overseas sister-republic.

Anita, deprived of her mother at an early age, and left to the hap-hazard upbringing of an indifferent step-father, had had little or no religious instruction, nor had her young feet been guided into the 'way of peace'; but as she grew up she clung more and more to the memory of her mother, and rather out of loyalty to her than from any recognised need for her own sake, occasionally found her way to the church which stood for her mother's faith and her mother's country. So now, as she slumbered, all at once there rang in her ears the voice of Monsieur le Pasteur in the words of the only text that had ever caught her earnest attention; and even

that, solely because of its effect upon a young woman, in beauty of face and dress quite dazzling to the humble French girl, who, after listening with rapt expression to the preacher, suddenly burst into tears and hurried from the church. 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.'

So real and distinct echoed the divine words that Anita woke, and, startled and bewildered, looked about her. Vanished the sacred building, the rainbow-coloured light streaming through stained-glass windows; vanished priest and people. There remained only a far mountain-lake dimpling in the sunlight, and the sigh of a rising wind among dry fern and stunted pine. But above them all rose the cry of a penitent heart, as it rises, and ever will rise, whensoever sinful, sorrowing man turns in his weakness to an all-forgiving Father, and the forester's girl struggled to her feet, new courage and new purpose in her heart.

From the hollow of her hand she sipped cool, reviving drinks from the untainted waters that were to have been a coward's grave, bathed her face, then, resolutely turning her back upon temptation, set out towards the forest. One overmastering desire now possessed her—to reach home, to beg her husband's forgiveness, and bravely face the outcome; but bodily exhaustion, spiritual strength notwithstanding, now began to assert itself. She was faint with hunger, and the trail from the far end of Laughing Lake, where she now was, to the forester's cabin long and rough.

Suddenly a thought struck her. There was a short cut, which she knew well, to the Kings' ranch. This she would take; would explain how, wandering until weary, she had fallen asleep; and then, when she had had some food, would hasten home before dusk.

Accordingly, and with a lighter heart, she made her way as quickly as possible, soon reaching the fork of Goose Lake and Laughing Lake trails, and thence to the Kings' house, in front of which, to her surprise, all sorts of household belongings, from a churn to a chicken-coop, were promiscuously piled; while in the open doorway appeared the kind-hearted woman herself, a baby on one arm, and an assortment of newly washed bed-linen over the other.

'For the land's sake!' she exclaimed; 'if it ain't Annie Hardy! Come along in, my dear. I'm right glad to see you. 'Fraid I *shouldn't* when Sam made up his mind all on a sudden to hit out days sooner nor I had reckoned. Not but what I oughter l'arned his unsartin ways by now, if ever I'm goin' to,' she went on all in one breath. 'But how did *you* know we was goin' to!—Mandy, bring a chair for Missis Hardy.' Then, as the light struck full upon the girl's colourless face, she cried, 'Lord, bless my soul!

Be you sick, Annie? You look just about as white as these here sheets—and a deal whiter, for I can't keep them pesky dawgs offen them, let alone the white-and-red calf, which is worse'n the dawgs. Ate the whole frill offen Mandy's Sunday petticoat, and then set to work on Billy's pants! But a nice sort o' body I am to stand rattlin' here, and you, poor child, lookin' fit to faint! Shall I light the stove and make you a cup of coffee?'

'No, thank you. Please don't stop your work,' replied Anita gratefully. 'But if I might have some milk and a piece of bread? You see,' she went on hurriedly, while Mrs King bustled about the kitchen, 'I went for a walk early, and—and got so tired, I fell asleep. So I'm travelling rather *light*,' she ended, with a little, forced laugh.

At any other time her friend might have been curious to know why Anita had been wandering in the forest alone; but the good woman was so engrossed in a thousand preparations for the hasty trek that, much to the girl's relief, she asked no questions.

'You just sit down here and take some food,' said Mrs King, setting cake and pie and all manner of good things before the unexpected guest. 'An', if you don't mind, Mandy and me'll go on with the sortin' and packin'. There's a sight o' things to get fixed up, though I did send out a lot o' the chickens and china in Nat Duncan's outfit this mornin'. Rough as a pork-pine that feller be, but that good-natur'd. My gracious, he'd do anythin' under the sun to help a body! By the way,' she rattled on above the clatter of crockery, which she and the eldest girl were stacking in a clothes-basket, 'I just mind now. He said somethin' about you this mornin'.—What was it, Mandy?—Oh, yes. He said he passed your Dave ridin', like as the devil was arter him, to a fire over to Rattlesnake; and he—that's Dave—called arter him—that's Nat—that, if he saw anythin' of you hereabouts, to say he sent you his love, and to tell you to hustle along home. Guess that was the whole message,' she concluded pleasantly, and bent her broad back over the basket of dishes, else had she not failed to notice how, at the unexpected words, her hearer suddenly sat up very straight, alternately flushed and paled, while a look of wonder and great joy spread over her face.

But before she could collect herself to speak Mrs King continued, half-teasingly, 'So your man still sticks to his sweetheartin' ways, Annie—sendin' messages o' love and kisses afore you and him bin parted an hour! Well, well! Only messages my Sam sends *me* these days is 'bout the calf's rope or the pig's bucket o' swill, or to get busy an' bake bread for some campin'-party,' she said dryly. 'Not but what he's a good husband enough, be Sam, as husbands go, an' good to the childer. But, law me! what can an old woman expect when her

eldest gal's 'most as old as her mother was when she got married!—Eh, Mandy? What *your* ears gettin' red about? Don't you go gettin' no nonsense into that head o' yourn 'bout that Simmons boy, or I'll tell your pa,' she went on, aggressively addressing the blushing Mandy.—'Why, you ain't a-goin' *now*, are you, Annie?' she broke off, pausing in her work, and wiping her dusty hands on her apron, as Anita rose from her chair. Then, glancing out of the window, 'But mebbe you're right,' she conceded. 'The days are gettin' short, sure enough, an' it's a goodish step to your house, an' you look tired to death already. Won't you stop the night, my dear? Most o' the beddin's packed up, but you can have Tommy's cot, an' he can sleep in the cow-shed as well as not. *Do*, now!'

'Oh no, thank you,' replied Anita earnestly. 'You see, Dave would be worried if I wasn't

home!' and bidding her kind friend good-bye, and promising to write, she left the house.

Scarcely, however, had she gone a half-dozen steps when Mrs King came running after her. 'I say, Annie!' she called. 'If you bain't feared o' the woods, my Jimmy says you kin save a lot o' time by takin' the Goose Lake trail (*you* know), an' then turnin' off by that old burnt tree.—Ain't it, Jimmy?' she shouted back.—'Yes, he says that's it, an' you can't miss it. An' you come out just above your corral. It'll save you a good mile or more, Jimmy says.'

'Oh, thank you,' replied Anita. 'I guess *I will* go that way, for I do feel some tired now. Good-night, Mrs King—and good-bye!' and, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes and a sudden ache at her heart, Anita set out on her lonely walk.

(Continued on page 388.)

## 'BIELD.'

By NORMAN GRIEVE.

**ALTHOUGH** we are in critical times, when the future of nations is trembling in the balance, and when only the elemental facts of existence seem to have any reality, there are many after-the-war problems closely affecting the well-being of this country on which discussion may not be deemed unprofitable.

Afforestation is one of them. Needless to say, this subject has been written about and talked about for years; and though there are doubtless bright spots here and there, where enterprise and intelligence have been displayed, I think it is safe to say that in this, as in so many other matters of vital importance to the nation, expert advice and exhortation have only to a limited extent been acted on, and no really adequate results have been achieved.

Without entering on a detailed examination of the wider question of planting to meet the timber requirements of the country, either in times of peace or of war, the object I have in view is to offer some reflections on the aspect of planting to afford shelter for stock. I trust, when the larger problem is being handled, as I sincerely hope it will be, that in all the pastoral districts of Scotland and elsewhere plantations will be laid out with a view to furnish the greatest amount of shelter possible to the stock during the severe storms of winter, which too often result in great and, I believe, preventable loss.

In the Border country the benefit which would come from shelter-belts has been well known for generations. Individuals and farmers' associations have advocated natural shelter, and have been fully alive to its importance. But as is so often the case in matters affecting

agricultural or pastoral changes, there is a tendency to let things drift, and to say, 'What has been good enough in the past is good enough to-day;' and so what would involve the friendly co-operation alike of land-owners and tenants ends in an expression of pious opinion, and nothing is done.

Any knowledgeable shepherd who has the responsibility of looking after the welfare of his valuable charge during the bleak winter months will tell you that 'bield is half meat,' meaning that, adequately protected from the severity of winter storms, sheep are more able to forage for themselves, where too often now they perish. To me it is deplorable to stand on some high point in the Border regions and for leagues and leagues round to see no friendly belt of wood behind which the patient and long-suffering flocks can protect themselves from the fury of the storm.

It is well known that not so long ago the Border hills were clad with a natural growth of wood and bush, and I can well remember many beautiful wooded glens, which, if they had been fenced and protected, would even now have afforded considerable shelter; but from age and exposure these have, bit by bit, disappeared, and the self-sown seedlings, which, if protected, would have filled the blanks, have been eaten over by the sheep, and so, in most cases, nothing but a few hoary relics of the past remain. From the point of view of beauty and picturesqueness this is a great loss—a consideration, however, which one can hardly expect to carry much weight; though it is strange but true that very often beauty and utility go hand-in-hand. At any rate, I think it is beyond dispute that had

the matter been taken in hand a generation ago, the initial cost of fencing and planting would have paid the owners and occupiers many times over in the enhanced value of the farms and in reducing the losses of stock from exposure.

Incidentally, the thinnings from these plantations would furnish material for repairing fences, and would be a valuable help in the matter of fuel in remote and isolated dwellings where in many cases the supply of peat is getting scarcer each year, and in some has ceased to be procurable. The plantations would provide cover for birds, including possibly the friendly owls, which came to the rescue during the memorable plague of voles (field mice), and in many ways possibly unknown to us, the balance of nature would be restored.

I am painfully aware that pious aspirations for the establishment of any large scheme of afforestation are of little value unless at the same time the financial aspect of it is considered. Whether this will be brought about by the co-operation of the State and the land-owners, based on some equitable financial adjustment of the prime cost, coupled with a fair division of the eventual increment, I know not; and, indeed, such speculations are beyond the scope of this article.

In any case, I fear that the present compulsory consumption of the available timber of the United Kingdom entailed by the urgent demands of the war will mean that for many years the supply of locally grown larch or other wood suitable for fencing timber areas will be

practically unprocurable, and, having regard to the certain shortage of ocean freights, will, for a time at any rate, render the importation of foreign timber costly and difficult. Still, if the nation has learned aright this and other bitter lessons of the war, one hopes that not only as a means of providing suitable occupation for many of the gallant men who have fought for their country, but also with a view to rendering future generations more independent of foreign timber, some comprehensive and workman-like scheme will eventually be undertaken.

Agriculture and forestry have in the past been equally neglected, and it will be the duty of the nation to see that the natural resources of these islands are developed to their fullest capacity, so that either in time of peace or of war we may be as independent as possible of reliance on imports from abroad.

However, this is a digression into a domain which it was not my intention to traverse. I will, therefore, conclude by again expressing the hope that when the time comes the aspect of the particular case I am pleading for will not be forgotten. In this matter of shelter-belts I do not speak without knowledge gained by personal experience. During a long residence in Ceylon I had to contend with winds far stronger than, though not so cold as, those of my native land. I was responsible for the planting in the island of many thousands of trees for shelter, and I venture to say that if the system be adopted in the pastoral areas of Scotland the benefit to the nation and to the individual will be incalculable.

## PETER DAUNT'S FIRST BRIEF.

### CHAPTER IV.

MEANWHILE Mr Lilly's case grew worse and worse. Peter felt no affection for him—it would have been strange indeed if he had—but as he grew older he was able to appreciate better the immense ability that was being utterly wasted, and to feel the poignancy of the squalid tragedy. The jests of the neighbouring office-boys over the infirmity of his 'boss' hurt him intolerably, and resulted in more than one fierce bout of fisticuffs in which he hit so hard and made such good use of his long reach that the jesters learned to be discreet in his presence.

As time went on he enlarged for himself the sphere of his work. When a set of papers came in to be 'devilled,' or when one of the rare briefs appeared, he almost always read them through and made notes on them—summaries of facts and dates. On one occasion he left his notes by mistake in a fold of the instructions, and fully anticipated a salvo of verbal fireworks when they were discovered. Mr Lilly, however, made no remark; but the next time he set to

work on one of the Lagsdale papers he called Peter in.

'I don't see any pot-hooks this time,' he said.

'I did make a few notes,' Peter admitted hesitatingly.

'Then why didn't you put them in?' demanded his master, but without any signs of anger.

Encouraged by this enthusiastic appreciation, the boy soon took another step forward. A case to advise showed that on one view of the facts a mortgage would have to be drawn. Peter satisfied himself that this was the correct view, and proceeded to hunt up from the books in his room a form that he thought suitable. The next day Mr Lilly shouted for him. Peter's quick eyes saw that he was at work upon *his* draft.

'You young fool,' said his master, 'from what muck-heap did you rake up this infernal form?'

'I got it out of Bacon and Swete,' answered Peter.

'Oh, did you? Well, the next time you

meddle with what doesn't concern you, go over there to Davidson ;' and Lilly pointed to a shelf in the big bookcase.

After this it became the regular course for Peter to have his shot. If it was a very bad one—a rare occurrence—it might mean a book at his head and a volley of oaths. If it was fairly good, good, or very good, in each case the result was the same—silent appropriation. Peter would dearly have liked a whiff of praise, but he had long given up all hope of this, and consoled himself by poring over the corrections made in his forms, and admiring the neatness and ingenuity of the draftsman.

But ambition was growing stronger in his heart. Whenever he found a chance he ran over to the courts and listened eagerly to the arguments and judgments, and then went back, rehearsing to himself what he would have said and done had the case been his to argue. Now, too, he not only cut the *Reports*, but read them with avidity. And more than once, in front of the glass, he tried on Mr Lilly's wig and gown and bands, and thought how uncommonly well they became him.

'It must be grand to wear them in court,' said Peter to himself.

#### CHAPTER V.

AT seventeen Peter was as tall as his master, and very nearly as big. His wages had risen to thirteen shillings a week, but of late they had been paid irregularly. Mr Daunt, who was a railway porter, advised his son to leave, and try to get into the Post-Office; but the boy's heart was set on the law. His friend Rowe had been urging him for some time to leave Agar Chambers and try the other branch of the profession.

'I've told the governor about you,' he said, 'and I'm sure he'd find a berth for you at our place.'

But a curious feeling of loyalty to his master had kept the boy anchored, though Lilly's conduct—his foul language, his bursts of violence, and now his irregular payments—had strained it almost to breaking-point. But he had quite made up his mind that, whatever happened, he would not give notice till *Watts v. Dunmore* had come on for hearing.

*Watts v. Dunmore* was an important case in which Rowe & Son were acting as agents for a provincial firm. It was a fighting action against a trustee for breach of trust, and Peter had followed every step since it first came into chambers as a case to advise. Every fact and every date were firmly fixed in his tenacious memory. Old Mr Rowe, in spite of his admiration for Lilly's powers, had hesitated about entrusting this case to him, but, so far, his decision had been amply justified, for the opinion had been masterly, and the pleadings

admirably drawn. Now it was set down in Mr Justice Warwick's list.

'You're going to have a leader, of course,' said Lilly to his former pupil.

'Yes,' answered young Rowe. 'Our country people insist on a common law man to cross-examine the defendant. They say he's a hard nut to crack, and we thought of Greville.'

'You couldn't do better, if it's a case of bullying for the truth; but I doubt whether he'll bother to get the case up properly.'

'Oh, well, he'll have you to keep him straight,' answered the young man.

A week or two later the case appeared in the paper. Lilly was in one of his bad fits, and Peter was racked with anxiety, for his heart was in *Watts v. Dunmore*. Luckily, however, the hour for the consultation happened to coincide with one of Lilly's sober intervals, and though the elder Rowe was shocked at his appearance, there was nothing to complain of in his behaviour or his law.

'I tell you plainly I'm not going to wade through all those blessed deeds,' said Greville, as the little conclave broke up. 'If the trustee's a bad egg, I'll break him for you, but you'll have to look after the law.'

'All right,' answered Lilly. 'I ought to know those deeds. I've d—d them often enough.'

Being in the list and being heard are not the same thing by any means, and twice the case was squeezed out when it had seemed bound to come on. Finally, on a Tuesday evening, it headed the list for the next day. Young Rowe hurried round to Agar Chambers. He found Lilly looking unusually well.

'Coming on to-morrow, is it? I'm ready for it. I feel in grand fettle. Greville's all right, I hope. Those common law chaps aren't any too reliable.'

'He'll be there,' answered Rowe, greatly relieved. 'I've just been round to his chambers.'

The next morning Peter, hopeful, though not quite free from apprehension, came as usual at nine o'clock. Lilly was generally before him, but now his room was empty, and a couple of unopened letters lay on the table. Peter's heart sank as he took out the wig and gown and a clean pair of bands. The brief in *Watts v. Dunmore* lay fresh and inviting, with its bright pink tape tied in a coquettish bow. 'Twenty guineas,' Peter read, and sighed, 'Oh, what a splendid profession!' His eye caught the wig and gown again. He snatched them up and put them on, and then hastily tied the bands over his necktie. He looked in the glass. He was big and set for his age, and in this disguise he looked old enough, he thought, to be his own father. As he gazed at the face in the glass he began to dream again, for the hundredth time, of Peter Daunt, Esq., of the Inner Temple—Peter Daunt, Esq., Q.C. He would certainly have mounted still higher, but just then he heard a quick step

in the passage. Instantly he pulled off the legal equipment, and had just replaced it on the table when a loud knock sounded on the outside door. Young Rowe came bustling in.

'Good-morning, Peter,' he said cheerfully. 'Is Mr Lilly in there? I want just a word with him. What's the matter? There's nothing wrong, is there?'

'He hasn't come yet,' Peter answered gloomily.

'Not here? Why?'—Rowe pulled out his watch—'it's getting on for a quarter to ten now. Good Lord! You don't mean to say'—He broke off abruptly. 'Where does he live?' he asked, after a moment's pause.

Peter pointed to an envelope on the mantel-piece with the barrister's name on it, and an address. 'I haven't told you,' he said earnestly. 'You saw it yourself.'

Rowe nodded. 'All right. I'll be off and back, as soon as ever I can. What *will* the governor say?'

It seemed to Peter an age before he returned. As a matter of fact, he was barely twenty-five minutes.

'Did you find him?' Peter asked earnestly.

'Yes. Blind-drunk, with a gorgeous black eye.'

'And *Watts v. Dunmore!*' Peter groaned, looking at the beloved brief.

'Yes, *Watts v. Dunmore*. That's just the point. Greville *must* have a junior, and one that knows the thing from end to end. I've only a nodding acquaintance with it, and the governor's too deaf to be any use in court. Look here, Peter, my boy; there's only one blooming chance, and it's a pretty desperate one; but we've got to take it. I thought it out in the cab. You'll have to be the junior.'

'Me!' exclaimed Peter, stiff with amazement.

'Yes, you. There'll be the deuce of a row if it's found out, but if we pull it off you shall go to the Bar in earnest—I swear it, Peter. Now, look here. We haven't got a minute to lose. You know the case like your ABC, don't you?'

'Yes,' answered the boy confidently.

'Lilly's opinions, and all.'

'Yes.'

'Did you read up the cases he cites?'

'Yes.' Peter pointed to three volumes of *Reports* with a strap round them.

'Very good, then. Luckily, your face is old enough for anything. Put on the wig and gown. Now take off your necktie and put on the bands. Good Lord! You'd do for a Q.C. You'd better wash your hands, though—pretty thoroughly, too; and see if you can find a nail-brush. Look sharp! The cab's outside, and we shall only just do it.'

Peter hesitated. It was his great dream suddenly translated into fact, but—Then he caught sight of his face in the glass, with the wig and bands. Without a word, he

ran into his room and scrubbed away for dear life.

'Now then,' said Rowe a couple of minutes later, 'take the brief. I'll bring the books. Be nippy over getting into the cab. We don't want any of your friends round here to recognise you.'

Peter was so nippy that he stumbled over his gown, and was shot, wig first, into the cab. No harm, however, was done, and in a moment they were bowling along Chancery Lane.

'What'll happen if it's found out?' asked Peter in a half-whisper.

'I shall get into a thundering row. You'll be all right,' answered Rowe. 'But it's not going to be found out. You were born for the Bar, and this will take you there.'

#### CHAPTER VI.

AS they got out at the Carey Street entrance to the courts, the awfulness of his position suddenly chilled Peter's heart, and he forgot his brief and the *Reports*, and could hardly restrain a wild desire to throw off wig and gown and make a dash for home.

But Rowe was at his side with the papers and books. 'Now, Peter, pull yourself together, and you're a made man,' he said. 'There isn't anybody else in the case who knows it half so well as you do. Ah, there's Greville. What a bit of luck! I'll explain that you're holding Lilly's brief for him; that's true, at any rate. You go to Chancery Court III. in the row behind the silks. You'll see Greville's brief waiting for him. Sit down behind it, and open your own brief. Here, take my fountain-pen. I'll bring the *Reports*, and sit behind you.'

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Peter found Mr Justice Warwick's court. The judge had not yet taken his seat, and the only Q.C. in the front row was old Wass in the middle of it. There were three or four juniors, and, in the well, several solicitors, among them Mr Rowe, senior, with a great array of papers spread out before him. At the back of the court about a dozen people were sitting. It seemed to Peter that every eye was glaring at him, and he longed for a glass to see whether his wig and bands were in order.

As it happened, Greville's brief lay in front of the corner seat close to where Peter stood, so there was no difficulty about finding his place. He sat down, opened his papers, and looked round anxiously for Greville and young Rowe. His wig had begun to fidget him, and he felt a strong desire to push it right back and rub his head. Then the usher called out, 'Silence!' and every one stood up while the judge came in, bowed to Peter—so it seemed to him—and took his seat. Just at that moment Greville bustled in, and bowed to the judge, and young Rowe handed Peter the *Reports*, and

whispered in his ear, 'When Greville speaks to you, mind you don't say "sir" to him.'

Peter gave a little gasp, for that was certainly just what he would have done, and the caution brought home to him afresh the perils of his position. With trembling fingers he began to unfasten the strap.

As the case was called Greville looked round, and ran a shrewd glance over his junior. 'Hallo!' he said; 'are you in Lilly's chambers?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Peter. The treacherous little word slipped out before he could stop it, but fortunately Greville was on his legs, opening the case.

'Follow what he says,' whispered Rowe, 'and be ready if he asks you anything.'

For a few minutes Greville rattled on, in his big, confident voice.

Then the judge interrupted. 'What is the date of that release, Mr Greville?' he asked.

'25th January 1864, m'lud.'

'Was Miss Glendenning a party to it?'

'Yes, m'lud.'

Peter shook his head vehemently, and Weaver, a 'heavy' junior, who represented the defendant trustee, jumped up.

'No, m'lud. Your ludship has the deed. Miss Glendenning was not a party to it.'

Greville looked round sharply. 'What's this?' he snapped. 'She *must* have been a party, or we've no case.'

Peter's nervousness had suddenly vanished. He was actually beginning to enjoy himself. He held out a document. 'There were two releases,' he whispered. 'She was a party to this one.'

Greville took the document and turned to the judge. 'I beg your ludship's pardon,' he said. 'My learned friend is quite right, but the point's immaterial, because there was a second release, and she certainly was a party to that.'

Weaver rose again. 'There's a question of law, m'lud, as to the effect of the two releases.'

'You'll have to deal with that,' said Greville to Peter, over his shoulder. 'Have you got any cases?'

Before Peter could answer, the judge came to the rescue. 'Let us get the facts first, Mr Weaver.—Go on, please, Mr Greville.'

'The luck's with us!' whispered Rowe. 'I've asked him to take our witness.'

There were only two of them, and within an hour the plaintiff's case was finished, but not before Peter had been appealed to again, more than once. Always the answer came, prompt, unhesitating, and absolutely correct.

Then Weaver opened the defendant's case, very shortly, and put him in the box. He was a stout, red-faced man, with a husky voice, and a manner that was almost too suave.

Before half-a-dozen questions had been an-

swered, Greville turned round to Peter, and, with his hand to his mouth, whispered, 'We've got 'em all right. He's a sweep, if I ever saw one.'

It was ten minutes past twelve when Greville rose to cross-examine, and by twenty minutes past one it was all over, and Peter had made a really big score by calling his leader's attention, just at the right moment, to a passage in a letter which every one else seemed to have overlooked, a passage in which the defendant told quite a different story from that which he now offered in the box.

'Mr Weaver,' said the judge, as Greville sat down, 'is it any good going on? Are you going to ask me to believe this man's evidence? I know what I shall say if you force me to.'

And Weaver, after a few words with the solicitor instructing him, threw up the sponge.

'Judgment for the plaintiff, with costs,' said Greville, endorsing his brief. Then, as the Court rose, he turned to Peter. 'You can tell Lilly that I didn't miss him in the least. That bit from the letter was a real corker. If you know the law as well as you get up your facts, you'll be a terror to fight.'

'Look at the governor!' exclaimed young Rowe, as he accompanied Peter out of court. 'He's as pleased as Punch; but he's puzzled about you. I shouldn't wonder if he's smelt some hanky-panky. Now we'll find a cab, and get back to your crib. You'd better take off your toggery in the cab, and turn up your coat-collar. I'll put the wig and gown in my bag. Then you can hop out while I pay cabby.'

Late in the afternoon, when Peter was diligently transcribing the shorthand notes he had taken of the evidence, old Mr Rowe came in.

'Well, my boy,' he said, 'this is a very strange business, and I've been giving my son a rare wiggling. It was a mad thing to do; but, so far, it's turned out better than it deserved to do, and I must say you did your part about as well as it could be done. My son has told me what he promised you, and I'm not going to let either of you down. I've been to see Mr Lilly, and I'm sorry to say he's in a very bad way. He's going to the hospital, but I'm afraid he'll never practise again. You can come to our office at once, and if you behave yourself, you shall have your chance at the Bar. But it was a mad thing to do.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Peter gravely. 'May I finish these notes?'

'Certainly,' said the solicitor. 'And, by the way, here's your fee.'

As he spoke he laid down on the table eleven shining sovereigns.

THE END.

## HOW PAPER MONEY HAS GROWN.

By W. V. ROBERTS.

**I**N an article published in the *Journal* for September of last year, dealing with the effect of war on the nation's gold, the writer suggested that the introduction of Treasury or currency notes in place of gold as the medium of British domestic commercial exchange was a departure that would have tremendous and far-reaching effects. Possibly the change has been most noticeable in the small business transactions of everyday life, in which notes are now increasingly used and gold is seldom seen. Yet it is not in these smaller matters, if one may so speak of them, that paper money has grown most or plays its most important part, but in the region of commerce and high finance. To give the bare facts that obtain there is like standing with a magician's wand in the realm of fantasy and calling up figures that seem to baffle even imagination itself.

Curiously enough, in entering upon the task, one finds that the paper money with which most people have been longest familiar—that is to say, Bank of England notes—does not enter largely into the calculation, and has, indeed, not been greatly affected by the coming of currency notes. That can easily be established by quotation of the figures. In the last week of July 1914, the eve of the outbreak of war, the note circulation of the Bank of England was £29,700,000; in the last week of 1917, nearly three and a half years after the calling in of gold and the issue of paper money in its place, the note circulation of the Bank had been increased to £46,500,000. There was thus an addition of only £16,800,000 to the note issue, notwithstanding the changed circumstances and the greatly increased demand for money. The difference is, indeed, less than the gain in coin and bullion by the Bank on account of the withdrawal of gold from public use. We have, therefore, to look elsewhere for an explanation.

Most people will find it at once in the issue of Treasury or currency notes of twenty shillings and ten shillings each respectively. Here, of course, there are no figures for comparison, as these notes were not in circulation till some days after the outbreak of war. But what is certain is that in the last week of 1917 the currency notes and currency note certificates in circulation amounted to no less than £212,400,000, compared with only £29,700,000 Bank of England notes at the outbreak of war, as shown above. That there should be a huge demand for currency notes is clear to everybody. In all matters of everyday trade, and in one's private purse, they have taken the place formerly held by gold. What is more, where one used to receive a five-pound Bank of England note from his bank or in change across the counter, ten

and twenty shilling notes are now invariably offered; and these notes, which were regarded with pardonable dislike at first, have now won a considerable measure of popularity. But there are not wanting some who view them with suspicion, and argue that the amount issued by the Government is much too large. A few even shake their heads by way of expressing fear. Yet, if the matter is looked at carefully, it will be seen that the amount need cause neither surprise nor anxiety. Consider first the amount. The notes were to take the place of gold withdrawn from circulation. How much was really withdrawn by all the banks combined cannot be stated, but a high authority in the City of London has computed that it must be something like £140,000,000. Obviously that had to be replaced, and a note issue of £212,400,000 does not seem either excessive or extraordinary. For it must be remembered that public needs have greatly changed. Prices and wages have risen enormously, so that for every pound paid four years ago nearly two pounds are required now, and that must necessarily tell upon the demand for the medium of exchange—that is to say, currency notes. Then as to security. During the war, as before the war, British Government stock holds pride of place as the premier security of the world. Yet there was and is no gold reserve against more than a tithe of the amount, the security being the British Government, as representing the British taxpayer. So it is with currency notes. They have behind them in the same way the security of the British Government, and nobody supposes for a moment that that is going to fail.

But Bank of England notes and currency notes combined form only a drop in the great ocean of paper that constitutes the basis of British commerce and finance. Look at the cheques, bills, drafts, &c. passed through the Bankers' Clearing-House. In 1913, the last complete year of peace, the amount thus cleared reached what was then the record sum of £16,436,404,000. Then, owing to the war, there came a drop until 1917, when a fresh record was established with no less a sum than £19,121,196,000. The figures are simply stupendous in their magnitude. The increase alone in 1917 over the pre-war year of 1913 is £2,684,792,000. But even that is almost outside ordinary calculation. Before the war, for example, we used to speak of the National Debt as an amount not often to be surpassed. In the spring of 1914 it stood at £651,270,000. Yet the increase alone in the Bankers' Clearing-House returns in 1917 over those for 1913 was more than four times the whole amount of the National

Debt before the war. Of the net total for last year in the Bankers' Clearing-House, town clearings accounted for £15,699,528,000, while country cheques reached the very great aggregate of £2,244,190,000. All this, of course, represented transactions in paper, and no one can realise how overwhelming the use of paper has become in the United Kingdom without trying to understand what the figures mean.

No doubt one would like to know what proportion of private profit or income might be inferred from the figures. But on that point one is left largely in the region of speculation. Two groups of facts, however, throw considerable light upon the position. One is that in the financial year which ended on the 31st March 1917 income-tax and super-tax yielded no less than £205,000,000, and were expected to yield an increase of £18,900,000 in the twelve months ending with March 1918. That estimate was not only realised, but largely exceeded, as the produce of the two taxes reached the enormous figure of £239,509,000. Then there is, secondly, the excess-profits tax. In 1916-17 that yielded almost exactly £140,000,000, and for 1917-18 was expected, at the increased rate, to yield £200,000,000. In the result that estimate was also exceeded, the total yield being no less than £220,214,000. What do the figures mean? The answer may be stated thus: Trade is largely a turnover of paper money, profits are largely on paper, and by means of paper a contribution of about £459,723,000 out of profits was by way of income-tax and excess-profits tax, made to the State in the year 1917-18, gold hardly coming into the transaction at all.

That brings us to the huge figures of Government income and expenditure, and here it must be remembered we are still in the region of paper currency. Government income is, of course, mainly derived from the taxation with which we are all familiar, and which is paid almost exclusively in paper; while Government disbursements in turn are made almost exclusively by means of cheques and notes. These figures also have become stupendous. In the spring of 1914, when few supposed that war was so near, we had a Budget of £209,000,000, and many people believed we were fast approaching the limit of the possible. But for the year ending March 1918 the Budget was placed at the almost fabulous total of £2,765,000,000. Consider also the National Debt. In the spring of 1914 this stood, as already shown, at £651,000,000, and an annual charge of about £25,000,000 for interest and redemption was thought to be a very considerable matter. Mr M'Kenna, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, now estimates the debt for the end of March 1918 at £6,000,000,000, and computes that the annual interest on that sum alone at an average of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. cannot be less than £285,000,000, or £80,000,000 more than the whole national revenue four years

ago. The Labour Party have issued an estimate in which they place the after-war debt at £7,000,000,000. That would raise the annual interest, on the basis of Mr M'Kenna's calculation, to over £332,000,000.

Think of how small a part gold, and how large a part paper, play in all these tremendous transactions. Whether they relate to annual income and expenditure or to interest and redemption of debt, they have been based almost solely on the medium of paper money, and without that medium the expansion would seem almost impossible. An illustration of how the operations are conducted is furnished by the interest on the 5 per Cent. War Loan. The amount of this interest paid by the Government on 1st December last was £50,000,000, believed to be the largest sum ever so paid in this country on one day. The money was sent out by post to the stockholders, many of whom used it to purchase more stock; but the whole transaction of sending out and returning for repurchase was done by paper alone, and not a single incident of dislocation or distrust was publicly reported from any quarter.

It is well to remember, too, how great a part paper currency has played in the relations of the British Government with the United States. For a long time, until the stock must have been fairly exhausted, the Government called for American dollar securities held in this country. These in turn were used in the United States, their country of origin, as the basis of credit, and we know that British commitments in the States are enormous. It is stated that by the middle of March in the current year British indebtedness to America in respect of loans since that country entered the war had reached an aggregate of rather more than £500,000,000. It follows, of course, the transmission of gold and bullion being small in relation to these huge sums, that the basis of all these vast operations has been paper.

Perhaps it would be beyond the present purpose to touch upon the use of paper by the Allies; but it may be of interest to say that the official return of the Bank of France alone for the last week of December gave the note circulation of that great institution as £911,500,000, or more than four times the amount of British currency notes. Without going into details with regard to Russia, Italy, and other Powers, it may be enough to say that seventeen nations, forming roughly three-fourths of the world, broke off their relations with Germany and joined the Allies. What their combined use of paper money must amount to for the purpose of the war is almost beyond computation.

As to the Central Powers, it is known that Germany's credits approximate closely to the British. Her debt was estimated last summer at £5,000,000,000, and is doubtless much more to-day. But German finance is more avowedly

based on paper than the British, and much less has been raised by means of taxation. The Imperial Bank of Germany alone at the end of 1917 had notes in circulation to the amount of £551,301,850, compared with the Bank of England note issue of £46,591,000. Again, by imperative order of the German Federal Council, German silver two-mark pieces were as from 1st January of this year to cease to be legal tender, and it was provided that, until 1st July, either German currency notes or Loan Bank notes should be given for them. The object seems clear. German notes would have little value abroad, whereas silver, at present prices, would have great definite value. Austrian paper money has increased more than fivefold during the war, and is said to be further increasing at the rate of 1,000,000,000 crowns per month.

Of course, it must not be supposed that all this is new, and a direct result of the war; but the almost fabulous growth in the several directions indicated, by the use of paper money, may certainly be traced to the war. What is new is that gold has ceased for the time to be a medium of commercial exchange in the United Kingdom, and that has set people thinking. Just as M. Jourdain was surprised to find that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, so also many men and women have been surprised to discover how largely paper had, without their suspecting it, already entered into everyday currency, and formed the basis of what has been the vast structure we have now seen. Perhaps the facts here enumerated may help to throw light upon a system which is doubtless destined to develop still further.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER III.—ECCENTRICITIES.

#### I.

I HAVE just had occasion to send a Christmas card to a very near relation of my wife's, who is at present living at, in, or near a place called Llwyngwryl!

I need scarcely mention whereabouts in Great Britain Llwyngwryl is. It is not my fault, moreover, if I have spelt it incorrectly, for I can find it in no gazetteer or atlas to which I have access. The spelling is my wife's, who knows, or says she knows, a very great deal about the spelling of such names.

But it occurs to me that I am glad that Llwyngwryl is not a very well-known place. If it were, it might occur to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to christen a ship after it, and, for my many sins, to appoint me to her. Such an event would be beyond a joke. It would be a calamity for which not even a handsome present from the mayor and corporation could atone. Perhaps Llwyngwryl does not possess such potentates; but even if it does, and they made us a gift of a set of silver candelabra and a statuette of his worship for the wardroom table, together with electro-plated shaving-sets—suitably inscribed, of course—for every single member of the ship's company, we should never quite get over it.

Even the simple name *Triptolemus* has its pitfalls for the unwary. About one strange blue-jacket in every ten says it correctly, and to most of them it is *Trip-tô-lê-mus*. But H.M.S. *Llwyngwryl* would be far and away worse, and nobody cares to serve in a ship whose name he cannot even spell or pronounce, and which, on paper, seems strangely reminiscent of a gentleman suffering from hay-fever, or my Irish terrier Michael, who lives ashore, resenting the arrival of the milkman.

But I feel rather perturbed about it, for the Royal Navy, with its innumerable auxiliary small craft for war purposes, has some very peculiar names nowadays. What about H.M.S.'s *Cheerio Lads*, *Daily Bread*, *Familiar Friend*, *Kipper*, *Our Girls Three*, and *Young Archie*, to mention a few of them?

But even in the days of the Spanish Armada a vessel called the *Bark Buggins* was one of the hired merchant vessels serving under the orders of Sir Francis Drake. The *Elizabeth Jonas* and the *Elizabeth Bonaventure* were 'Queen's ships,' or regular men-of-war of the same period. Both were named after Queen Elizabeth—the first, in 1559, 'in the remembrance of her own delivery from the fury of her enemies, from which she was no less providentially preserved than was the prophet Jonah in the belly of the whale;' and the second, in 1561, because the queen hoped for good luck in the future.

But none of these names quite comes up to that given to a ship of the line by the French revolutionary government. They called her *Sans Culottes*, or 'Without knee-breeches'! The shining lights of the revolutionary period wore trousers, let us hope. Nether garments reaching to the knee were only favoured by the effete and hated aristocracy.

But in our little ship we have occasional misunderstandings about the name, quite apart from its pronunciation.

On the stem-piece, right in the eyes of the ship, we carry a Chinese joss for good luck. I don't really know of what he is the presiding genius—whether, indeed, he is a 'he' or a 'she;' but it is a little carved wooden image about seven inches high, sitting in an arm-chair. He—for we somehow think of him as a gentleman—has a yellow

face, slanting eyes, and rather a mottled complexion, due to wind and spray. He is attired in a golden dressing-gown or *peignoir*, picked out in scarlet and blue, and receives a fresh coat of gorgeous gold-leaf and enamel every time the ship refits. He was originally picked up in Hong-Kong harbour after the great typhoon of 1906, when many junks were capsized and wrecked with great loss of life. The joss—for he has no name—has been with me in every destroyer in which I have served since.

But it was this little image which mystified one of our newly joined ordinary seamen. 'My dear father,' he wrote to his interested parent, 'I am now serving on a ship called the *Triptolemus*. I am not quite certain whether she is named after an Indian or a Japanese god, but we have his likeness stuck up on our forecabin!'

I know of another Chinese joss who also became a naturalised British subject, and served his time in destroyers. He was a relic of the Boxer business of 1900, and when his owner subsequently went 'destroying,' Henry, as he was called, went with him, and was fixed to the mast-head of his new ship. He, too, received his coat of gold-leaf and paint every time his vessel went to a dockyard; though once, during coal-ing, when a wire whip parted and injured a man, Henry, whose fault it was said to be, was punished by being red-leaded for ten days. So even josses are subject to the Naval Discipline Act.

Another officer had a stuffed Antarctic penguin at his mast-head in his destroyer days. The bird, moth-eaten though it may have been, evidently brought good luck, for another ship and his own met several German destroyers on a dark night in the English Channel. Between them they . . . Well, I need hardly relate the story of the *Swift* and the *Broke*; but certainly that penguin is a happy fowl, for both the officers concerned are now captains, and a good many other things besides. Moral—stick to poultry.

Most ships have mascots of some sort, inanimate or otherwise, but I shall have something to say about them later. Other matters over which we can exercise our wits, however, are mottoes; and among others I may mention the time-honoured 'Fear God and honour the King,' 'Nil desperandum,' and 'Dum spiro spero,' all very laudable sentiments in their way; and 'Play the game' and 'Play fair.'

There is also a great deal of ingenuity in the designing of crests and boats' badges. If one is in a ship called after some old-time naval officer the matter is fairly simple, for one can write to his descendants and obtain permission to use the family crest. If the ship is called after a classical hero, too, something can generally be routed out of a classical dictionary. Little thought is also required when a vessel is named after an animal or a bird, though I believe there was once some slight heart-burning in the case of two of the well-

known 'L' class destroyers, the *Lark* and the *Laverock*. It certainly is a little bit awkward if two ships are called after the same species of bird; and in the case of these two, each stoutly maintained that the design adopted as a crest by the other resembled a trussed chicken.

Our badge, since our namesake was an agricultural expert who distributed corn, is naturally a wheat-sheaf.

But surely the strangest badge of all must be that used by a ship named the *Offa*, which, the first time I saw it, gave me furiously to rack my brains. It was nothing more nor less than a sprig of ordinary common or garden holly such as one sees stuck in the top of the Christmas pudding. Now *Offa* was an ancient English king who died in A.D. 796, and laid down the sound axiom for an island kingdom that 'he who would be secure on land must be supreme at sea,' but for the life of me I could discover no analogy between him or his doings and a sprig of holly. Then some one took pity upon me and explained. A sprig of holly = Christmas. Christmas = Noel. *Offa* = *Offal* with no 'l'!

What a brain!

## II.

Sailors, as some person far wiser than myself once remarked, are peculiar animals, though I do not think that in these enlightened days one hears of more eccentricity in the navy than in any other walk of life. Certainly I have never met, or even heard of, any modern successor to the famous 'Mad Montague,' a very well-known naval character of the late eighteenth century.

He, as the captain of a frigate, once went ashore at Lisbon, became embroiled in a quarrel at a 'low tavern,' and returned on board in the course of the evening with a wonderfully good specimen of a black eye. The next day, unhappily, he had to call on the admiral, and unwilling to be unduly conspicuous on stepping out of his boat, solved the difficulty by ordering the crew of his six-oared gig to titivate their eyes with burnt cork. The men pulling the port oars blacked their left eyes; those at the starboard oars their right, and the coxswain both. History does not relate the remarks of the officer of the watch in the flagship on the arrival of the battered-looking boatload.

Captain Montague was also the officer who, when his ship was at Portsmouth, once asked permission from the commander-in-chief to visit London. As it was war-time, and his ship might be ordered to sea at any moment, the request was refused, the admiral adding the unguarded remark that the captain must go no farther from his vessel 'than his gig could carry him.'

But Montague, a most ingenious person in his way, was not to be overcome by a trifle of this kind. He simply hired a brewer's dray, mounted his boat upon it, provisioned her for three days,

and, with himself sitting in full dress in the stern-sheets, and his boat's crew, with their oars rigged out, going through the motions of rowing, suffered himself solemnly to be drawn through the dockyard by a team of horses *en route* for the Metropolis.

The excitement was intense. The dockyard workmen and the crews of various ships ceased their labours to enjoy the strange spectacle, and presently, as discipline in those days was notoriously lax, the equipage was being followed by a cheering, hilarious mob. The uproar reached the ears of the admiral, who, realising that he had been 'had,' and knowing full well that no more work would be done in the place until the gladsome procession was out of sight, sent a messenger after Montague to inform him that he might proceed to London how and when he pleased, which was precisely what Montague knew would happen. But I tremble to think of the results of such an escapade in nineteen hundred and war-time.

In more modern days one has heard of the naval officer who insisted on choosing and buying all the clothes for his wife and children, with the most comical results; and also of the peppery naval officer who, when he retired, was cured of his tantrums by his wife. A ham and an underdone or overdone fowl, at any rate an unprepossessing fowl of some kind, once appeared on his dinner-table.

'Look at the damned thing!' he shouted. 'It's only fit for the dust-heap!' and straight away hurled the offending bird through the dining-room window.

'Very well, dear,' said his intrepid wife gently. 'This damned thing had better go too!' and she hurled the ham after the chicken.

There was once a lieutenant who wrote an official letter to the Admiralty asking to be appointed to a ship with a roof on it. He had seen a housed-in depot ship at some port or other, and evidently fancied a 'cushy' job in harbour. The Admiralty, however, did not approve of sending young and very junior officers to ships with roofs, nor did they wish to encourage frivolous letters. So a week later, with grim irony, they appointed our friend to a certain vessel in the Persian Gulf. She had no roof, but did carry double awnings in the hot weather!

It was this same officer, I believe, who once lost his walking-stick in the club at Malta. He promptly wrote a notice and placed it conspicuously on the notice-board: 'Will the nobleman who has stolen my walking-stick kindly return it at once?'

The only noble members of the club, two honorary members of Maltese extraction, naturally protested at such aspersions on their honesty, and the naval officer was summoned before a committee meeting to explain himself. 'Oh,' said he, 'the rules of the club say that only

noblemen, officers, and gentlemen can be members; and as no officer or gentleman can have stolen my stick, it must have been a nobleman!'

Sailors may be peculiar animals, and certainly if you had stood on Portsmouth Hard some years ago and had watched the antics of some blue-jackets just paid off from their ship after three years in the East Indies, you might have agreed. A party of about twenty emerged from the main gates of the dockyard carrying their little blue bundles. They were ripe for mischief after months of the shiny East, and boarding the nearest tram, demanded loudly and insistently to be taken to Portsmouth Town station, *en route* for their respective homes. But the driver, busy with a sausage-roll and a mug of coffee in the doorway of an eating-house, shook his head, and observed that the conveyance was not due to start for at least five minutes. So the seamen, clambering on the roof, stamped their feet and whiled away the time by singing at the pitch of their lusty voices, until the incoming tram appeared and drew up on the opposite set of rails, with its top deck nearly touching theirs. It was then that some ingenious soul, in a sudden fit of devilment, suggested lashing the two vehicles together. No sooner said than done, and, stripping off their black-silk handkerchiefs, they tied the rails of the two cars to each other, and then sat down, chuckling in mischievous glee, to watch what happened. Presently the driver, with his mouth still full, emerged from his lair, looked guiltily at the clock, and clambered on the foot-board. The conductor followed him.

'Ting, ting!' went the bell, and round went the starting-lever.

No result at all, for the tram, secured to its opposite number, absolutely refused to budge.

(Suppressed titters from the roof; while one gentleman, apoplectic with amusement, was thumped heartily on the back by his mates.)

'Bill,' came a shout, 'you 'aven't got that 'ere pole o' yourn on the over'ead wire!'

Bill, the conductor, protested loudly that everything at his end was in perfect order, and the driver gradually gave her more juice until the sparks started to fly.

'Bill,' came another howl, 'I can't move 'er!'  
(Shrieks of derisive merriment from the roof.)

'Go on, 'Orace! 'Ave another go!' from the conductor.

Horace did as requested. Nothing at all happened.

(Scene of pandemonium on the roof.)

Next, after much mutual recrimination between bow and stern, the conductor and the driver together removed their outer garments and began to examine the underbody of the vehicle. For quite five minutes they grovelled in the road, presently to emerge breathless, dishevelled, and vituperant.

'I can't see nothing wrong with 'er,' opined the driver, mopping a shiny face.

'Better telephone to the de-pot for some one to come an' 'ave a look at the blame thing,' suggested Bill.

Horace agreed, and once more disappeared into the eating-house to use the telephone.

'Ere, young fella'!' suddenly demanded a smiling, blue-clad warrior from the top storey. 'What time does this bloomin' ship o' yours get under way?'

'We can't move 'er,' retorted the conductor angrily. 'Don't go askin' stoopid questions.'

'Don't go gettin' dizzy, Harchibald dear!' laughed another seaman, with a bright red face, leaning perilously over the edge. 'Me and my mates wants to know what time this perishin' tram is due to start. We 'ave a train to catch, and when we asks a civil question we don't want no back-chat—see!'

'I'll give yer back-chat! I tell yer we can't start it, an' the driver's gorn to telephone to 'eadquarters. Ain't that good enough?'

'Can't start it, pudden-face! Why, wot d'you call yourselves? Look 'ere, my man; if we misses our train me and my mates'll report you to the mayor and corporation wot owns these trams. You'll be disrated for incompetence; see if you ain't!'

'Oh, shut yer fat 'ead, carn't yer? It ain't my fault!'

'Then who's bloomin' fault is it, I wants to know? This'll 'ave to be inquired into. We carn't allow these 'ere goin's-on on the Pompey trams!'

'Oh, shut up!'

'Look 'ere, ole son,' from a bluejacket. 'Shall I 'ave a go at 'er?'

'You don't know nothin' about drivin' trams!'

'Ho, don't I bloomin' well? Will you let me 'ave a try?'

'Oh, 'ave yer try if yer wants to; but you won't be able to do nothin'!'

'Right you are, me boyo,' said the rubicund sailor with a twinkle in his eye. 'Cast her off, lads!' in a hoarse whisper to his friends.

The lads, speechless with amusement, unlashed the handkerchiefs unseen by the conductor, and the fat sailor, clambering heavily down the steps, took his place on the front platform.

'Now,' he said, gripping the handle in his mighty paw, 'you says I knows nothin' at all abart it. I just shoves her over like this'—pushing the lever to its fullest extent—'an' away we goes!'

And go they did, at about twenty knots, with the men on the roof hanging on for grim death and cheering themselves hoarse.

I can still see the expression of absolute consternation on the face of the driver when, emerging from the eating-house, he saw his tram careering wildly down the road, while Bill,

having succeeded in boarding the rear platform, agitatedly rang the bell to bring the swaying vehicle to a standstill. Then the driver, jamming his cap firmly on his head, darted off in pursuit. He would never have caught it; indeed, the tram would have been derailed if she had gone round a curve at such a speed, but the blue-jacket driver wisely stopped her after a hundred yards, and stepped off the platform into the road.

'There!' he said with a triumphant smile. 'I knew I could do the job. Any perishin' fool can drive a bloomin' tram!'

'And 'oo the 'ell gave you leave to interfere?'

spluttered the breathless Horace, very heated after his rapid progress. 'D'you want me to lose me job?'

'This feller 'ere says I could 'ave a shot,' said the sailor, pointing at the conductor.

'I never thought 'e could do it,' Orace. S'welp me, I didn't!'

'Any fool could do it!' snorted the man of the sea.

'Calls me a fool, do yer?' snarled the driver. 'Tryin' to get me into trouble by runnin' off with my tram'—

'Bloomin' thing ran off with me, mate!'

'No, it bloomin' well didn't. You did it deliberate, so that I should lose me job! Look 'ere, now; if you ain't very careful, and if you gets usin' any more o' your langidge, I gives you in charge to the first bobby I sees. You've bin interferin' wi' things wot doesn't belong to you.'

'Oh, shut your jaw an' let's get a move on, mate!' the sailor broke in, turning his back and stumping laboriously up the steps to rejoin his hilarious shipmates. 'I say, Bill, ole dear! An' you too, 'Orace!' as his head suddenly reappeared.

'Ullo! What d'yer want now?'

'Only to tell you that me an' my mates'll stand you a wet when we gets to the town station. Drive on, ole son!'

And away they went, and that was the last I saw of them.

(Continued on page 391.)

#### SONNET.

THE sky of Spring is darkened sudden o'er;  
A grim blast falls upon the garden's green;  
And one small flower, whose very breath had been  
A hymn to Heaven for sun-filled days in store,  
Lies dead. A young lark, tremulous to pour  
His untried lay of joy from the serene,  
Flutters on feeble wing, when, swift and keen,  
The fell blast snatches him; he sings no more.  
Ah, lovely Thou, my sun, in whom above  
My heart has sought the summer and the light,  
For mercy, wrap not in chill mists about  
That warmth which is my life! My trembling  
flight,  
Sweet Providence, my songs half-learn't of love,  
Let not, let not a wayward chance crush out.

NEIL E. MACLEOD.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By Sir EDWARD PARROTT, M.P., LL.D.

#### PART I.

A CERTAIN type of critic is never tired of insisting that the House of Commons is a useless and even dangerous excrescence in time of war. A London journal has recently declared that the best service which it can render the country is to arrange for its speedy demise. No doubt His Majesty's Faithful Commons have lost influence and authority since the war began, but during the last few months there has been a remarkable recrudescence of interest in their proceedings. In spite of all detractions, the public still regards the House of Commons as the first and foremost of our national institutions. Membership of the House is still an object of legitimate ambition, and there is no lack of candidates for any vacancy that presents itself. It is especially noticeable that soldiers on leave from the Front show great eagerness to see the Mother of Parliaments at work, and that women—six millions of whom now possess the parliamentary franchise—display an ever-increasing desire to obtain a seat in the lofty aerie assigned to them. Such being the case, a brief account of the manners and customs of the House may prove of interest, even in time of war. The writer of these lines is a new member who has not yet become so staled to his surroundings as to take for granted those everyday features of parliamentary life which appeal to the unaccustomed visitor.

It is—shall we say?—about twenty minutes to three when you enter the central lobby. You, a few convalescent soldiers, some nurses, and a miscellaneous assortment of our French, Belgian, Serbian, or American allies, have the place almost to yourselves. Every now and then a member enters, takes a copy of the Orders of the Day from a shelf by the Vote Office, and passes into the House. As the hand of the clock approaches the quarter, the policeman in charge arrays you on two sides of a square and stands looking towards the lobby on your right. Then he shouts peremptorily, and with a very fine Cockney accent, 'Ats orf, strangers!' and you promptly doff your headgear. The Speaker's procession is approaching.

In front marches a messenger in evening-dress and wearing his gold badge. Next comes

the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the mace upon his shoulder, and behind him the Speaker in wig and robes, his train-bearer carrying the hem of his flowing garment. Bringing up the rear is the Chaplain, wearing a black-silk gown, white gloves, and stole worked with the royal arms. The progress of the procession is very stately and dignified. The Speaker, with his fine features and his white, pointed beard, is a figure that might have stepped straight out of an Elizabethan portrait. The procession disappears into the House, and if you are a mere male you see no more of the opening proceedings. If, however, you belong to the gentle sex, you may take your place in the Ladies' Gallery and look down through the open embrasures, formerly obscured by a grille, what time the House is at its devotions.

Parliament is daily opened with prayer according to a stereotyped and time-honoured form of service. You will notice that the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker, and the Chaplain alone cross the line marked on the floor of the House, and known as the Bar. Between the Bar and the entrance a member is technically not in the House at all. For a non-member to pass the Rubicon while the House is sitting is to commit a crime similar in enormity to that perpetrated by Pompey when he entered the Holy of Holies in the Temple at Jerusalem. I do not know what the punishment is; perhaps something lingering, with boiling oil in it. In this connection I once observed an amusing scene. A small boy, the son of a front bencher, had been honoured with one of the seats beneath the gallery, such seats being only marked off from the House by a slight rail. The small boy grew restive after a time—small blame to him, for his father was speaking—and began fidgeting with his hard bowler hat. It fell and bounced under the rail into the House. Here was a pretty how d'ye do! The small boy, utterly oblivious of the pains and penalties he was thereby incurring, crawled under the rail into the sacred area itself. Never shall I forget the horror-stricken countenances of the neighbouring members as they watched the impious intruder. He whipped up his hat and was back again into his seat in a twinkling; whereupon the members

who had witnessed the incident broke into a roar of laughter, which the unwitting father at the table assumed to be the fitting recognition of the little joke which he happened to be working off at the moment.

But this will never do! We are keeping the august trio waiting at the Bar. All bow solemnly, then walk forward a few paces and bow again. The Sergeant places the mace in its rests on the table, and bowing, steps back. A third time the Speaker and Chaplain bow, and then proceed on either side of the table to take their places at its farther end. The Chaplain reads the 65th Psalm, and follows it up with certain suffrages, to which the Speaker makes the prescribed responses. Then come the Lord's Prayer, prayers for the King and the Royal Family, and a special collect—the authorship of which is unknown—in which he prays that the members may be directed and guided in all their consultations, and that they may lay aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections. The little service concludes with another collect and the benediction.

You are probably surprised to notice that the congregation is very sparse, and that the two front benches are absolutely deserted. On these seats sit the men who guide the destinies of the Empire, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they stand more in need of divine light and leading than humble back benchers. Nevertheless, they are conspicuous by their absence. Yes, and what is worse, some of the few who are present are not inspired by any particular desire to fortify themselves for the labours of the day by supplication and prayer. They are here because piety in the House of Commons meets with a prompt and substantial reward. Let me explain. You notice with some surprise that the House is small. Mr George Grossmith in one of his songs describes a comfortable party as one where there is a seat for everybody. Judged by this criterion, the House of Commons party is distinctly uncomfortable, for while there are six hundred and seventy members, there is not half that number of seats. Consequently on important and interesting occasions there is a rush for seats, and the allocation of them for each sitting is determined by attendance at prayers. On the table is a box containing tickets with the word 'Prayers' in old English lettering. The member who is anxious to obtain a seat possesses himself of one of these cards before prayers, writes his name on it, and places it on the seat which he wishes to occupy during the sitting. After prayers, which he must attend to secure his privilege, he places the card in the slot at the back of the seat, and is thereby entitled to it until the House rises, always presuming that he does not leave the precincts in the interval. But even this rule has its exceptions. Certain sectional leaders or specially honoured unofficial members, such as

the late Mr Redmond, Mr Dillon, Mr Adamson, Mr Eugene Wason, Lord Hugh Cecil, and, recently, Mr Austen Chamberlain and Sir Edward Carson, have a courtesy title to certain seats. Woe betide the individual who, either by malice aforethought or inadvertence, should occupy one of these seats! He will be frozen out of it in no time. An unoccupied seat, when the sitting begins, may by courtesy be reserved if 'the real *bonâ fide* headgear of the member,' and not a 'colourable substitute,' be placed upon it. This method of securing priority has led to sharp practice in the past. On that day in 1893 when Mr Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill, an Irish member entered the Chamber at 7 A.M. and deposited a dozen soft hats on the benches in that quarter of the House where the Hibernian brogue prevails. When the Speaker's attention was called to the ruse, he laid down the rule to which I have already referred.

Now I think you understand why some members attend prayers, and why the front benchers rigorously abstain. These fortunate individuals have no need to pray for seats. Indeed, some irreverent back benchers have been heard to exclaim that they are past praying for.

The House now begins to fill up; the great ones enter from behind the Speaker's chair. You will notice that all who walk up the floor of the House bow, not to the Speaker, but to the chair. They make a like reverence on leaving. The practice dates from pre-Reformation times. The Speaker's chair stands on the site of the altar of an ancient church, and the bowing of members, which varies from a curt nod to a courtier-like inclination of the body, is a relic of the days when all bowed to the altar on entering and leaving a church. Even Wee Free members, if such there be, make no protest, but bow themselves in the House of Rimmon in the spirit of Naaman.

Members, you observe, wear their hats in the Chamber, but never until they are seated in their places. To enter or leave the Chamber with your hat on your head is to evoke loud and angry cries of 'Order! order!' The hat plays an important part in parliamentary life. A member alluded to in the course of debate raises his hat in acknowledgment, and after a division has been called he can only address the chair, covered and seated. There is an amusing story that on one such occasion Mr Gladstone desired to put a point of order. Unfortunately he had not brought his hat into the House, and was constrained to borrow one from a neighbour. Mr Gladstone's head was of abnormal size; his hats were specially manufactured. The one which he secured from a member sitting by him was totally inadequate, and only just covered his crown. Members roared with laughter at his comical efforts to balance it on his head during his few minutes' colloquy with the Speaker.

When a member rises to speak he, of course,

puts his hat on the seat behind him, for there is nowhere else to put it. It sometimes happens that, intoxicated by the exuberance of his peroration, he forgets the pitfall behind him, and having triumphantly concluded his speech, sits down upon his hat. If he holds up the battered headgear and gazes ruefully at it, he makes an effect that many a comedian might envy. It is said that on one occasion when such an incident had set the House shaking with laughter—no assembly laughs more easily—an Irish member rose and said, 'Mr Speaker, may I congratulate the honourable member that when he sat down on his hat, his head was not in it?' When the laughter had subsided and Mr Speaker had enjoyed the joke, he sternly called out, 'Order! order!' Mr Lowther is very human. I notice that he always has his own laugh before he admonishes the joker.

The Speaker now takes the chair. Question-time begins, and continues until a quarter to four. Each member is provided with a print of the questions to be asked, and the Ministers, armed with sheaves of typewritten replies, crowd the Treasury Bench awaiting their interrogations. The questions, by the way, were handed in yesterday or the day before to the Clerk at the table, and have been printed in the interval. Meanwhile, too, the Government departments involved have been preparing the answers. 'Mr Smith,' cries the Speaker, and Mr Smith rises in his place and says, 'Number one, sir;' whereupon the Minister to whom his query is addressed reads out his reply.

Of course, there is a fine art in framing questions, and many of them are nothing less than abstruse conundrums intended to baffle reply. Some of the most skilful questioners devote far more time to their queries than the most ardent lover does to a ballade on his mistress's eyebrows. When the question leaves their hands it is a series of artful traps and snares, with its firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on, like an old-fashioned sermon. You would think no Minister could tread its mazes without coming a cropper; but, bless you! the old hands on the Treasury Bench demolish it without an effort in the following summary fashion: 'The answer to the first, second, fourth, and sixth parts of the question is in the negative, and therefore the third, fifth, and seventh do not arise.' The game is one in which all the trumps are in the Ministers' hands. When driven into a corner they can always ride off by saying, 'It is not in the public interest to answer this question.'

Mr Pringle, Mr Hogge, Mr King, Mr Lynch, *et hoc genus omne* simply regard the printed question as the basis of a string of supplementary queries. With remarkable dexterity and most suspicious alacrity they pop up as soon as the reply is out of the Minister's mouth and begin, 'Arising out of that question, may I

ask'—Others join in the game, and the fun waxes fast and furious, until the Speaker intervenes and calls upon the next name on the paper. But even amidst the intensest barrage the Minister has the best of it. He can always retire into his dug-out with the remark, 'I must have notice of that question.'

At 3.45 question-time is summarily suspended. A member rises, let us suppose, on the Opposition benches to move the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to a matter of urgent public importance. He states his case, and the Speaker is the sole judge as to whether urgency has been made out. If he decides in the affirmative, he calls upon members supporting the adjournment to rise in their places. If forty or more do so, the adjournment will be moved at 8.15, and the debate will then take place.

The Orders of the Day having been read by the Clerk, business proper begins. Let us suppose that the House immediately goes into committee on the Representation of the People Bill, and that certain technical clauses are to be discussed. The Speaker leaves the chair; the Sergeant-at-Arms removes the mace from the table and places it on rests beneath the outer edge, and either Mr Whitley or Sir Donald Maclean takes the chair formerly occupied by the Clerk of the House. While this is being done there is a general exodus, and the House assumes a deserted air. Probably only a score of members, all told, remain. These are mainly experts on the clauses under discussion; most members are quite content to leave the questions at issue to them. Some members are born committee men. Nothing delights them so much as to haggle about kittle points. Committee is their happy hunting-ground. The Minister in charge of the Bill, perhaps with a colleague, occupies the Treasury Bench, and upon his dexterity, skill, and powers of conciliation depends the progress made. A man may speak as many times as he can catch the Chairman's eye during committee, though only once on a particular motion when the Speaker is in the chair. The discussion is of a strictly business character; rarely in committee do you hear anything distantly approaching oratory. There is much give and take, though the progress is necessarily slow.

Meanwhile, what are the absent members doing? Many of them are in the tea-room; others are in the library, dealing with the voluminous correspondence which is the chief curse of parliamentary life. Some are deep in the newspapers, plentifully provided in a special room. You may almost guess a man's constituency from the papers which he first scans. Others, again, are preparing speeches with copious references to 'Hansard,' the Bible of the politician. The sybarites you will find in the smoke-room, where, sooth to say, the chairs and couches invite somnolence. Certain members are pilot-

ing constituents and friends about the House or are engaged in private committee upstairs. In the summer months the Terrace fronting the river becomes a tea-garden, usually thronged with 'strangers,' and especially with ladies, to whom 'tea on the Terrace' is the chief incident in a visit to 'our Palace of Westminster.' Certain members have pined for tennis-courts and for band-performances on the Terrace, but no Scottish representative that I ever heard of has ever given a moment's countenance to such frivolity. It would be more than his seat was worth. The only game permitted at St Stephen's is that solemn combat of wits known as chess.

Distinguished strangers are always introduced to the Terrace; and in the corridors behind are many photographs, by the late Sir Benjamin Stone, recording such visits. The most notable stranger recently seen on the Terrace was General Pershing, now in France diligently preparing for the day when he will array our American

cousins against the enemy of mankind, and lead them forward to that victory which surely awaits us if only our hearts are strong and our resolution remains unshaken. A familiar figure on the Terrace is Mr John Burns, who knows more about the history of London in general, and of the House in particular, than probably any other living man. It is on record that an American visitor, whom he was 'toting around,' observed that the Thames, as seen from the Terrace, was a poor sort of a river after all. 'River!' said the redoubtable John. 'River! That isn't a river; that's liquid history!'

You are enjoying your tea in the sunshine by the side of the river when you are startled by the loud cry of '*Di-vi-zhun!*' At once the members, with a hurried apology, run off—literally run, for they have but two minutes in which to reach the Chamber before the doors are finally closed.

(Continued on page 406.)

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XXII.

AMONG the Granite Mountains the 'sable goddess,' when preparing to rest, flings down her ample cloak, and wrapping herself therein, instantly falls asleep. Thus it happened that Gavin Barrie, having lingered at the sunset-fishing over long, found himself caught unawares in its black folds ere the trout frying over his camp fire were cooked to his taste, while his fingers, groping for the treasured tin of salt, gripped instead thereof a hairy nose.

'Well, I'm blowed!' exclaimed Gavin. 'That you, "Bob"? Can you see me, you rascal?' he quizzed, as a prodigious threshing of rustling dry twigs indicated where a feathery tail must be, while a pair of red eyes that glowed like jack-a-lanterns in the inky darkness stared steadily in the direction of the frying-pan. 'Well, in any case, we can't put any more wood on the fire till these fish are cooked, so we must have a light of some sort,' Barrie continued, addressing his canine colleague and searching for a candle-end, a few melted drops of which he poured on a flat stone, and then stuck his taper thereon.

Presently, his own supper being ready, he placed among the hot embers some large, succulent fish-heads, and as they sizzled deliciously and exuded drops of oily juice, long strings of greedy saliva from the dog's hungry jaws slowly gravitated to the ground. Then, while this unique delicacy cooled, his appetite was appeased with the scrapings from his master's tin plate; the cup and coffee-pot were duly washed, the fire piled high with fresh logs, and, his cigarette alight, the tired camper threw himself backwards on his bed of fragrant spruce, and watched the glowing sparks, like a geyser of tiny gold dollars,

soar into the impenetrable vault above the tree-tops. Shifting their gaze from this dazzling dance of fire-born dervishes, his eyes sought the open spaces of the heavens, where shone a myriad silvery stars, and among them, like the crowning apex of a Christmas-tree, rested, as it were, on the summit of a slender pine, the pale, steadfast Pole Star.

"'Bed in the bush, and stars to see,'" quoted Gavin, there being none to hear, then tossed away his cigarette, saying, 'Not long enough when a man's alone,' pulled out his pipe, and having started it, took up the thread of his thoughts in the wake of Ursa-Minor.

The red-brown dog, the fish-heads disposed of, and his tablecloth of pine-needles ransacked for any missing morsel, helped himself liberally from the tin of fresh water laboriously fetched from the lake up the steep rocks to be in readiness for the morning coffee, and with untroubled conscience and a full stomach curled himself up on the thickest, warmest blanket beside his master, whose hand presently wandered over the dog's soft coat, and rested there.

Gavin Barrie was missing Kenneth Grey more than he chose to admit even to himself—felt he would even have cheerfully submitted to the doctor's recurrent quotations from the immortal Louis or the 'Canadian Kipling,' if only he might have the satisfaction of discussing the day's catch with his fellow-enthusiast, or of taxing his credulity as to the monster trout which had carried away his stoutest tackle and biggest 'spinner' when he and 'Bob' were trolling from the rotten old boat.

Bereft, however, of all companionship save

that of his dog, Gavin inevitably reverted in thought to the incidents of that morning, which, at the time so intense and fraught with peril, now in retrospect struck him as both grotesque and unreal. 'D—d young fool!' he muttered to himself. 'A nice sort of firebrand to have the handling of such a sensitive, high-strung child as that poor little Anita! Wish to heaven,' he went on, ruminating savagely, 'that—— But what's the use of wishing *now*? I called Hardy a fool; but I fancy that, of the two of us, I'm the bigger fool ever to have let her slip. What eyes she has! Just like those stars. And if ever a man read'—— He broke off, flushing hotly, and setting his teeth so hard that the amber of his neglected pipe snapped between them.

'Hope to God,' he went on presently, 'the fellow kept his word this morning. I'd rather have shot him dead than that he should terrify Anita or do her any harm solely because of *me*! Jealousy! Yet I suppose the fellow imagined some silly rot because of Anita's not telling him I had been there. Can't think why she didn't—unless—— Good heavens, "Bob," what's the matter with you?' he cried, his thoughts suddenly checked by low growlings and spasmodic barks from the dog at his side.

Barrie, listening intently, now heard the snap of twigs and a stir among the trees. Deer, he knew, not infrequently passed through the thicket immediately beyond his camp on their way to drink in the 'carry' between Goose and Laughing Lakes; or it might even be a bear, which, lured by the smell of fish, ventured, under cover of darkness, to approach. Noiselessly the man reached for his gun and rose to his feet, as the dog, with a fierce bark, bounded into the bush, his master following with all speed.

There, against the velvet blackness of the wilderness, in the darting red lights and sooty shadows of the camp fire, his astonished eyes beheld neither deer nor other denizen of the forest, but the slender figure of the forester's girl, her clothing, wet with dew, clinging about her, her great dark eyes shining with unearthly splendour in the ashen pallor of her face, her childishly small hands outstretched to ward off the furious charge of the dog. 'Good God, it's Anita!—Down, "Bob," down!' he shouted as the animal, suddenly recognising the intruder, bounded so joyously against her that she swayed, and must have fallen had not his master's ready arms caught and supported her.

'Gavin!' cried Anita, clinging to his breast and sobbing hysterically.

'There, there!' murmured Gavin soothingly, as to a frightened child, and, holding her close to his fast-beating heart, bent his head to kiss her hair. 'Bitterly cold you are, and drenched with dew, my poor little girl!' he went on, then lifting her, unresisting, in his arms, carried her

to the camp and laid her upon the springy softness of his spruce-bough bed.

'There now!' he said cheerily, wrapping her warmly in a large blanket. 'You rest there, *petite*, with "Bob" to take care of you, while I fetch more wood for the fire, and then we'll have supper.'

No reply from his visitor, save to press her quivering lips, whose cherry-red had so pitifully fled, upon his warm hand, to which her own small, cold fingers clung.

Gently Barrie released their hold, and tucking them under the blanket, said with all the self-control he could muster, 'Camp fires are hungry things, Anita. I must make haste and feed this one or we shall all be left in the cold. And see how, at the mere *mention* of supper, "Bob's" mouth is drooling again, although he's as full as a wood-tick already!'

A wan little smile rewarded Gavin's efforts, and with an answering one he turned away and busied himself with the fire and the making of coffee; while Anita, her head supported on her arm, watched his tall figure moving about and bending in bold silhouette against the now brightly leaping fire.

Within a few moments he was beside her again, a steaming cup in one hand, and in the other a hot plate upon which fairly hissed a slice of bacon, flanked by a lordly flapjack. 'It's only a *réchauffé* flapper,' he said, laughing; 'but they're not bad when done in bacon fat. And, in any case, it wouldn't be fair to criticise the cook when you take him by surprise! Now, sit up, like a good child, and drink this coffee.—"Bob," take your nose out of that plate!—I'll have a cup with you, and a cigarette if you'll allow me;' and, in fingers that shook a little, he began rolling the paper.

Anita, looking like a small, pale wraith, took the proffered coffee and bravely tried to drink it, the while great tears welled in her eyes, and, brimming over, followed each other down her cheeks.

Gavin, pretending not to see, finished the making of his cigarette, and lighted it; then, taking the cup from Anita's hand, he placed the plate in her lap. 'Now, eat this,' he said firmly, as his guest, still without speaking, made as though to put it aside. 'You mustn't disappoint "Bob." He's waiting for the bits, you know!'

Thus coaxed, Anita began to eat, and soon, warmed and fed, showed returning colour in her cheeks.

'There, you look a lot better already!' Gavin exclaimed heartily. 'Now "Bob" and I will see to the tidying up, and then,' he added after a momentary hesitation, 'you can tell me how this all happened—or *not* tell me, just as you wish, *petite*.'

So saying, he turned his attention once more to a supply of firewood, the while whistling softly, albeit beneath his careless demeanour

a perfect whirlwind of thoughts was raging. What wild impulse had led Anita to so rash a step as to come to him at that hour of the night? Had she been driven to do so by fear of her husband, or even for her life? Had Hardy, after all, broken faith, and taxed her with a secret liaison? If so, and she had come to him, a sudden tumultuous beating of his heart made Gavin realise too surely how he would welcome any reasonable excuse to make the girl his own; then the next instant he hated himself for so base a thought. No; at all costs she must return to her husband as she had come, if indeed he would receive her after *this*. If not—

Crushing down a hope he knew to be unworthy of his better self, he mechanically replenished the fire before taking the next decisive step. In the bottom of his heart he had already determined to take Anita back at once to her home, and with her to face the consequences. The trail would be dangerously dark, but by the aid of a pine torch and with Anita to prompt him, he thought they could find the way. If she should plead with him to let her stay—Gavin set his teeth, resolved, unless her husband had turned her away, to steel himself against even her prayers and tears.

But a moment later all his preconceived plans crumbled, for, on coming back to the spruce bed and bending over the roll of blankets in which he had wrapped the girl, he found her fast asleep, one tiny hand under her cheek, while the other, upon whose whiteness gleamed in the dancing

firelight the bright ring that made her David's, rested upon the dog's head, as though seeking comfort and companionship. So waxen-white she looked, so dark the shadows beneath her eyes where the long lashes swept her cheeks, so weary and drawn the lines about her small mouth, so profound her slumber, that the man, whose life in comparison with her honour was as nothing, found it not in his heart to waken her. Even should he do so, common-sense told him that, utterly exhausted as she evidently was, it would be impossible to take her home that night. Walk she could not over a rough, dark trail, and he could not carry her.

Gavin's own face grew pale as that of the sleeping girl as the reality of the situation forced itself upon him. God alone knew to what it would all lead. Infinitely high above him the glistening stars marched silently; tall, tapering pines swayed and murmured softly in the night breeze; while at his feet the hot logs flared and snapped, and fell apart among the glowing embers. The red-brown dog, his toes stretched towards the welcome heat, slept solidly; while ever and anon the girl's slender fingers relaxed or tightened their hold upon his curly locks.

The watcher by her side suddenly became conscious of a great fatigue possessing him. With a sharp jerk he pulled himself together, drew on his heavy coat (for the night was growing cold), lit a cigarette, heaped more wood on the fire, and clasping his hands tight about his knees, turned his back upon his companions, and braced himself for a long vigil.

(Continued on page 405.)

## THE HUNS' MONSTER GUN.

By Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, G.C.B., LL.D.

NO secret was ever more closely kept than that Krupp's factory was building the greatest gun that had ever been constructed. The weapon was completed, brought to its prepared concrete base, and fired for the first time within a very few days of the German front being pushed so far forward that with the estimated range its projectile would fall into Paris, a distance of seventy-two or more miles. Its first discharge, and its shell falling within the Paris *enceinte*, fulfilled in actuality the conventional expression which speaks of an event coming 'like a bombshell.' No one knew whence or how this Brobdingnagian shell found its way into Paris, to cause death and destruction. The account of it seemed to suggest that Baron Münchhausen had a posterity in which there was an imagination as fertile as his own. But the report proved to be true in all particulars. And information is now available as to the weapon itself, its shells and its powers.

The size of the gun is what our German

neighbours—I cannot use the ordinary colloquialism and call them 'friends'—would express by their favourite word '*kolossal*.' It may give some idea of the length of the gun to say that an ordinary human being would require, if walking alongside it, to take a fraction more than thirty paces in going from one end of it to the other. Put up on end, it would pass, viewed from a distance, for a fairly-sized factory chimney-stalk, for its length is no less than seventy-nine feet; indeed, it is now shown, by photographs taken from the air, to be nearly one hundred feet. As the bore of the gun, as determined by the diameter of the shell fired from it, is about nine and a half inches, its length, assuming it to be ninety-five feet long, must be about one hundred and twenty times the bore, or, to use the technical expression, one hundred and twenty calibres.

This monster gun is, of course, a most unwieldy mass, necessarily very difficult to move, and not capable of being used unless placed on

a securely built and deep solid foundation. For the enormous strain of forcing a heavy shot along the barrel at a speed which will cause it to leave the muzzle at a velocity of probably five thousand feet a second must cause a tremendous pressure of recoil; and, as will be seen later, the gun has to be fired with a very high elevation to attain its range, so that the back pressure must have an immense downward force, which would destroy any platform which was not as firm as the most solid granite rock. The explosive used, it may be noted, must be of the slow-burning type to keep up the 'push' on the shell to the end of the barrel.

There is, as might be expected, great jubilation among the Central Powers at this supposed triumph of military ordnance production as a practical demonstration of '*Deutschland über Alles*,' and already the 'All-Highest' has sent his characteristic telegram to Baron Krupp von Bohlen on his achievement. But a little sober reflection will lead to a much more subdued estimate of the importance of this new weapon. Indeed, already it may be said that its influence upon its owners' enemies is a thing of the past. It was intended, and could only be intended, to affect *moral* by striking terror in the enemy's civil population, and so cause a supplication for peace. It is very plain, when the matter is considered in all its bearings, that such a gun can serve no real military purpose, and the aim in its construction and use is one of intimidation against non-combatants only. This will be seen very clearly when critical attention is given to the consideration of the uses to which such a gun can be put, and their importance as compared with the obvious disadvantages.

The essential qualification of a fire-weapon projecting a missile to a distance is that those handling it can do so with a definite aim. In former days this capacity did not go beyond the limit of vision, aided when necessary by field-glasses. To-day there is the further aid that the location of the object to be assailed can be obtained by aerial observation and signalled back to the officers in command of the guns, so that they can adjust their direction and elevation in accordance with the information sent back to the battery. The limitations, therefore, of the distance at which range can be ascertained, and the guns adjusted to it before firing, are necessarily a long way within such a distance as seventy or more miles. The distance itself is such as to put practical—that is, accurate—range-finding out of the question, and this would be enough, so far as military considerations go, to exclude the idea of the employment of such a weapon as this new monster gun, the only value of which is the obtaining of a very extreme range, for its shell is no larger than those that are used in guns whose range may be taken at its limit as not more than one-fifth of that of this new gun. It would be of no use for such a range,

as half-a-dozen guns could be built at less expense than this unwieldy and immobile giant, and could cause infinitely greater military effect, besides being capable of free movement, forward or backward, as the exigencies of the combat might require, which in the case of this gun is impossible. Further, they would not require an expensive and slowly constructed base, from which alone they could be fired, so as to be able to carry on a bombardment with accuracy of aim and elevation. These considerations would be sufficient to deter any nation which was not prepared to provide weapons solely for intimidation of non-combatants from spending vast sums on building such ordnance, money which could be much better expended in providing practical military weapons for practical fighting purposes as between the proper belligerent forces.

That this gun is for purposes of intimidation only, to cause, if possible, the civil population to press its Government to sue for peace, is proved by the fact that no correct aim can be obtained at objects more than sixty-five thousand yards distant, and therefore adjustment of neither elevation nor direction is possible. This is also proved by the very procedure adopted in firing the gun, which is the only mode possible if it is to attain its range. For the gun has to be set at an elevation which will carry the shot fifteen or sixteen miles up from the ground, and this has effects which do not exist in the case of guns the trajectory or line of flight of which is comparatively of slight curve. As the shot, after it has reached the highest point to which it is driven against gravity, must descend through the sixteen miles when gravity effects a stoppage in its ascent, it must then in falling approach more and more to the perpendicular, and when it reaches the ground will be falling straight down, just as if it were dropped from a Zeppelin. This deprives it of the most effective firearm action. For the projectile from any ordinary weapon is not intended to fall perpendicularly. The elevation is adjusted to cause the shot in the descending part of its flight to be still progressing forwards, thus causing the extent of ground over which it will pass at striking height to be considerable. The effort of the designer is to produce a weapon which can be fired with a low and, therefore, a comparatively flat trajectory. This may be illustrated by what happens when a rifle is fired. The elevation given to the muzzle is so calculated, as regards the distance at which the object to be hit is observed to be, that the shot shall, on reaching the objective, still be in vigorous forward flight, and be effective to strike, say, the enemy's troops over a considerable stretch of ground, ultimately reaching the surface at a very acute angle, and with only slightly diminished force. It is the same with guns. The elevation, to be practical, must be set so that the shell shall be flying at such an acute angle

with the ground that, in bursting, its fragments and its contents will be projected forward with force. Shots fired up into the air to a great height would fall into the ground perpendicularly, or nearly so, without any forward propulsive energy left, and so would be to a considerable extent ineffective. This disadvantage presents itself in the most exaggerated degree in the case of a shot which is caused to ascend sixteen miles above the ground. Unless it falls through the roof of a church, as it did on Good Friday, or into some other place where people are congregated, or, as has occurred, into a children's *crèche*, the damage it will do cannot be in any degree proportionate to the enormous cost of the gun and its ammunition, especially as it is certain that the number of rounds which can be fired with a charge capable of propelling a shot seventy miles, before the gun must go back to the factory for repair, is not more than fifty or sixty.

But this is not all. The possibility of a correct aim is further made impossible by two circumstances attending the use of such a gun. The first is that the enormous length of the flight must make the most minute error fatal to accuracy. In the case of the weapons in ordinary use, a slight deflection may not take away effectiveness. The missile may still hit its objective, although in the case of small arms it may be a few inches out of perfect direction where it strikes; and, in the same way, a shot fired from a gun may be effective if aimed at a body of men or a building, although at the point of striking it may be a few feet out of the intended direction. But in the case of a gun the objective of which is seventy miles from the muzzle, the slightest error of aim must result in the shot reaching its range many yards—even hundreds of yards—from the intended objective.

Still further, all projectiles are affected as regards their range by the state of the atmosphere as regards pressure. I well remember Scotland losing the International rifle match from a change of barometer being unobserved. One of the English team happened to look at his aneroid while the match was proceeding and noticed a sudden fall, and the sights were adjusted accordingly, with good results. The Scotsmen, who had not observed this change of pressure, missed the target with several of their last rounds, and lost the match by three points, although they had seemed to have it in their hands. It is obvious that where the shot has to mount sixteen miles into the air, and to travel seventy miles, the calculation for elevation cannot be accurate. For in the course of the long flight at a great height, the shot must pass through strata of air where the pressure is quite different from that at the mouth of the gun, and the pressure may be different in various stages of the flight. Therefore accuracy of elevation is impossible. Accuracy of elevation is also affected by wind. A higher elevation is necessary if there is a head-wind,

and *vice versa*. But in a distance of seventy miles, the direction of the wind and its strength may vary considerably, even at the same level. It must vary greatly where the flight is upwards to a height of sixteen miles. Air-currents at high elevations are very different from those below, as our airmen can certify. Again, in the case of side wind, the lateral deflection may be very considerable. At a distance of one thousand yards the small bullet of a rifle is often deflected as much as ten or twelve feet. In the case of this enormous gun the deflection on its seventy miles range may be any number of hundreds of feet, even if the direction and strength of the wind were the same throughout the whole flight of the shot, which in such a distance they are most unlikely to be.

All this makes it a certainty that no accurate work can be obtained from this unwieldy monster. It is only suited for intimidation aims, and, as has already been said, it is obviously intended for such a purpose only. And that purpose will fail. The horrors of a massacre of worshippers in a church may shock, but will not intimidate, a nation that is fighting for its liberty and its life. Those who send their sons willingly to face death for their country will as willingly take the risks to which a brutal and unscrupulous foe may expose them—ready, if need be, to die themselves rather than bow down before a Power which takes for its motto, 'Might is right.' This war must end either in defeat to the Powers that are combined to dominate the world, or in the overthrow of right. When such is the issue there need be no fear that we or our Allies will falter before any devices, however contrary to all the accepted principles of honourable warfare which an unprincipled enemy may stoop to employ.

It may be assumed with certainty that our military authorities will not imitate the enemy in constructing such unpractical guns for military purposes. The possibility of making weapons for such ranges was long ago considered, and the feasibility of doing it recognised. A gun for carrying its shot more than sixty miles was known to our ordnance department many years ago, but its unpracticality for genuine military purposes was sufficient to lead to its rejection, as we have no use for a gun which is only an instrument of intimidation for old men and women and children. Massacre of non-combatants is not a British mode of conducting warfare, and such is the only practical motive for building a gun such as is now being fired blindly at our Allies in Paris, and is slaying innocent people, whom an honourable belligerent would treat with humane forbearance.

Since this paper was written airmen have ascertained the position of these huge guns, and French guns have struck one of them twice, and disabled it. This will probably be the fate of its companions also, as they cannot be moved to another place.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

## CHAPTER IV.—SHIP'S COMPANY.

## I.

THE ship's company of the *Triptolemus* are 'Duffos,' which peculiar nickname—pronounced 'Duff'-oes,' and derived from 'duff,' the nautical term for a pudding—means that they hail from 'Guzzle,' or the West Country. Why crews drafted to ships from the Royal Naval Barracks at Devonport should have such reputations for gluttony I have never discovered. I think it is a libel, for I have yet to learn that West Country sailor-men are fonder of their victuals than those from 'Pompey' (Portsmouth), or 'Chats' (Chatham), or than Scotsmen, Irishmen, or Welshmen. They all seem to have equally healthy appetites, except perhaps when the ship happens to be in a gale of wind and a heavy sea. Then, I am forced to admit, some of them become as pale and as limp as pocket-handkerchiefs, and do not really much care whether it is Christmas or Easter.

Our ship commissioned some three years after the outbreak of war, so that the men, like the officers, have been brought together from the four corners of the earth. Their war record, therefore, is a surprising one; for some have served in battleships, some in battle-cruisers and light-cruisers, and still more in destroyers and other small craft all over the world. Indeed, there is hardly a naval engagement or operation of this war in which some one or other has not taken part. We have men who fought in that brilliant little action in the Heligoland Bight on 28th August 1914, others who were present at the sinking of the *Blücher* by Sir David Beatty's battle-cruisers in January 1915, and still more who were in destroyers at Jutland. We have even a man who saw the sinking of the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* on that eventful evening off Coronel, and several who were with Sir Doveton Sturdee at the final defeat of Von Spee off the Falklands. There are others who were in Gallipoli, or have served in the Cameroons, in the naval operations in East Africa, in one of the British ships present at the capture of Tsingtau by the Japanese, with the gunboats in Mesopotamia, or in destroyers and monitors under the fire of the German guns on the Belgian coast. I only wish they could be induced to describe some of their varied experiences, for, if the censor would permit them to be published—which I doubt—their yarns would be well worth listening to, and would provide ample material for a dozen books.

As a matter of fact, our men are not all West-Countrymen. We have a small proportion of 'hostility-men'—men who have joined the Royal Navy for three years or the duration of the war. There are no 'conscripts' among them. They

are volunteers; and, among others, we have a Welsh schoolmaster, a North-Country miner, a Yorkshire police-constable, an architect's pupil, and a young man who owns what he politely terms a 'licensed victualler's business.' The 'victuals' he refers to, I have since discovered, are mainly liquid. There is also the man who was apprenticed to a coffin-maker, but now spends his time in doing odd carpentry jobs on board when he is not engaged in more seaman-like occupations.

Our hostility-men were rather strange to the life at first, and certainly, being provided with a naval uniform, and then being sent to a destroyer after a short spell of training at a shore depot, must have been a startling revelation to all of them. They were a never-failing source of wonderment to the more mature members of the ship's company. The ways and expressions of the navy were a mystery to them. They talked about 'going downstairs,' and the 'front' and the 'back' of the ship instead of the bow and the stern. They became fearfully and wonderfully seasick, so that folk who were ordinarily seasick gazed at them in mute astonishment, thought themselves wonderful sea-dogs, and thanked their lucky stars that it was possible to be worse than they themselves were. But the hearts of our hostility-men are in the right place, nevertheless, and it was surprising how rapidly they became acclimatised to their new surroundings, and how soon they seemed to fit into the general scheme of things.

Fortunately for our peace of mind, we are not burdened with anybody with an impediment in his speech; for there is a story—let us hope it is only a story—of a certain hostility-man with a rather liquid and very pronounced stammer who was sent to sea in one of the more elderly destroyers. He could not talk without stammering, though he could sing without the least difficulty. Indeed, I believe he had been a choir-boy at some period of his career.

It so happened that the destroyer was in a heavy sea, and that the cook, on emerging from his galley to empty a bucket of refuse, was incontinently swept overboard by a wave. Considerable consternation on the part of the hostility-man, who, unused to such tragical happenings, was rather perplexed as to what to do.

He saw that the rapid emergence of the cook had not been noticed from the bridge, and hesitated for a moment, trying to make up his mind to leap overboard and save him; but the sight of the raging, wind-swept sea daunted him. He recollected he was not a strong swimmer, particularly in sea-boots and an oilskin, so

decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and made his way forward to the bridge.

'P-p-p-please, sir!' he managed to get out, accosting the commanding officer; 'ck-ck-ck-cook'—

'Sing it, man! For the Lord's sake, sing it!' the skipper interrupted, aware of the man's infirmity, and anxious to hear what he had to say.

The hostility-man lifted up his voice. 'P-p-please, sir, cookie's gone overboard, bucket and all!' he carolled, fitting the words to the tune of 'The Campbells are Coming!'

Poor cookie! he must have been at least two miles astern by the time his loss became known!

The seven officers in the wardroom have had careers as varied as those of some of the men. One of us was present at the battle of the Falklands, and no less than three served in the Dardanelles. Even our 'snotty,' the midship-

man R.N.V.R., was blooded before he joined the navy; for at an age when most of his brothers were at school, he was driving an ambulance-car attached to a British Red Cross unit serving on the Italian front. But the doctor, who before the war was still a medical student, and who, when hostilities are over, will have to return to a London hospital to complete his studies, has had the most hair-raising adventures of us all. Since the outbreak of war he has spent no small portion of his time in a destroyer in the North Sea, where he was present at the engagement on the Dogger Bank in January 1915, and has taken part in various altercations with German destroyers and shore batteries off the Belgian coast, and other little sea-bickerings which have never seen the light of day in the newspapers, and will find no mention in any official history of the war.

(Continued on page 427.)

## MORE DUST FROM AN ENGLISH LAWYER'S PAPERS.

By G. H. BROWNING.

### I.

A MAN never knows how closely he is held beneath the searching eye of the law, or how omnisciently his every private deed and motive are assessed and construed by ubiquitous Justice. That calm, dispassionate eye, veiled, it may be, from his own regard, follows each trivial act, penetrates into the secret confines of his life, and reports all things to the blindfold figure who weighs them in her comprehensive scales and stores her judgments in infallible records. No event, however great or small; no circumstance, however personal or public; no situation, be it commonplace or rare, but the law will turn over the yellow pages of its ancient records and find some hoary precedent for a judgment. Not in the compass of a single life is this truth made manifest, but in the broad span of generations that bridges the rolling stream of time.

Where should a man conceive himself beyond the interposition of the law if not in Cupid's realm? Yet even here the cold discerning eye darts its beam, and in the very act of love, in the giving of presents and the bestowal of the betrothal ring, the citizen takes a step which in the past has filled a page in those old calf-bound books that hold the records of decided cases.

Only a short while ago the wings of Cupid fluttered about the robes of the austere figure of Justice, circling around her head in vexed protest against the invasion of his amatory realm. There had been a love-tale gone wrong in the playing, a twist in the skein, a snapping of the chain; and at last, in the unromantic halls of the law courts, old learned men sat down with

quiet, pulseless hearts to hear the dreary story, and, hearing, to construe the intimate acts of the drama. A man was suing his former betrothed for the return of the ring which had bonded them with the promise of matrimony; the engagement had been 'broken off,' and the lady refused to return the begemmed circlet of gold that flashed around her finger.

What would the law lords do; what principle could they discover to guide them in the unravelling of the tortured skein; what legal precedent availed them, saying, 'This is the common law,' or 'This is ordained by statute,' for the settlement of this question of whether an engagement-ring is a gift outright, or a pledge of matrimony returnable on the failure of that event? Such cases are as rarely heard in the courts as they are frequently encountered in life. Not once in a hundred years do they challenge the wisdom of the judges. To be precise, the only previous case of the kind was decided in the year 1742; and that, be it observed, dealt with the giving of presents generally, and not of the engagement-ring in particular. To that case the arbiters resorted. They reached down the musty volumes from the dusty shelves and turned over the crinkling pages of past, forgotten battles; and when they came to what the lawyers call 'the case of Robinson v. Cummings,' they ran their fingers along the lines and sagely considered these words, declaimed by the then Lord Chancellor: 'If a person has made addresses to a lady for some time, upon a view of marriage, and, upon a reasonable expectation of success, makes pre-

sents to a considerable value, and she thinks proper to deceive him afterwards, it is very right that the presents should be returned; but where presents are made only to introduce a person to a woman's acquaintance, and by means thereof to gain her favour, I look upon such person only in the light of an adventurer, especially where there is a deficiency between the lady's fortune and his, and therefore, like all other adventurers, if he will run risks, and loses by the attempt, he must take it for his pains.'

So they digested the wisdom of these words, and they ranged back over the history of marriage and giving in marriage, of betrothals and the tokens of betrothal; and when they had reminded the bewigged barristers, assembled in contention for the golden prize, of how Abraham had presented ear-rings on Rebecca's betrothal to Isaac, as the symbol of an agreement for the bargain and sale of the woman; of how, with the rise and diffusion of civilisation, the woman had ceased to be a chattel and the ring become a pledge for the contract of marriage, they delivered their judgment in these words: 'Times are changed now; but, though the origin of the engagement-ring has been forgotten, it still retains its character of a pledge or something to bind the contract to marry, and it is given on the understanding that a party who breaks the contract must return it. The engagement-ring given by the plaintiff to the defendant was given upon the implied condition that it should be returned if the defendant broke off the engagement. She did break the contract, and therefore must return the ring.'

And though Cupid should weep and cajole to the extreme limits of his art, the inexorable law will insist on its decision, and the ring must be returned.

## II.

If a traveller, journeying in stormy weather over a bad country road that finally became impassable, were to seek an alternative course by breaking down a boundary hedge or fence and proceeding over the adjoining land of a private owner, he would naturally expect to receive but scanty consideration at the hands of the irate landlord. But in any action for damages which that gentleman might institute it is by no means certain that he would be successful; and in connection with this subject it should be remembered that mere trespass, without causing damage, does not constitute an offence in the eye of the law. In olden times the traveller, if involved in the above predicament, would have received complete indulgence from the legal powers; for in those days, when the public roads, through being faultily made, or not made at all, were constantly foundering as the result of heavy traffic in wet weather, it was definitely established that he might break down hedges

and fences and travel over the neighbouring land for the purpose of avoiding the ruined highway.

Now it is a familiar occurrence to see along the sides of country roads wide strips of grassy land lying waste and uncultivated, and in their stray-dog appearance belonging apparently to nobody. It is not altogether certain how these strips came to exist, or, indeed, to whom they now belong; but there is one explanation of their forlorn state which at any rate appeals to the reason—namely, that the former owners of the adjoining lands many years ago voluntarily abandoned the strips to the public in order to avoid the repeated annoyance resulting from their continual incursions during periods when the road had foundered. On this hypothesis these waste strips, in many cases at all events, would remain the property of the present-day owner, and actually the law assumes such to be the case. In modern times, of course, with the improvements that have been effected in road-making, the traveller is seldom impelled to exercise his ancient right; but if he did so, it is probable that his action, drastic and arbitrary as it appears, would be upheld by the law.

The innumerable ancient laws and customs which regulate and confuse the ownership of land, sometimes opposing, sometimes entwining with one another during their centuries of growth, have produced many bizarre situations and interesting results, embracing in their comprehensive range such questions as who shall be the masters of the seashore, who shall own the river-beds, or the treasure-trove unearthed in a suburban garden by its amazed and delighted owner. In all these examples of 'property' the Crown manifests a lively interest, and claims extensive rights.

The whole of the seashore up to the level of high-tide is presumed to fall within its grasp, as also are the beds of tidal rivers; but in the case of tideless streams the bed is assumed to belong to the owners of the banks on either side, in each case up to the centre of the river. And, pursuing this rule in that logical method beloved of the law, if an island should be formed in the river, whether by the gradual silting up of mud or by the action of earthquake or any other force, the fortunate owners of the banks would be entitled to the new territory just so far as it arose out of their respective halves of the stream.

They have a curious story in Wales about an ancient custom, shrouded in the mists of ages, under which many humble folk in years long past established themselves as owners of landed property. The custom was for a man to enter upon a piece of waste land after sunset, and in the course of the night to build with all speed a four-walled structure containing in the midst a fireplace and a chimney. Feverishly he would apply his energies to the task, so that by the break of the succeeding dawn he should have his building completed and (wherein lay the

chief virtue of his toil) a fire burning upon the hearth, with smoke ascending through the chimney. That smoke it was essential some witness should perceive, for on this being accomplished, the builder became, by virtue of the custom, the rightful owner of the land enclosed within his building. There is a house standing to this day, and that no humble structure, known by the name of 'Hafodunos,' which, being interpreted, means 'The house of a night,' whose origin is, by the current belief, referred to the old-time custom.

It was in the western Principality also that one used to meet with the curious expedient known as a Welsh mortgage. Mortgages of the usual kind are, of course, all too well known, if not understood of the people. In the extremity of your need you hang a golden halter round your neck and place the rope in the hands of Mammon, who thereafter may lead you where he will, unless by a prodigious effort, or the

intervention of Dame Fortune, you are opportunely delivered from his bondage. Things were different in the days of the Welsh mortgage, and its terms were so curious and withal so favourable to the borrower that it is not surprising to find it almost, if not quite, extinct. When the gold had been advanced the lender entered into possession of the mortgaged property and collected the income in satisfaction of the interest on his money. The borrower, moreover, was under no obligation to repay the principal, but could do so at any time if he so desired. The result was that he converted his property into hard cash, thus avoiding all risk of loss from its future depreciation; while if it subsequently appreciated in value, he could claim it back again and return the money to the discomfited creditor. It is a very long time since an example of this curious mortgage appeared, and no doubt at this day it has fallen into disuse, to the great regret of the vast army of borrowers.

## HOW JOCK HEALED HIS COMRADE'S WORST WOUND.

### A STORY OF THE MALTA HOSPITALS.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

#### CHAPTER I.—RUNNING AWAY FROM HIMSELF.

'YE'RE the mon wha has gotten the Military Cross?' Jock McGowan's inquisitiveness could no longer be restrained. He had been scrutinising all that was visible of his neighbour in the next cot; but as what he saw was mostly bandages, that did not satisfy his curiosity much.

'They're tellin' me that,' was the mumbled answer, as the new arrival in the hospital turned on his side and faced the speaker.

'Ye dinna seem as muckle ta'en up wi' it as ye ocht to be,' was Jock's comment. 'I'm told that ye held on to the captured trench an' wudna retire until the relief cam' up, an' then they had to force ye on to a stretcher an' carry ye back. Mon, it was real fine o' ye, an' my Scotch bluid boils wi' pride.'

'If ye kenned a', ye'd find that there's nae-thin' to be prood o'. The fact is, Jock, I dinna want to speak about it. I'm fair ashamed o' mysel';' and with that the wounded man turned on his other side, and left Jock cogitating.

The ward had taken a special interest in the new-comer. His works had preceded him. With nearly every man knocked out around him, he had refused to surrender or retire, and for the critical minutes that meant so much had held the Turks in check, and so the captured trench had been retained. The nurses vied with one another in their efforts to please him, and he made it no easy task. His temper was on edge, and he seemed in a state of irritation; whereas,

if they had only known, the person he was most displeased with was himself.

'It is the after-strain, and will soon wear off,' had been the doctor's explanation; but Ronald MacDonald only tossed the more, and his fever increased.

An hour passed before he spoke again, and then, in his former tone of complaint, he said, 'I wish they wud leave me alane. It's no physic I'm needin', or doctors or nurses'—

'But yer wounds, mon, require dressin',' interrupted Jock.

'Ay, ye're richt. I had forgotten aboot them; but there's far mair the maitter wi' me than bullet pock-marks. The fact is, I hae a far deeper wound than the doctor has discovered, an' it's causin' my fever, an' I'll no be richt until it's healed; an' I dinna see hoo that wull ever be.'

'Dinna get doon i' the mouth like that,' replied McGowan in his effort to cheer. 'I hae reason to ken this hospital pretty weel noo, an' it's a gey bad wound they canna mend here. Gie them a chance, an' they'll pull ye through.'

'Mine is a case for the chaplain, an' no for the doctor,' MacDonald answered with a groan.

Jock was silent for a few minutes. This was a new type of trouble, with which he had not much familiarity.

'Weel, he'll be roond afore lang; but if it's a maitter o' easin' yer mind, dinna keep it to yersel' while I'm here. I'll no tell a soul;

an' if there's onythin' troublin' ye that way, I ken what a relief it is to get it up, sae to speak.'

The pair of eyes under the bandaged forehead cast a swift, penetrating glance at Jock M'Gowan. 'Ye look the richt sort,' said the wounded man, 'an' it micht help me to tell ye first, afore I speak to the chaplain; it wud come easier-like afterwards to repeat the story to him, for I maun get his counsel. It hasna to dae wi' my body or my mind, but my hairt; an' it's a gay black ane.'

'Dinna misca' yersel', Ronald MacDonald, said Jock with some severity. He had read his neighbour's name and regiment on his board. 'Ye mayna be a saint, but the mon wha stands up to the Turks as ye did shudna be whimpered ower. Hae a better conceit o' yersel'. Ye hae shown the courage o' a hero, an' we a' think it.'

Jock had a suspicion that his friend was indulging in a morbid self-pity, and if there was one thing he detested, it was that.

'Weel, it's cheerin' to think that folks hae a better opinion o' ye than ye deserve. I'm no worthy o' it the noo, but some day I hope to be.'

This was said with deep earnestness, and Jock saw that he was dealing with a man whose soul was being strangely stirred, a man who was striving after an ideal of which he had got a glimpse, but which he had failed to reach.

'Ye're richt,' he answered. 'It helps ye upward to feel that ithers appreciate yer merits. Noo the courage ye showed'—

'Courage!' interrupted his neighbour. 'It was cowardice.'

'Dinna tell me that ye won the Military Cross through cowardice. No mon ever did. Besides, it's no the truth. Yer act was seen by the colonel, forby a lot o' officers, an' a' the men wha rushed to yer assistance. They said it was simply ground the way ye wudna budge.'

'An' a' the time I was rinnin' awa' as fast as I cud.'

'No frae the Turks, onyhoo.'

'Maybe no; but frae mysel', which was much worse. Na, Jock, if I hadna been such a coward I wudna hae stayed there.'

'Do you mean ye were ower frichtened to rin awa'?'

'Na; I wasna feared o' the Turks. To tell ye the truth, I was relieved to see them comin' on, an' when I got my bayonet i' the neck o' the first o' them I felt happier. It took my mind aff the other thing.'

'What was that?'

'Puir Roderick MacDiarmid lyin' oot there wi' his head split, an' his eyes on me, as if he were searchin' my verra soul. He got knocked oot just before we reached the enemy's trench, an' there he was lyin' no sax yairds behind me. I cud see he was dyin', but I didna look. I turned my back on him. That's why I faced the foe.

I was feared to meet Roderick's eyes. If I hadna been a coward I wud hae gane to him an' said, "Forgie me, Roderick, for hoo I hae wronged ye. I've done ye the greatest hurt one mon can dae anither; an' I'm sorry. Forgie me afore ye die." But I hadna the courage to dae it. It was easier a thoosand times to face the Turks, sae I turned my back on him; an' that's why they hae gi'en me the Military Cross.'

'Weel, that's certainly anither way o' lookin' at it,' replied Jock slowly, as he assimilated the idea. 'It seems to me to be a case o' spiritual courage as against physical. Weel, men dinna reward the first wi' Military Crosses, onyway, sae ye needna think that ye hae nae richt to the honour; but before I gie ye my opinion, I maun hear the whole story. Perhaps it's no sae bad as ye paint it.'

'I suppose ye think stealin' is no verra bad,' said MacDonald sarcastically.

'Weel, if ye hae ta'en onythin' frae ony mon, gang an' gie it back; that's my advice.'

'Ay, but there are some things ye canna gie back, an' this is ane. When a mon has married a wife, he canna gie her up to the ane wha ocht to hae had her. I stole Roderick's girl frae him, an' I did it i' a maist underhaund way. We're married noo, an' baith as happy as we can be, an' my conscience never troubled me until I saw puir Roderick lyin' there dyin'; then the evil that I had done gripped my hairt. I realised my sin, an' I cried oot to God for mercy, an' He telt me as clearly as I'm talkin' to you to gang an' ask Roderick's forgiveness; but I was ower great a coward. I cudna or I wudna dae it. Ay, I was fechtin' a greater battle i' my soul durin' those moments than I was wi' my haunds, tho' a' the same I knocked oot a guid mony Turks. Maybe it was just because my mind was sae occupied wi' what was takin' place within me that I didna feel ony fear aboot what the Turks were daein'. It's an awfu' thing when suddenly ye realise the evil ye've done.'

'But hoo did ye dae it? I'm waitin' to hear that,' interrupted Jock impatiently. 'Ye're gettin' a bit wandered i' yer story.'

'The fact is, I dinna like to tell even you,' replied the other hesitatingly. 'A' I can say on my ain behalf is that it wasna done i' cauld bluid. The temptation gripped me a' o' a sudden, an' I acted on the impulse o' the moment, an' I thocht mysel' michty clever. I had been jealous o' MacDiarmid for a lang time. He was aye gaein' ower to the next pairish to see Kate M'Millan, an' I didna like it; but he was a shy lad, an' I thocht that perhaps he wudna hae the courage to speak. I didna think o' him proposin' to her i' a letter; but that's what he did. Geordie, the postman, aye ca's at my hoose when he's returnin' to the office after his roonds, an' he carries wi' him ony letters

posted up the Glen. Weel, ane day he threw doon his bag on my table, an' I saw the pile o' letters a' tied up i' string, an' the tapmaist ane was in MacDiarmid's writin', an' it was addressed to Kate M'Millan. At aince I guessed what it meant, an' then the deevil entered my hairt. I took Geordie intil the next room an' gave him some refreshment, an' while he was helpin' hissel' I went back an' slipped the letter oot o' the heap. It was an auld envelope, an' the flap didna hold verra weel, sae it didna tak' muckle tribble to open it. The composition was verra purr for a love-letter. It was like Roderick i' this, that it was verra simple an' to the point. Thar was nae extra flourishin', I can tell ye. A' it said was that he was makin' an offer o' his haund, an' he hoped she wud accept it, as he gave it wi' a' his hairt. The writin' wasna verra clear, but that was the gist o' it. You can imagine hoo angry I was at Roderick stealin' a march on me. It was then the temptation entered my heid. A' I had to dae was to change "Roderick" into "Ronald," an' that didna tak' a second, for I rubbed oot the last twa letters wi' my knife, an' made the "d" into a "n," the "e" into a "a," "r" into a "l," an' the "i" into a "d." "MacDiarmid" was as quickly altered into "MacDonald;" an' as the name o' the parish was the same, no other change was necessary. It read like a proposal frae mysel'. I touched up some o' the letterin' to mak' the writin' a bit mair plain, especially the twa important words "haund" an' "hairt," and afore Geordie had finished his glass I had put the letter back into the envelope an' placed it amongst the rest, an' when I walked into the kitchen again it was as a man wha had proposed. I must say I had some misgivin's, not at havin' done a mean thing, but because I felt that if I had written the whole letter I cud hae made a better job o' it, an' I doubted whether Kate wud like the maitter pit sae abruptly, sae to speak. I felt it was too maitter o' fact. Weel, my fears turned oot to be too true. Kate didna like the way it was put, an' she sent me as short a letter by return sayin' that she declined my offer. I was baith glad an' grieved to receive it—glad, because I cud pass it on to Roderick, an' thus save ony explanations aboot his letter no receivin' an answer; grieved, because the girl didna at aince accept my proposal. I only had to change the "MacDonald" into "MacDiarmid," an' hand it on to Roderick. He left the parish shortly after that an' went South. I suppose he had ta'en the refusal to hairt, an' he never guessed the trick I had played on him, an' that i' the letter Kate was meanin' a' the time to refuse me an' no him. After that the coast was clear. I found oot that Kate never heard frae him, an' I set aboot courtin' her, no wi' letters, but i' a mair manly fashion; an' just when the war broke oot I won her consent. She never spoke aboot Roderick, an' I was wiser than

to mention his name. I joined up, an' we got married, an' I had a'maist forgotten aboot my rival, when ane day at Gallipoli wha shud join oor regiment i' the new draft but Roderick hissel'! Mon, I cud scarcely look him i' the face, an' kept oot o' his way, an' the mair friendly he wanted to be the mair it cut me to the hairt. When a mon is faced wi' daith he thinks o' things, an' I cudna get my mean act oot o' my mind. If Roderick had been a bad sort, my conscience wud hae been easier; but he was that quiet an' gentle-like that I felt he wud hae made Kate a better husband than I've done. No but that we're perfectly happy as mon an' wife. That's the strange thing o' it; an' I believe if I cud only hae told Roderick that Kate was quite content he wud hae forgi'en me. He's that sort o' chap. But I'm gey stubborn, I'll admit. I went mair than aince to Roderick's dug-oot to mak' a clean breast, an' when I got there I just passed a remark aboot the weather an' nothin' mair. But I had a bad time o' it wi' my conscience. Every nicht I said, "I'll gae the morn's morn an' confess the whole thing;" then when mornin' came I said, "I'll gang the nicht instead;" an' sae the time slipped by, an' I never went.'

'I understaund noo,' interrupted Jock M'Gowan, 'why you said you were afraid. It was o' yersel'.'

'Ay; an' it's the worst kind o' fear, mon, for it grips ye lower doon than the ither kind. Then came the day o' the chairge; an' ye ken the rest. I didna see muckle o' the rush across to the Turkish trenches, but wi' the tail o' my eye I noticed MacDiarmid gae doon, an' a pang o' remorse went richt through my hairt like the prick o' a bayonet. No ane wud hae blamed me if I had gane back after holdin' on for a bit, for I was aboot the only ane left at that point; but I cudna pass Roderick, no to save my life, an' I wudna bring mysel' to ask his forgiveness. Noo ye've heard the story, what div ye think o' it?'

'That ye'll hae to be as kind to Kate M'Millan as Roderick wud hae been,' answered Jock deliberately. 'An' ye maun mak' up to her the wrang ye did to him. I'm thinkin', if ye've telt the tale aricht, that's what he wud like ye to dae.'

#### CHAPTER II.—A SLIP O' THE PEN (OR THE HEALING OF THE WOUND).

**B**UT Ronald MacDonald had not told the tale aright, although through no intention of his own. Jock M'Gowan found that out in a surprising way a week later.

In the afternoon Jock was getting up and wheeling himself on a chair through some of the wards. Wherever he saw a Scotch bonnet hanging on a peg he claimed kinship with its

owner. So one day he pulled up at a cot in another ward which had above it this insignia of nationality.

'Weel, what pairt o' braid Scotland dae ye come frae?' he asked, in a cheery way, the man who lay motionless in lint.

'Frae the pairish o' Auchbruch, if ye ken where that is,' was the answer.

'Mon, that's strange,' Jock responded in surprised tones. 'In the verra next ward there's a mon frae the same pairish.'

'Maybe it's Ronald MacDonald. He's the only mon I ken o' frae hame wha is i' these pairts. The last I saw o' him he was fechtin' like a Turk.'

'The verra same. Ye're surely no—na, it canna be—Roderick MacDiarmid?' Jock asked in amazement.

'I'm nae ither, onyhoo,' was the smiling response. 'Did Ronald speak to ye aboot me?'

'Ay. He thoct ye were deid.'

'Weel, a'maist. If he hadna kept the Turks back, an' gi'en oor fellows a chance to come up I wud hae been. I was gey badly wounded, an' cud dae naethin' for mysel'. As I lay on the ground I watched Ronald fechtin', knowin' that my verra life depended on his success. Every bullet he pit intil a Turk gave me hope; an' I never saw ane fecht like him. He was a fair demon, but sae cool an' quick. They tried to rush him, but he had them each time. Aince or twice they managed to get wi'in bayonet distance o' him, but they were nae match for him i' that kind o' fechtin'. He aye let them mak' the first thrust, which he guarded, an' afore they cud recover he had them. Ay, I owe my life to Ronald, an' I'll tell him that when I see him.'

'I'll tell him when I gang back the noo. He'll be mair than delighted to ken ye're alive. I expect you an' he were great pals.'

Jock was fishing now. His curiosity had overmastered him again, and he wanted to see MacDonald's story from MacDiarmid's point of view.

'Weel, we used to be; but somethin' strange seems to hae come ower Ronald since he was married. He's no the same to me somehow, an' I canna mak' it oot. It troubled me a guid deal i' Gallipoli, an' I was often on the point o' askin' him, but I didna like.'

'What was the maitter wi' him?'

'He aye seemed to keep oot o' my road. Yet sometimes he wud come along to my quarters as if he had special business wi' me, an' then sit an' say naethin'.'

'Perhaps he was tryin' to say somethin' an' cudna get it oot,' suggested Jock.

'I canna think o' onythin' that wud mak' it deeficult to open up his mind to me. Afore he got married there was naethin' o' that aboot him.'

'Perhaps it's his wife's influence.'

'Maybe. Some weemen gie their husbands a queer turn.'

'Did ye ken her?' asked the wily Jock.

'Ay, fine. She was a good-natured kind o' lass, an' the verra ane for Ronald. I thoct them weel suited to each ither.'

Jock arched his eyebrows. Either MacDiarmid was very deep and wanted to throw him off the scent, or he was one of those very generous souls who delight in the happiness of others without a thought of what it may cost themselves. As he looked at the frank face of the bandaged man his opinion veered to the latter view.

'It's a graund thing to see young folk weel mated. I suppose his wife is a bonnie woman as well as guid-haired?' Jock was cruelly raking amongst the ashes of sentiment to see if he could not fan up a little flame that would throw light on the problem before him. If MacDiarmid would just let him see how much he had cared for Kate M'Millan he would know better how to effect a complete reconciliation between the two friends, and find a way for easing Ronald's conscience.

'Ay,' replied Roderick thoughtfully; 'she had nae lack o' guid looks. We a' thoct her a nice lass, an' I feel certain she'll be a real help to Ronald.'

'He's been a verra lucky fellow, then. There maun hae been a lot after her,' was Jock's next attempt to elicit information.

'Quite likely, for a' I ken. I didna see a great deal o' her.'

'I suppose there was no likelihood o' Ronald bein' jealous o' you?'

The patient smiled. 'That idea never entered my heid,' he said.

'You never had a thoct o' Kate M'Millan yersel'?' persisted Jock, growing bolder in his inquisitiveness. 'I merely mention it because it micht account for MacDonald's strange manner.'

'Na, na. Kate M'Millan was a sonsy eneuch girl, but she wasna my style.'

Jock looked severely at the speaker. Was the wounded man bluffing him with a deliberate untruth? Had he not clear evidence of his having proposed?

'I'm thinkin',' he remarked deliberately, 'that MacDonald has suspicions that ye aince proposed to her.' He looked inquiringly, expecting to see the colour rise on MacDiarmid's cheeks, but his question aroused no sign of emotion.

'He maun be gifted wi' a verra vivid imagination,' was the answer, which did not satisfy the questioner's curiosity.

'To speak the plain truth,' Jock remarked, clearing his throat, 'he mentioned evidence—evidence that seemed to me fair grund for his suspicions.'

'Why disna he ask his wife? She wud soon

tell him that I never did any such thing,' Roderick replied with some little irritation.

Jock was silenced for the moment. Of course, that was the very thing that Ronald MacDonald could not do. Besides, Kate M'Millan had known nothing about Roderick's proposal or her answer which was diverted to him. Jock was on very delicate ground, when he might easily give his client Ronald away, and he felt in honour bound to keep his secret, for if it were known it might get him into difficulties with his wife. Still, it was clear that either Ronald or Roderick was telling a deliberate falsehood, and Jock felt inclined to trust his first confidant.

'Sae ye never proposed to Kate M'Millan, an' received a refusal frae her?' Jock insisted, feeling sure of his ground, and not a little displeased at the duplicity of his new friend.

'I shud think no. Tell Ronald frae me, if that's what's troublin' him, that he was never mair mistaken i' his life.'

'Weel, it's unco strange, for he saw yer ain words in black an' white askin' Kate to be yer wife.' Jock, in his desperation, had played his trump card. He considered it was high time to contradict the other's rash statements, and to show him that he was not to be trifled with.

'Then Ronald has got second sight; that's a' I can say. But as he's no the kind o' mon to tell a deeliberate falsehood, I maun ask his reasons for such a statement. He micht ken me better than to think that if I wanted to marry Kate M'Millan I wudna hae gane an' asked her straicht. I'm no that guid at writin', anyway, that I wud pit pen to paper on such a subject.'

'Weel, it's maist mystifyin'!' ejaculated Jock, fairly puzzled. 'Ane o' ye is tellin' me a lee, an' which it is I canna say.'

'Ye're no verra complimentary i' yer language, an' I'm no sure but that ye're wrang yersel', for I dinna think Ronald wud be guilty o' sayin' what ye've telt me.'

Jock's face flushed. 'Dae ye mean to say that ye never wrote Kate M'Millan a letter?' he demanded with the austerity of an advocate for the Crown who held in his pocket incriminating proofs.

'Weel, if ye pit it that way, I'll no say but that I wrote aince. I remember that noo,' MacDiarmid replied hesitatingly.

'Ay, I thocht that ye wudna deny it. An' in that letter ye made a proposal to her?'

'But no o' marriage. The only letter I can mind o' is ane I wrote makin' an offer to her o' my land. I hae a few acres lyin' next her fairm, an' we met ane day i' the toun, an' she asked me if I wud think o' lettin' her hae them. She wished me to name a price, which I did, an' after that she wasna sae anxious. As I didna say at the time that I wud let her hae the land, when I came hame an' thocht ower it, I wrote

her offerin' her my land wi' a' my hairt, I think I said. Hooever, I received an answer in a few days declinin' the offer, an' I have never been better pleased, for when the war broke oot the Government offered me twice as much for the same grund. They wanted it for a camp. I can assure ye on my word o' honour that's the only letter I ever wrote to Kate M'Millan.'

By this time Jock was laughing so that he could not speak.

'It's the funniest thing I've ever heard tell o', at last he gasped. 'Mon, it's yer haund-writin' that's to blame. Ronald got a glimpse o' it, for he telt me, an' he took the note to be an offer o' yer haund instead o' yer land. It's an awfu' lesson in the care ane shud tak' i' the maitter o' carefu' writin', an' the terrible dangers that may come frae the slip o' a pen.'

'Mon, ye've ta'en my breath awa'!' exclaimed the astounded patient. 'Then the answer I got was a refusal to accept my haund, an' no my land, as I thocht.'

'What if she had said, "Yes"?' laughed Jock.

'Whisht! It's the narrowest escape I've ever had. Ye can tell Ronald I had nae intention o' cuttin' him oot,' Roderick said, as he joined in the laugh.

'I'll awa' an' dae that,' was the answer, and Jock wheeled his chair out of the ward.

'There's nae need for ony confession,' he said to the bewildered Ronald as he related all that had happened. 'Like maist sinners, ye're bein' mair mercifully dealt wi' than ye deserve. Yer evil intention has been overruled for guid, an' the fear o' yer ain sin has won ye the Military Cross. Sae noo yer worst wound is healed.'

#### A SONG.

THE west wind blows, and the slow tide flows,  
And the rustling grasses sigh;  
And at my feet lie the daisies sweet,  
And the seagulls swoop and cry.  
Fair is the land in which I stand,  
And my heart is one longing wide  
For the lilting roar on the English shore  
Just at the morning tide.

The white cliffs gleam, and the babbling stream  
Meanders to the shore,  
Where it finds a home on the heaving foam,  
Its lullaby, ocean's roar.  
And all is free, from the restless sea  
To the distant sand-dunes wide;  
And the silent pool is a shelter cool  
From the burning, white noontide.

The twilight gray has o'ercome the day  
And laid her in the west;  
And with movements light draws the pall of night  
O'er the land and sea at rest.  
Through the damp, cool air fly the night-moths fair,  
And the shriek of the gull has died;  
And the scent of the musk mingles with the dusk  
Of an English eventide.

JESSIE LAKE.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

THERE were many false prophets loudly proclaiming their certainties in the early days of the war, who have now long been silent in their failure. A disillusioned people does not believe in prophecies. It begins to think and decide for itself, each man individually. One company of these prophets, seeking speciously to accommodate themselves to the early enthusiasms of the people, or alternatively to make the best of a business that was as ugly and revolting as it may have been necessary, unconsciously adapted Bernhardt to their case, and urged that war was excellent for a nation inclined to luxury and needing moral tonics. Yet we find limitless vice unloosed as never before in our modern history, restraint abandoned, corruption everywhere, and insincerity and misstatement—a gentle word—in high government places. From the mountains of evil surrounding us some good may some time come, but indeed it is far away. The prophets on literature were as wrong as any. When the call was made to Britain to arm and fight, they declared that for a long season literature would be arrested; that this was an art of peace, to be cultivated and made use of only then; and that in war it was as a pretty toy that should be put away. Books would cease to be written, readers would cease to buy them, old copies of old-fashioned novels like Jane Austen's, works sober and tremendously correct, abounding in the most splendid moral teaching, would serve for fireside reading during the progress of the struggle; while after it the character of our literature would be completely changed. Yet literature of nearly every kind has flourished during the war, and there have been no great revolutions in the character of writing or in the apparent public taste. Naturally there have been many books on war themes, but the vogue of these, save when of historical value, has nearly died away. Even new authors of merit have arisen. Old ones who sadly laid aside their pens three years ago have taken them up again. The prophets had not realised, stupidly, that literature in some form is essential meat for the mind; that it is the best and most soothing entertainment for those who brood and wait; that it consoles like the most kindly friend, is adaptable to all tastes

and ubiquitous—to be enjoyed in all places and at all times; and that it has the cardinal recommendation of being perhaps the cheapest of all diversions.

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And there has emerged one new and remarkable feature in our literature during the war, the wonderful production of verse, and the desire of the public for it. The careless, bumptious prophets, had they troubled themselves to bestow a passing thought on poetry in the autumn of 1914, would have urged, no doubt, in their manner of crude materialism, that of all forms of writing and printing, this sentimental and useless stuff, as they would have considered it, was most surely doomed to extinction for a period, to return, perhaps, when a quasi-Victorian insipidity of life possessed our land again. Yet wiser men, pondering the case deeply, might almost have foretold this war-time vogue of poetry from the simple consideration that now the nerves are strung and the emotions excited as not before. Pain is endured, passions are wrung, dormant senses are quickened, and beauty in strange places is perceived. The essences of life are discovered. So the human spirit has craved for new forms of expression, emancipated from the old dull moulds, something to convey the people's moods, their ecstasies, griefs and sorrows, their heavenly hopes. So those who had perhaps scarcely glanced at the poetry of their tongue betook themselves to the poetic form to state their new emotions. Not for an age has so much poetry—and good poetry among it—been produced, and never so much of it bought and read. The tragedy of Rupert Brooke—perhaps the most promising poet since the days of Keats—who gave his life at the Dardanelles when in the first bloom of youth, sent the new vogue broadcast through town and country. If among the multitude of new poets none has been discovered of whom it is thought that he may repair the loss of Rupert Brooke, many have done good work, and their general endeavour and the public appreciation and training may be of good future service. For this vogue of new verse has naturally led to a new consideration of the classics. Shelley has been mentioned in suburban drawing-rooms; Byron has been bought by northern manu-

facturers. Much ignorance has been dispelled; a taste and a feeling for poetry have been enlisted; the music of words in rhythm has made its appeal in unsuspected places.

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There could not have been a better moment than this for the production of an authoritative, scholarly, exhaustive, and quite brilliant life of John Keats. It seems strange that until comparatively recent times Keats hardly achieved any fair sort of recognition. As you know, there are fashions in the classic writers. We take up one of them for a few years, consider him and his work from every angle, wrangle about him, praise and condemn, revive old anecdotes, and then presently the fashion—it is the only word—flickers out, and a new favourite is taken from the dead. Keats, veritably one of the finest of all singers in English verse, and by his early death the most disappointing loss that has ever befallen English literature, was consistently neglected until recent times. Now, almost a hundred years after his death, nearly all who have a true feeling for poetry give thoughts and wondering homage to the English genius who died at Rome. At last Sir Sidney Colvin has written and published a new life of John Keats, which, indeed, he had almost completed before the war began; and no biography of any poet was ever better done. The author is intensely devoted to his subject. Thirty years ago he wrote a small monograph upon it; now, with such an abundance of notes, papers, and general information at his disposal as poets have rarely left behind them for far-future biographers, he has produced this comprehensive work one hundred years after the publication of Keats's first volume. Could anything better be said of it than that this, perhaps the only memorial to that centenary, is worthy of it? Sir Sidney Colvin tells us that, considering for how much friendship counted in the life of Keats, he has tried to call up the group of the poet's friends about him in their human lineaments and relations, so far as these can be recovered, more fully than has been attempted before. He has succeeded admirably, and the very nature of his endeavour, as here indicated, assures to us a human book upon a brilliant subject of soaring intellect and inspiration, a book of intimacy and the sweet companionship of friends, the interchanges in a close circle, the struggles and the encouragements, and the odd romance of a feverish attachment to a commonplace girl which perhaps did something to hasten his end. The author deals early with the story of Keats's posthumous fame, his after-life, as he calls it, in the minds and hearts of English writers and readers until to-day. He means by English all those whose mother-language is English. Keats has not yet, we are reminded, become, through the process of translation and

comment in foreign languages, in any full sense a world poet, but during the last thirty years his extension has begun, and he makes headway in France, where for the last generation our literature has been most intelligently considered and studied.

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The theme, then, is fascinating, and this book absorbing. How strange seems the origin of Keats, this English pride, as we read of it! Yet, indeed, we hardly read of an origin, for there was none to tell of, and that was often a sad point with the poet, especially in his relations with Shelley. We cannot go farther than one generation back on his father's side and two on his mother's, but we know that his father was a west-countryman who came as a youth to London, and, while still not twenty years of age, was head ostler in a livery-stable kept by one John Jennings in Finsbury. The ostler married the daughter of Jennings—who did well in his trade—and the eldest child of five was the poet. It is not even known for certain to what part of western England Keats, the father, belonged. Some said it was Devonshire, others that it was Cornwall, near Land's End. The family, however, developed certain ambitions, and the boy, John, was taken from school at sixteen and apprenticed for five years to an Edmonton apothecary and surgeon. If this was a rise in the social scale, still for the most fateful five years of a young man's life, during the period when such other London-born poets as Spenser, Milton, and Gray were at Cambridge, here was Keats in a suburban surgery, one of many apprentices there, bound like the rest not to haunt taverns or playhouses, not to play at dice or cards, or absent himself from his master's service day or night unlawfully, but pledged to behave faithfully to his master in all things. A fellow-apprentice afterwards remembered him as an idle, loafing fellow, always writing poetry. The next epoch was when Cowden Clarke told Leigh Hunt at his cottage in the Vale of Health at Hampstead about young Keats (then still less than twenty-one), whom he had come to know well, and showed him some of Keats's work, upon which Hunt was ecstatic. Thus it happened that it was in Hunt's paper, the *Examiner*, that Keats first made his appearance in print. Those who have aforetime read and read again those lovely lines of the sonnet beginning, 'O Solitude, if I with thee must dwell,' the pathetic prayer of a lonely townsman—have read them as one I know has done, from a pocket-volume that has travelled with him far over many seas—find it difficult to realise that this was the very first of that glorious verse, and that the poet was not yet a man. It was known to us before; it is a footnote in the volume, but yet again it is wonderful, for it is one of the beauties of our literature. We do not wonder that Leigh Hunt was joyful, and

demanding that Keats should be brought to his cottage, as, nervous and excited, he was. Thenceforth Keats's intimacy with the Hunt household and circle fast increased. This was, of course, a decisive circumstance in his life. Keats joined a brilliant and adventurous set. They thought much of him in various ways. Joseph Severn, the painter, said he had eyes 'like the eyes of a wild gipsy maid in colour, set in the face of a young god;' and Haydon, also painter, wrote that 'he had an eye that had an inward look, perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions;' and again, 'Keats was the only man I ever met who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling, except Wordsworth. . . . He was in his glory in the fields. The humming of a bee, the sight of a flower, the glitter of the sun, seemed to make his nature tremble; then his eyes flashed, his cheek glowed, and his mouth quivered.' And his earliest and most sympathetic intimate, Cowden Clarke, bore this testimony: 'In my knowledge of my fellow-beings I never knew one who so thoroughly combined the sweetness with the power of gentleness, and the irresistible sway of anger, as Keats. His indignation would have made the boldest grave; and they who had seen him under the influence of injustice and meanness of soul would not forget the expression of his features—"the form of his visage was changed."' Was it possible that in such an atmosphere and with such friends this ardent spirit, this youth of glowing imagination and divine sense of beauty, should resign himself to the career of apothecary to which his careful parents had dedicated him? Surely not. It was a time, as Sir Sidney Colvin tells us, when poetry and the love of poetry were in the air. Even people of business and people of fashion were reading; it was a time of literary excitement, expectancy, discussion, and disputation such as England has not known since. Fortunes, even, had been made or were being made in poetry—by Scott, by Byron, by Moore, whose *Irish Melodies* was an income to him, and who was known to have just received a cheque for three thousand pounds in advance for *Lalla Rookh*. Keats had been left an inheritance which would enable him to live for at least a year or two after paying his school and hospital expenses, and resolved on trying his luck with the muse. His friends gave him every encouragement, enthusiastically; so did his brothers. He informed his guardian of his determination in favour of literature, and, guardians being cold, practical men, bound to consider only worldly security, this one was averse; but that mattered not.

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In the early spring of 1817, then being twenty-one, he decided for the life of a poet. 'In the Marlborough Street studio,' we are told, 'in the Hampstead cottage, in the City lodgings of

the three brothers and the social gatherings of their friends, it was determined that John Keats (or, according to his convivial *alias*, "Junkets") should put forth a volume of his poems. Leigh Hunt brought on to the scene a firm of publishers supposed to be sympathetic, the brothers Charles and James Ollier, who had already published for Shelley, and who readily undertook the issue. The volume was printed, and the last proof-sheets were brought one evening to the author amid a jovial company, with the intimation that if a dedication was to be added, the copy must be furnished at once.' You who imagine poets in sore travail, wrestling beauteous lines in agony from their spirits, and striving desperately for poetic effect, or, again, preparing in the rough, and elaborating, trimming, polishing, at least working laboriously for their great results, listen to the statement of the simple fact of the writing of the dedication to Keats's first published volume. The printers are waiting for copy, as printers always are. There is a company of friends, laughter and happiness abounding. Keats is informed of the printers' need, if there is to be a dedication. He steps aside from his companions, takes a sheet of paper, and quickly writes the sonnet 'To Leigh Hunt, Esq.,' beginning:

Glory and Loveliness have pass'd away;  
For if we wander out in early morn,  
No wreath'd incense do we see upborne  
Into the East, to meet the smiling day.

The end of this sonnet is, perhaps, not so good as the beginning, but yet how wonderful—and the printers waiting for their copy! So, says Sir Sidney Colvin, 'with this confession of a longing retrospect towards the beauty of the old pagan world and of gratitude for present friendship, the young poet's first venture was sent forth, amid the applauding expectations of all his circle, in the first days of March 1817.' The sonnet to Leigh Hunt is in these times appropriately placed at the beginning of volumes of Keats's poems.

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And here from a beginning one must leap quickly to the end of a consideration which, with such a volume in the hand, must appear futile. It needs these nearly six hundred pages and Sir Sidney Colvin to afford a perception of the glory, the wonder, the romance, and the tragedy of this career that for its duration and its intensity can only be compared to a flash of lightning. Each one who loves English verse has some beloved favourites among the lines of Keats; perhaps not the masterpieces, but such as by their peculiar fancy, their delicate form, their melodious construction and substance, seem to swing incense through the mind and pipe music to the soul. Fancy! With what poverty would be deadened the spirit of one who did

not feel a tripping and a skipping within him as he read 'Fancy,' with its

Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

and later:

Fancy, high-commission'd, send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heaped autumn's wealth,  
With a still mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it;—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reaped corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn.

And in this same metre there are the 'Lines on the Mermaid Tavern,' 'Robin Hood,' and the 'Bards of Passion' ode. The first two were written at the beginning of 1818, in the months when Keats was living alone in Well Walk and resting after his labour on *Endymion*. 'Both,' it is written, 'are easy, spirited, and intensely English in feeling; both, for all their gay lightness of touch, are marked with that vivid imaginative life in single phrases which almost from the first, amidst all the rawnesses of his youth, stamps Keats for a poet of the great lineage.'

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One is not permitted to consider Keats, even for a few moments, without some reference, in whatever humility and admiration, to the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' his true masterpiece. The biographer is interesting here. He says that 'during and after those hour-long silent reveries among the museum marbles of which Severn tells us, the creative spirit within him will have been busy almost unaware combining such images and recombining them. Criticism can plausibly analyse this creation into its several elements. . . . In the ode we read how the sculptured forms of such an imaginary antique, visualised in full intensity before his mind's eye, have set his thoughts to work, on the one hand asking himself what living, human scenes of ancient custom and worship lay behind them, and on the other hand speculating upon the abstract relations of plastic art to life. The opening invocation is followed by a string of questions which flash their own answer upon us—interrogatories which are at the same time pictures—"What men or gods are these, what maidens

loth?" &c. The second and third stanzas express with full felicity and insight the differences between life, which pays for its unique prerogative of reality by satiety and decay, and art, which in forfeiting reality gains in exchange permanence of beauty, and the power to charm by imagined experiences even richer than the real. The thought thrown by Leonardo da Vinci into a single line, "*Cosa bella mortal passa e non d'arte*," and expanded by Wordsworth in his later days into the sonnet, "Praised be the art," &c., finds here its most perfect utterance:

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,  
For ever panting, and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.'

It is a stupidity, perhaps, to take these snatches from immortal and most renowned work and quote them anew in slender paragraphs such as these. The excuse is that of the reader who for his own pleasure will repeat again aloud and write down such lines for the pure delight of doing so.

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The human story of Keats is so tumultuous and tragic. Let us leave it. Alas that poets who make such business with love and beauty fail so sadly in their own affairs! Here was the Fanny Brawne of Keats, a mean and commonplace thing; yet she burnt this poet up, consumed him. Trying vainly to better his health abroad, he wrote to her mother when once he was in quarantine in Naples: 'I dare not fix my mind upon Fanny; I have not dared to think of her. The only comfort I have had that way has been in thinking for hours together of having the knife she gave me put in a silver case, the hair in a locket, and the pocket-book in a gold net. Show her this. I dare say no more.' Yet, such are women, this Fanny was in the way of thinking more of flirting and dancing than of the man who wrote the ode on the Grecian urn, and put within the covers of a volume ere he was buried at Rome in 1821 such a world of beauty that in the joy of it one has a balance against the appalling riot of revolting materialism that is about us now. Beauty there and horror here; then the spirit, and now the devil. Not only because it is a hundred years since Keats the poet was presented to the world, is it a good thing to linger now among these lines clear and fine that tell of life and light. To give a thought to Keats is to take a draught of hope.



## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

CHAPTER XXII.—*continued.*

HOUR after hour upon her novel bed, beneath a star-spangled canopy, the weary girl slept peacefully; while from time to time her guardian knight cautiously stretched his cramped muscles and fed the quick-devouring fire. All sense of weariness and desire for sleep were banished by the feverish working of his mind and the moral fight that raged around the fortress of his soul, until at length, almost spent by the long, fierce battle, he found himself welcoming, though half-dreading, the first faint flush of dawn. And with the first stirrings of the new day Gavin's dog also began to stir, stretched, yawned widely, and with vigorous shake freeing himself of the blankets, bounded across Anita to his master's knee.

'Hush, "Bob"! Quiet, sir!' bade Barrie in subdued tones. But her companion's boisterous departure had already wakened the girl, and Barrie, turning, met the full gaze of her great eyes as she sat up among the disordered blankets, the pearly hue of refreshing sleep in her cheeks, and her loosened hair hanging gipsy-fashion about her shoulders. Gavin's heart gave a warning thump against his ribs; but not to no purpose had his good angel wrestled during the long hours of darkness, and the man was out to win.

'I'm awfully sorry "Bob" has disturbed you,' he said frankly. 'But you really did sleep well, in spite of a hard bed and no curtains?' he added, smiling.

'And you?' half-whispered Anita.

'Oh, I gave "Bob" the surprise of his life,' answered Gavin lightly, 'by keeping his toes warm all night and playing watch-dog while he snored—the lazy beggar! Now, if you feel like getting up, I'll put some water on to heat; and there are the basin and soap under that tree, and hanging on a twig you'll find my shaving-glass, which is the best I can offer you in the way of a mirror,' he went on gaily. 'I'm going down to the spring behind this bluff of rocks to have a wash myself, and to fetch some fresh water for the coffee, that rascally tyke of mine having elected to help himself last night out of the pail!' So saying, he caught up a tin and a towel, and smiling back reassuringly at Anita, vanished over the granite ridge.

Some moments later he returned to find her standing by the fire, her hair hastily but neatly dressed. As Gavin set down the full, shining pail, she ran towards him with outstretched hands, and impulsively seizing his, covered them with kisses, crying, 'Oh, Mr Barrie, how good you are—how good you are! Only let me explain to you how all this has happened; then *hate* me—kill me if you choose!'

'Hate you! Kill you, Anita!' exclaimed Gavin in a tone of shocked reproach. 'You

don't know what you are saying, child. You shall tell me all you wish, but first come back to the fire. You will perish in your thin dress; and I won't listen to a word until you have had some breakfast.'

'*Mais non, m'sieur,*' pleaded Anita. 'You don't understand. I—I *can't* eat until I have told you all; and then—then I must go back at once to David—to my husband.'

But Gavin had his way, and leading her back, wrapped his coat about her shoulders, and then prepared breakfast, good Mrs King's loaf of bread, the insignificant cause of so serious a sequel, awaking in the minds of both thoughts which, had they but known it, flowed in parallel channels.

Anita, her eyes fixed dreamily on the fire, ate but little, though the man beside her strove to encourage her with fragmentary talk.

Presently he raised his head sharply, and sniffing the air, said, 'Seems to me there's a pretty strong smell of smoke, although there's no wind to speak of. And see,' he continued, pointing behind him; 'surely those are bits of gray ashes settling on the bushes! There must be a big fire not very far away; and if so'—he hesitated an instant—'if so, your husband will be on the spot. A plucky and a risky life, I should think, that of a forester.' More he would not venture to say, but tacitly noticed how, at his words, anxiety was suddenly writ large upon the girl's face, and how strained was the expression with which she watched the floating particles of ash. However, dismissing the subject, Gavin said quietly, 'Now, my little Anita, if you really *wish* to tell me anything.'

Then tremulously, but without faltering, she told him the whole story, keeping back nothing save her fear for his own life, yet loyally trying to make excuse for David. In silence Gavin listened; but when, in a low, broken voice, she confessed the temptation of drowning herself in Laughing Lake, poor Gavin could bear it no longer.

'Anita, for God's sake,' he cried, 'don't speak of such a fearful thing! Don't you know, child, that had you killed yourself, you would have killed *me*—my heart—all that is worth living for?'

He turned upon her with a passion of love and longing in his agonised face; but now, in his moment of weakness, it was Anita who was strong, for from the fiery trial of the previous day she had passed out a nobler and a finer woman; nay, more—through the medium of her husband's impulsive message, had at length wakened to the realisation that in the possession of David's love lay her own complete happiness. Yet, quick to recognise the torment of Gavin's soul, she said steadily, 'It was *le bon Dieu*—le

*bon Dieu*—and the thought of David that held me back from such a dreadful sin.' Then, briefly, she told him of her strange dream; of her going to the Kings' ranch, and thus hearing her husband's message. "Give her my love, and tell her to hustle back home," she repeated, a quiver, half of joy, half of tears, in her voice. 'So I longed for wings to fly to him,' she went on after a pause, while the heart of the silent man beside her seemed slowly to die. 'I tried to follow the short trail; but darkness came on so fast that I must have mistaken the burnt tree, and turned into the Goose Lake trail. At first I was dreadfully frightened, but presently remembered what you said to me that first day on Bear Creek—"There's nothing to be afraid of"—and I kept on, till all at once I saw a light, and thought it might be David searching for me. I called and called, but no one answered; and then, just when I felt I could go no farther, I saw a glare in the sky from your camp fire, and dear brown "Bob" rushed out—and—and the rest you know,' she ended softly, turning upon him the wistful look of a child who, having confessed a fault, pleads forgiveness.

For a moment there was a tense silence while Gavin Barrie struggled with himself; then, very tenderly, 'My brave little girl, thank God for your husband's message!' Rising abruptly, and holding out his hand to help her up, he said, 'Come now, if you feel able, I will take you back to him. He will have been in an awful state of mind about you all last night, unless, as is likely, he was away fire-fighting.'

Anita, however, remained standing, while into her eyes Gavin saw leap again the look of terror, the reason for which, though she herself had not laid it bare, he now guessed. 'No, no!' she cried. 'Please, please let me go alone. I know the way. And, oh, *believe* me, it is *better* so! I will tell David everything. I promise you I will; but I must meet him first alone—quite alone.'

Gavin, thus entreated, had perforce to yield, Anita so far compromising as to let him accompany her over the roughest part of the trail. Then, with anxious misgivings, he watched her threading her way alone, before, his faithful dog at his heels, he turned back to his lonely camp, from which all joy seemed to have departed.

(Continued on page 422.)

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

### PART II.

THE scene in the lobbies during an important division is very animated. For the average member, the occasion is the only one when he rubs shoulders with his leaders. At the exits of the lobbies are the desks at which clerks tick off the names of members as they pass, and just beyond them are the tellers, one on each side. Etiquette demands that you either bow or lift your hat to them as you pass by. When the lobbies are cleared and the result is known, the tellers form up in line and advance to the mace, those who represent the winning side being on the right. The extreme right-hand man receives an official paper containing the numbers for and against, and reads them out to the House; whereupon the winners cheer. The division is over, and the House clears again, committee being resumed.

An attendance of forty forms a quorum, but debate continues even if only the Speaker or Chairman and a single member are in the Chamber, until some one calls attention to the fact that less than forty members are present. Proceedings are then interrupted for two minutes while the bells ring once, and members in the precincts are thus informed that a 'count out' is in progress. In most cases, before the two minutes expire, seventy or eighty or a hundred members are in the Chamber. The 'count out' has failed, and proceedings are resumed. Had less than the required number put in an appearance, the House would automatically have adjourned for

the day. In this connection there is an excellent story describing how a notorious bore was hoist with his own petard. He rose to speak in a very thin House, and not desiring to waste his sweetness on the desert air, called the Speaker's attention to the fact that less than forty members were present. This he did in the hope of securing a better audience. When, however, the bells rang for the 'count out' members refused to enter the Chamber, and the consequence was that the House was 'up' for the day and the speech was never delivered.

Another individual was the cause of his own undoing in the following manner. Rising to address a beggarly array of empty benches, he ventured on an ironic introduction. 'Mr Speaker,' he said, 'look at the condition of these benches! Is it not disgraceful that the weighty topic on which I propose to address the House has not attracted even the presence of a quorum?' 'Order! order!' cried the Speaker. 'Notice having been taken that there are not forty members present, strangers will withdraw.' The bells rang out, but no one answered. Two minutes later the Speaker disappeared behind the chair, and the sitting was over for the day.

As the motion for adjournment is to be debated at 8.15, early dining is the rule. There are three handsome dining-rooms in the House, in two of which strangers may be entertained. The reserved room contains a table set apart for Ministers. One of the jokes of the House is

to watch a new member make his first appearance in the dining-room. He looks round and sees all the tables occupied except the large one in the centre. Naturally he gravitates to this, but were he to glance around he would observe many smiles. A waiter approaches him deferentially. 'Are you a Minister, sir?' he asks, and you have to confess that you are by no means such an exalted personage. Then, like the ambitious person in the Scriptures, you have to give place to some one more honourable. A friend of mine who fell into the trap and was asked, 'Are you a Minister, sir?' replied, 'Not yet.' His confidence in his future was justified, for he has long adorned the Treasury Bench.

In the dining-room, as indeed in all parts of the precincts where members most do congregate, you can learn at a glance who is 'on his legs' at the moment. An ingenious annunciator is installed on the wall, giving the name of the speaker then in possession of the House. When Mr Wishy or Mr Washy is holding forth, you betray no anxiety to move; but should the annunciator announce the Prime Minister, Mr Asquith, Mr Balfour, Lord Hugh Cecil, or any other of the great ones, you are off like a shot. From this you gather that there is much coming and going in the House itself. Indeed, the novice is seriously distracted by the many exits and entrances. It is like addressing a cinematograph. Retiring speakers, such as the writer of these lines, do not easily accommodate themselves to retiring audiences.

It is now a quarter past eight, the Speaker is in the chair, and the motion for adjournment is under debate. Now you may hope to hear speeches as distinguished from committee talk. You may, too, be privileged to hear a maiden speech. As mine is still fresh in my memory, perhaps I may be permitted to say a few words about maiden speeches. There is no denying that to address the House for the first time is something of an ordeal, no matter how free one may be from nerves and how habituated to the public platform. I have never yet met a member who confessed to equanimity on the occasion. In the first place, one is obsessed by the unseen presence of those giants of debate whose effigies adorn the precincts; and, in the second place, one has to address what Macaulay called the most peculiar audience in the world—peculiar because it is representative of almost every gradation of political views, passions, and prejudices, and because it is so accustomed to hear speeches that its ordinary attitude is coldly critical.

I have drawn a deterrent picture of the House as audience, but let me hasten to illumine the canvas with a pleasing light. The House may be the most critical in the world, but it is, nevertheless, the most generous, especially to a new-comer. I shall never forget the kindly consideration which I received when, greatly daring, I inflicted my first speech upon it.

It has frequently been said that jealousy is the badge of all the political tribe. I have not discovered it to be so; on the contrary, I know no place where appreciation is readier and more genuine than in the House of Commons. For example, the speaker who follows the trembling neophyte in his first essay never fails to compliment him in generous terms, and to wish him a successful career. Nor is this a mere convention; the House of Commons is genuinely glad to welcome any one who shows promise. After all, membership of the House is membership of a club of men who, whatever their differences may be in political thought and temperament, are all supposed to be there for a common purpose—namely, to secure the safety, honour, and welfare of their country. They meet day by day, strange and apparently incompatible intimacies spring up, and everywhere there is a feeling of *camaraderie*. Nearly all the invective which I have heard has come from one particular quarter, and though vehement, it does not leave a sting. I think the characteristic of the House may be described as bored good nature.

Oratory of the old type has vanished, never to return. The pompous, stilted speech of the eighteenth century would not be tolerated now, and anything that smells too strongly of the lamp is suspect. Even the style and manner of Gladstonian speech is almost extinct. The late Mr John Redmond was its last inheritor. He delighted us, though on rare occasions, with the rolling sentences, the carefully chosen diction, and many parentheses of the 'grand manner.' Another Irishman, Mr Devlin, is perhaps the only natural orator amongst us. He has the voice for the part, the capacity for emotional utterance, great fluency, and the art of marshalling his phrases in a crowning crescendo.

Of course, the Irish party always includes a licensed jester. An Irish party without a wit would be like Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark—inconceivable. Mr Jeremiah M'Veagh is possessor of the cap and bells at present. He is the hero of the following story. A certain member left his party in a huff, and for a few weeks refused to sit and vote with his old comrades. Repenting, however, of the cold shades of opposition, he made his peace, and was duly received into the fold again. To indicate the fact that all was forgotten and forgiven, he walked up the floor of the House side by side with the Whip, who happened to be a big, stout man. The incident was observed, as it was intended to be, and Jeremiah M'Veagh saw immediately that the occasion demanded comment. He rose in his place and said, 'Mr Speaker, may I call your attention to the fact that the Prodigal Son has returned, bringing with him his own fattened calf?'

We have seen but little of the Prime Minister during my tenure of membership, and there are irreverent persons who dub him the right

*honorary* gentleman. Nevertheless, we have had one or two notable speeches from him, not, however, of the character which we were accustomed to when, 'in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility,' he entered the lists as a dashing light horseman, delighting onlookers with the flash and glitter of his blade and the dexterity of his fence. Nowadays he either reads or adheres closely to notes, for his utterances as Prime Minister are weighty and must be cautiously phrased. The Prime Minister is seen at his best before a popular audience, where his Celtic fervour, his wonderful gift of coining phrases, his skilful adaptation of popular ideas to the political issues of the moment, and his poetical perorations make him more effective than any other living platform speaker.

Mr Asquith is in every way the very antithesis of the Premier. Though capable of deep emotion, as he has clearly shown in those cameos of panegyric which he has contributed when the House is paying its last respects to the memory of members who have fallen on the stricken field, he is, for the most part, coldly and studiously classical in his diction, and as clear as crystal in his sequence and logic. An Asquithian speech always reminds me of a Greek temple, simple in structure, but faultless in outline, severe in ornamentation, ruthless in elimination of the hackneyed, the trite, and the banal. I speak, of course, for myself when I say that after Mr Asquith has spoken on a topic, nothing remains for subsequent speakers but gloss and commentary and illustration.

Mr Balfour stands in a class by himself. He is the most subtle speaker in the House; not intrinsically attractive, but impossible to ignore. During recent debates he has spoken with strong feeling, and the deep tones of his voice still linger in my ear. The very model of courtesy, he is, nevertheless, the most dangerous of all men to interrupt. He is a master of dialectics, and bold indeed is the member who tries a fall with him. I am frequently interested to note his method of preparing a speech. He takes two long envelopes from the table, and on the one he indicates with wide gaps the topics on which he proposes to speak; the other he reserves for annotations as the debate proceeds. Then, before rising, he transfers the notes of debate to the proper section of the skeleton which he has outlined on envelope number one. The consequence is that his speeches acquire a form and coherence rarely attained by other speakers. If he has a fault, it is the peccadillo of the old parliamentary hand—the tendency to score debating points and ride off triumphant without touching the core of the question.

Space forbids that I should attempt to characterise the other leading speakers of the House, but I must not omit a brief reference to Mr Bonar Law, Lord Hugh Cecil, and Mr Austen Chamberlain. In two respects Mr Bonar Law is

especially distinguished; he is prodigiously fluent, and he possesses a most remarkable memory. He never pauses for a word, and he is capable of making a Budget speech from half a sheet of notepaper. Without any of the learning of the schools, with no pretensions to literary ability, and with a somewhat restricted vocabulary, he nevertheless manages to say all that he intends to say, though, of course, with none of the crispness and finality of an Asquith. He is suavity personified, and he has his temper under perfect control. His is the speaking of the plain business man who argues questions in the light of common-sense and everyday experience.

Lord Hugh Cecil is certainly the most distinguished non-official debater in the House of Commons, and most members will agree that in his recent 'conscientious objector' speech he touched his high-water mark. It was easy on that occasion to earn a little cheap popularity by shouting with the crowd, but any such peddling of high conviction is utterly abhorrent to a man of Lord Hugh Cecil's temper of mind. He is never afraid to base his argument on the loftiest principle, and no man thus appeals to the House of Commons in vain. Lord Hugh Cecil is essentially a Christian idealist, something of a poet to boot, and not without a fine vein of literary humour. Few who heard it will ever forget his beautiful and exquisitely phrased illustration drawn from his experiences as an airman. He is always original, and he would scorn to repeat the hackneyed arguments that form the stock-in-trade of the ordinary back bencher. Moving as he does on the lofty plane of idealism, he does not impress an onlooker as a man who would be successful in office. He probably is far inferior in administrative gifts and in concrete soundness of judgment to his brother, Lord Robert Cecil.

Since Mr Austen Chamberlain made his notable sacrifice to constitutional propriety he has entered the lists as a free-lance, and has greatly enhanced his reputation. Members who recollect his father remark that his incisive, barbed, and vigorous style perpetuates the parental tradition. His reinclusion in the Ministry—already Gargantuan in proportions—was quite in accordance with expectation.

Most of the leading Labour speakers are distinguished by a plain, straightforward directness. They have a clean-cut creed and a distinctive attitude towards almost every topic of debate. They are less bound down by convention than members of academic antecedents, and they obviously are out, not for parade, but for business. Their influence in the House has been marked, and they have made reality the keynote of its deliberations. Several of them have fine voices and are accustomed to sway large audiences. There is nothing of bated breath and whispering humbleness about them.

The most familiar publication seen in the House is the blue-backed 'Hansard,' which gives

a verbatim record of the previous day's proceedings. 'Hansarding,' or convicting a member of inconsistent utterances, is still a favourite pastime on the front benches. Why consistency in a world of kaleidoscopic change should be a virtue of such pre-eminence I have never been able to understand. The circumstances change hourly, and we with them, and in such conditions rigid fixity of opinion is surely little better than mulishness. Members are allowed a certain amount of correction on their speeches as printed in the daily report, and the amended version appears in the bound volume. Frequently, of course, the official reporter has his lapses, and humorously misrepresents the speaker. But this is not to be wondered at, for many speakers are woefully indistinct, and it is possible to mistake their meaning even within close earshot. Here, for example, is an instance which I think will appeal to Scottish readers. It took place in 1876. Sir George Campbell, a Scottish member, was speaking, when suddenly The O'Gorman arose and in indignant tones exclaimed, 'Mr Speaker, I rise to order, sir! I wish to know, sir, whether the honourable member is justified in stigmatising my beloved fellow-countrymen as "the blasted Irish."'

Sir G. Campbell: 'Mr Speaker'—

The Speaker: 'Order! order! I did not catch the expression of the honourable member.'

Sir G. Campbell: 'Will you allow me, Mr Speaker'—

The Speaker: 'Order! order! But if the expression was used, it is certainly unparliamentary and most improper.' (Hear, hear!)

Sir G. Campbell: 'Mr Speaker, I never said "blasted Irish." What I did say was "Glasgow Irish."'

And amidst much laughter and cheering the incident terminated.

At eleven precisely the debate ends either by a division or by being talked out. Miscellaneous business occupies the next half-hour; and at 11.30 on ordinary occasions the Speaker leaves the chair, and the attendants outside raise the quaint and mysterious cry, 'Who goes home?' For centuries this invitation has rung through the Palace of Westminster. It dates from the days when it was advisable for members to collect in groups and wend their way homeward in gangs, so as to defy the footpads and highwaymen who then infested the lonely area between Westminster and the City. In time of war the cry is poignant. As one passes out into the shadows of Palace Yard one thinks, with an aching at the heart, of the gallant lads who are going home at the very moment away on the stark, blood-sodden fields of France and Flanders. One thinks, too, of the gallant young parliamentarians, with a life of promise before them, and visions of high office beckoning them, who have set aside their ambitions and have fought and died in the ranks of the glorious army that is battling for all that makes life worth living—for righteousness, truth, and mercy as the law of the world, and for the elimination of war as the greatest tragedy of civilisation. So, sadly one 'goes home' with the fine lines of G. K. Chesterton ringing in the brain:

In the city set upon slime and loam  
They cry in their Parliament, 'Who goes home?'  
And there comes no answer in arch or dome,  
For none in the city of graves goes home.  
Yet these shall perish and understand,  
For God has pity on this great land.

Men that are men again; who goes home?  
Tocsin and trumpeter! Who goes home?  
For there's blood on the field and blood on the foam,  
And blood on the body, when Man goes home.  
And a voice valedictory . . . Who is for Victory?  
Who is for Liberty? Who goes home?

## 'G A B R I E L L E.'

By J. FREDERICK TILSLEY.

'I KNOW a girl'—began Private Stockton, and stopped. He always stopped at this point.

His friend, Private Briggs, smiled, and then shrugged a trifle irritably.

'You've mentioned the lady before,' he answered. 'I don't want to seem nosy, but I wish you would either hand out the details or shut up about her altogether. That constant phrase of yours, "I know a girl," gets on one's nerves after a time. I used to think it was the first line of some comic song you were trying to learn by heart. For heaven's sake, who is she?'

'Oh, just a friend—at present.'

'English?'

'English, of course! Think I'd have anything to do with any of these French girls?'

'Why not? And, besides, most of the girls out here are Flemish.'

'All the same.' Private Stockton waved a capable hand. 'No difference at all. Don't like 'em.'

'Why, what's wrong with them?'

'Don't like 'em.' Private Stockton spoke with great firmness. 'They're fast.'

'Have you ever met any of them?'

Private Stockton had not; and for a moment he was nonplussed. He had brought his ideas of French young ladies ready-made from England with him, and up to the present nothing had happened to cause him to alter them. All foreign girls were frivolous. French girls were particularly frivolous. All the world knew about the frivolousness of French girls; it

was notorious. Private Stockton was very young.

The friends walked on in silence for a time. The road was a typical Flemish road, a ribbon of mud running through green fields. Tall elm-trees grew at regular intervals along the two sides. They kept close to these trees on account of the continuous stream of motor-lorries which rumbled along from both directions, spraying them liberally with the sticky mud of Flanders. There is not much room left on an ordinary road when G. S. wagons are passing each other.

It was impossible to nonplus Private Stockton for long.

'The only girls I have ever come in contact with out here,' he said at last, 'are girls in shops, all ear-rings, eyes, and fringe. I detest fringe; and they all seem to wear it. But you don't need to meet 'em to know 'em. I suppose odd ones here and there are all right.'

Private Stockton made no attempt to conceal the effort it cost him to make this concession.

'Take 'em all round,' said Briggs, 'I think you'll find girls are pretty much alike the world over. We're getting near to Frodkerque.'

The trees at the sides of the road were giving way to buildings. Traffic became more mixed with people. Very soon they entered Frodkerque's principal and only street. The friends, who were fresh from the trenches, hoped to find an afternoon's amusement in Frodkerque. Your average British Tommy is an optimistic creature.

'Doesn't look very promising, does it?' grunted Briggs.

A sad-looking artilleryman stood to one side of the narrow footwalk to allow them to pass.

'Remember Belgium,' said Private Stockton with deep irony. 'Anything doing in this place, chum?'

The artilleryman grinned wanly.

'There's a cinema just outside the village, or whatever you call it—big place, made of camouflaged canvas—can't miss it—but there's no show until five o'clock; and there's some Belgian kids throwing stones at an old petrol-tin on a wall half-way down the street. Those are the only amusements I've seen. I'm thinking of taking to drink meself. *Bonn Jaw*.'

'Suppose we look around for some place where we can get a drink of coffee. I could do with it after that walk,' remarked Private Briggs.

Private Stockton, who was eyeing with strong disapproval a fac-simile of the cover of that sprightly journal, *La Vie Parisienne*, which hung in the window of a little newsagent's shop, nodded; and, turning, they followed in the tracks of the artilleryman. They passed several little groups of disconsolate figures clad in mud-stained khaki.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, Private Stockton spoke. He said, 'I know a girl'—and stopped.

Private Briggs nodded almost sympathetically.

He understood all at once that his friend was homesick, and that this 'I know a girl' was the only outward expression of his home-sickness he permitted himself.

'What's she like?' asked Briggs.

'She's a typical English girl. Her eyes are blue and steady, with an expression in them that is half-grave and half-humorous. Her hair is dark brown, and—and—well, wait till I go home on leave, that's all!' concluded Private Stockton breathlessly.

Private Briggs was so astonished at this outburst from his normally level-headed and matter-of-fact friend that he was unable to speak for a moment.

'Some girl,' he murmured at last. 'Does she write to you?'

'Pretty often. I hope I'm not conceited, but I think I stand a chance. Anyway, I'm not likely to waste a second glance on any of the girls out here.'

Private Stockton had not yet met Gabrielle. THAT happened just one minute later.

'There's a decent-looking little place!' exclaimed Briggs suddenly. He indicated with a jerk of his thumb a little estaminet on the other side of the road. It was, apparently, a degree less grimy than any of the other estaminets in Frodkerque. 'Perhaps we'll get some coffee there,' he concluded hopefully.

They crossed the road. It was Private Stockton who, after some slight fumbling with the handle, opened the door and stepped into the dark little room first. He saw two or three Belgian and British soldiers seated at little beer-stained tables, and through the smoke-laden atmosphere—Gabrielle.

Gabrielle had two big, soft, black eyes, glittering ear-rings, and—fringe.

For a few moments Gabrielle and Private Stockton gazed at each other. Gabrielle's voice, soft as her eyes, broke the silence first.

'Good-afternoon, monsieur.'

'*Bonn Jaw*,' answered Private Stockton with shy politeness. He blushed brightly and smiled. He had a beautiful smile; it made his white teeth glitter and his blue eyes dance. To be smiled upon by Private Stockton was to be highly favoured, for he was a very serious young man, and he smiled but seldom. Gabrielle seemed to realise and appreciate the favour. She coloured faintly, and smiled back at him. She liked Private Stockton instinctively. Most girls did, though he would have been very much amazed and embarrassed if any one had told him so. Gabrielle liked his steadfast blue eyes, his firm mouth and chin, his short, well-made body, and the wind-blown, open-air look of him. But most of all she liked his boyishness; for, although Private Stockton was turned twenty, he looked very little more than eighteen.

'Have you any coffee, please?'

'Ah! No. Beer, stout, citron, grenadine;

but coffee—no.' Gabrielle spread her little white hands, and frowned tragically. 'Not coffee, monsieur. Not coffee; plenty beer, stout'——

Private Stockton shook his head.

'Too cold. Thank you very much, all the same.'

Private Briggs, with his hand on the handle of the door, hesitated for a moment. He did not want beer; but Gabrielle interested him.

'Thanks very much,' Stockton repeated.

For some reason or another he was reluctant to go. He smiled again and turned slowly; but the smile settled it.

'Wait, monsieur—wait just one moment. The coffee—it is not impossible.'

She gesticulated swiftly with one hand, pushed open a glass-panelled door at her back with the other, and disappeared. They heard her speaking rapidly for a few moments, and then she returned, slightly flushed, but smiling triumphantly.

'It is done. You will please wait a few moments, and there will be coffee—yes. It is not usual.'

Her eyes never left Private Stockton.

'*Mercy boko*,' he answered gratefully, and looked round for a seat.

'Come in,' said Gabrielle, again pushing the glass-panelled door ajar.

In spite of a slight nudge from his companion, and a whispered, 'Go on, you ass! What are you waiting for?' from Briggs, Private Stockton hesitated from sheer shyness.

'Please,' said Gabrielle softly, and her dark eyes lured him on, blushing deeply.

He walked across the room, passed behind the counter, and, with Briggs close behind him, entered the little private living-room.

A stout, pleasant-looking lady, obviously Gabrielle's mother, greeted them with smiles and nods, and repeated '*Bon jours*.' Gabrielle drew two chairs up to the big stove, without which no Belgian kitchen is complete, and bade them be seated.

'This,' murmured Briggs, spreading himself out luxuriously, 'is *trays beans*.'

This mysterious expression is used by the British army when it wishes to express entire satisfaction with everything and everybody.

'You like it—yes?' Gabrielle addressed her question to Private Stockton.

'Rather,' said that young man. 'Awfully good of you. Hope we are not in the way!'

'No! No! No! *Hoo! no*.'

'I'll tell you what,' said Briggs. 'As soon as we've had our coffee, let's go down to Poperinghe. There's plenty of motor-lorries going that way.'

'We're all right here,' answered Private Stockton. '"Pop" isn't up to much these days, and the pictures will open soon. Besides, I'm pretty comfortable.'

Private Briggs smiled, and then winked solemnly at a large photograph hanging on the wall.

It took them a long time to drink their coffee. They discussed the war and Flanders, and then turned their attention to Britain. Gabrielle was interested in Britain, and she asked Private Stockton many questions. He waxed eloquent on a subject that makes even the most taciturn Tommy talk fluently. And then came the inevitable query. Had Private Stockton a fiancée? And if so, what was she like? Private Stockton experienced a curious little thrill of satisfaction in being able to answer quite truthfully that he had not a fiancée.

'Perhaps two, *t'ree*, eh?' murmured Gabrielle, with a mischievous smile. 'One in Englan'; two, *t'ree* in France; two, *t'ree* in Flanders?'

'Haven't got any, anywhere.'

'Ah, you—what you say?—pull my leg.—Is not that so, monsieur?' She appealed to Briggs.

'No,' answered Briggs slowly. 'He hasn't got a fiancée; but,' he added, a trifle spitefully, 'he has hopes.'

Gabrielle looked puzzled.

'Hopes? Monsieur, how do you mean? Hopes?'

'Oh!' Briggs laughed mirthlessly, 'he *knows* a girl.'

At this point madame, who understood no English, created a diversion. Under the impression that some one had made a joke, she began to laugh immoderately, and say, 'Yah! yah! yah!' with great gusto. When the outburst was over Private Stockton rose abruptly from his chair.

'If we're going to the cinema, it's time we were moving,' he said.

'What's the hurry? There's plenty of time,' grumbled Briggs.

'I think we'd better be going.'

Being English, Private Stockton was also sensitive; and although he would have liked to remain longer, he had all the Englishman's dread of overstaying his welcome, even for a moment. Briggs rose reluctantly, and Gabrielle accompanied them to the street door.

'If you come to Frodkerque again, perhaps you will come to see us—yes?' she said; and her eyes were looking into Stockton's as she spoke. 'I—I should like very much to see you again.'

'You bet,' answered Stockton with feeling.

'I mean, of course I will—rather.'

'You *promise* that you will come again—yes?'

'Yes.'

'Soon?'

'I will come again,' said Private Stockton with great firmness, 'to-morrow afternoon.'

Gabrielle's hand rested lightly for a moment on his right sleeve. 'Thank you very much,' she whispered, and then disappeared.

Stockton stood perfectly still until the voice of Briggs broke in upon his whirling thoughts. 'I know a girl,' Briggs was muttering with great bitterness. 'Gravely humorous eyes, wonderful hair, marvellous nose, but above all—English,

quite English, you know. No ear-rings; no fringe—*detest* fringe.'

Briggs kept on in this strain until they reached the cinema. Private Stockton did not argue with him. He realised that his friend was jealous; and as there is nothing to be gained by talking to a jealous man, he kept silent and thought of Gabrielle.

With eyes shining and buttons glittering, Private Stockton presented himself at the estaminet the next day. He was alone. Briggs had refused to accompany him. The gulf between them had widened rapidly in a very short time. Private Stockton was not sorry to be unaccompanied on this occasion; but, being genuinely fond of Briggs, he had done his best to talk that worthy into a reasonable frame of mind—all to no purpose.

'When I go down there again, I shall go by myself,' Briggs had said coldly.

'All right,' had been Stockton's answer. 'Tell me when you're going, and I'll stay away.'

Gabrielle made a great fuss of Private Stockton, and madame was unfeignedly glad to see him again. Coffee was ready and waiting for him, and a chair was placed within the pleasant heat of the stove. The estaminet was not very busy that day, and Gabrielle was able to spend the greater part of the afternoon at the other side of the stove. Sometimes they talked, and sometimes they were silent; but more was said during the silence than came out in the conversation. As the time for departure drew near Gabrielle asked shyly if he had not a photograph for her.

It so happened that Private Stockton *had* a photograph of himself. It was taken when he first joined the army, and it represented him, looking very stiff and new and uncomfortable, in his first suit of khaki. He produced this photograph from his pocket, and handed it to Gabrielle. She eyed it critically in silence for some moments, and then murmured, with that embarrassing frankness which was characteristic of her, and which he put down to her inability to appreciate fully the value of certain English words and phrases, 'You are much nicer than this, I think.'

'I think so, too,' he answered, laughing awkwardly.

'You will write a little on it, please, monsieur?'

Private Stockton gathered that she would like the photograph signed, so he fumbled in his pocket for a stump of copying-ink pencil, and signed his name on the back. Then, greatly daring, he wrote above it, 'Yours faithfully.'

'Now, aren't you going to give me a photograph of yourself?' he pleaded.

'I have none now, but next week—yes; only, you will please say nothing to the other soldiers? Always they ask for photographs, and there are so many.'

Private Stockton promised that he would say nothing to the other soldiers, and rose to go. He shook hands solemnly with madame, who said 'Good-night, monsieur,' many times. Gabrielle accompanied him to the door again, and, without speaking, offered her hand. He took it in silence, and glanced sharply to right and left. It was almost dark, and the quiet little street was deserted so far as he could see. His eyes met Gabrielle's again. There was something in them that provoked him strangely; he leaned forward and kissed her, then, without a word, turned on his heel and set off down the narrow street at a great pace, whistling shrilly as he went.

Before Private Stockton saw Gabrielle again he had played his part in the grim struggle for the Passchendaele Ridge. Three days after that never-to-be-forgotten evening when he kissed her, his battalion went over the top and took their objective, with but few casualties. Briggs went down in 'No Man's Land' with a bullet through his ankle, and arrived at the nearest casualty clearing station in the afternoon. The motor-ambulance which carried him there was followed by a lorry full of 'walking cases.' Out of this lorry, caked with mud from the soles of his feet to the roots of his hair, climbed Private Stockton. His left arm was in a sling, but he was still wearing his steel helmet. In spite of the wet and cold, he felt pleased with himself. He had done something, and was going to be recommended. He was not quite sure what it was he had done, but he rather thought he had put a machine-gun out of action. Noise and excitement had blurred his memory of the fight, and it all seemed to have happened a long time ago. In the reception-room he saw Briggs lying on a stretcher in front of a table. The R.A.M.C. orderly was taking his particulars. Private Stockton waved his hand, and shouted, 'Cheerio! It's Blighty for us this time, old man.' Then he remembered Gabrielle, and somehow Blighty seemed to lose just a little of its attraction. He asked the orderly who dressed his arm the number of the casualty clearing station. The answer cheered him considerably. The station was within a few minutes' walk of Frodkerque.

'Any idea when they'll be sending us to the base?' he asked the orderly.

'I believe there's an evacuation somewhere about eight o'clock.'

'Think they'd let me slip down to Frodkerque to see a friend?'

'I'm blooming sure they wouldn't.'

'All the same,' murmured Private Stockton to himself, 'I'm going.'

Private Stockton left the clearing station without much trouble. There was a 'push' on, and everybody was too busy attending to patients coming in to bother about an odd one going out. There was a sentry at the entrance to the hospital, but the cap and overcoat he had borrowed

from the ward without asking permission enabled Stockton to pass out without question. Probably the sentry did not notice that the left sleeve of the overcoat was hanging loose and empty.

As he tramped wearily through the mud, Private Stockton tried to decide what he was going to say to Gabrielle, but could think of nothing. He knew that this would probably be the last time he would see her, and every instinct within him rose up in passionate protest against the fate that had played such a merciless trick upon him.

'I'll not lose her, though,' he muttered. 'I'll come out here after the war, if she'll wait. That's what I want to know—will she wait?'

When he reached the estaminet Gabrielle was leaning with her elbows on the counter and her chin in her hands, talking to a Belgian soldier, the only other occupant of the estaminet at the moment.

Private Stockton stood quite still, with his unwounded hand still gripping the handle of the door. Something in Gabrielle's drawn face kept him back. The Belgian had turned slightly as the door opened. Stockton saw that he was young and good-looking. Gabrielle was standing stiffly erect now. Her face was quite white, and her big eyes were fixed unblinkingly on Stockton's face. Suddenly she laughed. It was an unnatural laugh, and there were tears behind it.

'Good-evening, monsieur,' she said shrilly. 'I have pleasure to introduce to you my cousin and—and—fiancé. We have to-day, what you call, become engage.'

Poor Gabrielle! she could not add that she had become engaged to her cousin much against her will, and that had not religion, her mother, the fact that Stockton was a soldier, and a hundred and one things made such a course impossible, she would gladly have gone away with

him at that moment to his beloved Blighty or anywhere else on earth.

Private Stockton smiled mirthlessly.

'Pleased to meet you,' he said in a voice that was harsh and jerky. He nodded to the Belgian, who smiled back pleasantly. 'Hope you'll both be very happy. Must be going now.'

'So that's over,' he muttered when he was in the street again. He sighed. 'I suppose it's all for the best. Religion was against it; and the fact that she, like myself, probably loves her country too well ever to want to live in another was against it—everything was against it—but it hurts, just at first.'

He did not feel that he had been made a fool of, and he was sure that Gabrielle had not held his affection lightly. Her manner helped him to divine dimly something of what had happened. He felt as sorry for Gabrielle as he did for himself. He sighed again, and then set his teeth.

Private Stockton experienced no more difficulty in getting back into the hospital than he had had in leaving it. The first thing he did was to inquire as to the whereabouts of Briggs. On describing his friend's injuries to an orderly, he was told that Briggs would be in one of two wards, the numbers of which were given him. Stockton found him at the first attempt.

'Hullo, old man! How's the arm?'

'Not so bad. How's the foot?'

'Great; can't hardly feel it. They tell me we are going to be sent down to the base shortly.'

'Yes; and then Blighty, I suppose.'

Briggs closed his eyes tightly, and smiled in anticipation.

'And then'—

'And then?' repeated Stockton thoughtfully. Suddenly he smiled. After all, his affair with Gabrielle had been too brief to wound very deeply.

'And then? Well—I know a girl.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE WHALE AS A SOURCE OF FOOD.

THOSE of us who have read that marvellous whaling-story, *Moby Dick, or the Whale*, by Herman Melville, will remember the occasion when Stubb, the second mate, ordered the cook to prepare him a whale-steak for supper. Commenting upon the eating of whale-meat in a subsequent chapter, the author of *Moby Dick* states that three centuries ago the tongue of the white whale was esteemed a great delicacy in France, and commanded a high price; also, that in Henry VIII.'s time a certain Court-cook obtained a handsome reward for inventing an admirable sauce to be eaten with barbecued porpoises. The latter statement should be of special interest to our fishermen and food authorities, as porpoises

are often very plentiful around our coasts, and one of average size would yield as much meat as a bullock. The skin, although not the source of the so-called 'porpoise-hide' bootlaces, which are really made from the integument of a small whale, should also prove of some value. The question of eating whale-meat has been taken up in America, which, like other countries, is feeling the world-shortage of food, and whale is being canned on the Pacific coast and sent inland. Each whale yields, on the average, eight tons of meat suitable for human consumption. Although the fibre is coarser than that of beef, whale-meat is said to be just as tender and appetising if properly cooked. The whaling industry in this country, which was already on the wane prior to 1914, has practically been put an end to by the

war, so that unless canned whale reaches us from the United States, we are not likely to have an opportunity of trying whale-flesh over here. According to the *Scientific American*, the price of whale-meat in San Francisco has been as high as twenty-two and a half cents per pound. Hitherto whales have been caught chiefly for the sake of the oil produced from the blubber, the remainder of the animal being turned into fertiliser, and sold at a very low price. It has recently been found that not only is the meat a valuable source of human food, but that good heavy leather can be made from the skin, while the intestines and the stomach yield leather of a lighter quality.

#### SHARKS AS FOOD.

In a report on the results of an investigation into the 'possibilities of the Californian fisheries,' carried out by the Committee for Zoological Investigations (U.S.), Assistant-Professor Edwin C. Starks makes some interesting remarks upon sharks as food. It appears from this report that the grayfish, a small shark, is already being canned; while another kind of shark has been salted and dried. The dried variety was tasted by the investigators and pronounced 'particularly good;' and the professor suggests that this fish, 'cured, perhaps smoked, and sliced across the grain, could be sold in paper boxes rather cheaply.' The basking-shark, which attains a length of thirty-six feet, is also canned, and as it is at times not rare, it should offer a considerable supply of food. According to people who have eaten fresh shark, the soup-fin, the thresher, the grayfish, and the little leopard are the best edible varieties. Evidence collected from fishermen showed that sharks were abundant, but not worth catching at present, as they can only be sold to the reduction-works at very low prices, the demand for them as food being still strictly limited.

#### BROWNING AUTOMATIC RIFLES AND MACHINE-GUNS.

American military authorities have all along been less reticent than their British confrères with regard to the weapons with which their army is equipped, and particulars have recently been published in the *Scientific American* of the Browning automatic rifle and the Browning machine-gun. The former weighs only sixteen pounds, and may be fired from the shoulder or from the hip. It is provided with a magazine containing twenty rounds, which may be discharged continuously within from two and a half to three seconds, or one at a time by pulling the trigger for each shot. When the rifle is acting automatically, and firing off twenty rounds in quick succession, a small portion of the gas pressure caused by the explosion operates the firing mechanism. Naturally water-cooling is not practicable in so light a weapon, but the rifle is said to cool very quickly, and to be capable of firing three hundred and fifty shots continuously

before a pause must be made for cooling it. The ammunition used is similar to, and interchangeable with, that fired by the American service rifle, and the only tools needed for taking this weapon to pieces are a small wrench and a cartridge-case. When in action with charging infantry each rifleman carries one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition, while another six hundred and thirty rounds are brought along by two assistants. The other weapon referred to, the Browning machine-gun, weighs thirty-four and a half pounds, and is water-cooled, the mechanism being operated by the recoil from each shot. It is fed with ammunition from a belt containing two hundred and fifty rounds of cartridges. At a recent Government test twenty thousand shots were fired by one of these guns in forty-eight minutes sixteen seconds without any failure of the mechanism. Both the rifle and the machine-gun are very simple in construction, and lend themselves to rapid production in enormous numbers by automatic machinery.

#### TRIALS OF AGRICULTURAL TRACTORS.

Some interesting trials of agricultural motor-tractors were held in Scotland last October by the directors of the Highland and Agricultural Society. Twenty-nine tractors were entered for the competitions, which took place at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth, on different dates towards the end of October, and the report by a committee of official observers was recently published in *The Engineer*. The conclusions arrived at by the committee were summarised at the end of the report. Of these the most interesting are as follow: (1) The weight of the tractor should not exceed thirty hundredweight. (2) The horsepower should be ample—not less than twenty brake horse-power. (3) Caterpillar tracks have not been shown to possess any advantage in gripping-power over the best type of wheels. (4) Well-designed spuds appear preferable to either spikes or bars. (5) Three and a half or four miles per hour forward, with reverse, appears to be the most generally useful speed. (6) Complete vaporisation of paraffin does not appear to have been generally obtained, and it may be found more satisfactory to use petrol when normal conditions return. (7) The price should not exceed three hundred pounds.

#### GERMAN CAPTURE OF BRITISH TRADE.

Examples of how the Germans were capturing British trade before the war, even in British colonies and dependencies, are continually coming to light, and a good instance of this development was recently given by Sir Henry Ledgard in an address to the Royal Society of Arts, which has been published in the society's *Journal*. It seems that by the co-operation of German tanners and hide-dealers in Hamburg with a German shipping line and an association of German merchants in Calcutta, nearly the whole trade

in ox and cow hides was transferred from British to German hands. In 1913 only seventeen thousand five hundred and thirty hides came to Britain, while seven million were imported by the Continent; whereas in 1872 Britain imported seven million, and the Continent none. Even the hide classifications were made to suit the German tanners, and the hides were carried from India to German and Austrian ports by a German line of steamers.

#### UNSINKABLE SHIPS.

A year or more ago inventors were hard at work devising appliances for trapping or exploding torpedoes before they reached their objective, but, so far as the writer is aware, none of their inventions has proved effective. Efforts are now being made to render ships unsinkable when struck by torpedoes or mines, either by division into numerous watertight compartments or by arranging what may be termed explosion-chambers along the sides. By the time this note appears in print the ex-Austrian steamship *Lucia* (now taken over by the United States) will have made a trip through the danger zone, where, if a U-boat is met with, she may have an opportunity of demonstrating the effectiveness or otherwise of a novel form of provision for making her unsinkable. The interior of this vessel is lined along the sides and across the watertight bulkheads with thousands of airtight wooden boxes which are firmly secured to the steelwork. The *Lucia* measures four hundred and thirty feet in length, and is nearly fifty feet in breadth. Before the torpedo protection was put into her she could carry ten thousand tons, but her cargo-carrying capacity has been reduced by about 30 per cent. owing to the space taken up by the boxes. Watertight bulkheads form an additional safeguard, the vessel being divided thereby into five cargo-holds, with a space for the machinery. Even if all the compartments were flooded, the ship would not sink, so that the Huns have a difficult job before them if they attempt her destruction. According to the *Scientific American*, this method of rendering ships unsinkable has been devised by Mr William T. Donnelly, and it has the approval of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States.

#### A NEW DISEASE IN AUSTRALIA.

One would imagine that the diseases which afflict our bodies are now so numerous that a new one would scarcely be possible; yet, according to the *English Mechanic*, the Board of Health for New South Wales has been puzzling over a deadly complaint that has recently appeared in the inland districts of that state. Mr Birks, surgeon to the Broken Hill Hospital at Sydney, attributes this disease to germs which enter the body through the air-passages and cause the rupture of small blood-vessels. The intestines, the kidneys, the spinal cord, and the brain are

the organs attacked, and fatal results quickly follow in nine-tenths of the cases. The disease, which has been named 'x'—the 'unknown quantity'—and is said to resemble infantile paralysis, appears to be confined to the early part of the year. Curiously enough, adult females are not subject to it, and it is only rarely that female children are attacked.

#### FIREPROOF CELLULOID FROM BEANS.

Attempts have been made from time to time to produce a substance having all the valuable qualities of celluloid, but much less inflammable, and costing no more to manufacture. Hitherto little success has been achieved in this direction; but lately a Japanese professor has invented a fireproof substitute for celluloid, which is said to be superior to its prototype in several respects. This substance, which has been named 'satolite,' in honour of the inventor, Professor S. Sato, is made from the soya bean, and a factory for its manufacture on an extensive scale is being erected near Tokyo. Soya beans are grown largely in Manchuria and Korea, so that there will be no lack of cheap raw material; in fact, the cost of production is expected to be considerably lower than that of celluloid.

#### THE MOTOR-CAR BOAT.

In a note in our March issue headed 'Amphibious Craft,' reference was made to motor-cars capable of floating and propelling themselves through the water. A recent example of a car of the type referred to, which has been described in the *Scientific American*, possesses several novel and ingenious features. For instance, the propeller is located in the front part of the car, which becomes the stern of the boat. This arrangement allows of the back of the car, which is the bow of the boat, being given a form suitable for proceeding through the water with a minimum of resistance—a feature easily provided for at the rear, where the shape is not interfered with by the engine and the radiator. Again, by making the front-wheels of the disc type or attaching discs to them, they are made to form an effective double rudder, so that steering is provided for without any alteration. In fact, the car is ready to enter the water at any moment, the only change needed being the taking out of the usual clutch at the back of the engine and the fitting of a similar clutch to the propeller in front. The body of the car is of steel, and is, of course, watertight. An illustration of it in the water shows seven persons on board. The motor develops fifty horse-power, and gives a speed of twenty-five miles an hour on land, while its speed as a boat is said to be eight or nine miles an hour. This vehicle is believed to have distinct advantages for some forms of war service, such as the conveyance of engineers or signallers.

## THE 'FLYPLANE.'

Many attempts have been made in the past to equip the human body with wings which would enable flights similar to those of birds to be undertaken. Inventors in this field were foredoomed to failure owing to the fact that a man has not enough power to lift his own weight in the air together with that of the necessary apparatus. Moreover, these attempts were based upon the up-and-down motion of the planes, similar to the movement of a bird's wings in flight. Now that mechanical power in a light form is available, while the gliding motion has proved to be the most efficient, the small flying-machine is a much more hopeful proposition, and what is known as a 'flyplane' has recently been devised by an American inventor named Capps. This contrivance consists of a very small aeroplane in which the flier is carried in a 'sitting upright' position, his legs taking the place of the usual wheels for rising and alighting. After the motor has been started, the flier, in order to rise, runs along the ground, and finally 'kicks off;' consequently lightness of construction is of the utmost importance. Except for their smallness, the wings and the tail of the machine are very similar to those of an ordinary aeroplane, each of the wings being double—that is, being composed of two planes, one above the other, as is now practically universal. The engine is of the lightest type known, and instead of having a revolving crank, the crank is stationary and the cylinders revolve round it. This form of motor requires no flywheel, while the cylinders are very effectively cooled by their high speed of revolution, and by the blast of air from the propeller. 'Thick asbestos pads protect the aviator from the heat developed when the engine is running,' says *Popular Science Siftings*, and small petrol and oil tanks are arranged around the frame into which the airman is strapped. The wings measure twelve feet from tip to tip, and controls are, of course, provided for steering and working the ailerons (the movable flaps on the wings for directing the flight upwards or downwards). The United States Government is said to be taking an interest in this machine with a view to its possibilities for scouting purposes during war-time.

## MATÉ, THE SOUTH AMERICAN TEA.

Mr Oscar Correia, vice-consul of Brazil in Liverpool, has written a pamphlet drawing attention to maté, or 'Paraguay tea,' which has been used in South America for over three centuries. To many there it takes the place of tea or coffee, and is specially appreciated by farmers, labourers, and soldiers because of its refreshing and stimulating qualities. The Sanitary Corps of the German army has used it as a substitute for tea, and to some extent it has also been used in the Italian and French armies. It is

recommended as a temperance beverage also, and one that is safer than any alcoholic drink. Brazil produces about one hundred thousand tons of this product from the leaves and green shoots of a certain species of holly. Some seventy thousand tons are exported, the Argentine and Uruguay being large purchasers. Various testimonies are given as to its virtues in toning up and soothing the nervous system, acting as a diuretic, lessening fatigue on a journey, and in relieving the pangs of hunger until food can be got. It contains less tannin and more of the active principle characteristic of such substances than either tea or coffee, and is pleasantly aromatic, though many at first may not care for its flavour. The rough leaf is recommended as the best for use as a tea, and may be infused in a teapot, with water hot, but not exactly boiling, and a strainer to keep back fragments of leaf. The leaves stand a second or third infusion. The beverage may be served like tea in cups with sugar, milk, or cream. Powdered leaf is the best to use when the beverage is taken without sugar. The usual quantity is three or four dessert-spoonfuls of leaf to about a quart of water, or one dessert-spoonful for every three or four small tea-cups.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

## QUIQUE SUI MEMORES ALIOS FECERE MERENDO.

(TO ALL THOSE EUROPEAN OFFICIALS AND OTHER CIVILIANS WHO ARE HOLDING UP THE FLAG OF EMPIRE AT THE OUTPOSTS.)

To some the glamour of the scenes of war  
On land, at sea, and in the trackless air—  
A world of plaudits to reward their deeds  
And hopefully remark them everywhere.  
What though the glamour is deceitful now,  
The suffering and the perils past belief?  
Yet to the careless watcher these have seemed  
To play the game and cull the laurel-leaf.  
Others there are whose courage is as good,  
Who, sternly faithful to their country's call,  
Hold fast to duty amid alien climes,  
And, lavish of their lives, give up their all  
In forests dark and deserts like a sea  
Of sounding silence, or by sluggish streams,  
Remembering Britain, guard her flag by day,  
And nightly turn to her in distant dreams.

H. M.

## \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE SHARK'S CAGE.

By W. VICTOR COOK, Author of *Ben Hassan's Title-Deeds*, *Anton of the Alps*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

'YOU see the idea?' said Donald Bruce.

'Top-hole,' answered the lieutenant-commander. He was a very young lieutenant-commander, and his eyes sparkled with an almost boyish eagerness. 'It would be a great scoop,' he said. 'The only thing that bothers me is that we have to be so careful not to tread on the toes of these confounded neutrals. The Canaries, of course, are Spanish territory.'

'The Spaniards,' said Bruce severely, 'should protect their neutrality from abuse.'

'I know. All the same, if there were to be any kind of a misfire, and this beastly Boche once got his U-boat clear of this "Cage" of yours, Mr Bruce, he would send in a complaint to his embassy at Madrid, and the Spanish Government would raise Cain. I wish I knew what the international law of the matter is. You see, I stand to get into a deadly row if I'm wrong.'

The Scotsman nodded his appreciation. 'The whole point of my scheme is,' he patiently explained, 'that we don't aim at fighting at all. We merely seek to kidnap the whole caboodle—ship, men, and everything. Kidnapping is only a civil offence, which anybody is entitled to commit at his own risk. On the other hand, these miserable Huns are systematically infringing Spanish neutrality by using this spot as their base. All we do is to slip into La Jaula before them, lie doggo till the right moment, and then corral the lot and cart them away to some comfortable internment camp. Why, they ought to be grateful to us for saving their lives!'

'It would be a great scoop,' the lieutenant-commander repeated dreamily.

'"Nothing venture, nothing win,"' quoted Bruce.

The young officer gazed thoughtfully at the two men before him. Both of them—the gray-eyed, alert Scot, and his big, silent companion—wore the dress of Spanish peasants. The second man, a swarthy, raw-boned Catalan—the 'Little Bird,' Bruce had said he was called—was much the older. His hair was grizzled, and his brown face was deeply lined, but he looked to have the strength of a horse. An ugly customer, the lieutenant-commander reflected, to have

against one in a scrimmage. He had become inured to queer doings since he had taken his first submarine out of Spithead a couple of years before, but the proposition which these two men had come out in a fishing-boat from Teneriffe to lay before him was as fanciful an adventure as even the lieutenant-commander could have desired. Boyish as he seemed, however, he was a pretty shrewd judge of character, and he made up his mind quickly.

'I'll do it, Mr Bruce,' he said quietly. 'By gad, I wish I could talk to your silent friend here in his own lingo! Do you say you have actually got those fifty Spanish peasant suits in your boat right here?'

'Right here, sir,' said Bruce.

'Well, that's that,' said the lieutenant-commander. He got out a box of cigarettes and passed it. 'Before we tranship them, if you won't think it impertinent, I should just like to hear the beginnings of this business. Of course, it stands to reason that a Scottish gentleman and a picturesque Spanish smuggler—I think you said that is your friend's profession when he is at home—don't go into partnership to "do in" a German submarine all on the spur of the moment. Just for the sake of the yarn, I should be awfully obliged if you could tell me the whole thing *ab ovo*, as we used to say at school.'

The Scot slowly inhaled a mouthful of cigarette-smoke and slowly blew it out again before replying. 'There's not much of a yarn in that, lieutenant, though it is true Pajarillo here and I have had some adventures together. Pajarillo means "Little Bird," you know. I don't remember whether I mentioned that the Little Bird had a brother who was blown up in a ship which was torpedoed off Marseilles. That was really the first start of it—the *ovum*, if I may put it so. He took up the vendetta against all Germans from that day forth. And I was lucky enough to fall in with him. Perhaps you have heard of my firm—M'Iroy, M'Iroy, and M'Allister, the wine people, a good old firm, with branches at most of the Spanish wine ports. Allow me.' Bruce produced a business card. 'If ever you are wanting anything in

our line, I think we could give you satisfaction,' he said with a smile. 'Well, I am of military age, as you see, and of course I was for joining up when this scrap began; but my people would not hear of it—said I could do more useful work where I was. You see, I know a good deal about the coast traffic, regular and irregular, around Spain, and my people considered I might get in touch with information from time to time which would be of use to your Service in running these sea-wolves to earth, or at least in stopping their supplies. To make a long story short, they were good enough to give me pretty well *carte-blanche* in the matter, and I happened to tumble across El Pajarillo here. Thanks to my firm, I was enabled to stimulate his natural sentiments of hostility to his brother's murderers with a fairly substantial financial inducement—if you take me?'

'I take you, Mr Bruce,' said the lieutenant-commander, with a grin.

'Well, that was the beginning of our adventures together, and this is one of them. We had a pretty good run in the Mediterranean, but things began to get rather hot for us there. The Little Bird fancied he was getting too unpopular among the Boche U-boat commanders, and we heard there was a chance of doing some useful business around the Canaries. So, for the sake of my friend's health, we came south the other day with an old schooner, the *Marta*; she's lying in Santa Cruz just now. We had a bit of trouble on the way; but that is another story. A couple of days after we landed, the Little Bird ran up against an old acquaintance of his in a café. The old acquaintance had had to clear out of Spain some years before owing to a difference with the Customs on the tariff question; and after drifting about Cuba for a few years, he had settled down here in the Canaries, where, I gather, he is doing pretty well. Of course, like everybody else, they talked about the submarine campaign. The Little Bird's friend wasn't very pleased with the Huns, it seems, because he has a biggish interest in the banana trade, which is all anyhow on account of the pirates; but, on the other hand, he mentioned that he was making up his losses to some extent by helping to supply the brutes with necessaries at one of their rendezvous. Well, the Little Bird is pretty slim—don't let him think I am talking about him—and after they had had a few drinks together, he seems to have got his old friend to take him on as a kind of agent to convey the stuff to this place which they call the Cage—La Jaula in the Spanish. You see, the Government regulations about neutrality make it a difficult thing to deal in that sort of trade, and the Cage is a nasty place to get at, and the Little Bird had a pretty good record as a daring smuggler at home in the old days; so I suppose his acquaintance thought he would be a handy kind of man for

the job. Anyway, he took him on, and Pajarillo got through with a big consignment of stuff in Al style, and his friend was delighted. The Little Bird did not forget his vendetta, however, and had a good look round while he was there, and a few days later he took me up with him alone on the qt., and we made a further and more detailed inspection of the *locus in quo*, as the lawyers say. And now Pajarillo's friend has booked him to take charge of the next lot of mules going up with the stuff on Sunday night for loading into the U-boat on the Monday. He will take his own crowd with him—half-a-dozen fellows from the *Marta* who can be relied on to obey orders. They will deal with the two men in charge of the store and the tackle on the cliff-top. The rest we do for ourselves.'

'Won't it be just a wee bit rough on your friend's pal in Santa Cruz?' asked the lieutenant-commander, with a true British sense of fair-play.

The Scot smiled. 'McIlroy, McIlroy, and McAllister will see that the gentleman is not out of pocket on the transaction,' he said.

'Top-hole!' exclaimed the young officer. He patted the great Catalan on the shoulder. 'Mr Bruce, tell him he's a brick,' he requested.

Bruce interpreted, and the brown, lined face relaxed into a grave smile. El Pajarillo removed his cigarette with his left hand and held out his right. '*Camarada!*' he said.

'True for you, old son!' replied the lieutenant-commander. 'We'll give 'em *Kamerad*, if we have any luck. Now, let's get those fancy-dresses of yours aboard, Mr Bruce, and then your friend can go back with his boat and carry on. You are sure you can point me out the way into this Cage place from the sea?'

'I took my bearings very carefully when I was there,' answered the Scot; 'and though I have never had the honour of piloting a submarine before, I have knocked about a good deal with ships of one sort or another. I think I can promise you.'

A couple of afternoons later Donald Bruce was enjoying the novel, and to him weird, experience of standing with the lieutenant-commander at the periscope of the submarine as it pursued its way beneath the waters of the Atlantic along the rock-bound coast of Teneriffe. The sensation reminded him of a long-ago day in his childhood, when, with a crowd of summer visitors, he had walked round the table of a camera-obscura on a seaside pier at home, watching from the darkness of the tiny room the crowd of trippers and the bathing-machines on the distant beach. Only, the camera-obscura did not sway up and down with the rather sickly alternations which the Atlantic Ocean imparted to the submarine. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and wished the trip was over.

'There's La Jaula!' he suddenly exclaimed.

The shore, perhaps two miles to starboard of them, was a line of high cliff, parched and gray-brown in the hot sun. At a point which they were nearing there was a black slit in the line of sunlit cliff, where some ancient cataclysm of this volcanic land had rent the rocky mass. The slit went only part way up the cliff, and seen from this distance and point of view had the appearance of a mere triangular crack in the face of the rock wall—a crack perhaps ten feet wide at its base, and extending some fifty feet up the cliff-side.

'Man alive!' exclaimed the lieutenant-commander; 'you don't suppose I am going to put my boat at that crack! The camel that got through the needle's eye had a cushy job compared with that! What!'

'Wait and see,' Bruce answered. 'The tide is high at present. When the tide is low, the fall of even a few feet that the ocean tides give you here will show you all the difference. You will see that the opening broadens very much at the base. You will then be able to run right up to the cliff, dive as you enter the cleft, run along under water for a hundred yards or so at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and then poke your periscope up again. You will find yourself in the Cage.'

'I say, Bruce,' said the young officer gravely, 'you know what would happen if this little ship of mine hit those rocks in the tunnel?'

Bruce nodded. 'I know. But you won't hit them. If it were a man swimming, he could swim right in without diving.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have done it, sir,' said Bruce. 'The Little Bird and I swam it together, and tested the depth by diving.'

The officer stared at him. 'The devil you did!' he exclaimed. 'Well, you're a cool hand, anyway. All the same, it's a deuced rum place.'

'Inside,' the Scot continued, 'it is a great irregular crater—acres of still, dark water, with precipices dropping down to it as steep as the sides of a house, on every quarter but one, and there is our ravine. My theory is that in one of the prehistoric eruptions of these islands there actually was a crater, which burst open here partly under water, and that the sea-water, getting down to the underground fires, went off in steam and blew crevices like this on all sides. However, I'm no geologist.'

'No,' the lieutenant-commander agreed. 'But for a wine-merchant's clerk, old son, you have some pretty serviceable gifts. I think we'll lie off here till sundown, and then butt in and try our luck in the Cage.'

At dusk, when the submarine, all but her periscope submerged, again approached the cliff, there was a noticeable change. The narrow slit had broadened out at the base till it resembled

the mouth of a vast culvert debouching into the sea. On the water-level it was nearly a hundred yards across. Inside, it was black as the pit.

'By gum!' said the lieutenant-commander as he stood at his eye-piece, 'it's a shuddery place, Mr Bruce. I bet that Boche skipper's heart was in his sea-boots the first time he went in there! I know mine is. Well, we're in for it now. Here goes!'

He gave the order to submerge still deeper, and had any man been there to witness, he would have seen the periscope disappear in the swirling water at the foot of the cliff. Sunk deep under, the lieutenant-commander stood in the body of his little craft, and by the light of the electric lamps watched the second-hand of his chronometer, with a tense, pale face. At last his hand moved to a lever. The vessel's way was checked. She rose a little, and presently at the eye-piece of the periscope a dim, uncertain picture showed itself.

Bruce heaved an involuntary sigh of relief. 'You must come to the surface now,' said he. 'If the Little Bird has done his part we have no observers to fear.' A couple of minutes later they emerged from the conning-tower on to the wet deck, and looked about them.

The submarine was afloat in the midst of a deep, gloomy lake, ringed round with beetling cliffs, in whose cracked and riven sides cavernous black openings showed here and there—mysterious witnesses to the terrific force of that long-ago explosion which had rent the island shore. Only at one point in the irregular circuit of the dark lake was there a tiny strip of beach, formed of broken volcanic fragments. This beach was steep-to, the water deepening immediately; but against the rocky wall behind the beach was a simple arrangement of tackle, by means of which a gangway could be raised, or lowered to extend a few feet out over the water. At the present moment this gangway was down, and in the dim light, standing at the end of it with a hand on one of the guide-ropes, was the tall figure of El Pajarillo, smoking a cigarette with philosophic calm.

The lieutenant-commander rubbed his hands with satisfaction. 'Mr Bruce, that partner of yours is a daisy. I take off my hat to him,' he said.

The Scot glanced up the face of the cliff above the gangway tackle. 'Yes, it's all right,' said he; 'there's the signal—the Spanish flag hung out instead of the Hun.'

Three hundred feet up the dark rock, a bit of bunting, striped with the yellow and red, hung against the fading daylight.

'The store-hut is just there,' said Bruce, 'and there is a tackle at the top to lower the stuff by. It doesn't look far, but it's the better part of half a mile to get there. I will show you where to take your ship so that she won't

our line, I think we could give you satisfaction,' he said with a smile. 'Well, I am of military age, as you see, and of course I was for joining up when this scrap began; but my people would not hear of it—said I could do more useful work where I was. You see, I know a good deal about the coast traffic, regular and irregular, around Spain, and my people considered I might get in touch with information from time to time which would be of use to your Service in running these sea-wolves to earth, or at least in stopping their supplies. To make a long story short, they were good enough to give me pretty well *carte-blanche* in the matter, and I happened to tumble across El Pajarillo here. Thanks to my firm, I was enabled to stimulate his natural sentiments of hostility to his brother's murderers with a fairly substantial financial inducement—if you take me?'

'I take you, Mr Bruce,' said the lieutenant-commander, with a grin.

'Well, that was the beginning of our adventures together, and this is one of them. We had a pretty good run in the Mediterranean, but things began to get rather hot for us there. The Little Bird fancied he was getting too unpopular among the Boche U-boat commanders, and we heard there was a chance of doing some useful business around the Canaries. So, for the sake of my friend's health, we came south the other day with an old schooner, the *Marta*; she's lying in Santa Cruz just now. We had a bit of trouble on the way; but that is another story. A couple of days after we landed, the Little Bird ran up against an old acquaintance of his in a café. The old acquaintance had had to clear out of Spain some years before owing to a difference with the Customs on the tariff question; and after drifting about Cuba for a few years, he had settled down here in the Canaries, where, I gather, he is doing pretty well. Of course, like everybody else, they talked about the submarine campaign. The Little Bird's friend wasn't very pleased with the Huns, it seems, because he has a biggish interest in the banana trade, which is all anyhow on account of the pirates; but, on the other hand, he mentioned that he was making up his losses to some extent by helping to supply the brutes with necessaries at one of their rendezvous. Well, the Little Bird is pretty slim—don't let him think I am talking about him—and after they had had a few drinks together, he seems to have got his old friend to take him on as a kind of agent to convey the stuff to this place which they call the Cage—La Jaula in the Spanish. You see, the Government regulations about neutrality make it a difficult thing to deal in that sort of trade, and the Cage is a nasty place to get at, and the Little Bird had a pretty good record as a daring smuggler at home in the old days; so I suppose his acquaintance thought he would be a handy kind of man for

the job. Anyway, he took him on, and Pajarillo got through with a big consignment of stuff in Al style, and his friend was delighted. The Little Bird did not forget his vendetta, however, and had a good look round while he was there, and a few days later he took me up with him alone on the qt., and we made a further and more detailed inspection of the *locus in quo*, as the lawyers say. And now Pajarillo's friend has booked him to take charge of the next lot of mules going up with the stuff on Sunday night for loading into the U-boat on the Monday. He will take his own crowd with him—half-a-dozen fellows from the *Marta* who can be relied on to obey orders. They will deal with the two men in charge of the store and the tackle on the cliff-top. The rest we do for ourselves.'

'Won't it be just a wee bit rough on your friend's pal in Santa Cruz?' asked the lieutenant-commander, with a true British sense of fair-play.

The Scot smiled. 'M'Iroy, M'Iroy, and M'Allister will see that the gentleman is not out of pocket on the transaction,' he said.

'Top-hole!' exclaimed the young officer. He patted the great Catalan on the shoulder. 'Mr Bruce, tell him he's a brick,' he requested.

Bruce interpreted, and the brown, lined face relaxed into a grave smile. El Pajarillo removed his cigarette with his left hand and held out his right. '*Camarada!*' he said.

'True for you, old son!' replied the lieutenant-commander. 'We'll give 'em *Kamerad*, if we have any luck. Now, let's get those fancy-dresses of yours aboard, Mr Bruce, and then your friend can go back with his boat and carry on. You are sure you can point me out the way into this Cage place from the sea?'

'I took my bearings very carefully when I was there,' answered the Scot; 'and though I have never had the honour of piloting a submarine before, I have knocked about a good deal with ships of one sort or another. I think I can promise you.'

A couple of afternoons later Donald Bruce was enjoying the novel, and to him weird, experience of standing with the lieutenant-commander at the periscope of the submarine as it pursued its way beneath the waters of the Atlantic along the rock-bound coast of Tenerife. The sensation reminded him of a long-ago day in his childhood, when, with a crowd of summer visitors, he had walked round the table of a camera-obscura on a seaside pier at home, watching from the darkness of the tiny room the crowd of trippers and the bathing-machines on the distant beach. Only, the camera-obscura did not sway up and down with the rather sickly alternations which the Atlantic Ocean imparted to the submarine. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and wished the trip was over.

'There's La Jaula!' he suddenly exclaimed.

The shore, perhaps two miles to starboard of them, was a line of high cliff, parched and gray-brown in the hot sun. At a point which they were nearing there was a black slit in the line of sunlit cliff, where some ancient cataclysm of this volcanic land had rent the rocky mass. The slit went only part way up the cliff, and seen from this distance and point of view had the appearance of a mere triangular crack in the face of the rock wall—a crack perhaps ten feet wide at its base, and extending some fifty feet up the cliff-side.

'Man alive!' exclaimed the lieutenant-commander; 'you don't suppose I am going to put my boat at that crack! The camel that got through the needle's eye had a cushy job compared with that! What!'

'Wait and see,' Bruce answered. 'The tide is high at present. When the tide is low, the fall of even a few feet that the ocean tides give you here will show you all the difference. You will see that the opening broadens very much at the base. You will then be able to run right up to the cliff, dive as you enter the cleft, run along under water for a hundred yards or so at a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and then poke your periscope up again. You will find yourself in the Cage.'

'I say, Bruce,' said the young officer gravely, 'you know what would happen if this little ship of mine hit those rocks in the tunnel?'

Bruce nodded. 'I know. But you won't hit them. If it were a man swimming, he could swim right in without diving.'

'How do you know?'

'Because I have done it, sir,' said Bruce. 'The Little Bird and I swam it together, and tested the depth by diving.'

The officer stared at him. 'The devil you did!' he exclaimed. 'Well, you're a cool hand, anyway. All the same, it's a deuced rum place.'

'Inside,' the Scot continued, 'it is a great irregular crater—acres of still, dark water, with precipices dropping down to it as steep as the sides of a house, on every quarter but one, and there is our ravine. My theory is that in one of the prehistoric eruptions of these islands there actually was a crater, which burst open here partly under water, and that the sea-water, getting down to the underground fires, went off in steam and blew crevices like this on all sides. However, I'm no geologist.'

'No,' the lieutenant-commander agreed. 'But for a wine-merchant's clerk, old son, you have some pretty serviceable gifts. I think we'll lie off here till sundown, and then butt in and try our luck in the Cage.'

At dusk, when the submarine, all but her periscope submerged, again approached the cliff, there was a noticeable change. The narrow slit had broadened out at the base till it resembled

the mouth of a vast culvert debouching into the sea. On the water-level it was nearly a hundred yards across. Inside, it was black as the pit.

'By gum!' said the lieutenant-commander as he stood at his eye-piece, 'it's a shuddery place, Mr Bruce. I bet that Boche skipper's heart was in his sea-boots the first time he went in there! I know mine is. Well, we're in for it now. Here goes!'

He gave the order to submerge still deeper, and had any man been there to witness, he would have seen the periscope disappear in the swirling water at the foot of the cliff. Sunk deep under, the lieutenant-commander stood in the body of his little craft, and by the light of the electric lamps watched the second-hand of his chronometer, with a tense, pale face. At last his hand moved to a lever. The vessel's way was checked. She rose a little, and presently at the eye-piece of the periscope a dim, uncertain picture showed itself.

Bruce heaved an involuntary sigh of relief. 'You must come to the surface now,' said he. 'If the Little Bird has done his part we have no observers to fear.' A couple of minutes later they emerged from the conning-tower on to the wet deck, and looked about them.

The submarine was afloat in the midst of a deep, gloomy lake, ringed round with beetling cliffs, in whose cracked and riven sides cavernous black openings showed here and there—mysterious witnesses to the terrific force of that long-ago explosion which had rent the island shore. Only at one point in the irregular circuit of the dark lake was there a tiny strip of beach, formed of broken volcanic fragments. This beach was steep-to, the water deepening immediately; but against the rocky wall behind the beach was a simple arrangement of tackle, by means of which a gangway could be raised, or lowered to extend a few feet out over the water. At the present moment this gangway was down, and in the dim light, standing at the end of it with a hand on one of the guide-ropes, was the tall figure of El Pajarillo, smoking a cigarette with philosophic calm.

The lieutenant-commander rubbed his hands with satisfaction. 'Mr Bruce, that partner of yours is a daisy. I take off my hat to him,' he said.

The Scot glanced up the face of the cliff above the gangway tackle. 'Yes, it's all right,' said he; 'there's the signal—the Spanish flag hung out instead of the Hun.'

Three hundred feet up the dark rock, a bit of bunting, striped with the yellow and red, hung against the fading daylight.

'The store-hut is just there,' said Bruce, 'and there is a tackle at the top to lower the stuff by. It doesn't look far, but it's the better part of half a mile to get there. I will show you where to take your ship so that she won't

be seen, and then we'll come back and get to work.'

The submarine went ahead slowly towards the landward borders of the Cage, passing round an angle of rock which completely hid her from the entrance and the landing-stage. She came to one of the fissures in the cliff-side, large enough to take her in complete concealment, even on the surface of the water.

'How will this do?' Bruce asked.

'Top-hole!' answered the officer. 'I'll send my second round here with her when we have gone ashore. Now for the beach, and those fancy-dress costumes of yours!'

With twenty men of the submarine's crew, garbed like themselves as Spanish peasants, and wearing the silent *alpargatas*, or rope sandals, on their feet, they landed. El Pajarillo saluted gravely as they came up the gangway.

'All is secure above, Señor Bruce,' he reported. 'I delivered my stores into the hut, and sent away all those with me who were not members of the *Marta's* crew. Then we surprised the German agent and the two men with him. I have put them in a safe place under guard. The German submarine will come in on tomorrow morning's ebb. We have plenty of time to get ready. You have the gear prepared for loosening the bridge?'

'We have everything, Little Bird,' Bruce answered. 'And if all goes as it should, I shall take the responsibility of advising my firm to add 50 per cent. to your fee for this adventure.'

The old smuggler bowed with a regal air. 'I shall do my best to deserve your consideration, señor.'

(Continued on page 442).

## SOME OLD VISITING-CARDS.

By Sir JAMES BALFOUR PAUL, C.V.O., LL.D.

VISITING-CARDS are not, in Europe at all events, a very old institution, though there may be traces of them in the ancient civilisations of China and Egypt. Indeed, it is not till the middle of the seventeenth century, in the reign of the *Grand Monarque*, that we find them established, more or less on a modern footing, in France. It was not, however, till some little time later that they were in use in England. We are told that a visiting-card of Sir Isaac Newton, consisting of his name written on the back of an old playing-card, was found in a house in Dean Street, Soho, where Hogarth or his father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill, lived. The use of playing-cards as *cartes de visite* continued, at least occasionally, till a much later time, if we are to believe a writer in *Notes and Queries*, who states that about 1760 the Earl and Countess of North had cards with their names printed on the backs of half of the three of clubs and the queen of diamonds. Unfortunately for the truth of the story, there were no such persons as the Earl and Countess of North in existence in 1760. If the tale has any foundation in fact, it must refer to James, sixth Lord North, who received a Jacobite earldom in 1722; but he died in 1734.

By the middle of the eighteenth century visiting-cards had become common in England. They were at first called 'tickets,' to distinguish them not only from playing-cards, but from invitations to public and private functions, which were 'cards' proper. They are spoken of in Fielding's *Amelia*, published in 1751. Fanny Burney mentions in her *Diary* how Mr and Mrs Barbauld 'sent in a card' with their names, 'and begged to know if I would admit them;' and in *Cecilia* (1782) she writes: 'Why,

a ticket is only a visiting-card with a name upon it.'

The present-day calling-card, it must be confessed, is severely utilitarian, consisting as it does of a piece of inferior cardboard with a copperplate inscription, in ordinary script, of a name and address. But it was not always thus. Some old-time cards had a brightness and an individuality about them denied to their degenerate successors. Horace Walpole's friends, Mary and Agnes Berry, had a card with an engraving of two nymphs, one of them leading a lamb (in allusion to Miss Agnes) and pointing to a weed-grown slab, on which was inscribed, 'Miss Berrys.'

It was, however, on the continent of Europe that the individuality of visiting-cards was most marked. There lies before me a collection of cards chiefly connected with Italian and English families resident in Naples in the first half of the nineteenth century. They seem to have centred round the Drummond family, of whom several members were there at that period. Sir William Drummond, of the house of Logie-Almond, was Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Naples. Two years after he was sent as ambassador to the Ottoman Porte, and we have his cards as such, measuring four and a half inches by three inches, inscribed, 'Mr Drummond, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Sublime Porte.' In 1806 he was again envoy at Naples, but his diplomatic career came to an end in 1809. During the later years of his life, however, he resided chiefly in Italy, and he died at Rome in 1828. Monsignor Duca di Melfort, who left his card on the ambassador, was that Charles Edward Drummond who, but for the attainder, would have been fifth Earl of

Melfort. The dukedom was a Jacobite title conferred in 1692, and it is said that it was accepted and confirmed by Louis XIV. Monsignor Drummond had for many years a pension from the Civil List in Scotland; but he ultimately went to Rome, where he died as a prelate in the household of the Pope in 1840. His nephew, who proved his right to the dukedom and other French titles in the French courts, and who afterwards, by the reversal of the attainder, became Earl of Perth, has a simple card with his name engraved as 'Mr Drummond of Melfort;' while his wife's name appears on another as 'Mrs Drummond of Melfort, née Baronne de Rotberg-Coligny.' She was the widow of Comte Rapp, a peer of France. It seems to have been the general custom in Italy at this period for married women to add their maiden names on their card. Thus 'Mme. la Ctesse de Marguerye,' a great-granddaughter of the first Earl of Melfort, whose husband fell a victim to the guillotine at the French Revolution, adds to her name 'née Drummond of Melfort.'

These cards are commonplace enough. There are others, mainly Italian, of all sizes, colours, and designs. The name is very often written on an embossed card which must have been kept in stock and available for any one. One of the most curious of this kind is a little card one and three-quarter inches square; it has shell-like ornaments at the four corners, and there is a circle in relief, leaving the centre of the card plain. On it is written the single word 'Etter,' a sufficiently enigmatical inscription, which no doubt conveyed some information at the time to the person for whom the card was left. Another embossed card has been silver, though now sadly tarnished. It must have been made for military officers, as its decorations consist of swords, stars, laurel-wreaths, banners, and such-like allegorical emblems. The address is sometimes given special prominence. On a card, between the embossed figures of a pierrot and a harlequin, who hold up what appears to be a kind of veil over the face of the sun, is written:

Abitazione del Sig. Francesco Gava, Vico Gelzomino al No. 205.' Sometimes not only the card but the name was embossed, as in the case of the Marquis del Drago Biscia Gentili, who has his designation thus represented on a card with a simple and elegant design surrounding it. At the base are two wyverns regarding with some consternation the figure of an asp which rears its head between them; all this presumably in allusion to the family name of Drago.

Some of the cards attract attention not so much by their design as by their colouring, and it cannot be said that the Italians show much restraint in this matter. Three of them are green of a more or less vivid and aggressive tint; this at all events ensures them against being

overlooked on a hall table. One large card is yellow; and two, those of the Marchese Corsi and his wife, are of a beautiful old rose-tint, and have kept their colour marvellously. Both these and many others have a coronet of the rank in question above the name.

Two cards (though not from the same plate) have the same curious device of a greyhound holding in its mouth a billet, on which is inscribed—in one case in script, in the other in copperplate—the name of the owner of the card. The Duc di Corigliano has another of the same type, but in his case the hound does not do much credit to the technical skill of the artist; it would be hard to conceive a worse-drawn dog. Another favourite design is more singular than effective; the card contains the initials of its owner engraved on a large scale, the name itself being printed in full along the lines of the initials. Thus, to take a simple case, the Principessa di Cuto has a card with the flourished capitals P. C. on it; the word 'Principessa' forms the main stem of the P., the 'di' is in the curve of the same letter, and 'Cuto' in that of the C.

There are naturally many cards of English people who were either residents in or visitors at Naples during the period indicated. Admiral Sir Sidney Smith appears as the possessor of a large but simple visiting-card. He may only have been passing through Naples, as his distinguished naval career was over and he had settled down in Paris. A name equally famous in the sister-service appears in that of General Lynedoch. Miss, or perhaps Madam, Anna Battista Whyte prominently proclaims herself 'Dama Inglese,' and has her name engraved in large old English text on a bank of clouds. Sir William Gell, well known in his day as a scholar and an antiquary, writes in the neatest of hands on a very unassuming card a tender inquiry after Lady Drummond's health, 'and to congratulate her ladyship on her safe return with her nephew.'

But the most interesting of all the English cards, both for appearance and association, are two. One is three inches by two and a quarter inches, and is adorned with embossed rays or ribs issuing from the centre, a portion of which is left plain. On it is written in the most feminine of Italian hands, 'Mr E. Lytton Bulwer, Vittoria.' We know that the famous novelist and his wife, so soon to be separated from him, were in Naples in 1833. With them, too, was their little daughter Emily Elizabeth, for whom fate had not a very long life in store. She was then about five years old, and she had a calling-card of her own, diminutive, as suited her age; it is not quite an inch long and less than half an inch deep, and is inscribed, 'Miss Fairy Lytton Bulwer.' It is just the kind of thing one would expect to emanate from the Bulwer Lytton family. There is another card of almost, though

not quite, as small dimensions. This belonged to a lady bearing a name well known in Eastern romance if not in real Western life, Mme. d'Aladyn; but as the card has been originally silver and is much tarnished, it almost requires the wonderful lamp of the eponymous ancestor of the family to decipher it. The only other card approaching that of Miss Lytton Bulwer in size is one in the possession of the writer, which belonged to 'General Tom Thumb,' a celebrated dwarf who was exhibited in this country in the 40's and 50's of last century.

Two cards of large size call for mention before we close this catalogue. One is of a member of the Di Mari family, and bears an etching of a

Roman soldier holding up a shield with the arms of the family—argent three bendlets indented sable. The other bears a very nicely executed etching of the royal palace in Naples, and on a stone slab in the corner of the foreground is written the name of the owner, 'L'Abbate Bruti,' very much in the style of the 'Miss Berrys' card mentioned above. The etching was executed in Rome in 1790.

Other times, other manners; but it is not impossible that in time to come visiting-cards may take much the same form and enjoy as much popularity as book-plates do at present, in which case they would at all events cultivate a taste for the minor arts.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL.

By Mrs W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *John Pardou's Choice*, *Ole Cam'ron*, &c.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

**E**VEN in the present age are miracles wrought by two enduring forces—work and love. Sundered—the one is but the dry, unlovely skeleton of man's creative brain and muscle, the other merely the same skeleton 'clothed upon' with flesh that perisheth and beauty skin-deep. Blissful as was the original state of our first parents when together they wandered in the Garden, and neither delved nor spun; alluring as is the picture the Persian poet presents of his 'Paradise enow,' one can't escape misgivings that in course of time Adam and Eve would, from sheer ennui, have quarrelled; and that not only his book and much-extolled jug, but even the seductive Houris beside him in the wilderness, would ultimately have bored to tears the transcendental Omar. The very existence of love, in its highest form—so far, that is, as things mortal are concerned—presupposes toil and care for the maintenance thereof, their interdependence being not only the root, but the fibre and tissue, of a strong and healthy growth. Physical labour, as the expression solely of grinding circumstances; love, as a mere pastime or pleasure—these assuredly fail of the spark divine that makes for things immortal; but welded together and co-operating, how fair and enduring the combined creation! Work (to change the metaphor) is the pinch of salt in the dish of life, lest undue sweetness cloy and breed disease.

Had the hours following his momentous encounter with the Englishman and the shock of finding his wife gone demanded of David Hardy nothing more imperative than to dally 'beneath the bough,' nursing his imagined wrongs and musing on the frailty of his lost love, the chances are that his life and hers would have ended in tragedy. But hard, physical toil is a wonderful medicine for the mind, and through the sweat of his back and brow much

of the poison that had envenomed the forester's thoughts as he rode away in the morning was dissipated ere, weary and hungry, he turned his horse's head homewards in the smoke-begotten twilight. Having detailed two of the under-foresters to take watch and watch about during the night, lest the fire-steed should once more take the bit in its teeth and run beyond control, he made for home as fast as possible, in order to report by telephone to his chief, sharpen his axe, and snatch a few hours' sleep before, with a fresh horse, hurrying back to the post of duty. Should the night remain calm, experience taught him there would be little danger of the conflagration spreading; but were a wind to rise, the situation might speedily become serious, for the whole country was parched, and the bush sapless and brittle from the long months of drought.

To the forester's heart every inch of the wide wilderness was dear, so it was with an anxious, disapproving frown that he noted the clearness of the sky and the stars coming out one by one, unveiled by so much as a wisp of cloud. Yet, as he neared home, and, at the prospect of rest and barley, his tired beast broke into a zealous lope, David's heart suddenly stirred restlessly before a current of other far more disturbing thoughts. He was hastening home—to *what*? Would Annie be there to welcome him? Surely—surely! But if not, *where*? Was she wandering in the forest all this time, too terrified to come home? David, turning hot and cold as this thought took possession of him, prodded his patient animal into greater efforts to shorten the endless-seeming miles. Then, as he neared the final bend among the pines that hid his cabin from view, hope revived. It could not be but that he should see the mellow gleam of the lamp through the window, and the dainty figure and flushed face

of Anita, busy with preparations for supper. Oh God, he almost prayed, if only she were *there*! He would clasp her to his heart and entreat her forgiveness for causing her a moment's pain—his poor little, loving Annie. After all—so ran his thoughts in his usual reactionary manner—after all, he had been a hasty fool again, and must have been greatly in fault, else had she never dreamed of leaving him even for a day, for of course by now she would have come back again. Of course—of course. To the man's tired nerves it seemed as though the very beat of his horse's hoofs repeated the fixed idea of his brain: 'Of course—of course—of course—of course!'

And now for the last heavy stretch of the toilsome road, the last group of trees, the last tree; then a silent, darkened house, and the sob of a heart-broken man, who, dismounting heavily, tears the gear from his horse, and opens the door, left unlocked when he started out—purposely? Who shall say?

'Not here!' he exclaims in a voice of mingled incredulity, grief, and dismay. 'Not here! Annie—Annie! Oh my dear, come back!' he cries aloud; but the empty rooms give back no answer, and the forester's footfall rings loud on the bare floor as, half-distracted, he paces up and down, racking his brains as to what steps he can take to find the missing girl, one moment rushing to the door intent upon instant search, the next sinking into a chair with a groan, as he realises the futility of attempting such a thing in the thick darkness of night.

The forlorn hope that she might have fled to Mrs King he was forced to abandon, one of his fellow-foresters having assured him that she and her family had already gone out; yet, when into his tortured mind crept again the evil suggestion that she had betaken herself to Gavin Barrie, he furiously dismissed it as unworthy of her, and base in himself. 'Gladly would I see the fellow burn in hell!' in bitterness of soul he exclaimed; 'but as for Annie—by God, I *know* she's true, an' I deserve what I've got for doubtin' her!'

Mechanically he began lighting the fire and getting his supper ready, when a whiff of smoke-tainted air blowing in through the door, which, despite the chill of the night, for some undefined reason he had left ajar, suddenly made his heart stand still with the horror of a new dread.

What if Annie, straying far, had been caught in the fire stealthily advancing through the forest; if, bewildered and weary, she had lain down and slept, only to waken and find herself trapped in a corral of flame? Before his mind flashed vividly the remembrance of some deer he had that day seen suddenly springing up, panic-stricken, from their sunny lair, bounding on fleet, light limbs away from the scorching wave, only to perish in the encroaching circle which, unobserved, had hemmed them in.

And in the painful picture thus conjured up the wretched man no longer beheld the poor fugitive creatures of the burning forest, but his own beloved wife, his Annie, with her great dark eyes and childish frame, fleeing before an invincible foe.

That for the girl to have strayed so far in the rough wilderness was well-nigh impossible failed to penetrate her husband's distracted mind; and when at length, utterly worn out, he flung himself, clad as he was, upon his bed, it was to fall into a slumber filled with even more horrors than those that had assailed his waking senses. Yet so profound was the wearied man's sleep that his chief had rung the telephone again and again before the forester, half-dazed, rushed to the receiver and answered the call.

'Good God, Hardy, are you dead? There's not a moment to lose. A fire has started at Lone Pine, and with the wind setting this way the two will meet in a few hours, and there'll be the devil to pay! It's no campers this time, but those d—d cattle-men at their infernal tricks again. They'll have the whole forest on fire if we don't look sharp. Ride to the Grizzly, and get Charlie to send up every available man. There ought to have been phone or wireless installed months ago, but those wise-heads in the department wouldn't listen to me. However, you can get a fresh horse there, and ride back as fast as his four legs can carry you. Why on earth, man, didn't you answer sooner?'

'My wife'—began poor Hardy in a broken voice; but his chief had already forsaken the instrument to glue his anxious eyes upon a distant hollow, where puffs of blue smoke and myriad tongues of wavering red vied with the pale colours of the dawning day.

Thrusting head and face into a bucket of cold water, the forester speedily roused himself to action, and as the sun rose above the forest rim was already saddling the sinewy horse, about whose mouth still frothed the creamy lather of crushed barley. Then, just as, gathering up the lines, he lifted his foot to the stirrup, a sudden shaft of golden sunshine shot level through an aisle of trees, down which, thus aureoled, a great light in her face and a world of mingled emotions in the depths of her dark eyes, the forester's girl came running swiftly, and was caught to his heart before ever the words which trembled on the lips he passionately kissed could make themselves heard.

'David—dearest David, *forgive me!*' she pled, looking up into the rugged face, so drawn and white with suffering.

'Annie!—darlin'! Thank God—thank God! But it's me, dear heart, as must be *forgive!*' and he crushed her close in his iron arms.

For a few moments he held her to him, while sobs of joy and relief shook her slight body;

then, as she grew calmer, he hurriedly explained the nature of the errand upon which he was bent, and the urgent need for volunteers to meet the menace to the forest. 'No need to be frightened, darlin',' he assured her, quite forgetful of his own premature fears the previous night. 'The fire is miles from here, and though I don't like the look of them mare's-tails comin' over the sky, I guess there won't be much wind before night, anyway. I'll make the dust fly under "Dan's" heels, and, please the pigs, be back before sundown. So just you go into the house, Annie love, and get a good rest. You don't look so wore out as I was feared you would, but you'll be all the better for a sleep. Reckon the Kings got out just in time.'

'Oh Dave,' begged Anita, clinging to him as he turned again to his horse, 'do—do just let me tell you all—all about it. And, dear, Mrs King isn't going out until to-day.'

'Ain't—eh?' commented David, the thought darting through his mind that then, of course,

Annie had spent the night with her. 'Well, I'll give her a cry about the fire as I pass. Might be just as well for them to pull out at once. And now good-bye, darlin'. I mustn't stop for another word—only another *kiss*!' he added with his old boyish laugh, making a dive at her lips before swinging into his saddle and putting his horse to a sharp gallop.

Anita waved her hand, and then, with a tremulous little smile, said to herself, as she watched the retreating figure, 'Dear old Dave! he never *will* listen; and then everything gets tangled up. But I guess our skein is straightened out now, and I'll never be afraid of David again.'

So, with a happy sigh of relief, she went into the house. Before many minutes, with the patchwork quilt wrapped round her, she lay down where lately poor David had suffered such tormented dreams on her behalf, and, under the influence of mental ease and bodily fatigue, soon slept soundly.

(Continued on page 435.)

## AMERICA ON DARTMOOR.

By J. AULAY STEELE.

THERE is above one of the great gates of Dartmoor convict prison to-day a hundred-year-old inscription that seems ironical, but was not so intended or regarded when carved there. '*Parcere subjectis*,' it runs—'To spare the conquered.' The tale covered by this classical phrase should add, when better known, yet another English spot for pious pilgrimage by the men of the United States army now upon these shores. For the brief motto set over the prison gate by some forgotten governor recalls a neglected chapter in the history of our relations with the American people. The unfortunates to whom it refers were not convicts, but gallant United States seamen, who were lodged on bleak Dartmoor during our last war with America, the war of 1812. With the end of that struggle in the year 1815 began the 'hundred years of peace' between this country and the United States, which, but for the preoccupations of a sterner conflict, was to have been fitly observed three years ago by the two nations.

I suppose there is no subject less known to the general public of the present day than the experiences of those naval prisoners among us a hundred years ago. Even by the Americans themselves it is almost unknown. Yet there lie to-day, amid the desolations of Dartmoor bogs and tors, long lines of their silent dead, 'the price of admiralty,' in forgotten, unmarked graves. In France the ground made sacred by our own endless rows of crosses has been made over in perpetuity to the British Government. Perhaps, now that we are allied with

our former foes, these American graves on Dartmoor may be made over, in grateful acknowledgment of debt, to the Government of the United States.

The only church in England built by American hands is also at the war-prison on Dartmoor. Together with the French prisoners of war, and guarded always by the soldiery of King George III., they raised the lofty square tower, now such a landmark; and in the carving and woodwork within is especially seen their craftsmanship. In the present circumstances, a commemorative brass or a memorial window might well mark so unique an edifice. The clink of French trowels and the rasp of American saws went to its building, in days when our breach with both nations seemed irreparable.

Mr Eden Phillpotts, in *The American Prisoner*, has made romantic capital out of the episode. The novel has for frontispiece a contemporary plate giving a 'Perspective View of the War-Prison near Tor Royal upon Dartmoor, designed for the Accommodation of Ten Thousand Men, with Barracks for Two Thousand Men, at a Short Distance.' It was a human aspect of his beloved Dartmoor that lay to Mr Phillpotts's gifted hand, and all who delight in fiction that closely follows the facts of history should turn to that powerful book and read of the fates of our last American prisoners.

The United States was in 1812 the only neutral nation of note possessing ships, and it was out of that circumstance that war with her arose.

For Britain claimed a right to search American vessels for deserters from the Royal Navy, with the result that, as it was difficult always to distinguish between an American and an Englishman, thousands of United States citizens were seized and forced to fight for Britain in the long-drawn-out French war. American crews were sometimes so far depleted as to be unable to navigate their own ships.

The prisoners made at sea in the two and a half years' war that resulted were at first confined in hulks off Plymouth—old line-of-battle ships, cut down to suit the purpose, and anchored at some distance from the shore. But sickness became very prevalent, and attempts to escape by setting fire to the hulks grew frequent, so all the prisoners were marched off from Plymouth to Prince Town, seventeen miles or so inland, where, at a cost of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, a special war-prison had been erected. The prince after whom the place is named was the notorious Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.

To-day the Prince Town Prison, largely augmented, is the celebrated convict establishment known as 'Dartmoor,' which now houses a goodly band of conscientious objectors to military service. It first arose, then, during our long struggle with Napoleon, and was designed to hold our French and American prisoners. The site was one of the securest and most inaccessible in England. Mr Eden Phillpotts has well described its huge circumference: 'In the midst of wild hills and stone-crowned heights, separated from mankind by miles of scattered granite and black bog, the war-prison appeared. . . . The solemn features of these stony mountains, fold upon fold, and range upon range, take no softness to the stranger's eye at any season, and none who has not trodden it in freedom can understand its austere face or love its chastened glory. . . . Some thirty acres were enclosed by two walls, one within the other. The outer circle stood sixteen feet high; and, separated from it by a broad military parade, extended the second wall, hung with bells on wires, and having sentry-boxes upon it at regular intervals, to overlook each prison yard. The main area of the jail was of rounded shape, and contained five enormous rectangular masses of masonry radiating from the centre, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. . . . Each of the five main buildings mentioned was constructed to hold fifteen hundred men; all had two floors, and in the roof of every one was an additional great chamber, used as a promenade at times of unusually inclement weather. Each block possessed its own wide exercise yard and shelter from rain and snow, its proper supply of sweet water always running, and its *cachot*, or prison within a prison, for punishment of the refractory and disobedient. A quarter of a mile distant were barracks for four hundred troops, and two new taverns, about

which the soldiers swarmed like red ants; bake-houses, slaughter-houses, and private habitations that rapidly grew into a little street. The prisoners themselves were scattered by the thousand over their exercise yards, with red-coats stationed upon the inner wall around them. . . . At once famous and infamous, never had Time thrown up a mushroom-ring more grim, more gray, upon earth's lovely face.'

In these prisons, at the time the Americans arrived, there were some eight thousand French prisoners of all ranks, many in a very bad state physically, from crowding, bad food, and the excessive cold. On Dartmoor it is not unusual, during the months of December and January, for the thermometer to stand at 33 to 35 degrees below freezing-point. Sir George Magrath, M.D., the senior medical officer at Prince Town from 1814 onwards, an Irishman, whose efficient arrangements made him very popular with the captives, has left on record, however, that 'the density of the congregated numbers in the prison created an artificial climate which counteracted the effects of the Russian cold without.' Ten thousand men, packed for the night in layers one above another, would indeed 'create an artificial climate,' unwholesome as unsavoury. Each storey was a large loft, with nothing to heat it. In each were six joists with hammock-hooks, and the hammocks were slung so close together that a man could scarcely squeeze his way out when all were in place. Small wonder that the walls continually dripped with moisture from the hard, rough, unhewn Dartmoor granite. The conditions at this old-time war-prison were as unlike those at Donington Hall as can well be imagined.

Dartmoor was ordered to be the prison for all American prisoners, and about three thousand five hundred of them were accordingly sent there. There was naturally much sickness. Before long to jail-fever were added the terrors of smallpox, and the men whose graves are still to be seen died in great numbers. The clothing issued to each man was to last for eighteen months. It consisted of one yellow roundabout jacket, usually too small, rough waistcoat and pantaloons, a cap of wool, one shirt, one pair of socks, and one pair of shoes made of list, with soles of wood, that soon gaped at every seam. Those among them whose shoes had fallen to pieces cased their feet in strips of blanket, and so limped through the dreary time until authority should refurnish them. The captives exhibited a wide variety of spiritual and mental attributes. Many crept about like thin ghosts clad in motley; a few looked stout and happy, despite their shameful clothing. Some toiled in sulky and wooden silence; others maintained an alert and even gay demeanour.

To keep fit and cheery, however, could not have been easy; the prisoners' ration for the whole day made but one bare meal. They addressed letters to one Beasley, the American

agent in England, telling him of their scanty food and their naked condition, blaming him for having wholly neglected them, and despairing of an exchange of prisoners between Britain and America. They did not believe that the United States would let her citizens starve or freeze, and they demanded that he, being America's paid agent in England, should pledge her credit for a sum sufficient to provide some relief. If relief were not forthcoming speedily, the prisoners would apply *en masse* to enlist in the British Navy, putting the blame on Beasley.

The American agent paid no heed to this forlorn appeal, nor did he come to see them. Ten months after their arrival at Prince Town he wrote to announce an allowance of three-half-pence per day by the Government of the United States for tobacco and soap; two months later an additional three-halfpence a day was allowed for coffee and sugar. In the meantime the British Government granted a slight increase in rations, and the prisoners' sufferings were somewhat relieved. A little later there came for each prisoner a blue suit, a pair of shoes, and a shirt, with the welcome news that the United States would clothe them wholly now.

Many and ingenious were the attempts to escape. The year 1814 opened with bitter cold, the severest for fifty years. The streams were all frozen. The prisoners left their hammocks only for dinner, the one meal of the day. It was so cold that the guards abandoned their posts on the inner wall, so that the only sentries were at the barracks. Taking advantage of this, eight prisoners (including one negro citizen of the United States) attempted at midnight to escape by a ladder. They were ascending the second wall when they were discovered and captured, all but one. He wandered for two days on the moor, and was brought back, to enter the stone *cachot* without any bedding and on a two-thirds allowance of food.

The treatment of the Americans, it should be said here, was always more severe than that of the French; they were much more independent and turbulent, and the guards said they would rather watch over twenty thousand French than one thousand Americans.

The introduction of a new guard, from a regiment unused to prison discipline, gave rise to a new plan of escape by men who were fast losing hope either of an exchange of prisoners or of the declaration of peace. The plan was concocted at the 'Fourth of July' celebrations, 1814. The spirit of this little band of patriots was inextinguishable. If the Americans could not climb their way to freedom, they could burrow.

A committee was appointed, and every prisoner sworn to secrecy, on pain of death at the hands of his fellows to any traitor. After careful measurements, the digging of a tunnel, which would have to be two hundred and fifty

feet long, was begun. But what was to be done with the vast amount of loose earth dislodged? Two expedients were hit upon for that difficulty. The stream which ran through the court, at the rate of four miles an hour, had small quantities emptied into it from time to time. And permission was obtained, further, to bring some lime into the prison, for the purpose of white-washing the walls. This they mixed with the loose earth from the tunnel, and plastered on the walls, white-washing it all over.

When they arrived within twenty feet of freedom, however, their operations were disclosed by an informer, and the hopes of the wan sappers gave place to a double despair. Game to the last, when questioned as to what they had done with the earth, they answered that they had eaten it.

About this time the British Government decided to release all prisoners of any foreign nation with which it was in alliance, no matter in what ships they were taken. So many a Yankee, who could speak one of the languages of the Peninsula, became, for the time being at least, a Spaniard or a Portuguese. Numbers, however, had already, in despair of release, entered the British Navy.

Then there fell a memorable day at the year's end when news reached Prince Town that the Commissioners at Ghent had signed the treaty of peace, that the sloop-of-war *Favourite* would sail with the treaty for ratification on 2nd January 1815, and that in three months all would be free. There was rejoicing in every prisoner's heart, and the governor of the camp felt as thankful as any of his charges. But tragic events were yet to close the history of the Dartmoor War-Prison.

On 14th March news came to Prince Town that the *Favourite* had arrived with the ratification of the treaty, and demonstrations broke out afresh. There was no war on now, the prisoners said, and acts of lawlessness began to take place. Ignorant of the complicated task set for authority, the Americans instantly clamoured to be free. Like schoolboys on the verge of holiday, the sailors began mischievous pranks, flouted the guards, and planned all the trouble that ingenuity could devise. Before the era of mammoth ships, six thousand men (for that was now the number of Americans in Prince Town) could not readily be conveyed across the Atlantic. Still further to hamper demobilisation and repatriation, hardly had Britain concluded peace with the United States than there came the news that Bonaparte had left Elba, and was now in Europe at the head of three hundred thousand men.

Three days after the peace the governor of the prison said he was ready to discharge all prisoners as soon as he was advised by the American agent that he was ready to receive

them. The men were now at straining-point; and when Beasley wrote to say that he could take only those prisoners who had been inoculated for smallpox (which had raged in the prison), they made a bonfire and burned Beasley in effigy, with direct imprecations.

Thereupon occurred what has been called the 'Massacre of Dartmoor.' A bread-riot arose, and rumours daily gained ground among the guards that the Americans contemplated some desperate deed. Upon the 6th day of April, toward a peaceful spring twilight, a large body of the prisoners began ominously to swarm about the great gate that led to the market-place. 'The brazen clangour of the alarm-bells echoed and re-echoed through Prince Town; the walls of the prison flung it to the mountain-tops, and the great tors resounded it, until, sunk to a mellow murmur, the bells were heard afar. Then a tattoo broke out, and beat the guard to quarters. The group at the gate became the centre of attraction. The prisoners, some highly excited and others merely inquisitive, began to form a compact, moving mass, impelled forward upon the now lowered bayonets of the guard. At this moment a crash above the hubbub told that the great chain at the gate was broken, and, as the barrier fell open, hundreds prepared to break out under the eyes of their guardians. The troops, maddened to anger and sorely buffeted by the foremost of the mob, now fired into the seething mass. Into the waning light flashed the muskets, and with the billowy smoke there rolled aloft a shriek of fear and of agony where souls parted from life.' Dr Magrath, with his assistant surgeons, rendered aid under torchlight until the last sufferer had been moved to the hospital or the dead-house. Seven men ultimately died, and fifty-six were badly wounded, many of these losing a limb.

An agent of the United States soon arrived at Prince Town, and took away a number of seamen to man American ships in neutral harbours of Europe. Only six days after the affair at the gate the discharges of all the prisoners were to hand. Ragged and shoeless, they embarked on cartel-ships for home and freedom.

But no; not *all* the prisoners returned to their native land. 'Thy sons,' it was said, 'shall be given unto another people, and thine

eyes shall look, and fail with longing for them all the day long; and there shall be no might in thine hand.' Uncertainty was as painful then as now, sore hearts as desolate. Those many graves of gallant seamen in the American Cemetery at Prince Town contain the bodies of those for whom the discharge came too late. A simple granite shaft, erected in 1865, at the close of the American Civil War, by the then governor of Dartmoor, is the only mark of their resting-place. And on it is the following inscription: 'In Memory of the American Prisoners of War who died in Dartmoor Prison between the years 1812 and 1815, and lie buried here. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*"'

The old war-prison of the Americans was allowed to crumble away for thirty-five years; certain of its original buildings still remain, and form part of the great convict prison of Dartmoor, erected in 1850 on the site and within the same old walls. And that is why the convict of our day has passed in and out under the old war-prison gateway, with its pitiful motto, '*Parcere subjectis*' ('To spare the conquered').

During the crumbling and untenanted years that followed the departure of the last American seaman, 'dark stories gathered among the moor folk,' says Mr Phillpotts, 'above the empty war-prison, like crows around a corpse. Rumour hinted of secret graves, and murders unrecorded and unguessed; the crypts gave up human bones to the searchers; unholy inscriptions and curses against a forgetful God stared out upon dark walls by the light of torches; signs of infamy, of evil, and of all the passion, agony, and heart-break of vanished thousands came to light; a spirit of misery untold still haunted the mouldering limbo. Yet as time passed the forces of nature worked within these barred gates, and toiled by day and by night to sweeten and purify, to obliterate and cleanse. The west wind and the rain, the frost and the mist, the sunlight and the storm, all laboured here. Torrents washed and hurricanes howled into every hole and alley; upspringing seeds and swelling mosses softened the old sentry-ways upon the ramparts; green things broke the cruel contours of the walls; rusting and shattered iron, at a thousand windows, grew red, and dripped streaks of warm colour upon the weathered granite.'

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin*, *O.D.* *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

OUR first trip to sea, on our way to our base from the port where the ship was built, was altogether uneventful. It was summer, and the weather was fine throughout the journey, while

the ship behaved like a perfect lady. We had blue skies, a hot sun, and a smooth sea. There were none of the wild caperings, the skittish prancings, the heavy lurchings, and the frantic

wrigglings which afterwards characterised her behaviour in heavy weather; so that, during the early portion of our maiden passage, some of our intrepid mariners, those hostility-men who had never been at sea before, were lulled into a sense of false security, and were quite ready to believe that a sailor's life was a happy one.

They were very proud and very warlike. They stood on the fore-castle in knots with their trousers flapping in the breeze, gazing into the middle distance for the first signs of a hostile submarine. I doubt if they would have recognised a submarine if they had seen one; but they were ready to rush to the guns, and, in the words of a blood-curdling story I read recently, 'to pour a devastating hail of shell upon the murdering denizen of the deep.' That they would not have had the opportunity of firing at the said denizen perhaps did not occur to them. That pleasure would have been reserved for the expert gun-layers.

But, to start with, they were thoroughly nautical. They recollected with some pride that they were now 'handy little lads in navy-blue,' 'boys of the bulldog breed,' and all the rest of it. They belonged to the band of lucky, care-free individuals who are supposed only to have to walk down a street with a deep-sea roll, carefully assumed for the occasion, to set all the female hearts a-fluttering with gladness.

The bluejacket is a lucky fellow. It is his loose trousers, his saucy jumper, and the rakish angle of his cap 'as does it.' As for me—well, I notice that when I stay in an hotel in uniform, short-sighted people are sometimes apt to take me for the hall-porter or some equally important personage. Several times have I been ordered to whistle for a taxi. Once I was the proud recipient of a silver sixpence; while the last time I was in Edinburgh I received a severe censure from a lady old enough to be my grandmother because the lift did not start the moment she stepped into it.

'It is a positive disgrace that I should be kept waiting like this!' she observed, glaring at me very fiercely.

'I quite agree,' said I with my sweetest smile.

She still glared, evidently making up her mind to report me to the management for incivility, or to ask why I was not in khaki. But she did neither. The situation was saved by the arrival of the lift-attendant; whereupon the old lady, after examining me critically through a pair of opera-glasses on a stick, observed that she was sorry for the mistake, but that it was a pity our uniforms were so alike. So all was peace.

It is surprising how unfamiliar his Majesty's naval uniform seems to be. I was once in a crowded carriage in a London tube, and noticed a small boy opposite eyeing me with great curiosity.

'Muvver!' he at length summoned up the

courage to ask in a shrill falsetto, extending a finger in my direction—'muvver! what's that man?'

'Hush, dear!' said the fond parent in a very audible whisper. 'Hush, Charlie! Don't point. That pretty gentleman's got something to do with a railway!'

It was the first and last time in my life I have ever been called pretty. But all this has nothing whatsoever to do with the *Triptolemus*.

Throughout the morning our hostility-men were feeling extremely seaman-like. I wonder they didn't dance upon the deck, slap their fronts and backs, and shout, 'Yo—heave—ho,' whatever that may mean, in approved nautical style.

But alas for their happiness! Towards two o'clock in the afternoon we drew out from under the lee of the land, and began to steam to the northward at twenty-two knots, with a gentle Atlantic swell broad on our port beam. It was nothing as swells go, but the ship started to roll gently from side to side as she settled down into her stride. And ten minutes later, happening to glance aft, I saw one of the newly joined ones suspiciously close to the ship's side. He was presently joined by another, then another, and another, until at last there were six of them. Their faces were pale green, and their expressions miserable. Their demeanour was utterly sad. There was very little of the bulldog about them; they merely grasped the rail, bowed down their heads, and—words fail me. They are better now, for that was over six months ago.

They afterwards had the temerity to inform one of the older members of the ship's company, an elderly A.B., who has been in the service for many a year, and is very much of a sea-dog, that it was merely the unusual smell of the oil-fuel that had upset them.

'Garn!' said the A.B., with a snort of contempt. 'D'ye mean to say you've bin brought up on v'lets?'

However, the next day we arrived at our base, where we were at once ordered to proceed alongside an oiler to replenish our depleted supply of oil. Those who go down to the sea in oil-burning ships have several reasons to be thankful. For one thing, they are strangers to that horrible feeling that every mile steamed, every increase of speed, means so many more tons of coal to be embarked on arrival at the journey's end. And just think of the labour which coaling ship entails! The collier comes alongside, and every ounce of coal taken from her holds has to be shovelled by hand into bags holding a couple of hundredweights. Then, when ten such bags have been filled, they are hooked to the end of a wire whip, hurtled through space, and deposited upon the man-of-war's deck; and woe betide the people responsible if that whip is kept waiting! On their arrival the bags are unhooked and separated,

and, when each one has been placed on a wheelbarrow, it is trundled off by a perspiring person to the bunker-opening, which may be several hundred feet distant. The contents are then tipped below by more men; while stokers, grovelling in the black depths of the bunkers, trim the coal as it descends in a cascade. Except for the actual hoisting, the operation is all done by manual labour; so it is weary and back-breaking work. But many ships have coaled, on an average, once a week or more ever since this war started.

In an oil-fired ship, we simply go alongside an oiler, or an oiler comes alongside us, a hose or two are connected up, a pump in the oiler's interior heaves round, and the oil is driven into our tanks. We merely have a couple of men to attend the hoses and to scream 'Stop 'er!' at the pitch of their lungs when each tank is nearly full. There is none of the shovelling, the hoisting, the trundling about in barrows, and the tipping of the coal into the bunkers. Merely the oil flowing quietly through a pipe; so that the majority of us can retire below and go to sleep.

At sea, too, the vessel burning coal has to have the necessary steam generated in her boilers by squads of stokers, who do little else but fling shovelful after shovelful of fuel into the glowing furnaces. They have to keep it up for the whole of a four-hour watch; then an eight hours' rest—four only if the ship is steaming at high speed; then back to the stokehold again for more shovelling.

Think, too, of the number of men necessary to do the work. In an oil-fired ship the steam—and hence the speed—is regulated by the number of sprayers alight in the furnaces, and the oil is simply pumped through these sprayers in a thin, flaming film, like gas through a jet. If more steam is required, a man merely turns on another sprayer or two, and the thing is done. There is no shovelling. One man can look after one of our boilers, but if we burned coal two or three would be required for the same purpose. So the difference in the stokehold complement of an oil-fired and a coal-burning ship of the same tonnage is very marked. The latter will probably carry about three times as many stokers as the former.

There is another advantage, in that the oil-ship, with due care, can travel at full speed with little more than a thin vapour showing from her funnels. The coal-ship cannot. She sometimes vomits forth a black pall which is visible for miles. It is impossible to prevent it.

But lest we become proud, it is as well to remember that there are such things as coal-burning vessels, and that one day we may again be serving therein. One oil-burning battleship, indeed, has a burnished shovel hung up in a

conspicuous place on the quarter-deck to serve as a reminder; and on the business portion of that shovel are the words, 'LEST WE FORGET.' It is good advice.

But even with the simple operation of oiling, we sometimes have regrettable incidents. Hoses have been known to burst, with the result that the coco-nut matting on the upper-deck has been well saturated with evil-smelling oil-fuel, the colour and consistency of treacle, while our nice gray side has become striped like a zebra. This generally leads to strife between the first-lieutenant, who is responsible for the cleanliness of the ship, and the chief stoker, who isn't, but who superintends the fuelling arrangements.

Sometimes the brazen-lunged gentleman watching the filling of our tanks omits to shout at the right moment to the man at the pump in the oiler, with the consequence that the tank may overflow.

Even in one's cabin one is generally aware if something is amiss.

There comes the strident shout of 'Stop 'er!'

They evidently don't.

Then, 'Stop 'er! STOP 'ER! STOP 'ER!' in a rapid, howling crescendo, followed by sundry remarks about 'blank-flanged purple perishers who are blinkin' well asleep,' addressed to some gentleman in the oiler.

This generally means more oil on the deck, and more 'What the devil?' and 'Who the devil?' on the part of Number One, followed invariably by the final remark, 'Well, go and get some waste and mop it up, and report to me when it's done!'

Once, in our very palmy days, when we were particularly anxious to oil as quickly as possible, we secured alongside an oiler in record time and got the hoses on board.

'Heave round!' said the chief stoker, and they hove round. At last, after half-an-hour, it was discovered that one of the hoses had produced no oil at all, and that the tank concerned was as empty as when we had started.

'Heave round!' said the chief stoker.

'We are heaving!' replied the man in the oiler.

'No, you're not!'

'Yes, we are!'

'Well, there's something the matter with your bloomin' pump!'

'No, there isn't!'

'Yes, there must be! We're not gettin' a drop of oil this end into the tank!'

'Pump's all right!' from the oiler.

'Something's bloomin' well the matter!' observed the chief stoker, scratching his head.

Something was. The cap was still on the end of the hose—our end!

(Continued on page 431.)

## SECRETS AND TREASURES OF OLD HOUSES.

By CLIVE HOLLAND.

HOW many romances and how many secrets have been bound up in the walls and rooms of the ancient, the historic, and even the ordinary houses which have been pulled down during the last twenty or thirty years! We have heard many stories in pursuing inquiries, prompted sometimes by deep interest in the building's fate, and at others perhaps by mere idle curiosity.

There was a rich store of romance bound up with the history of a certain cottage, set a little way inland from the Kentish coast, that we watched for an hour or two being pulled down a decade or so ago. In the early part of the nineteenth century it had been occupied by one of the most famous of Kentish and Sussex smugglers, a man not more handsomely remunerated, struck at the naval officer who, in the presence of the famous smuggler, was treating with him. The officer at once picked up a pistol which he had laid on the table and shot the Frenchman. A bullet-mark in the whitewashed wooden wainscot was pointed out as traditionally that of the fatal bullet; but this would appear to be doubtful. What was of even more interest was the discovery of several secret hiding-places for smuggled goods in the walls of the cottage at the back of the narrow boxed-in staircase, and a fine 'tub hole' beneath the large stone of the old-fashioned hearth. In a lean-to outhouse was also discovered a huge 'tub hole,' which had been apparently unknown to the owner who succeeded bold Jack Rawlins, the famous smuggler, for in it were found several mouldering packages of tea, a couple of ankers of Hollands, and several small bales of Flanders lace, yellow with age and mostly rotten.

In a niche of the chimney of the living-room of the cottage was found a small metal tobacco-box of the period, with a Neptune in coarse enamel on the lid. Inside were ten spade guineas, and a couple of crown-pieces of 1789, the year in which the Revolution broke out in France.

Old Paris is fast disappearing under the mallets, crowbars, and picks of the Parisian equivalent of the 'house-breaker.' In a house of the Cité Quarter—once a fine hotel of the nobility prior to the Revolution—were recently found some interesting relics. In the walls of

one of the principal *salons* had been constructed a narrow stairway leading down below the level of the floor into a small chamber of about two metres and a half by three metres (eight feet by nine feet nine inches), and about two and a quarter metres (seven feet) in height. In it still remained a pewter pot and an earthenware plate, a two-pronged fork, and a bone-handled knife of about a century and a half ago. In a small recess were found a black domino or mask, a richly chased pistol, a pair of spurs, and a dark auburn wig. Evidently the first and last articles were portions of a disguise. What was of even more interest, however, was a small, crumpled piece of paper, yellow with age, and with the ink turned a reddish-brown, on which was scrawled in a feminine and unformed handwriting—in French—the following words: 'Dearest, be warned. R., your enemy, is active against you. He has been to Versailles. Perhaps even now he is returning from thence with a *lettre de cachet* signed by his Majesty. I implore you to flee in time. M. de Liancourt would give you shelter. It is impossible to leave Paris. Beware, and waste no time. Eternal devotion, Lucie.' What a world of romance that crumpled, yellowed note was capable of conjuring up! It is a pity that it was not secured by some collector for the Musée de Cluny or a museum of the kind. It would appear that the mansion in which it was discovered was that of the useful M. de Liancourt, who would shelter the proscribed and hunted 'Dearest' of Lucie's affections.

In an old house—also in Paris—set in one of the side-streets running off the Place de la Révolution, not far from where the infamous and terrible Bastille once reared its immense and forbidding pile, about thirty years ago was discovered a secret chamber constructed in the roof, where one of the chimney-stacks had been artfully 'thickened' so as to provide the space required. In it was the skeleton of a man, perfectly preserved, attired in rich, though then crumbling, clothing, of the time of Louis XVI., with a rapier still at his side. The door of this chamber was fastened by an ingenious spring-catch, which could only be opened from without. Probably the unfortunate whose skeleton was, after some three-quarters of a century, thus revealed to the light and air of the modern city was an ill-fated 'Aristo' who had concealed himself or been concealed at a time when Parisians were gone mad with a lust for blood, and then had been forgotten, as many a time prisoners had been in the Bastille hard by. There, in that narrow cell-like apartment, constructed in the chimney and with the thick oaken door artfully painted so as to correspond with the brickwork, even to

grooves in the wood filled in with plaster to simulate the pointing, he had waited, alas! in vain, for either food or release until death came and found him, wasted away, and stretched on the floor with his shrunken face buried almost in his shoulders.

Another house is in the quarter of the *Île de la Cité*—one of the quaint old hotels of the aforetime nobility, with a comparatively modern front. In it there was found a secret chamber. It was just the house to have one, with narrow back staircases, huge *salons*, attics in the high-pitched, red-tiled roof, and vast cellars, the last-mentioned, perhaps, once giving an outlet on the river itself. The secret hiding-place in this mansion was constructed at the back of the fireplace of the main bedchamber, and was connected with the *salon* on the other side by a narrow passage-way, about twenty inches wide, in the panelled walls. In the chamber itself, the men engaged in stripping off the beautiful old wood panelling suddenly disclosed a white scarf and a list of names written closely on three sheets of foolscap paper, most of them indistinct from the fading of the ink. The yellowish-white scarf at first conveyed no particular meaning, and but for the handwriting and a date at the bottom of the last page, 'Juillet 5<sup>ème</sup>, 1572,' would have borne no special significance. But like a flash there came to the mind of an antiquarian friend, a M. Raoul Castignac, the idea that the faded piece of silken ribbon or fabric which he held in his hand was intended to serve, or had served, as one of the 'badges of safety' donned by Huguenots who had been warned of the Massacre of St Bartholomew (August 24, 1572), and by those engaged in killing the unfortunate victims, estimated at from ten thousand to twenty thousand, in the streets and houses of Paris alone.

London has not escaped the 'march of progress,' by which euphemism it is the practice to palliate the destruction of historical houses and other old-time buildings and landmarks. Quite recently several houses dating from the time of the Scots Rebellion of the '45 have been pulled down in the neighbourhood of St James's. In a few discoveries of an interesting nature were made. Coins, bundles of old letters, and in the panelling of one room a list of 'names of those favourable and probably willing to lend us aid'—to the Jacobite cause—were found. One can imagine with what delight the discovery of this 'list' would have been hailed had one of the Duke of Cumberland's emissaries or spies been the lucky finder, and how one James Mackie of Adelphi, in the city of London, and Preston, in the county of Lancashire, would have trembled to know that he figured in the 'list,' and was known as a Charlie's man to the Government of the day. A Mrs Alabaster of a place on the outskirts of Derby was mentioned as one likely to lend 'two good mares, and a sum of twenty-five guineas, also corn and forage, to be given if

required.' Let us hope that the good Dame Alabaster did not involve herself and her relatives by gifts of the kind when 'Bonnie Prince Charlie's' forces turned back just as they reached her neighbourhood.

A quarter of a century ago, whilst an interesting house was being demolished in the vicinity of Drury Lane, a veritable priest's hole, dating probably from the reign of James II., or perhaps even from that of Elizabeth, was discovered, constructed in a recess above the ceiling in an angle of the wall of one of the principal bedchambers. It was approached by a cleverly screened short flight of steps, the entrance to which was beneath one of the broad oaken stairs. This, when a spring was pressed by the pulling aside of one of the balusters half-way down the flight of stairs, tipped downwards and inwards, falling flat against the side of the hole. This small chamber, about eight feet by four feet six inches by six feet, gained its light and air from a tiny window set artfully behind a low piece of parapet-work, and no one could discover it unless he climbed on to the roof. The hidden person was fed by means of a tube—when the scent was too hot to permit of the hole being approached by the staircase—constructed in the wainscoting of the room immediately above, and masked by a piece of the carving. In the 'hole' itself were discovered a priest's hat, a rosary, and a small missal, a cup, and a pewter plate; whilst on the plaster of the wall was scribbled in old-fashioned Italian handwriting a series of dates and some verses of religious import. The records were evidently chiefly those made by fugitives. One ran: 'Wm. Harrison in here I spent XII daies from 2nd June untill June 14, 1689.' Another recorded the fact that 'I have been for many hours without meat or drink. I fear something may have befallen.' Yet another ran:

God Almighty guard this hous,  
From ye wolves which rove around,  
Keep Thy people safe and sound,  
From ye perils of ye times.

The main highways of England—the great North Road, the Bristol Road, and the other roads to the west—have provided many incidents upon which novelists can and still do found romances. It is not unnatural, therefore, that some of the old buildings which bordered these great highways, the posting inns, and even some of the ancient manor-houses should have their stories to tell of 'Galloping Dicks,' Jack Sheppard, and other once notorious highwaymen, rogues, 'cutpurses,' and vagabonds.

Set some distance from the main highway across a Yorkshire moor stood till comparatively recently an old dwelling, half-farmhouse, half-inn, which was reputed to have been the resort of highwaymen working the North Road. When it was pulled down a few years ago a secret chamber was discovered, cunningly placed behind the panelling of one of the upper rooms in an

angle of the wall, which upon being opened disclosed a gruesome sight. Propped up against the wall in a half-sitting, half-kneeling position was the skeleton of a man dressed in the riding-attire of the period—about 1780—with a pistol in his belt, and another on the floor by his side. The latter had been discharged, and part of the man's skull was blown away and the hair much scorched. Fallen from the pocket of his now rotten riding-coat were two gold watches, a pinchbeck snuff-box, two gem rings, and a half-score of guineas of the year 1776. The story is easily read. Here was evidently all that remained of some bold gentleman of the road, who for some reason or other had, in a fit of despair, or because he had been left to starve, blown out his brains with the pistol which lay beside him on the floor. We learned that the old house had for many years—how long none could say—borne the reputation of being haunted by a highwayman's ghost, the troubled spirit of one known as 'Black Dick.' Now the mystery was solved, and the mortal remains of poor Dick, trapped at last by fate and not by 'catchpoles' or sheriffs' officers, were brought to light.

But it is not always gruesome finds that old houses provide when they are being dismantled and pulled down. Not long ago, in Warwickshire, a suspected, but till then undiscovered, secret chamber was disclosed in an old-time house, which was found to contain not skeletons, pistols, masks, or articles for the celebration of the Mass, but a number of children's toys and dolls, dating from the reign of Queen Anne. How they got there or why they were put there who could say? Perhaps the children of long ago had whilst at play unwittingly touched the secret spring which opened the hidden chamber, had strayed into it with their toys, or had made it a cupboard, had closed the panel, and none afterwards could find the secret spring which was cunningly hidden in the throat of a fawn in the carved moulding of the wainscot.

From time to time coins innumerable, skulls, silver plate, documents, packets of letters, jewellery, and other similar objects are discovered in the walls, underneath the floors, and in recesses of ancient buildings. Often silver plate, which might be of almost priceless value because of its age, is shared out by the workmen who find it, and cast by some 'receiver' or the men themselves into the melting-pot, where its exceptional value disappears.

Sometimes an old-world tragedy is unearthed which it is far from easy to reconstruct. One such was revealed a few years ago when a house was being demolished in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, in this old Jacobean house, was disclosed by the pickaxe and crowbars of the 'house-breakers' a small secret hiding-place. On the floor of it lay what was at first taken to be the skeleton of a slight man or youth. Embedded in the breast-bone

was some nine inches of steel, evidently a part of a rapier. The figure was dressed in the style of George III.'s time. On the finger of the left hand was a small diamond ring, and beneath the crumbling frilled shirt was a chain and a locket containing a small miniature of a remarkably handsome young man. Medical evidence established the fact that this 'poor figure of a man' was no man at all, but a well-grown young woman of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, who had evidently been killed by the thrust of a rapier, possibly in a duel, and whose body had been afterwards hidden in the narrow chamber in which it was discovered. What a romance of love, sudden disappearance, and mystery was here suggested! How the handsome young man of the miniature must have hunted for his missing innamorata or perhaps relative! What a hue and cry there must have been! For the attire worn was that of a wealthy young man of the period, and the ring upon her finger was a valuable one. The mass of golden hair, fastened with several gold pins in a loose and somewhat disarranged coil, was still beautiful and luxuriant. Perhaps the fair owner had been entrapped and had been killed. Perhaps she had come to this Drury Lane residence after a masquerade. Perhaps, on the other hand, she had come to pick a quarrel with a traducer. Who knows? But the story was there, though neither the ingenuity of man nor time could unravel it.

#### GABRIEL'S HOUNDS.

In Chambers's *Twentieth Century Dictionary* the expression 'Gabriel's hounds' is defined as a popular name for the noise made by distant curlews, ascribed to damned souls whipped on by the angel Gabriel.

THE wind had fallen, the loch was still,  
And the trout had ceased to rise,  
And the fisherman heard but the gentle rill  
And the far-off quavering cries  
Of the curlew wheeling out of the glen.  
You have heard it far, you have heard it near,  
As you wandered over the moor,  
That eerie whistle, enchanting, clear,  
The mountain's charm, the peat-hag's lure,  
Which leads you beyond the ken  
Of all things earthly. For it bids you see,  
With its wild unearthly trill,  
The other world of spirits set free,  
And the land where you wander at will,  
The land of which no man can tell.  
But the fisherman saw them; were they as free  
As his soul from its earthly bounds?  
Were they not the souls who in jeopardy  
Were driven by Gabriel's hounds  
Over mountain and crag and fell?  
The damned souls who come back to earth,  
To haunt the souls of the troubled folk,  
Who, whether by fault, or whether by birth,  
Are burdened through life by the heavy yoke,  
And are haunted by the sounds  
Of the eldritch whisper, and fiendish glee;  
On whose life has fallen the fateful lot,  
And from this glamour can never be free,  
For they, too, are caught in the fatal knot,  
And are hunted by Gabriel's hounds.

JOHN M. HOWDEN.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE MEANING OF NATIONALITY.

By Sir RICHARD LODGE, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and Author of  
*The Student's Modern Europe, The Close of the Middle Ages, &c.*

THE student of history or of politics is permanently handicapped, as compared with the student of mathematics, of natural science, or even of philosophy, by the fact that he has no technical vocabulary with accurate definitions, but is compelled to use the familiar terms of everyday life. These terms, the common property of the man in the street and the journalist, have for the most part no clearly defined meaning, and are often used loosely to convey very different impressions. Among the vaguest and most variable of these terms are those of 'nation' and 'nationality,' with which the present article is concerned. Both these words are extremely familiar, and both convey a general impression to the hearer or reader; but their very familiarity obstructs any attempt to assign to them a precise significance. At all times it is the duty of a student who desires to think clearly on a subject to analyse carefully the meaning of the terms which he employs. But this duty assumes an imperative urgency when these terms become vital issues in an earth-shaking war. In December 1916, when the Allied Powers issued their first statement of war aims in reply to President Wilson, they used the following memorable words: 'No peace is possible until we have secured the recognition of the principle of nationality and the independence of small states.' From that moment no citizen in a belligerent state could afford to remain in uncertainty as to the exact meaning of the principle of nationality.

The difficulty in the way of arriving at a precise definition is that the word 'nation' has undergone a very substantial change of meaning, and has lost its first and etymological sense. Originally it implied the status created by birth, and was practically equivalent to the term 'race,' with which it is most commonly confused. But the process of differentiation, which so constantly tends to give a varied significance to words which at one time had identical meanings, has gone so far in this case that the conceptions of race and of nationhood are now not only distinct, but actually opposed to each other. The races of mankind are diversely arranged by philologists, who group them according to language; and by anatomists, who appeal to the shape of the skull and other physical characters as evidence of community of race. But whichever principle

of subdivision be adopted, there is nothing in common between the modern conception of race and the modern conception of a nation. In fact, the principle of nationality has no subtler and no more resolute opponent than the doctrine—which lies at the bottom of movements like those of the Pan-Germans, Pan-Slavs, and Pan-Turanians—that political organisation should be founded upon unity of race. The doctrine is also a preposterous one, for it is difficult, at any rate in Europe, to find anywhere a pure and unadulterated race.

If etymology leads to a confusion of nation with race, common usage seems to justify the identification of the words nation and state. We speak of 'international' relations when we mean the relations of states with each other, and the natural conclusion is that states are also nations. And for this conclusion there are more justifications than verbal usage. The great majority of modern states in Europe are constructed on a national basis, and in western Europe they have been so constructed for a considerable time. But in central and southern Europe this identification of state and nation is quite recent, and there are still two prominent states, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, which not only have never been national states, but have always been anti-national states. They exist, as they have always existed, through the negation of the principle of nationality. The British Empire, again, is a state in the sense that it is a unit in inter-state politics, but it is a state formed by the union of separate nations, and its unity, such as it is, is not national unity. And there are nations, such as the Poles, which have no state organisation of their own, and have ceased to form a political unit. Hence we are forced to conclude that the terms nation and state, in spite of their close connection in many cases, are in no sense identical.

To the question as to what constitutes a nation, the most obvious and common answer would be community of language. And there can be no doubt that this has been the strongest element in the process of nation-building. Without the easy and familiar intercourse which a common language renders possible, it is difficult to develop that community of thought and sentiment which is necessary to bind a people

into national unity. Also, a common language usually carries with it a common literature and all the associations of phrase, allusion, and recollection which such a literature involves. But that community of language is not essential to the making of a nation is proved by such familiar instances as Scotland, where a nation was formed out of two peoples, one speaking English and the other Gaelic; and Switzerland, where at least three distinct languages are spoken. And that it will not in itself constitute a nation is demonstrated by the fact that the people of the United States share our language and the heritage of a common literature, but have cut themselves altogether adrift from national union with us.

At one period in history it would have been confidently asserted that national unity could only be built upon religious unity. This conviction constitutes the strongest secular defence of religious persecution and deliberate efforts to suppress dissent. The conviction, indeed, was justified in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the fact that in those days national states were divided and distracted by religious wars, and it is upheld even in our own day by the obvious obstacles which religious discord puts in the way of national unity. The division between Roman Catholic and Protestant in Ireland, between Orthodox, Uniate, and Roman Catholic in the Balkans, between Christian and Mohammedan in Turkey, are obvious illustrations of the alienating strength of religious differences. Yet in the majority of civilised states toleration has made such strides since the seventeenth century that we have ceased to consider that a national state must have one creed or one form of worship, and we have become familiar with religious diversity in association with the closest political unity.

A series of negations has revealed that a nation is not a race, and is not necessarily a state; that it is not necessarily created by community of language, or founded upon unity of religion. But these negations bring us little nearer to a positive definition, and the meaning of the term can only be given by description and illustration. In the first place, a nation is an artificial, not a natural, unit, and—in defiance of the etymology of the word—it is made, not born. The world did not start with ready-made nations; they have grown up here and there in the course of the world's history. Every nation is the product of its own history; it can only prove its nationhood by its records. The belief that it is possible to treat as nations peoples who have not undergone the discipline which makes a nation is one of the most fatal and the most common blunders of modern politicians. What really binds a people into national unity is the tradition and assurance of common interests, glory in common achievements, and, above all, the memory of

common sufferings. It may confidently be asserted that our opponents, against whom we are avowedly championing the principle of nationality, are themselves unwittingly doing a good deal of nation-building at the present time. Belgium was a bundle of provinces under foreign rule until 1830, when a sudden revolution, backed by external support, gave it a measure of unity and independence, and these were protected for three-quarters of a century by a guarantee of the Great Powers. With the exception of the one short and sharp struggle against Dutch control, the Belgians had undergone little of the prolonged and arduous discipline which has welded other peoples together. No wonder there were internal quarrels: Flemings against Walloons, Catholics against unbelievers, class against class. But the great shock of 1914, and the sufferings which Belgium has undergone under the heel of merciless oppressors, have done more to bind Belgians into a real nation than could have been achieved by years of peace and industrial progress. Serbia and Roumania, though starting with very different origins, are equally new as national states, and they, like Belgium, will probably emerge from the war with a more vivid consciousness of the ties of nationality than they ever experienced before. Even the various fragments into which revolutionary Russia has so suddenly split may yet be welded together again by a stronger and more binding force than was ever supplied by the despotism of the Tsars.

If we turn to history for illustrations of the growth of nations, we have an easier task. In the early Middle Ages the conception of nationality, as we understand it, was non-existent. The tradition and the prestige of the Roman Empire survived its downfall. Christendom continued to be regarded as forming a great corporate unit ecclesiastically and politically. As the pope was the head of the Christian Church, so the emperor was the head of the Christian state. Latin was the language of the Church, of educated men, of law, worship, and literature. The popular dialects were mere patois, fitted only for everyday use, or at best for the simplest literary forms. The various peoples were divided by the class distinctions of a common feudal organisation, and the upper classes in different countries had substantially stronger links with each other than they had with the peasants and the townspeople of their own country. It was not until the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that these horizontal divisions began to be displaced by vertical lines, that common interests took the place of class distinctions, and in parts of Europe the national state began to emerge.

England took the lead. Insular isolation, the coercive influence of two foreign conquests, the efficient central government established by exceptionally able rulers, and finally prolonged wars with France and Scotland, combined to create

a national state, with a language and a literature of its own, in the fourteenth century. France acquired territorial unity in the fifteenth century, and became the most intensely national of all states under the pressure on all its frontiers of the immense dominions of the hostile House of Hapsburg. With the sixteenth century came a powerful impulse in the direction of splitting Europe into separate nations. All attempts to reform the Church without sacrifice of unity had proved unavailing; and in the end, by a series of schisms, separate states detached themselves from their allegiance to Rome. Ecclesiastical independence became the basis of complete political autonomy in Sweden, Denmark, and Holland. Scotland, already partially united by the War of Independence, gained a more complete national consciousness by the victory of the popular movement which secured the establishment of a Protestant Church. England had already vindicated its ecclesiastical independence against the papacy at Avignon, and completed it under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

In spite, however, of the great progress of nationality, the greater part of central and southern Europe remained unaffected by it. In Germany, whose kings still claimed the proud title of Roman emperors, religious differences embittered and prolonged political jealousies, and the close of the Thirty Years' War left a nominal state made up of practically independent units. So far as nationalising tendencies affected Germany, they gave greater cohesion to individual provinces, like Brandenburg, and thus tended to the more complete disunion of Germany as a whole. Austria, nominally the leading state of the Empire, was only partly German, and the interests of its rulers were largely diverted to Turkish wars for the defence and expansion of Hungary, and to the maintenance of claims to succeed to the elder Hapsburg line in Spain. Italy, the other state most closely associated with imperial traditions, fared even worse. Not only was all trace of political unity obliterated, so that the name of the country was a mere geographical expression, but it became the battleground of rival European Powers, and many of its fairest states sank to

be appanages of foreign states. And Spain, in spite of its greater apparent unity, was in reality held together by the despotic rulers of Castile, who secured their predominance by encouraging instead of eliminating provincial discords.

Thus, by the end of the eighteenth century Europe was still a group of states, of which some may be regarded as nations, whereas others, and among them some of the most prominent, were still either non-national or anti-national. And of what may be called the principle of nationality, the doctrine that a people which has given evidence of its will and capacity for national union is entitled to hold together and to have a voice in the determination of its own fate, there was as yet no trace whatever. When the treaties of Utrecht and Rastadt partitioned the Spanish dominions at the close of the War of Succession, states were carved and distributed by diplomatists as if they were so many Dutch cheeses. A still more glaring illustration of the disregard of nationality is afforded later in the century by the fate of Poland. Poland was an ill-organised state, and it had failed to achieve real national unity. But it had been a powerful state, it had played a not inglorious part in past history, and its traditions furnished a fairly substantial basis for the building up of nationality. The dangers which were threatened by the rise, in addition to Austria, of two powerful and aggressive neighbours in Russia and Prussia supplied the necessary stimulus. But the attempt to reform the Polish constitution came fatally too late: the adjacent Powers obstructed and finally proscribed all efforts to construct a coherent state. When their insolent aggressions at last provoked a really national rising, it was crushed by overwhelming force, and Poland was for the time blotted from the map of Europe, while its inhabitants were condemned to become Austrians, Russians, or Prussians instead of Poles. In the reprobation of this crime, and in the resolute refusal of the Poles to acquiesce in the suppression of their national identity, the historian may trace the first beginning of a dim recognition of the real principle of nationality, whose progress was to play so dominant a part in the history of the nineteenth century.

## THE FORESTER'S GIRL

### CHAPTER XXIV.

IN the Far West the origin of devastating fires which annually lay waste vast stretches of country is an ever-recurrent riddle. Throughout sections where the railway has penetrated and threads its wonderful iron way, sparks from an engine or hot waste coal readily account for a sudden conflagration. Even in sparsely settled districts a match thrown carelessly away or an unwatched bonfire may be the initial cause of

widespread death and destruction. But in that wild country, at the time wherein this narrative is laid, many miles from a railway and all human habitations save an isolated ranch or widely separated foresters' cabins, neither of these explanations held good, and the source of the danger had to be sought, as we have already suggested, either in the neglected fires of camping-parties or the perverted intention of

cattle and goat owners. That incendiarism was the more probable cause the frequent sporadic outbreak of fires in remote and unlikely places bore evidence; and although it was a rare thing for any one to be caught in the act, large rewards were offered for an arrest, and severe penalties threatened the fire-raiser. In such a wilderness a forester would have required to be argus-eyed indeed to discover on every occasion the first signs of these scattered fires; so that often the fire-devil, with such fearful speed did he travel, was well astride of his steed and away before hand of man could check his mad career.

Thus it befell that, while David Hardy spurred his horse towards the Grizzly Station, and his young wife slept the sweet sleep of the home-returned wanderer, a thin yellow flame in the hollow of an ancient charred stump began struggling for existence; stretched itself upwards for the life-giving oxygen; thus strengthened, fed itself on a bunch of withered grass, and with increasing vigour caught upon and climbed a bush of leafless buckthorn. Warmed and encouraged by the glow, other little flames crept from their black hiding-place; chased their leader up one bush and down another; then, as the mad frolic spread, began leaping from one obstacle to another, till finally, with a roar, in a glare of red and yellow, of orange and gold, they raced helter-skelter up the dry, resinous bole of a dead brown pine. Once at the top, the fiery banners flung themselves abroad to meet a wild west wind, which, bearing down upon the tortured tree, scattered its burning boughs and crackling cones like evil seed in a fair garden.

Thus, in an incredibly short time, a blazing belt stretched right and left, while steadily advanced the zone of fiery flames and dusky clouds of stinging smoke, surging before the wind.

Anita, waking rosy and refreshed after several hours of undisturbed sleep, suddenly sat up, a look of intense concentration on her face, as a sound of rattling shutters and swaying trees struck upon her ears. At the same time the acrid smell of bush-smoke tingled in her eyes and nose. 'My goodness!' she exclaimed, bounding from the bed and running to the door; 'surely that fire must be coming nearer! And what a fearful smoke! However, David said it was miles away, and no danger unless the wind'— She broke off, turning pale as the dead limb of a near-by tree cracked and fell before the rush of a furious gale, while the unmistakable sound of crackling undergrowth and the roar of huge pine torches now became distinctly audible to the terrified girl, alone in a wooden box of a house.

Forcing herself to keep calm and to use her wits, Anita presently called to mind that even if the fire made its way through the grassy corral, the wide creek traversing it might act as a barrier, there being no large timber for the

flames to catch. If so, the cabin might be safe, standing as it did on the opposite side of the creek and of the dust-deep high-road. In any case, however, the air was growing intensely hot and surcharged with smoke; and as Anita stood hesitating how to act, a shrill neigh issued from the corral, and David's buckskin, with terror in his eyes, and distended nostrils, galloped up to the fence.

'Oh "Buck," you poor fellow!' cried the girl, running across and letting down the bars for the horse to pass out. Lowering his head to the road, he sniffed the dust, picked up the trail of his mate whom the forester had ridden away in the morning, and with a toss of mane and tail, and a loud whinny, started off at a sharp trot.

For a moment Anita stared after him; then, with one backward glance at the little home standing deserted in the face of a fearful menace, she, too, ran rapidly down the road. Please God she would meet David, or at least could wait for him when she had gone far enough from those threatening flames. All at once she stopped short, and with a gesture of horror pressed her hand over her throbbing heart, as her eyes lit upon the turning to the Goose Lake trail. Gavin Barrie! Would he know? Would he realise in time that this venomous fire was racing along towards the lakes, or would it trap him unawares in his camp? With head erect and clenched hands, Anita for an instant paused, sniffing the smoke and watching how the wild wisps of cloud raced across the blue sky; then, with an agonised prayer for strength, started up the trail, and, stumbling, falling, rising again to struggle forward, pressed steadfastly towards the distant goal.

In the meantime, for the forester things had turned out more fortunately than he had dared to hope, for when within some miles of the station he had overtaken the Kings' outfit on the homeward trek, and one of the boys, who was riding a fairly fast horse, had willingly undertaken to ride on ahead and give the alarm at the Grizzly, thus releasing Hardy to return home again so soon as his horse had had a rest and a feed.

In this way much valuable time could be saved, and Hardy, his mind considerably relieved, was making the best of his way back, when the sudden appearance of his saddleless 'buckskin' warned both the man and the horse under him that something was wrong. Dismounting, he caught the runaway, and changing the saddle to the fresher animal, urged it back in its own recent tracks, leaving the reluctant 'Dan' to follow. Long, however, before the forester was in sight of his home, the dreadful peril of the situation forced itself upon him; for although, as Anita had rightly conjectured, the fire had been held up by the creek, it had, as though in baffled rage, turned and raced madly through the flanking forest. So overpowering already were

the heat and the smoke that the terrified horse refused to go farther, and being freed of the riding-gear, he with his fellow wheeled and tore at top speed down the road again to safety; while the forester rushed to the house, and entering, called loudly for Anita, only to find her gone.

Almost frenzied with anxiety, poor David left the empty cabin, and searching desperately for signs of the fugitive, his trained eye presently discovered the prints of her running feet in the dusty road. These, in anguish of foreboding and haste, he followed as rapidly as possible, till suddenly they failed at the fork of the Goose Lake trail. Far beyond this point the fiery scourge had already swept, and David could hear it still pitilessly lashing every green bush and bough as, like an endless lasso, it slowly strangled the doomed forest.

In such a hell no creature could live, and as the awful conviction struck home to David Hardy that somewhere in that fiery furnace his beloved Annie must have perished, the shock was greater than even such an iron frame and nerves as his could bear, and he reeled as everything swam before his eyes and confused sounds rang in his ears.

For a moment even a voice, clear and insistent, calling him by name, failed to restore his paralysed senses: 'Hardy! David Hardy!' and yet again: 'David! David Hardy!'

Then, 'Yes!' shouted the forester, all his faculties suddenly again on the alert. 'Who is it? Where are you?' And forthwith, from among the blackened, hissing trees, appeared, with pallid face, burnt hands, and scorched clothing, Gavin Barrie, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of the forester's girl.

'Here—take her, David; she's yours!' he gasped, and caught at the other's shoulder for support.

'Annie!—my own dear love!' cried David, kneeling down and gathering the girl into his arms. 'My own darlin'!—See, Barrie!' he exclaimed joyfully, bending more closely over her; 'she's openin' her eyes! She's alive, and unhurt—thanks be to God and you!' Then, looking up from the worship of the sweet young face and the quivering lids, he beheld the Englishman's tall figure turning again into the burning woods. 'Good God, man, are you mad?' shouted David. 'You're not goin' back into that hell? It's certain death!'

Now in the entire lifetime of most individuals it is rarely given that one man may look into the very soul of another. But as the forester's excited gaze met the steadfast gray eyes of Gavin Barrie, he suddenly flushed hot with shame before the realisation that he had plumbed the clear depths of one man's spiritual being, of a man whom he had grievously misjudged, and it was with a feeling almost of awe that he heard Gavin answer, while a smile of wonderful

tenderness dawned on the grave mouth, 'Yes, I *must* go back. You see, I have left a crippled friend in camp.'

## CHAPTER XXV.

**PLOP!**—plop!—plop! With great, heavy drops, which at first fell and rolled like crystal beads along the hard-baked ground ere yet a myriad thirsty mouths were opened to swallow the precious moisture, the swollen cloud-masses of leaden hue, which the scorched eyes of weary fire-fighters had eagerly watched piling up above the peaks of the Granite Mountains, at length began to empty themselves of their treasures, momentarily increasing in number and violence, until, like the concerted roll of a legion of kettle-drums, the longed-for rain swept down upon the blackened, ravaged country. Pelt!—pelt!—pelt! How the thick red dust of the mountain high-road spurted up like dry geysers, until the two elements, mingling as one, rushed away in a swirl of viscous fluid! How the hot, gray ashes of a thousand vanished bushes hissed and steamed among the tortured roots! How the charred and fretted stumps wept inky tears, staining the glaring white stones with the dark traces of their dissolution! How the hurricane, with cooling spray, bathed the scorched bodies and limbs of poor, naked trees, lately so brave in ruddy bark and verdant foliage!

'Thank God! Thank God!' murmured a million voices of the wilderness. 'Thank God! Thank God!' with fervent tones exclaimed, too, one and all of the devoted band who through two pitiless days and nights, with axe and spade, with blistered hands and aching backs, had fought the fierce demon before whose fiery breath nor man nor beast could long endure. Yea, verily; thank God for 'the sound of many waters'!

Yet, in spite of heroic efforts and the redeeming rain, a grievous extent of priceless forest round about the lonely lakeland was laid waste. In black-letter head-lines the Press throughout the Union set forth the fury of the foe and the extent of the devastation. Calculations, in cubic feet, of the loss of timber were duly recorded. Just praise was meted out to the National foresters and the men who in that sparsely peopled district volunteered to help to combat a common foe.

One paragraph alone, however, calls for a special place in this narrative, and it ran as follows: 'With reference to the Laughing Lake district, we are glad to be able to state that owing to the lateness of the season practically every one had gone out, so that the loss of life was almost nil, only one person, said to be an English sportsman, being reported missing and supposed to have fallen a victim to one of the worst conflagrations that have ever visited that section of the state.'

Such the casual intimation to the outside world of the fate of Gavin Barrie. A few there were, however, for whom the whole tragedy and horror of those terrible days centred around the missing stranger, and of these were David Hardy and Kenneth Grey. The latter had, at first tidings of the wide-spreading menace, hastened from the bedside of the sick child at Silver Creek, and putting himself under Hardy's orders, worked with might and main. Shoulder to shoulder they hacked and dug, sweated and swore, the slender, pale-faced doctor holding his own doggedly beside the muscular, bronzed young forester. And when, at last, the fury of the rain abating, the sun once more drew the veil of mourning from his face and looked out upon a sodden, reeking world, side by side these two, drawn together by a common sorrow and unity of purpose, set out upon a quest which both tacitly recognised could have but one end.

No need to dwell upon the details of those anxious hours while the two men, pluckily braving the perils of half-burned trees, pitfalls of still hot ashes, unexpected holes, and newly erected obstacles, forced their way among the shrouded ghosts of what once were swaying pines to the sheltered spot behind the granite bluffs which, a brief while before, had been the scene of a peaceful holiday camp. With heavy heart and eyes smarting with smoke and tears, Kenneth Grey stood dumbly gazing at the pitiful survivals of the fire-devil's spite, the hell-tempered head of an axe, a molten pool of tin, and there, where it had fallen with its supporting tree, the warped and mottled barrels of poor Barrie's gun.

'Not here!' said the forester gruffly, dashing the mist from his eyes. 'Must have got away before them damned flames caught the place. Come this way, doc. I reckon he'll have tried for the edge of the lake.'

Grey, too grieved for speech, silently stumbled along in David's soft, ashy footsteps, until the forester suddenly halted, crying out, 'Look-a here, doc! He must have got this far, anyway. See them tracks on that bit of strand? He's followed the water and the "carry" to Laughin' Lake! For God's sake, get a move on; we may find him yet!' And with straining muscles and

staring eyes, the weary searchers crashed and splashed their way along the edge of the lily-crowded 'carry,' so recently the serene sanctuary of migrating water-fowl, to where, like a lambent sapphire robbed of its setting, the blue surface of the lake lapped and laughed in the sunshine.

Suddenly the forester's face, begrimed and set, grew yet more grave as his experienced eye noted how great masses of bush and rank grass had been scorched; for well he knew no living thing exposed to the smothering fumes of bush-smoke could long survive.

There they found him. Close to the very spot where David's young wife, saved from the shame of self-imposed death, answered the clear recall to life and duty, this modern Galahad, *sans peur et sans reproche*, had received his summons to a higher sphere.

Yet even in death his last thoughts had not been of himself. David Hardy, kneeling beside the long, prostrate figure, face downwards, near the cool, clear water, found one arm rigidly clasping some object, carefully shielded by the owner's coat from the suffocating smoke.

'God o' mercy!' exclaimed the forester in a choked voice; 'it's the red-brown dawg! And he's alive!'

With a long, low whine the poor, lame creature shot out a feeble tongue, and, unrebuked, licked away the tears that furrowed their way down David Hardy's smoke-blackened cheeks.

In the forester's snug valley home, curled up on his own special cushion before the fire, a very old dog, with gray muzzle and clouded eyes, suffers childish fingers to pull his silky curls, or, undisturbed by their delighted laughter, utters short, muffled barks, and beats the floor with his plummy tail, while in the happy hunting-grounds of slumberland he chases the bounding gray squirrel or tracks the wily timber-wolf. But though 'Bob's' sporting days are over, and his senses dulled, his ears are never too deaf to hear or his legs too stiff to follow when his master, loudly whistling, passes out into the street, and the neighbours, seeing the man and his canine shadow, smiling, say, 'There goes David Hardy with his red-brown dog!'

THE END.

## SOME VIOLIN DISCOVERIES.

By WM. C. HONEYMAN, Author of *The Violin: How to Master It*.

### THE SECRET OF THE ITALIAN TONE.

TILL about a hundred and fifty years ago the violins made in Britain were fashioned pretty much in the style of those of Jacob Stainer, which give a somewhat hard but telling tone. Then some of the violins of Amati and Stradivarius began to creep into the country,

and expert judges of tone exclaimed, 'Ah! that's different. It has an engaging sweetness that the English violin lacks; it has a tone that lingers in the ear and dwells in the memory. Make me a violin like that.' The violin-maker obeyed. He abandoned the exaggerated copies of Stainer, and produced very exact copies of Amati and Stradivarius; but, to the

surprise of both himself and his customers, those beautifully made copies had not the Italian tone. Then they said, 'Ah, age will put that all right!' But again they were mistaken. Age did not put it right; the violins still had the British tone. They did not seem to know that several German makers, such as Albani, Teckler, and Schneider, who had settled in Italy and retained much of the bulging German model, produced violins which all had most distinctly the Italian tone; nor had they noticed that the most beautiful copies of the great Italian violins made by Nicolas Lupot and J. B. Vuillaume of Paris had not, and never will have, the Italian tone. These bring enormous prices, but I have seen many a nameless old Italian violin, costing from fifteen to twenty pounds, which for tone was worth any two such Paris masterpieces.

Baffled thus about the shape and the model, they started a new theory—the varnish craze. 'It is quite clear,' they said, 'that the Italian tone arises from the fine varnish which the Italians use.'

They ought to have noticed that though scarcely any two Italian violin-makers used the same varnish, all their violins had this engaging sweetness of tone; but they did not, and so stumbled on, making all kinds of varnish, each maker swearing most religiously by his own. Thomas Dodd (1780) on his label declared himself to be 'The only possessor of the recipe for preparing the original Cremona varnish;' and others took up the cry. In effect they said, 'Buy my varnish and put it on any violin you like, and that violin will have the Italian tone;' and that delusion has lasted till this day, for if a quack will only shout loudly he is sure to get some to believe him.

None of these patent varnishes gave the Italian tone, and their makers were as far from the secret as ever.

Other theories were then started. One maker said that if the plates were glued to the ribs with a slight spring on them (by doing the ends first, and then pressing in the plates) the tone would be Italian; and another declared that by tuning the plates (the back and breast) to the same notes as those given by a real Italian violin, the tone of that Italian violin would be perfectly reproduced in the copy; but unfortunately when the violins of these men were made, they had no more of the Italian tone in them than there is in my ink-bottle.

About twenty-five years ago I began to sum up the facts I have now noticed, and concluded that, first, the Italian tone did not lie in the make or model or fitting or tuning of the violin; and, second, that it did not lie in the varnish with which the violin was covered. What, then, was left? Only the wood. Your Italian violin-maker, living in a warm and enervating climate, is naturally a little lazy, and takes the wood nearest to his hand; so it seemed to me probable

that all the Italian violins were made of Italian wood. Italy produces grand singers. Was it not possible that the sunshine and fine air south of the Alps might also produce grand singing violin wood? A curious fact pointed in the same direction. An Italian violin-maker who worked about sixty years ago got reckless (or something else) towards the end of his life, and imported a number of German factory fiddles 'in the white,' made to his pattern. He varnished them himself, inserted his label, and sold them as his own; but these violins have not the faintest tincture of the Italian tone. I saw one of them a year or two ago, and though it was beautiful to look at, the tone was of a poor commonplace character. Indeed, if the violin had been sold for its tonal merits alone it would have been dear at ten pounds, yet the dealer assured me that he would get two hundred pounds for it! The fool and his money are easily parted.

The wood alone of the Italian violins now seemed to hold the secret, and to test this I had a violin made in Italy by a skilled maker, out of very old Italian wood, and sent to this country 'in the white'—that is, without any varnish on it. When that violin was strung up I smiled, for it had Italian tone of the richest quality before a drop of varnish had been put upon it. That settled the varnish craze; but there still remained the possibility of the fine climate of Italy having given the tone to the violin while it was being made. To settle that, I got the dealer, who had loyally helped me throughout, to import a quantity of very old Italian wood, and after I had selected the best pieces by testing their tone with a mallet, I got a Scottish violin-maker to produce from them an exact copy of my Gasparo da Salo violin. Again, before a drop of varnish had been put upon it, the violin had Italian tone of the richest quality. The secret of the Italian tone was a secret no longer, and now nearly every dealer in violin wood advertises 'fine old Italian wood.'

One leading Scottish violin-maker, indeed, no sooner tried one violin with Italian wood than he sold off his whole stock of Swiss wood, and has used nothing but Italian wood ever since. The greatest tribute, however, to this discovery has been paid by those perverted geniuses known as 'violin-fakers'—that is, skilled violin-makers who produce 'old Italian violins' to order, just as some artists devote themselves to the production of 'old masters.' Of these artificers there are four in London and two in provincial English towns, all of whose works I have seen. They hailed this discovery with joy, and now make their clever forgeries of old Italian wood, which renders the work of the expert more difficult. He sees a violin, and at the first glance says to himself, 'I doubt—I doubt that's a fake; it's not really Italian; but what is the tone like? Ha! that's strange; it has the Italian tone! What is it?' (left puzzling). So clever

are these men that one of them not many years ago produced a 'Stradivarius' which deceived a whole bunch of experts. A more gratifying result, however, is that any one may now make a violin with the Italian tone, whether he be working in Britain or in any other part of the world.

#### THE DISTEMPER, A MYSTERIOUS MALADY.

New violins were said to take this trouble, like new dogs and cats, when they were a few months old. They sounded well when first strung up, but soon after became intolerably loose and rattling in tone, and many a violin was abandoned, or dissected, or fitted with a new bass-bar in the vain hope of a cure. Ed. Heron Allen, in his book *Violin-Making* (1885), thus describes this trouble: 'It is when the fiddle has been played on for a month or two, and the fibres of the wood are beginning to answer to the sound-waves, that the tone becomes harsh and *musard*. Often, when I have been playing my own fiddles into condition, friends have said, "Well, old fellow, it seems unkind to say so to you who made it, but that's a beastly fiddle." I always reply, "*Tout vient à celui qui sait attendre*." But why wait? It is better to investigate than to wait. Remove the cause and the effect will cease.

The first violin in which I noticed this trouble was brought to me by its maker to be certified, and it sounded all right; but after it had been hung up in a glass case for a few weeks the tone was dreadful; it buzzed and rattled and throbbed as if a dozen splints were loose inside. I summoned the maker, who was amazed. Was there nothing loose inside? No, he was certain there was nothing loose, but thought that it would right itself. It was hung up again, but failed to improve. The same maker brought to me a violin a hundred and ten years old which he had revarnished, but as the varnish was rather soft the violin was hung up to harden. When I next took it down I was staggered to find that it also had developed the distemper and shrieked horribly at every pressure of the bow, though before the tone had been delightful. Now, all traditions declared that only new violins were thus afflicted, yet here was one a hundred and ten years old seized with that trouble! Could the disease be infectious? I scouted that idea, and felt sure that some of the parts had got loose, removed the strings, and looked through the tail-pin hole in a strong light to see the loose part. While I was doing so the sound-post fell down, and then the solution of the whole mystery flashed upon me. The sound-post is a pillar of pine about the thickness of a pencil, which is placed inside the violin near the bridge to convey the vibrations from the breast to the back. It is not glued but wedged in, the ends being carefully sloped to fit the

slopes of the breast and back. It is always fitted in before the violin is varnished. The post in this violin had been perfectly fitted, but the varnishing had swelled the outside of the plates, and as they could not spread, being fastened to the ribs, they rose—in other words, became more convex outside and more concave inside. The result was that the inner ends of the post ceased to touch, and every stroke of the bow made the plates rattle and throb against those free ends. I took out the fallen post, inserted another slightly longer, and, lo! the distemper was cured. I then turned to the new violin, treated it in the same way, and again the cure was complete. Any one, therefore, may now cure a violin thus afflicted in a few minutes, instead of playing away at the horrible thing for months till the varnish tightens (as may happen), and the pressure of the bridge forces back the plates on to the ill-fitting sound-post. A simple cure! Very; but they did not know of it in 1885.

#### WOLF-NOTES—A HEART-BREAKING TROUBLE.

Nearly every violin has some poor notes, but some have notes here and there which are so horribly jarring that no player or listener could endure them long. These are called wolf-notes, and can only be described as two notes a quarter of a tone apart sounding at the same time, and fighting each other like fiends. An ill-fitting sound-post may create one, just as it creates the distemper, but as a rule the cause lies much deeper than that. After long study, I came to the conclusion that it lay in some inequality or defect in the wood of the breast or the back. A slip of the maker's gouge might produce the defect, by making one part a little thinner than the rest, or a sudden curve in the fibres of the wood, caused by their avoiding a knot. An English player once sent me a fine violoncello by Benjamin Banks which was afflicted with two wolf-notes, and I handed it to a skilful violin-maker to remove the breast. The moment that was off I discovered the cause of the bad notes, for some vandal had scooped away part of the breast, including half of Banks's own hand-written inscription. I ordered the repairer to veneer the mutilated part with fine old pine, and work it down to the proper thickness; and when that had been done the wolf-notes were gone. Another curious case was that of a fine Cremona which had at one time been open at the centre joint of the breast, and badly joined by some ignorant repairer, so that one edge stood higher than the other. To cover up his bad work this wretch had then scraped away the higher part, forgetting that the same inequality still existed inside, and the result was a horrible wolf-note on G in the centre of the fourth string. A thin veneer on the uneven part cured the wolf-note, and a fine Cremona was saved to future generations. A first-class

Scottish maker once brought to me a viola which he had made to order for a member of the Scottish Orchestra. He said nothing about it, but after I had tested it carefully, I went back again and again to a particular note, and then said, 'That's a wolf-note.'

'Ay, it's a wolf-note,' he almost groaned, 'and I don't know how it has come.'

'Your gouge has slipped,' I said. 'If you take off the breast and try it with your calipers about here'—and I pointed to a spot about two and a half inches in front of the bridge—'you will find that it is thinner.'

He took the viola back to Glasgow, found that I was right, veneered the part, and the wolf-note was gone. A mild form of wolf-note may often be cured by sawing away on that note with a heavy bow for hours on end, but a full-blown specimen calls for surgical treatment. A very badly made violin sometimes defies even that. A manufactured 'Old Italian' violin, by a clever Liverpool forger, was placed in my hands by the owner for the cure of several wolf-notes; but the repairer, after carefully going over the breast, told me that there were so many inequalities that he could not undertake to tackle them all, and that a new breast alone would make the violin enduring. So the violin remained a useless fraud.

Prevention, however, is better than cure. No one need buy a violin afflicted with a wolf-note, for there are hundreds entirely free of that trouble to choose from. In his excitement and eagerness to close with a tempting offer, the buyer, instead of testing every string from top to bottom in semitones, usually only tries some of his favourite pieces, and then says, 'It'll do. I'll buy it!' Afterwards, when he discovers the wolf-note, he groans out, 'If I had only known!'

#### THE MYSTERY OF THE BASS-BAR.

The bass-bar of a violin is a thin slip of wood, ten and a quarter inches long, which is glued on edgeways inside the breast near the left sound-hole, to support the breast against the pressure of the strings, and to carry the vibrations along as far as the breast strongly vibrates. Upon no part of the violin has so much mystery been heaped as upon this little bit of wood, and for more than one hundred years 'bass-bar cranks' have cropped up as regularly as harvest-time. Some have only darkly hinted at their method of placing and adjusting it; but others have loudly shouted, 'Let me put into your violin my magical bass-bar, and your fiddle ever after will be equal to the best Cremona in existence. It is my secret, and no other person in the world possesses it.'

Now, there is no reason why the fitting of a bit of wood should be a secret; indeed, my discovery of the best method was not made by accident, as was that of the distemper cure, but

by a simple process of reasoning which any one could have followed out as well. In nearly all the violins which have been in my hands during the last fifty years (about twenty thousand), the bass-bar was placed so as to pass along the breast close to the upper round of the left sound-hole, and yet many of them gave bad results. The reason for this was not difficult to find, for scarcely any two violins are of the same width between the sound-holes, and violin-bridges also vary much in breadth, so placing the bar thus might chance to be right, but might as easily be wrong. Whenever the bridge of a violin chanced to be so broad that the centre of its left foot stood directly above the bass-bar I noticed that the effect was good, especially when the bar was made to run in the same line as the fourth string. When these conditions did not exist the effect was not good. The logical deduction was plain—*the bass-bar must be fitted not by the sound-hole, but by the width of the feet of the bridge*. A fine violin by Edward Pamphilon (1685) was sent to me by the owner with the pathetic query, 'Is the bass-bar in the right place?' This was once a grand-toned violin, but Blankety Blank, London, put a new bass-bar into it, and the tone has never been the same since.'

I gummed on a slip of paper of the width of the bass-bar in front of the bridge, with its centre directly in front of the centre of the pillar of the left foot of the bridge, and its length running in the same line as the fourth string. Handing the violin to a skilful repairer with a bit of pine two hundred years old, I told him to fit a bass-bar directly under that, giving it a slight upward spring against the pressure of the strings, as first recommended by Ole Bull; and when that had been done the violin was at once restored to its former grandeur of tone, and the owner was in raptures of gratitude. A great many violins have since been fitted and restored by this method, which has nothing secret or mysterious about it, and which any violin-repairer can execute. A prominent London violin-dealer, visiting me some years ago, laughed when I described the method to him; but when he got home and tried it he laughed no more, and has since had every violin that passed through his repairers' hands fitted thus. They laugh best who laugh last. I do not say that this method will turn a poor violin into a Cremona, but I do declare that it will allow any violin to produce the best tone that is in it.

#### THE SOUND-POST CONQUERED.

The sound-post is such a source of worry to most violin-players that it has always seemed to me that a definite rule for fixing the best position of the post would bring them great relief. It has been called 'the soul of the violin,' and a very slight alteration in its position often makes a marvellous improvement,

or the reverse, in the tone of a violin. Many years ago I knew a man who was always fidgeting with the sound-post of his violin; he used to spend whole days over the task. At last, in sheer pity, I said to him, 'I think it would be possible to hit upon a definite method of adjusting the sound-post right off without so much shifting about and testing.'

'That is quite impossible,' was his confident reply, 'for no two violins are alike, and therefore no two will endure the sound-post being at the same place.'

That was loose reasoning. The only variations in violins which affect the sound-post are the height and the thickness of the plates. Every sound-post must press equally on the breast and back, so the first point was at once counted out. There remained then only the thickness of the plates. Now, I had noticed that a violin that

was thin in wood—say under one-eighth of an inch thick—needed the post nearer the bridge than one that was thick—say three-sixteenths of an inch. Here, then, was a fact to form the foundation of a method, and many experiments at length convinced me that the best place for the sound-post in all violins is *as far behind the right foot of the bridge as the breast is thick at that part*, with its front edge in a line with the front edge of the right foot of the bridge. Not a great discovery that, but it has earned for me the gratitude of thousands of violin-players who now worry no more over the placing of this tormenting little bit of wood. With a sound-post thus fitted, and a bass-bar in the right place, a violin will give the most smooth and elastic tone that is in it, if the player really is a player. The tools to the hands that can use them!

## THE SHARK'S CAGE.

### CHAPTER II.

**L**ED by Bruce and the Spaniard, the party made their way up a winding track, which rose gradually, with varying gradient, towards the cliff-top. They walked in single file, for the track, though bordered in places with thick subtropical shrubs, admitted of no more. Again and again it curved so sharply on itself round an angle of rock that an unguided stranger in the swiftly gathering darkness must inevitably have walked over the edge of the precipice which fell away on the outer side. The sailors, habituated to the confined space of the submarine, breathed heavily as they breasted the steep ascent.

When they had covered something over a quarter of a mile along the sharp zigzags of the path, they came to a point where the narrow track, clinging to the side of the cliff, made a series of angles like an irregular letter M. At the central point of the M a narrow bridge, formed of a couple of planks laid together and secured by a rope to uprights on either side, spanned a cavernous crack some seven feet wide, which dropped sheer for fifty or sixty feet. Here Bruce halted, and turned to the lieutenant-commander, who walked immediately in his rear.

'This is the crux of the whole scheme,' said he. 'As soon as Mr Hun arrives in the morning, he will send up his working-party of a dozen to twenty men to load up the stuff from the hut. In all probability the skipper will go with them himself to superintend the proceedings. There is just about enough room in these shrubs to hide a couple of your most reliable men. As soon as the Boche party have crossed the bridge and got out of sight, those men must pitch that bridge down into the cañon. Then

the Little Bird, who is known to the Huns from having been here before with a consignment of stuff, will go down to the German boat, say there has been an accident to the bridge, and tell them to send up every man they can spare with fresh planks to make a new one. That will pretty well clear out their ship. As soon as the second party have got well away, your fellows ambushed in the rocks by the landing-stage will sound a bugle, and rush the U-boat. At the same signal your ship will sail round the bend and show the Germans the game is up. If the second German party attempt to return down the path, they will be held up there by the half-dozen fellows you will have hidden for the purpose. And, as you see, on a path like this a couple of men with rifles could hold up any number. As for the first lot, we shall look after them up above. You see, they won't be able to recross the gap with the bridge gone. There is a very steep bit just at the top as you come out to the store-hut. With a few men up there we shall be able to truss them up one after the other as they climb to the level, and we shall have half of them captured before they know there is anything amiss. They will have to come up sooner or later, and we can afford to wait for them if necessary. The great thing is to keep our men well hidden till the right moment. If we do that, we ought to bag the whole hornet's nest without so much as a sting.'

'They might shoot your friend, the Little Bird,' observed the lieutenant-commander.

'They might; but I don't think they will,' said Bruce. 'Pajarillo is pretty well used to looking after himself, and he knows what he is up against.'

'We'll see it through, anyhow,' said the other. 'If these Canary folk can't protect their own neutrality, we must help them.'

It was now a darkish night, with only a crescent of moon showing. El Pajarillo, however, had already gone carefully over the ground, and with the aid of flash-torches the lieutenant-commander placed his men in the several ambushes selected. He himself decided to lead the beach-party to the attack on the U-boat.

A couple of hours before daybreak a rehearsal of the programme was performed by all hands, the Germans being personated by the remaining members of the submarine's crew. It went off without a hitch. An hour later the lieutenant-commander, with Bruce, made a final tour of inspection to see that all were in their places. The submarine was sent away to her hiding-place; and then, while the tropical day grew quickly out of the sea, the gray-black cliffs of the Cage waited in silence, with no sign of the watching eyes and listening ears which peopled their grim solitudes. Over the oil-still green water in the Cage itself the German flag once more hung limply from the store-shed on the height, to allay suspicion. There was nothing to disturb the confidence of the most cautious U-boat skipper who ever sneaked into a secret lair.

Hark! Just as the shining of the upper sky bore witness to the coming of the sun, the rocky walls of the Cage sent up a warning sound—the swishing, slapping noise caused by the wash of a large vessel. The Little Bird, who was posted at a spot whence he could just see the landing-stage—which he had placed in position—saw from his hiding-place the long gray bulk of the U-boat glide up to the stage and stop. An officer on deck stepped on to the gangway and looked about him, as if expecting some one to greet him. Seeing no one, he glanced upward to where the German flag hung immediately overhead. The sight apparently reassured him, for he gave an order, and from the deck of the vessel, where they were clustered, the U-boat's crew followed him ashore, each man carrying a rifle. El Pajarillo counted about a score of men who landed. Led by the officer, they began the ascent of the winding path. They passed him safely, and a little later he heard the crash of the plank bridge falling into the chasm, and a confused shouting which followed.

In accordance with his instructions, the Little Bird promptly left the shelter of his bush and hastened down the path to the landing-stage. The sound of the crash and the shouting had reached those left on board the U-boat, and the Little Bird's brown, lined face assumed an expression of great concern as he approached. A junior officer, pistol in hand, awaited him at the end of the gangway. '*Gott im Himmel!* What is the matter, you Spanish trickster?' he demanded fiercely.

El Pajarillo spread out his horny hands and shrugged his big shoulders. 'Señor Teniente, there has been an unfortunate accident. The supports of the bridge across the gap have given way, and the bridge has gone to the bottom of the gap. By the mercy of God, all your men are safely across, and I myself contrived to save my skin. But without planks it is impossible to get back, and the Señor Capitan requests that you at once bring or send a party with planks and gear to repair the bridge.'

'Why not bring them down from the hut?'

'Impossible, Señor Teniente. It is as much as a man's neck is worth to bring heavy articles down the steep at the top of the path. If you have been up the path, señor, you will recognise the truth of what I say.'

It seemed that the junior officer had never himself been up the path, but he called a petty officer who had, and this man confirmed the Catalan's statement. The two Germans thereupon consulted together.

While they were still talking, a warning cry came from above where the German flag drooped in the morning stillness, and there swung slowly down to them a big crate, lowered by the windlass at the cliff-top. The officer watched till it touched the beach. It was full of provisions, cans of heavy oil for the Diesel engines, and large bunches of bananas—a welcome sight to men fresh from the confinement of a submarine cruise.

Not a muscle moved in the Little Bird's face, but he thought to himself that the Señor Bruce was no fool to drop that tempting bait just at the very moment when its appearance might turn the scale against the German officer's doubts.

It came, indeed, in the very nick of time, and the young German's face clearly showed the relief which he felt. He ordered half-a-dozen men to remain and load ship. The rest were to accompany him with gear to repair the broken bridge.

'Bring revolvers, every man,' said he, as a final caution, in his own tongue. 'One never knows what to expect from these cursed Spaniards.' He dropped into Spanish again for the Little Bird's benefit. 'As for you,' he said, 'you will lead the party, and I warn you that should any accident happen, it will be you who will suffer.'

'With care, Señor Teniente, there should be no accident,' answered El Pajarillo with grave sarcasm.

Two wide and solid planks were brought from the body of the vessel, and with half-a-dozen men carrying each, and the officer and El Pajarillo leading, the second party of Germans slowly mounted the path.

It was ticklish work for the carriers on the narrow track. Twice they stopped for a breather before they reached the spot where the

ambush-party waited. The Little Bird, walking in front with the knowledge that the officer's revolver was immediately behind him, could not rid himself of a certain uneasiness as to what would happen when the bugle sounded. The strain of waiting for that bugle told severely on his nerves, and when the officer gave the order for a third halt on a very narrow strip of path almost immediately opposite the ambush, he felt he had done all that could reasonably be expected of a man with a pistol at the small of his back. Profiting by the momentary diversion of the officer's attention, he turned round with lightning swiftness, and in a moment his powerful arms were fast about the astonished Hun, whose own arms were pinned close to his sides as the Little Bird placed him so as to act as a shield between himself and the rest of the party.

'Hands up, all of you!' shouted El Pajarillo in a terrible voice.

Almost at the same instant the bugle rang out from below, followed by the sound of a British cheer.

The Germans on the path had no time to recover from their astonishment at the sudden turn of affairs, before the shrubs parted on the rocky slope, and the ambushed sailors in peasant garb showed themselves with rifles levelled.

'*Hände hoch!*' cried a petty officer among the seeming Spaniards. The pronunciation was open to criticism, but the effect was instantaneous. The Huns, trapped on the pathway, with one accord dropped their planks, which crashed down the precipitous side of the cliff, and stood in a row like men petrified, each with his hands stretched high above his head. The British petty officer detailed a couple of his men to disarm them, beginning with the sub-lieutenant, whose revolver they transferred to the Little Bird. Then the whole lot were forthwith marched back down the path to the beach.

Everything there had gone 'according to plan.' The lieutenant-commander, with a beaming face, pointed to half-a-dozen disconsolate Huns grouped under the care of a couple of sentries on the deck of his own submarine, which was now lying alongside the U-boat. While the new prisoners were being sent to join them, the consignment of useful articles which had descended from the cliff-top suddenly began to rise again into the air.

The lieutenant-commander watched its ascent with interested gaze. 'What's that Scotsman up to now?' he muttered. Then he forgot the incident in his preoccupation with his prisoners and their captured vessel. But presently the Little Bird touched him respectfully on the shoulder and pointed skywards.

The lieutenant-commander looked up again, stared hard, and burst out laughing. 'Well, if that doesn't beat cock-fighting!' he said. 'Lads,

here comes a consignment of real German sausages, carriage paid. Stand by to unpack!'

The crate descended to the beach. It contained, in the place of stores, a parcel of four German sailors securely lashed together, with their hands bound fast to their sides. The British seamen unloaded them with many a joke, and the crate immediately reascended. Four times this method of delivery was utilised, and with the last consignment came Donald Bruce himself, grinning broadly as he bestrode the frame and held on to the chain.

He sprang down and shook hands with the lieutenant-commander and the Little Bird. 'I was just a wee bit anxious about adding my weight,' he explained. 'But it's a good chain, lieutenant, and I wanted to get down quick and see the haul. The rest of the boys will come down by road as soon as you send up and mend the bridge. They will send you down the stores first. We might as well have them. Man, I wouldn't have missed this for wor-rls!'

'It puts the lid on,' said the lieutenant-commander. 'We've got the men, we've got the boat, and we've got the boodle too.'

'What will you do with them?' asked the Scot.

The lieutenant-commander assumed a severe expression. 'Mr Bruce,' he said, 'you are endeavouring to elicit information on Service matters which might be of use to the King's enemies. If we were within British jurisdiction, you would render yourself liable to proceedings under the Defence of the Realm Act. As it is, let me ask you what you and your piratical friend here intend to do next. You will recognise that it is not possible for me to put to sea with civilians aboard.'

'Sir,' said Bruce gravely, 'I consider it my duty to inform the British consul at Santa Cruz of the suspected existence of a resort of German submarines at this point of the coast, in order that he may lodge a proper protest with the Spanish authorities, who will no doubt act upon his information.'

'A very right proceeding,' said the lieutenant-commander. 'Will you deem it necessary to inform the consul of our little affair of this morning?'

The Scot slowly shook his head. 'I should regard that as conveying information of naval movements—which, as you doubtless know, lieutenant, we civilians are strictly forbidden to do.'

'Old man,' said the lieutenant-commander, 'the soundness of your judgment equals the fertility of your resource. You are, if I may say so, *It*. And your friend here with the unpronounceable name is also *It*. I shall not forget the name of your enterprising firm, and when this scrapping is over I hope you and I will meet with greater leisure for conversation.'

The two men clasped hands again. 'With your permission,' said Bruce, 'the Little Bird and I will go up again by the lift. It will save us the climb, and get us the quicker to Santa Cruz.'

So, as the windlass wound up the crate again,

the Scot and the Catalan ascended in it together.

'It was not so bad, Señor Bruce?' said Pajarillo modestly as they stepped out on top.

'Pajarillo mio, it was superb!' said Bruce.

THE END.

## ERIC THE RED AND THE OLD NORTHMEN IN GREENLAND.

By GEORGE LINDESAY.

**A**LTHOUGH the name of Eric the Red is inseparably associated with Greenland, and although in matters connected with that great island-continent it is constantly mentioned, comparatively little is known by the general reader of that very early Arctic explorer, and of the colony which he succeeded in establishing in the face of dangers and difficulties innumerable, beyond an ice-filled and stormy sea, on an inhospitable and uninhabited coast.

Eric the Red was born in Norway, but when quite a young man he was outlawed, and took refuge in Iceland. After spending some years there, he again incurred the same punishment; whereupon he determined to set forth in search of that land which Gunbjörn, the son of Ulf Krage, had sighted about one hundred years before, when driven far out to sea by easterly gales. On sailing away from Iceland in 982, Eric promised his friends that if successful he would return at the end of the three years which constituted the term of his sentence; and the impression received is that he was a capable and daring man with a distinct object in view. Whether he actually landed on the east coast of Greenland or not is uncertain; but in any case, on reaching it, he would seem to have come to the conclusion that it was too desolate and forbidding for his purpose; so, following the direction of the field ice, he steered a southerly course. After circumnavigating the promontory now known as Cape Farewell, he passed northwards along the west coast; and ere long he discovered tracts of country more easily accessible and less wild. Having wintered in the Godthaab region, and selected Brattahlid, a little to the north of Julianehaab, as a place of residence, he set about a systematic investigation of the country with the intention of colonising it, proceeding in the first place northwards along the coast, probably as far as Disco.

The second winter was passed by the energetic explorer in the neighbourhood of Cape Farewell; and during the succeeding summer he prosecuted his researches in that direction, sailing up a number of long fjords in order to see what possibilities they offered for farming, cattle-raising, hunting, and fishing.

The third winter was spent on an island

near the head of a fjord; and then Eric the Red returned to Iceland, having completed an achievement which for pluck and enterprise will compare with any in the long history of Arctic exploration. It is to be remembered that he and his companions were very indifferently equipped, that they had no experience of the conditions prevailing in the regions they visited, and no precedents to assist them. The vessel upon which their lives and fortunes depended was a half-decked, clinker-built craft, very badly adapted for cruising amongst ice, and affording but poor protection against the severities of winter in an Arctic climate. For food these men had to depend entirely on what they had on board, and on the wild animals they were able to kill with their primitive weapons. Gales, fog, ice, and unknown currents rendered navigation highly dangerous; on the land no forests grew from which fuel could be obtained; and of help from the inhabitants they received none, as only traces of the Eskimo were seen.

That Eric the Red must have been an extremely courageous and energetic leader there can be no doubt, else on ascertaining the glacier-like character of the east coast he would have given up his project. But instead, he boldly followed the drifting ice, even when it trended northwards. After enduring the hardships and privations of a winter under what must have been far from encouraging conditions, he resolved on prosecuting his scheme of colonisation; and for two years he carried on a methodical series of investigations amid his awesome surroundings with that object in view. There are many great names associated with the exploitation of Greenland, but none of them can compare with that of Eric the Red.

According to one account, no fewer than twenty-one ships were lost out of the thirty-five which, in consequence of the report he brought back, set forth from Iceland in the year 986; the remainder reached Greenland in safety, and before long the colony, of which their crews formed the nucleus, became a recognised factor in the expansion of the Norwegian race. Numerous were the despatches which Eric sent to the richest and most influential men in Iceland, inviting their co-operation in the de-

velopment of the new country; and with the love of adventure which so strongly characterised the old Northmen, many of them responded by proceeding thither. When fortunate enough to perform the voyage without loss or serious damage, they were certain of a hearty welcome at Brattahlid; but those who had suffered shipwreck and arrived with empty pockets were by no means so warmly received.

The direct voyage from Greenland to Norway in 999 by Eric's son, Leif, called 'the Fortunate,' performed as it was at a period when even in southern Europe vessels were almost invariably navigated along the coasts, was another instance of the spirit with which these daring mariners were imbued. On the return journey he was carried out of his course by gales, and reached the mainland of North America, 'Vinland,' as it was named; and many were the plans afterwards made by the Greenland colonists for summer expeditions to that El Dorado 'where the wheat was self-sowing, where the vines grew wild, and where there was plenty of new territory to appropriate.'

Although, of course, the climate of Iceland, from which they had come, was not a mild one, that of Greenland, and the conditions of life there generally, would seem to have put a severe strain on the powers of even these hardy Northmen. The sagas do not say so directly, but every now and again expressions occur in them which show this. For about two generations they maintained the traditions of their race; but soon after that the colonists lost a good deal of their reputation as capable seamen, and most of the sea-borne trade began to be conducted in foreign ships. This, however, was mainly due to the fact that for a considerable period each year the leading settlers were obliged to employ their vessels far to the north in seal-hunting and collecting drift-timber, both matters of first importance. In the course of time a good many undesirable institutions were introduced into the new colony, and in the works of the old writers frequent references are made to summer assizes, lawsuits, and legal chicanery; to chieftains with armed followings; to robber bands, pirates, and outlaws; to poverty and epidemic diseases.

The want of beer would seem to have been much felt. Of Eric the Red himself it is said that with the approach of Christmas he became more and more sulky and silent, the reason being that he wanted malt and corn in order to enable him properly to entertain his guests at that season of the year. One of the ship's captains who were passing the winter with the old viking offered to supply him with these commodities, and the result was a *Julekalas* ('feast') on such a scale as had been thought impossible in so poor a country!

While the colonists' exports consisted mainly of bear, walrus, and seal skins, walrus-ivory,

and such-like articles, cows, sheep, goats, and ponies were kept in numbers which rendered it unnecessary for their owners to depend on wild animals to the same extent as did the Eskimo. (In one of the sagas it is related that in a Greenland storehouse some Norwegian sailors once found the carcasses of sixty slaughtered animals, nine hundred and sixty pounds of butter, and a large quantity of dried fish.) Except for ornamental purposes, bone and horn were but little used, plenty of metal being available from overseas.

How far to the north the outlying settlements Greipar and Krokfjardarheidi lay is not yet determined. They were within the Arctic Circle, but perhaps not beyond Disco, where a runic stone has been found. On the other hand, it is possible that they were situated much farther up the coast. On Jones Sound Sverdrup's expedition found artificial hatching-places for eider, of a kind long known in Norway, at spots where hitherto no European was supposed to have set foot. Should this be the case, then the Northmen in the Middle Ages had summer stations not only in the neighbourhood of Cape York, where now the most northern tribe of Eskimo live, but also in regions to which Europeans did not again penetrate until 1902.

When their ships were wrecked or had to be deserted, the Northmen took to their boats, and by dragging these over the ice with them they reached many places which were not attained by others until much later times. By this means—which was adopted by both Nansen and Amstrup—they several times reached the east coast; and it would seem that Adalbrand and Thorvald Helgesön got there in 1285 without losing their ship. Whether the *Svalbarde* ('cold coast') of the sagas, found in 1194, was the north-east coast of Greenland or Spitsbergen is uncertain; in any case, its discovery was due not to a desire for exploration, but to stress of weather.

It was not without much loss of life and suffering that the old Northmen visited so many Arctic lands. The Icelandic annals and sagas are full of tales of shipwreck and disaster, of the finding of dead bodies—sometimes whole ships' crews—on the ice or on the coasts. In highly dramatic fashion it is related how Arnbjörn and his companions were found dead, some of them in a hut close by their crushed ship, the others outside with axes lying by them; and so, too, the story is told of the seven men who were found as skeletons in a cave fourteen years after the loss of their ship, and how the body of the priest, Ingemund, who was with them was not in the least decomposed. How stirring, also, is the description in the *Floamanna Saga* of Torgils Orrabeinsfostre's wreck on the east coast, and his several years' struggle to reach an inhabited region! Particularly interesting is the account of Einar Thorgeirson's death. After being wrecked on the south-east coast, his people

quarrelled amongst themselves; from the fight Einar and two others escaped, and made their way up among the glaciers, where their bodies were afterwards found within a day's journey of a settlement. From the same old writings we learn of an attempt to cross the inland ice which in the main succeeded, although it cost the lives of those who made it.

In 1266, when some of the colonists were at the summer hunting-grounds at Krokfjardarheidi, traces of Eskimo were observed, and in consequence the priests caused a ship to be despatched 'to the north of the most northern regions hitherto reached.' The vessel was driven by a southerly gale far up the coast, and came to 'many new islands, a gulf, on the south side of which were glaciers, and where further traces of Eskimo were found.' It is added that the sun shone night and day, and that they could not go ashore on account of the bears. It would

seem that on this voyage lands to the north or north-west of Baffin Bay were visited, and it is possible that the priest's ship got as far as Robeson Channel, a neighbourhood which was not afterwards reached until the middle of the nineteenth century.

This was the first real expedition to the north purely for the purposes of exploration undertaken by the Northmen since the systematic investigation of Greenland by Eric the Red in 982-985; and it was the last. Owing to various causes, among which may be named the monopoly of its foreign trade by the Norwegian Government, the hostility of the Eskimos, the ravages of the Black Death, and the increasing severity of the climate through the accumulation of ice on the east coast, the colony ceased to exist about the end of the fifteenth century; and the only traces now left of the once-flourishing settlements are a few ruins.

### ARTIFICIAL COLD.

IT would be a curious sight to see some one sitting contentedly fanning a basin of water, and we should feel inclined to think that there must be a lunatic asylum somewhere near. Yet this was quite an ordinary proceeding among the ancient Egyptians, and there was much method in their 'madness,' for by this means they used to cool the water, and eventually obtain small quantities of ice. Water evaporates very rapidly in lands with a dry, clear atmosphere; and when aided by the fanning, the evaporation was rapid enough to cool the water to freezing-point.

This principle of cooling by means of evaporation is in use in most of the modern ice-making machines, although water is not used as the evaporating liquid. It is almost astounding to learn what great changes in industry and trade have been made during the last fifty years by the use of such machines. The most noteworthy example is to be found in connection with the frozen-meat trade.

The first vessel to bring frozen meat from Australia was the *Strathleven*, which sailed in 1881. Since then this trade with the Colonies and America has increased by leaps and bounds; and the principle has been extended to fish, milk, fruit, &c.

Cold-stores dealing with articles shipped are now to be found in most large towns. It is very strange to pass from the heat of a summer day into one of these stores, and to find icicles over one's head, growing from the refrigerating-pipes that usually pass across the rooms. Many new articles have sought their shelter in recent years, among others ladies' furs, which keep splendidly under these conditions, and do not suffer from the ravages of moths. Refrigerating-machines are found to be essential in many

breweries, and are in general use in large dairies. Bacon-curing works also find them useful, and chocolate manufacturers use them for rapidly cooling their mixtures. In this case it is often necessary to squirt the warm mixtures into various shapes, and then to set them rapidly, in order to prevent the shapes from being deformed. This is done by playing on them with jets of icy air.

Another interesting procedure in which these machines play a great part is the extraction of paraffin-wax from crude mineral oils. The oil is cooled by means of the refrigerator to many degrees below freezing-point, and then put into suitable cold-presses, which press out the semi-fluid part through cloths, and leave the wax behind.

But perhaps the most interesting use of all just now is to be found in connection with war materials. Most people are more or less familiar with nitro-glycerine, and know that it is a very highly explosive oil, used in the manufacture of cordite, and made from glycerine. Naturally the making of such an explosive substance is a matter that requires many precautions, one of the chief being to keep down the temperature when the glycerine is being run into the strong acids that change it into nitro-glycerine. If the mixture were not cooled the temperature would rise with such rapidity that an explosion would occur. In the earlier methods cold water was used, but the quicker the manufacture the better, and in recent years it has been found possible to cool the mixture by means of brine that has been brought to as low a temperature as five degrees Fahrenheit (twenty-seven degrees below freezing-point). By this method it is possible to run in the

glycerine much faster, and so complete the process in very much less time.

Since the war many explosives factories have called for the assistance of the firms who make these refrigerating-machines, and fortunately we were not dependent upon Germany for them. We must not, of course, forget that, besides all these interesting special uses for refrigerating-machines, there is always the main use for making the large blocks of ice that are such a welcome sight in our cities during the hot weather. In North America there has been competition between artificial ice and that brought from the great northern lakes, and in most cases it has been found that artificial ice can be made for less than it costs to bring down Nature's product.

It will be interesting to look into the principles that enable us to rival Nature in this way. There are many ways in which cold can be produced. Certain substances will give very low temperatures simply by being dissolved in water. Sal-ammoniac, saltpetre, and 'hypo' (hyposulphite of soda) are common examples. It is an interesting experiment to dissolve five parts of sulphocyanide of potassium in four parts of water in a glass beaker standing upon a few drops of water on a table. In a few moments it is impossible to take up the beaker; it has been frozen hard to the table.

This method of getting ice is not used to any extent in the large machines. As stated above, they depend usually upon the evaporation of liquids. It is a noteworthy fact that in order to produce cold it is necessary to produce a corresponding amount of heat somewhere else, and to get this heat a certain amount of work must be done. This is shown very well in the simple form of refrigerator that is often used in ships. In this form nothing but air is used. The air is first compressed by means of a piston; and to do this, of course, the work of a steam-engine is necessary. When the air is compressed it gets hot. It is then led along pipes surrounded by cold water, so that it gets thoroughly cooled. After this it is allowed to expand rapidly by being led away into large coils of pipe attached to a suction-piston. By expanding thus it gets still further cooled, and so produces cold around the large coils. We have, then, had first to warm the air (by compressing it) in order to make it produce cold a little later on. The heat we put into it was, of course, taken away by the water.

Ammonia-machines work on a similar principle. Pure ammonia is an exceedingly pungent *gas*. (The ordinary strong ammonia of the shops is a solution of the gas in water.) Under great pressure this gas requires very little cooling to turn it into a liquid. Therefore it is compressed in a strong cylinder, and led away through pipes over which cold water runs. In these pipes it becomes liquid, and gives up heat to the cold

water. After this it is drawn into coils surrounded by strong brine. In these coils it evaporates, and again becomes gas; and by so doing, it lowers the temperature of the coils and the surrounding brine. The gas then passes again into the compression-cylinder, and the whole round is repeated. By continuing these rounds large amounts of brine can be cooled. The reason for the use of brine is that its temperature can be lowered much below the freezing-point of water without its being frozen. This cooled brine is then circulated by means of pumps through pipes leading to the places it is desired to cool. The vessels used to store the brine, and the cold-storage chambers in most cases, are carefully insulated by hollow walls filled with broken cork or other suitable material.

In other kinds of machines other gases and liquids are used. For example, we have sulphur dioxide, that suffocating gas which is formed when sulphur burns; and ether, which is uncomfortably familiar to some of us as an anæsthetic.

All these are substances that are very troublesome and dangerous if they leak out of the machines, and one might wonder why they are used. It is because they have properties that enable them to be worked economically and with very good cooling effect.

It is rather difficult to find less noxious substances that will do their work properly; but one is in use that is quite successful. This is the gas formed by the burning of charcoal in a free supply of air, and known as carbon dioxide. It can be liquefied fairly readily, has no corrosive action, and if it escapes it gives off no noxious fumes. Machines using this gas are often found in the cold-stores of ships.

It is probable that refrigerators will come yet more into prominence in the future, and that many novel uses will be found for them.

#### AKIN.

You know, and so do I,  
The little, tender thoughts that lie  
Enmeshed among the flowering grasses,  
And how the vagrant wind that passes  
Breathes through them of infinity.

I know, and so do you,  
High up in the leaf-fretted blue  
Of summer skies, what joy distils,  
And down gold shafts of sunlight spills  
The rare, deep gladness that is true.

We know, and we shall keep  
All to ourselves, the dreams asleep  
On the spread wings of butterflies,  
The sweet and fragrant mysteries  
In old flower-borders hidden deep.

Always for you and me,  
Whate'er befall us, there will be  
Strength from the hills and lone moor spaces,  
The solace of all still green places,  
The stream's low song for lullaby.

D. M. D.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### 'SMITHERS.'

By Lieutenant W. F. SINCLAIR.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### I.

THE high dune was throwing a long shadow as the company wound its way down the spur, and finally descended into the tiny oasis. The deep green of the clustering, interlacing palms stood out with tapestry effect against the white face of the dune towering four hundred feet above. Beyond and all around lay the desolate wastes of the Sinai. Men and camels were tired, for they had been marching since dawn, and there was a sigh of relief at the order, 'Form company square!'

The sentry groups were posted, and in a short time the kneeling camels were enjoying their evening meal, whilst the smoke rose from camp fires. Darkness closed in, and the fires had to be extinguished. The men, after conversing in low tones for some time, gradually dropped off to sleep.

In the centre of the square the officers were silently enjoying the post-prandial pipe. There were five of them. Four were young subalterns, who had seen but little service, and were scarcely out of their teens. The fifth, Chalmers, was the company commander, a tall, spare man with bronzed features, who had fought in the South African war and also at Gallipoli. A man of few words, he maintained the discipline of the company more by his personality than anything else, and was a popular officer.

The conversation was somewhat disjointed this evening. The subalterns had eagerly discussed the possibilities of the present move, and they felt now that their chief would have something to reveal on the subject. But Chalmers smoked on for some time in silence. At length he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

'Now, gentlemen,' he said, 'if you will give me your attention, I'll explain the situation. —Bennett, have you your electric torch?' A map was spread upon the ground and illumined by the electric torch. 'Now,' resumed Chalmers, 'to begin with, the Turks are on the move, and are expected to make some sort of an attempt on the Canal. Our job here is to deepen and improve these wells. That is why I've brought out the R.E. stuff. We've only got to-morrow

to do it in. The next day we have to push on to this point,' indicating a position on the map. 'There we shall join up with the main body, and I think there'll be scrapping. I may tell you,' he added, 'that our position until we join up is somewhat in the air. We must use every precaution. We "stand to," of course, at three to-morrow morning; and two small patrols will leave at daybreak and fossick round for an hour or two. Another thing I wish you all to impress upon your men is the danger of straggling. Men must keep up with their sections, and no man with a weak camel must be put on flank or rear guard. There are Bedouins about, and those fellows would cut your throat for a pair of boot-laces.—By the way, Baker,' he continued, addressing one of the subalterns, 'I noticed that fellow Smithers of yours miles behind the company this morning. What was he doing there?'

'I don't know, sir,' replied Baker. 'In fact, I did not hear of it until the midday halt.'

'Well, you really must get to know of these things. Your N.C.O. should report whenever a man falls out, giving the reason. You've had a lot of trouble from this man, haven't you?'

'I'm afraid I have,' was the reply. 'He is one of the most difficult men to deal with. He is apparently a gentleman, but he will not take to discipline—always running foul of the N.C.O.'s.'

'Hang the fellow!' said Captain Chalmers. 'I must get rid of him at the first opportunity. What regiment does he come from?'

'Mine, I'm sorry to say,' said Baker; 'and I think they were rather glad to get rid of him.'

'Well, he'll go back again. I don't see why we should have that kind of person dumped on us.'

'Perhaps there may be some good in him,' ventured Baker. 'He might turn out well in a scrap.'

'Whether there is or not,' returned Chalmers, 'I wouldn't have him. He is a nuisance. Why, at his age—he must be somewhere about forty—he ought to show a good example. Instead of

'that, he does harm. But he is one of those fellows who will never make a soldier. I know the kind.'

'He seems an odd sort of chap,' said Bennett.

He appears to have no pals. You never see him speaking to any one.'

'That is true,' said Baker. 'He messes on his own.'

'Well, you'd better bring him up to-morrow morning,' said Chalmers, 'and I'll give him a telling-off. Now, to continue, we have to hold this spot until the supply column arrives to-morrow night. This is to be their jumping-off place. In case of attack, we line that ridge; but I think the possibility of that is rather remote. According to my information, our main body lies between ourselves and the Turks. I think that is about all. And now I'm going to turn in.'

## II.

### What of Smithers?

A student of human nature might have summed him up as a man who had seen ups and downs—rather more downs than ups. The well-knit frame, fine brow, and dark, deep-set eyes might suggest strength. But the expression in the eyes was vague; the corners of the mouth drooped, as of a man accustomed to encounter the disapproval of the world—one who had come off second best in the battle of life. Clearly a man with a past. But why inquire into it? In time of war the army gathers up the floesam and the jetsam. Some of it is good material, some not.

The outbreak of the war found Smithers at one of the uttermost ends of the earth, doing nothing in particular, except, perhaps, bar-lounging. In those first days every one crowded round the telegram-board. The drums of war beating so loudly in far-off Europe stirred the blood of every man. The drunkard left his dram, and the gambler his dice-box. It was the age-old call when the demand for volunteers was made. Smithers left with many others. Fighting in Flanders was surely more exciting than bar-lounging in a South American port, even if one had to work one's way home in the stokehold of a tramp-steamer to get to it.

In England Smithers looked up a relative, and by his recommendation obtained a commission in a battalion of the New Army. At the training-depot all went well for about three months. Then the sustained work and routine began to damp his ardour. He had thought to be out in France fighting. All this drilling and hard work was a weariness.

Eventually he was tripped up by an old enemy—drink.

Smithers was not a drunkard, and had never even had an intense craving for drink. But he went in for an occasional jollification, and on these occasions he usually did something

foolish. This time it was a lunch in town with a chance acquaintance.

There was a good deal of wine both before and during the meal, and at the end of it all Smithers was very much the worse for liquor. In this condition nothing would satisfy him but that he should go to the 'Piccadilly' for tea. His friend tried to dissuade him, but all to no purpose.

The 'Piccadilly' was crowded, and Smithers was hopelessly conspicuous. People began to turn their heads. An officer in uniform drunk in the afternoon! A painful sight. The orchestra had begun to play a merry tune, and Smithers was standing on a chair beating time, and swaying rather perilously.

Suddenly a hand touched his shoulder. He turned, and found himself facing a tall major wearing staff badges.

'I must ask you to follow me out of the room,' said the major sternly.

'And who the devil are you?' began Smithers.

'I'm your superior officer, and I'm giving you an order.'

Smithers suddenly felt very sober. He was taken down a corridor to a small reception-room.

'Your name and regiment?' demanded the provost officer. They were given. 'You will consider yourself under open arrest for the crime of drunkenness on active service. In the meantime you must come with me in a cab to the office and establish your identity.'

Smithers had to resign his commission.

'My usual luck,' he said. 'Other people I know of get drunk nearly every night after mess, and nothing happens to them.'

'Yea,' said a cynical friend; 'but there is a right and a wrong way of getting drunk, and you did it the wrong way.'

Smithers went up to London and brooded over his misfortune. Was ever a man so abominably treated? Here he had come six thousand miles to serve his country, and this was how they treated him! Never again! The country could go to the devil, so far as he was concerned.

He confided these sentiments to Queenie, the barmaid at Urbani's. She was sympathetic.

'It's very hard luck, my dear boy; but it's no use sighing over spilt milk, is it?'

Queenie was used to confidences.

Before long he came to the end of his money. What could he do? His relatives were not cordial. In fact, the one who had recommended him for his commission went so far as to write and request him to consider all acquaintance and relationship at an end. The letter concluded. 'Most people would be contented with letting down their relatives once in a lifetime. Twice is rather too much.'

Sheer necessity at last drove him back to the

service of the ungrateful country he had vowed never to serve again. He enlisted.

After undergoing some training, he was drafted to Egypt. From Egypt he went to Gallipoli. The great blizzard left him minus a couple of toes; and as he hobbled across to the dressing-station, past scores of men frozen stiff in that awful night, he muttered to himself, 'Why they and not me?'

Eventually he found himself back in the land of the Pharaohs. He was not a good soldier—did not take readily to discipline, and was constantly in trouble. By the time he joined the Camel Corps he had a well-filled defaulters-sheet, and his chances of promotion, even to one stripe, were nil.

### III.

The morning following the arrival of the Camel Company at the wells a Turk walked into the camp. He was a fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow of about twenty. He seemed quite at his ease, and smilingly indicated that he had come to surrender. There was no interpreter with the company, and all that could be got from the prisoner was the word 'Ottoman,' accompanied by a doleful shake of the head, as much as to say, 'They are a bad lot.' This was, of course, taken with a grain of salt, and the prisoner was handed over to the guard.

After breakfast every available man was set to work upon the wells; for the time was short, and there was much to be done.

The wells, of which there were about a dozen, were scattered amongst the palms. They were about twelve feet deep, and when emptied water oozed slowly into them from the sandy bottom. They had to be deepened, and the sides revetted with timber. While this work was going on hand-pumps had to be kept going continually by relays of men. This meant extremely hard work for every one, and all the officers took their turn at the pumps by way of encouragement and example. Towards the end of the day the work was satisfactorily completed.

'I think we've made a fairly good job of it,' said Chalmers as he walked up to the camp with the other officers. 'They can water a brigade of horse there if they go about it in the right way. Hallo! what is the matter with the sergeant-major?'

The sergeant-major was running towards them with dismay painted on his features. 'Oh sir,' he panted, 'the prisoner has escaped!'

'Escaped!' echoed Chalmers. 'What do you mean? Wasn't he handed over to the guard?'

'Yes, sir; and about an hour ago he asked to be allowed to go down to the wells to get water. He was sent with one of the guard, and neither of them has been seen since, and they are not down at the wells.'

'They certainly did not go to the wells,' said

Chalmers. 'I have been there all the afternoon, and if they had come there I should have seen them. Send the corporal of the guard to me.'

'Now,' he demanded when the corporal had arrived, 'I want you to give me a clear account of what has happened—if you can.'

'Yes, sir,' said the corporal, who was obviously very frightened. 'About an hour ago the prisoner made out by signs that he wanted to wash himself. I thought there was no harm in that, so I lent him a canvas bucket, and sent him down to the wells with one of the guard; and I haven't seen either of them since. That's all I know, sir.'

'Who was the man you sent down?'

'Smithers, sir.'

'Smithers!'

'Perhaps I ought to mention,' added the corporal, 'that this morning I found Smithers and the prisoner talking in some foreign language. They left off as soon as they saw me, but I heard them all the same.'

The corporal did not love Smithers.

'Are you sure of this?' said Chalmers.

'Perfectly certain, sir; and the men think there is something wrong about him, sir,' he added.

Chalmers looked very grave. 'The whole of the date-grove must be searched at once,' he said. 'They may be over at the other end, or something may have happened to Smithers. Turn all the men out at once.'

But an hour's search, not only in the palm-grove, but all round the camp, proved fruitless. Not a trace of either of the men could be found.

'I really do not know what to make of it,' said Chalmers to the second in command that night.

Harvey, the second in command, was silent for some time. 'The whole thing seems very fishy to me,' he said at last. 'Here you have this Turkish fellow walking into camp. A few hours afterwards he disappears, together with Smithers, who, apparently, speaks Turkish fluently, though he carefully conceals the fact. Yes, I call it decidedly fishy.'

'Do you really think there's anything of that sort in it?' said Chalmers anxiously.

'I don't know what else I can think,' was the reply.

'Well, I admit it looks very queer, and yet, somehow, I cannot agree with your view.'

'I wouldn't trust the fellow anywhere,' said Harvey. 'I don't like the look of him. He is a man with a grievance; and a man like that will do anything. You gave him a telling-off this morning, and I caught the expression on his face as he turned away. It had a smile, but it wasn't a pleasant one. Then, again, the question of the lingo. If he talks it, why does he hide the fact? Any one else would have been rather proud of it.'

'It certainly is very queer,' mused Chalmers; 'and I think we'd better have a section standing to arms to-night. It comes hard on the men, but we cannot afford to take any risks. I wonder when those transport people are going to turn up. They have probably halted at Mogda, and in that case will not arrive before to-morrow.'

The night passed off without incident, the men on duty putting in a good deal of time cursing Smithers.

In the morning, to the amazement of everybody, Smithers and the Turk walked back into camp.

'Well, this beats anything!' said Captain Chalmers. 'Are we dreaming, or is this Gilbert and Sullivan?'

He ordered Smithers to be brought to him.

'Well,' he said, 'where have you been, and what have you been doing?'

Smithers paused for a moment. 'May I see you privately, sir?' he said in a low voice.

'No, you may *not* see me privately. Good God, man! have you no idea of discipline at all? You deliberately leave your guard, and leave camp without permission, and go off, taking a prisoner of war with you. Is that all you have to say?'

'Yes, sir, that is all,' said Smithers.

'There is another thing,' said Captain Chalmers. 'Do you speak Turkish?'

'I have some knowledge of it,' answered Smithers.

'Where did you learn it?'

'I lived in Constantinople some years ago,' said Smithers.

'What were you doing there?'

Smithers hesitated. 'I was in the Consular service for a time,' he said.

'Humph! And that's all you've got to say, is it?'

'Unless you will see me privately, sir.'

'That I will not do.' Then, turning to the sergeant, Chalmers said, 'Take him back to the guard as a close prisoner.'

Captain Chalmers walked to and fro for some time, knitting his brows and obviously trying to come to a decision of some sort. Finally he stopped and beckoned to a non-commissioned officer. 'Go and bring Smithers here,' he said.

The sergeant went away, and returned shortly with the prisoner.

'Now, Smithers,' said Chalmers when they were alone, 'I've changed my mind, and decided to hear what you've got to say.'

'I have some information to give you, sir; but I think it would be better if we first moved a little farther away from the lines, where no one can hear us.'

Captain Chalmers nodded and led the way.

'Now,' he said, when they had stopped.

Smithers spoke at considerable length, and

the other heard him through, nodding his head from time to time, and occasionally interrupting with a question. When the recital was over the officer remained silent for some time. Finally he spoke.

'Now, look here, Smithers,' he said; 'I am going to do a thing which may or may not be wise. I am going to act upon intuition, and trust you, though you committed a very serious offence in leaving camp in the way you did. You may return to duty. Say nothing of this to any one.'

Chalmers then sought Harvey. 'Are you still good for a message on the helio?' he asked.

'Oh yes.'

'Well, I want you to send a very confidential message back to the base. I don't want any one in this camp to know what the message is. Wait, though; I think it is worth while putting it in cipher. I'll come up the dune with you, and write it out there.'

The two officers clambered up the steep, shifting sand until they reached the highest point of the dune, some four hundred feet up. There a winking helio kept up communication with another dune some twenty miles away, which in turn communicated with the Suez Canal.

The coding of the message took some time. Eventually, however, it was completed, and handed to the operator for despatch.

By the time Chalmers got down to the camp the expected supply column had begun to arrive.

The captain called the sergeant-major. 'Saddle up at two; march at half-past,' he said.

'Very good, sir,' said the sergeant-major. 'Oh, there's a man gone sick. He says he can't mount his camel.'

'Who is that?'

'Smithers, sir.'

'Smithers—gone—sick!' said the captain incredulously. 'What is the matter with him?'

'I don't know, sir. He simply says he is too ill to get on his camel.'

'Well, there's a field ambulance just coming in with that column. Go down and give the medical officer my compliments, and say I should be glad if he would come up at once and examine a man who is ill.'

'I'm afraid he'll have to go into hospital,' said the doctor after a brief examination. 'Temperature 104 degrees. We can't let him go on with that.'

There was a good deal of talk amongst the men.

'Heard about Smithers? Gone sick, the dirty skunk! just because there is going to be some scrapping.'

'It's my belief,' said another, 'that he's nothing but a blooming spy, and he ought to be shot.'

'Hi!' shouted some one as Smithers was borne

by on a stretcher. 'You are going the wrong way. Your pals, the Turks, are over the other way!'

There was a roar of laughter, followed by some further satire.

Harvey walked over to Chalmers. 'What do you think of this?' he said. 'Seems rather funny, doesn't it?'

'Well,' said Chalmers, 'the man must be ill. His temperature is up to 104 degrees.'

'Yes, I know,' said the other; 'but I've heard that there are ways of putting one's temperature up.'

'Well,' said Chalmers, 'the doctor is the only man who can decide about that. We cannot interfere; and I cannot go back on what I've done. I said in my message that my information was reliable. I may get court-martialled over it yet.'

(Continued on page 468.)

## FRANCE IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR.

By SIDNEY DARK.

I WAS standing with a little group of French officers on the high ground that overlooks the battlefields of Verdun. To our right was Douaumont, to our left the Mort Homme. It was a hazy afternoon, and from the German lines in front of us and from the French batteries to our right and left came the constant booming of heavy guns. War was very near to me, very mysterious, very horrible. Every square foot of the churned and battered plain, on the edge of which I was standing, told of French heroism and of thwarted German ambition. It was here that Europe had been saved from the Huns. It required a very small measure of imagination to picture the drama of courage and persistence and death that had been played on the stage that was now gray and broken and empty.

On our way to Verdun we had motored through village after village, now nothing but heaps of bricks and stones. Verdun itself is an empty shell, with not one habitable house in all its streets. Coming from this desolation to the edge of the battle-plain, where not a tree or a blade of grass remained, I felt for the first time in all these three years and more the real devilishness of war.

'When will it all end?' I involuntarily asked a gray-moustached colonel who was with us, a soldier who fought against the Germans in '70.

'Who can tell?' was the reply. 'Happily, however long the tragedy, it can only have one ending.'

That is the faith of France in the fourth year of the war. I was privileged to spend four days at various parts of the French line. I afterwards stayed for some time in Paris. I talked with dozens of soldiers, from privates to generals of divisions. In Paris I gossiped with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Everywhere I found exactly the same spirit. The French are always realists. Their eyes are set straight in their heads, and they are compelled to look facts in the face, whether they will or no. No nation in the world is less likely to be victimised by illusions. Consequently there was in France no anticipation of a speedy

ending to the war. Neither was there any hope that France had come to the end of her necessary sacrifices. On the other hand, every man and every woman with whom I chatted was ready to persist and to pay the full price for victory. This was again a demonstration of the realistic spirit, because a refusal to continue sacrifice must obviously render the sufferings that have been endured of no avail. Victory to the French means security against a repetition of Germany's attempt to reduce the Republic to the degradation of Prussian vassalage. This security is expressed by the words 'Alsace-Lorraine.' Certainly France has no desire for conquest. Certainly French statesmen recognise the difficulties that surround the Alsace-Lorraine question. At the same time, except for a small minority (there is a pacifist party in France, but it is an even more insignificant and less influential party than the British pacifists), the whole French nation is determined at this moment not to lay down its arms until the lost provinces are redeemed. I asked a middle-aged Territorial sergeant in the trenches on what terms he supposed France would agree to peace. I asked the same question of a member of the French Government. Both men gave me the same answer—'Alsace-Lorraine.' The Minister pointed out to me that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine was as essential to Great Britain as to France. The one end desired by all democratic nations is the destruction of the prestige of the militarism which always threatens democracy, and which is enshrined in the German Empire. That prestige must disappear when militarism is forced to surrender its gains. Alsace-Lorraine is the basis of the Hohenzollern mastery of Germany. It was the Hohenzollerns who planned the war of 1870, and the victory of which Alsace and Lorraine were the spoils brought the German Empire into existence and made the Hohenzollerns German emperors. There is, I think, in France little belief that Germany can be overrun by the armies of the Allies. There is no widespread desire to humiliate the German people. The Germans and the French must

always be neighbours, and if they can ever be friendly neighbours, so much the better. There is at the same time a universal conviction that while Germany remains Hohenzollernised she must always be a presumptive enemy, and with this there is the belief that the redemption of Alsace-Lorraine and the consequent blow to militarist prestige would bring a new Germany into existence, a Germany that need not be feared, and that would no longer be the nightmare of Europe.

It is a matter of the most insistent importance that we should understand the ends for which France is fighting, and the spirit in which she is fighting, after all these months of suffering and sorrow. Her ends must be our ends. Everything that benefits her must of necessity benefit us. There have been many alliances in the history of the world, but until this war alliances have been made by Governments for purposes which the peoples generally did not understand, and very often strongly disapproved. An alliance between two peoples with vastly different national characteristics, but sharing the same social and political ideals, would be a new factor in the world, and a factor with such unbounded potentialities that its permanent establishment would alone justify the sacrifices and sufferings of the war. The Frenchman, the ordinary everyday man in the street, has a much clearer and more definite idea of the issues at stake in this war than the ordinary Englishman has. When he says he is fighting for France, he means that he is fighting to preserve everything in the world that makes life for him interesting and possibly thrilling. The alternative, therefore, is victory or death, because defeat, a bitterer and more complete defeat than that of 1870, would mean the destruction of the atmosphere without which a Frenchman cannot live. This conviction accounts for the cheerful patience with which the French accept the long continuance of the war. '*La guerre, c'est un état,*' said a French staff captain to me. It must be accepted and endured, lest worse evils befall. There is in France a tiny section of 'advanced' Socialists who still cling to the belief that salvation can come from internationalism. These people have the smallest possible influence on public opinion. The majority of the men whom I met, both in the army and in civil life, professed what are somewhat humorously called 'advanced opinions.' I suppose it is true that the majority of the French are anxious to carry the ideals of the Revolution a great deal further than they have reached under the third Republic. There is a very general irritation with parliamentarianism, and the rule of the *bourgeoisie* is certainly not accepted with gladness. France is the land of experiment, and she is eager to experiment in social rearrangement and to reconstruct economically, as she has so often reconstructed

politically. But while this is so, there is a common and evident conviction that the preservation of an unconquerable nationality is the first essential. France must remain the mistress of her soul, or she can never rebuild her house. She is fighting to escape a humiliation that would be worse than death. She is fighting with a courage and a persistence that have astounded the world, because, with justifiable pride, she realises that if France were humiliated, democracy and the rights of man would be laid in the dust, and the work of the Revolution would be undone.

This is not my deduction from a study of the present situation. These are not reflections suggested by what I have seen. I am recalling what practically every Frenchman says when you discuss with him the meaning of the war and the precise reasons that compel him to leave his home and his family to face death and desolation in the unspeakable mud of the front-line trenches. It has been often said that in their attempt to destroy Prussianism the democratic nations have been obliged to Prussianise themselves, and that the militarism of the German Empire has been, perforce, copied by the militarism of France and Great Britain. As far as my observation goes, there is no such thing as militarism—in the evil sense of the term—in the French Army. I dare say that there are arrogant and harsh French officers. I did not meet one. I saw the French Army in three different sectors of the line. I spent a long afternoon with a Territorial regiment made up of men whose average age must have been nearly fifty. I had a memorable morning with a battery of the immortal 'seventy-fives.' I had the great honour of talking to the officers and men of the battalions that met and broke the Germans on the Verdun battlefields. Everywhere I found the same thing. The relations between officers and men are far more intimate than they are in Britain. If discipline means a ready and courageous obedience to orders, then the French Army possesses a discipline equal to that of any army in the world. But the French system presupposes that the soldiers remain human beings. It does not demand from them tiresome and unnecessary ceremonial or any rigid adherence to military etiquette. There is, indeed, an entire absence of rigidity in the French Army. The *poilu* remains the citizen. The Frenchman is instinctively well-mannered, and there is no lack of respect from men to officers. Saluting is, of course, the rule. The fact that I and my companion were in the French lines at all was proof that we must be the guests of the French Government, and we hardly passed a soldier who did not salute us, and always with a pleasant smile. This necessitated a constant raising of the hat, which, for the first time, made me understand how tiring it must be to be a king. The smile, indeed, was everywhere. The impression that I brought back from the French Army was that

of thousands of men, upheld by a high purpose, smiling in the mud, and I am convinced that this pervading cheerfulness is largely to be attributed to the democratic human atmosphere that pervades the French Army.

It was a thrilling adventure to sleep and dine in the Citadel of Verdun (created by the genius of Vauban), against which the German shells had battered in vain. It was even more thrilling to return one day to luncheon with the courtly colonel and his two staff officers, and to find at the table a simple private, introduced to us as the staff major's kinsman. Perhaps because of the Englishmen present, the colonel went out of his way to gossip with the private, and to make him feel that he was very welcome. We were leaving Verdun in the afternoon, and after luncheon we were asked to sign the visitors' book. When we had signed, the colonel pushed the book across the table to the private that he might sign too. It was the most charming and delicate act of courtesy that I have ever seen. The man, an architect by profession, flushed, sprang to his feet, and instinctively stood to attention. '*Mais non, mon colonel; mais non,*' he said. '*Mais oui, certainement,*' was the smiling reply. This little incident reveals the spirit of the French Army.

On another occasion, after an excursion to the trenches of what had been the German line, but was now the French, an excursion during which we had experienced quagmires of the inevitable mud and some shelling rather too intimate for civilian nerves, we went on to the divisional headquarters, where we were received by the commander of the battalions that had borne the brunt of the hardest Verdun fighting, and so earned the eternal gratitude of France. The general, a little man, who reminded me of Lord Roberts, asked us at once, '*Est-ce que vous avez vu mes poilus?*' and he added—and there were tears in his eyes—'*Paisez mes poilus.*'

The Frenchman is not a sentimentalist. Sentimentality is, indeed, a Teutonic characteristic. It riots in Germany. It is evident, far too evident, in England. Sentimentality neither implies nor necessitates affection. Among the men of the French Army, men who, as I have insisted, could not be French unless they were also realists, there is a happy comradeship which even the most superficial observer cannot fail to notice, and which, I confess, moved me profoundly, and redoubled my conviction that France can never be overcome. Here, too, let me say that we found a delightful eagerness among all ranks to express admiration for the character and the achievements of the British soldier. I know France too well to deny that French courtesy can be superficial, and that the Frenchman often laughs up his sleeve while he flatters. It is not, however, difficult to know when admiration is sincere, and when it is merely dictated by good manners. France does realise the extraordinary

achievement of Great Britain in improvising an enormous army after the declaration of war. She does appreciate, too, the courage and steadfastness of the British soldier. It is this mutual admiration of each other's deeds which will, I believe, be the basis of the close and enduring friendship between the two peoples that will sanctify the tragedy of the war and become its finest monument.

The French Army is a very human institution, but it is also a particularly efficient machine. The French are appalled by the number of staff officers considered necessary in the British Army, just as they are amused by the over-elaboration of detail and by a system which confuses waste with thoroughness. A French divisional general is content with a staff of six or seven officers, and even the higher commands have staffs hardly larger than those considered necessary by British brigadiers. This is part of the general economy in men which is the outstanding characteristic of the French theory of war. It is unhappily notorious that France has had to endure tremendous losses. The conditions of the original German attack made that inevitable. At the same time, in France the success or failure of any military operation is judged, not by territory gained, but by the number of casualties which the operation has cost. Our Allies thoroughly realise that the one way to hasten victory is to kill Germans with the smallest possible loss to themselves.

Lord Kitchener defeated the Mahdi by building a railway. General Pétain held and defeated the Germans at Verdun, thanks to his roads. Pétain will live in history as the road-maker. The roads leading to Verdun are as perfect as any of the highroads of which we British are so justly proud. They are kept in repair by great gangs of Chinese from Annam and of Arabs from Morocco, 'labour battalions,' all, of course, in military uniform, and all soldiers of the Republic. Motor convoys, sometimes a mile long, pass along these roads from the bases to the outpost citadel, and it was the rapidity with which he was able to bring up supplies that enabled Pétain to smash the onslaughts of the Crown Prince.

There is a very striking contrast between the strenuous cheerfulness of the French front and the strained and anxious atmosphere that pervades political Paris. There is, be it added, much the same contrast between the spirit of the British in Flanders and the spirit of Westminster and Whitehall. 'We politicians,' said a member of the late Painlevé Ministry to me, 'are doing our best.' The words were said with a deprecatory shrug. We had been discussing the political crisis, the charges hurled at various Ministers and politicians by Léon Daudet, and certain probable changes in the administration. There is, indeed, no reason to doubt the assurance. I am convinced that the French politician is as

determined to see the war through to victory as the soldiers are. At the same time, it is impossible not to realise how hampered a democracy is when it wages war. Men rise to eminent positions in all democratic countries, mainly through the possession of fluent tongues. The statesman may be an orator, but the successful politician must be an orator, and words often darken counsel and are sometimes the camouflage of deceit. The normal Frenchman certainly has no illusions about his politicians. To us a member of Parliament is as *Cæsar's* wife. To the Frenchman every politician is a potential rogue. Of course, this is horribly unfair, just as our point of view is extremely stupid. Ultra-realism blunders as thoroughly as ultra-sentimentality. One thing can be stated without the smallest reservation. Ministers may come in France, and Ministers may go, but, whatever changes may occur, there is no possibility of any French Cabinet signing a peace treaty

the terms of which do not secure France for ever from a repetition of the present tragedy. That is the determination of the nation, a determination so common and so deep that no Ministry dare oppose it or dare intrigue against it. Speaking more generally, one other thing we may say. There has been in France for many years a growing revolt against parliamentarianism—against, that is, the tyranny of the elected person. This revolt has been very evident in the ranks of that great labour body, the *Confédération Générale du Travail*. It has also been evident among the intellectuals and the idealists. Owing to the war, parliamentarianism has unquestionably lost a great deal of the small prestige that it possessed. I believe that after the war there will be considerable changes in the French system of government. I have not the slightest idea what form those changes will take, but I am perfectly convinced that they will tend towards more effective and more complete democracy.

## MY LADY OF HALKERSIDE.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH, Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Betty Grier*, *Cute M'Cheyne*, &c.

ONE August afternoon last year, when home-tracking from a walk through the middle of the Pentlands and scrambling down the dried, sun-baked slope into Halkerside, I suddenly came upon an old body sitting, rather disconsolately, I thought, on the bank of what Robert Louis Stevenson calls 'that nameless trickle that issues from the green bosom of Allermuir.'

On the top of a dead wood fire was perched a little tin kettle. It was unevenly balanced, with its tiny spout turned jauntily and coquettishly upwards, and the lid half off and rakishly to one side. A white tablecover was spread on the grass, and on it were two cups, a little milk-bottle, and a variety of tea-cakes. Naturally I concluded a picnic was in progress; but why a dead fire, two cups, and a solitary, disconsolate old woman?

I make it a rule when tramping the byways never to pass any one without a word. We all meet seldom enough on the roadway of life, and a smiling word of salutation and recognition not only costs little, but it sometimes cheers and not infrequently paves the way to mutual edification and advantage. 'This body in which we cross the narrow isthmus between the two silent oceans is not a private carriage; it is an omnibus.' With this truth, as ever, in my heart and mind, I raised my hat and remarked on the ideal weather it was for a picnic.

The 'wife' was sitting with her back to me, but on my addressing her she rose and faced me. 'Ay,' she blithely said, 'it's a beautifu' day;' and a sudden smile chased away a sorrowing look from one of the bonniest old faces I have ever seen. 'Ideal weather it is, as ye weel say,

but a picnic withoot tea is like broth withoot greens, an' I'm real gled ye spoke, for I didna like to speak first, an' I'm sairly needin' a match to licht my fire. Could ye obleege me?'

She had a nice, agreeable voice, a couthie, motherly manner. Her want was little, but pressing, and I was glad indeed to be of service to her.

I handed her my box of lights, and while she rearranged the charred, half-burnt sticks she told me how she had accidentally spilt water over her own box after she had set her fire agoing. 'An' then,' she continued, 'the sticks were dour to grup, an', to cap it a', the kettle hauf-coupt an' drowned oot ony lowe that was left. But Providence sent ye my wey, an' I'm a' richt noo. Hae ye come far?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'from this side Mendick. My last stop was at Carlops, and that's a far cry from here.'

'Deed it is,' she promptly said. 'It is a far cry, but ye soud be real gled ye're able for't. I wish I could walk it, for I ken every yaird o' the gait. Ay, an' that's been your airt? Did—did ye by ony chance see Mrs Veitch at the "Allan Ramsay"?''

'See Mrs Veitch! Why, I had lunch with her not three hours ago. Are you a friend of hers?'

'Ay,' deed an' I'm that. I've kenned her a' my days. I'm Carlops born, ye ken, an' was a lass when she was mairrit; an' I've seen mony a braw woman, but never yin that set off white lace like her. She wad hae on a collarette o' lace an' a bit roon' her kep, had she?'

'Well, I—I really don't'—

'Imphm! Bein' a man body, ye mebbe wadna

tak' notice. Ay—my word! an' ye saw my freen Mrs Veitch? Is she keepin' onyway weel? But, bless my hert, what am I thinkin' o'? I should be lookin' to the fire an' no' askin' quastions, even though they are aboot sic an auld freen as Mrs Veitch.'

From a little canvas bag she took out three chips of wood. 'That's a' I've left. I've aye to bring sticks oot here, for there's nane lyin' aboot,' she said as she pushed them underneath the kettle. 'But wi' what's there a'ready an' the guid luck ye've brocht we'll mebbe sune get boilin' watter. Wad ye mind steysin' an' drinkin' a cup o' tea wi' me?'

I assured her nothing would give me greater pleasure, and, laying aside my trusty hazel and my old tweed hat, remarked that she had surely been expecting me, as there were two cups and saucers.

'Ay, there's twae cups,' she thoughtfully and sadly said. 'It's Davie's wish. I had to bring a cup for him, an' fill it oot when I filled my ain, an' drink it wi' him in spirit.'

'And who's Davie?'

'Davie's my boy, my youngest, an' my only yin noo. He's in France—has been for a twal-month come the 9th o' September. Ay, there's mony a braw son oot there like him, an' mony a sair-herted mithier like me at hame. . . . Hae ye ony o' yer ain at the war?'

'Only distant relatives,' I replied.

'Ay—weel—if that's so you'll mebbe hardly un'erstaun what brings me away up here on this, the 20th o' August, wi' a kettle, a wheen cookies, an' twae cups.'

Intuitively I felt I was face to face with an interesting human episode, maybe a human tragedy. Everything seemed to betoken it—the voice, thrilling and low-pitched, feelingly human, and in tone far away and reminiscent; the chastened, pensive look; the eye honest blue, and glistening, as if smiling through unshed tears.

She busied herself over the fire, with her back turned towards me, and for a time there was silence.

'I think I do understand,' I said at length.

'Ay,' and she turned quickly towards me, though she spoke the wee word slowly and thoughtfully. 'There are some fouk,' she continued after a pause, 'that hae the faculty o' enterin' quicker than ithers into yin's feelin's, an' as ye say ye un'erstaun, an' as ye've been a freen in need this day, I'll tell ye a' aboot it till the kettle boils and the tea's maskit. . . . I was bairn and lassie at Carlops, as I've telt ye, an' when I had to gang to the fremit, I gaed as servant-lass to Bogha'—juist ower behin' Caerketton there—and I was there for the feck o' seven years. It was at Bogha' that I met my guidman for the first time. He was a mason—juist gane a journeyman—an' though terr'le taen wi' yin anither, we were baith that blate that coortin' was a gey dreich job. He bided in

Edinburgh, an' often on a Sabbath efternune I dauner'd up the ither side o' the hill there and met him here; and it was in this very howe, on a 20th o' August Sabbath lang bygane, that he telt me for the first time that he liket me mair than ony ither lass in the worl'. And, d'ye ken, he made me that happy that to this day I hae nae mind o' gaun hame. My hert was sae fou o' joy that my mind was a blank.

'Weel, when we mairrit we settled doon in the toon—in Morrison Street, where I bide still; but on the 20th o' every August, as it cam' roon', we cam' oot here. If it was a workin' day, as it often happened, he juist took the efternune off, an' when the boys cam' an' grew up, they lookit forrit wi' mair plesure to this day than to the New Year. I aye bakit, beforehaun, a girdle o' roon' currant-scones, a trekkle-bun, an' an aipple-cake, an' we had a nice cup o' tea on the gress; the boys had a romp up the Nick there, an' their faither an' me a quate seat on the hillside an' a crack aboot Bogha' days. It was aye an awfu' cheery ootin' till the war sterted, an' I'll never forget that day, three years this very efternune, when we a' met here for the last time on earth. Their faither—never a talkin' man—was even quater than usual. He was a great reader, an' had thochts o' his ain, an' mony a time that day did he look at the boys wi' an earnest, wonderin' look that made my hert loup wi' very fear an' dreid. But he said nocht, an' neither did I.

'Weel, calamities cam' thick efter that. My puir guidman fell frae a scaffold at his wark, an' never got ower't. He lived to see oor auldest boy in uniform. It put him sairly aboot at first; but I'm a sodger's wean—my mithier mairrit my faither oot o' Glencorse Barracks—an' when he saw me prood o' my boy it made him prood too. Then, when the cruel ongauns o' the Germans cam' to us, an' when, frae his bed, he used to watch me gaun birkin' through the hoose mutterin' what I wad dae wi' them, he wad smile. An' the day before he died said he, "Mary, lass, the Glencorse bluid'll no' hide; if ye'd been a man I think ye wad hae been a sodger." An' he was richt. Weel, he was taen away on the 5th o' January, an' my auldest boy left for France three weeks efter. In June my callant joined his faither. . . . I can talk calmly aboot it noo. I got strength to thole, an' I've the feelin' that if onybody in the world has cause to be prood—richt prood; ye ken what I mean—it's the mithier or the faither o' the boy that dies for his country.

'Davie—wee Davie, as we used to ca' him—was juist gane eichteen when his faither was taen away. And, left alane, as him an' me were, we corriet gey close to yin anither o' a forenicht. An' we baith had an awfu' job to keep frae speakin' aboot the war. I kenned the time wad come when he wad be wanted, an' that I wad hae to let him gang; but he was my a',

an' I juist couldna thole the thoct o' pairtin' frae my bit laddie. He read the papers to me every nicht, steerin' clear o' the fechtin' an' keepin' to the ongauns at hame—meetin's here and there, an' street accidents, an' fires, an' sic like.

'Ae nicht he asked me—careless-like, in his wey o't—if I had ony money laid by, and I telt him I had. "Hae ye muckle, mither?" said he. "Oh no; no what ye wad ca' muckle, Davie. But what makes ye ask?" He was poliashin' his buits at the time, an' he put doon his brush an' he cam' ower to me, an' says he, "Could ye dae without my eichteen shillin's a week if I gied up my job an' listed?" Losh! I thoct my hert was gaun to brek, an' I couldna speak. I—I juist grat, an' then I lauched an' grat thegither; but, my word! I was proud. An' he clappit me on the shooder an' telt me I was the gemest mither in the world, an' he was vexed if he had put me aboot.

'He didna mention the subject again till efter the air-raid. My word! that was an experience. I'll no tell a lee. I was frightened—no' for mysel', but for my Davie an' ither fouk—scared mithers an' puir weans—an' as often as a bomb burst, the sodger bluid raise, an' I gruppit the poker. "Oh, the cowards!" I muttered. "What wad I no' gie to get at them wi' could ern in my haun'?" Then wi' a darin' e'e an' clenched teeth I looked at Davie, an', no' wishin' him to see what his faither used to ca' the Glencorse bluid, I ripet the ribs wi' the poker I was fikin' to use on thae deevils o' Huns.

'Weel, the mornin' efter, when he cam' in for his breakfast, he had his bass o' tools wi'm, an' he flung it doon ahin' the door, an' says he, "Mither, they'll no' come back here again an' frichten you—the only way to stop them is to fecht them, an' I'm gaun to help."

'I kissed him—I kissed my boy, an' he kissed me, an' that kiss was a' the breakfast I got that mornin'.

'For three months efter he was stationed in the toon, an' we saw a lot o' yin anither. A year the day we cam' oot here an' had oor cup o' tea as usual, an' he tried to be that jokey an' cheery juist for my sake. An' when he was rinsin' oot the cups at the burnside there, says he, "Mither, if I'm away next year at this time, come oot here a' the same, an' bring twae cups wi' ye, an' juist imagine I'm wi' ye." In his last week's letter frae France he reminded me o' this, an' telt me to gang sklentweys doon the hillsides, for though his hert reaches me frae France, his airm canna. Ay, God lent me but twae boys. Yin he took to Himself again; the ither is in His haun', an' fechtin' for me an' my bit fireside. An' whiles o' a forenicht, when I'm thinkin' things ower by my leave-alane, I drink oot o' a bitter, bitter cup. But I've aye the consolin' thoct that twae o' my ain flesh an' bluid hae taen their staun' against cruelty an' wrong, an' the assurance that the God o' justice an' righteousness will yet set a' things richt, wipe every sair-begrutten e'e, an' gie His comfort where it's needed. . . . An'—an' I juist sit strecht up in my chair, tak' Him at His word, an' yoke to the wark that lies nearest my haun'. . . . But, lovan me! I'm a bletherin', haverin' body. There's the kettle boilin' ower.'

I had a cup of tea with her, and felt honoured. Then, for the sake of her son who was fighting my battles, I rinsed out the cups in Stevenson's nameless trickle; and afterwards, when descending 'sklentweys' from Halkerside with her on my arm, and her patriotic words in my ear, I felt prouder than if the Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India had been my companion.

## RAILWAY REFORM: THE STANDARD WAGON, ITS UTILITY AND ECONOMY.

By JOHN ORR.

IT is remarkable that, although there are fully two million wagons in use on British railways (exclusive of numerous special and heavy-weight wagons, from the long three-ton empty-cask wagon to the mighty fifty-ton trolley), there is no such thing as a standard wagon; and this in the age of standards. The reason, no doubt, is that, instead of one authority, there has been a multitude of authorities. The locomotive or plant superintendent of each company has in these matters been a law unto himself, absolute and inflexible. We see the idiosyncrasies of these officials reflected in the plant they turn out even to-day. A close co-ordination between the traffic department and practical officials of the outdoor staff would have effected improve-

ments long ago, for the types of wagons now in general use both in form and in capacity leave much to be desired. But we cannot expect any alteration of the present system unless we can prove that that system is inadequate and unprofitable.

The position, then, is this. On the one hand, the conditions under which traffic is now worked and manipulated have reached their limits; they can only be continued at enormous and ever-increasing cost. On the other hand, the whole volume of traffic, with due provision for a steady increase, could be conducted more efficiently, more economically, and certainly with more security (the prevention of claims being kept in view) under the large standard wagon system. In the

early days of our railways, when each company's wagons were kept within the limits of its own system, the plant was made to suit the trade and the industries of particular districts. Hence, no doubt, the circumscribed carrying capacity of the ordinary wagon. But in the course of time, when the exchange of traffic in wagonloads became more general between the companies, it might have been expected that improvements would be effected in the rolling stock—something in the nature of a standard wagon, for instance, being introduced; but, strange to say, there has been practically no improvement or development in that direction. The companies have not kept pace with the times, and are now paying the penalty of their conservatism in the steady increase in working expenses of an antiquated system. Had the present system of pooling the ordinary wagons of all companies—making them 'common user' all over the country—been in operation years ago, the adoption of the arrangements recommended would certainly have taken place sooner.

The Board of Trade takes no cognisance of types of wagons; it is only concerned with the fitness of the vehicles to work and run on the trains. In this respect a standard has actually been fixed; but the regulations governing it refer only to the quality of the materials used and the strength of the wheels, axles, springs, couplings, brakes, &c. To all these requirements, it must be said, the companies faithfully conform, so far as their own plant is concerned, and in addition they supervise that of private owners. The importance of maintaining the standard of fitness is patent to every one, as the security of the line and of the trains themselves is measured by the weakest wagon; a latent flaw in an axle, a spring, or even a link in a coupling itself may result in disaster. While this is true in regard to the standard of fitness, we are strongly of opinion that there should also have been fixed a standard of capacity—that is, the cubical space of the wagon for bulk, as well as for weight. Now space is far and away the most important factor in a wagon for general purposes. It is obvious that the large wagon is the most useful; it can carry heavy loads as well as stow bulky goods—say fifty large sheets of wool or two hundred bales of cotton. How utterly inadequate, for instance, is a heavy-weight pig-iron wagon in such circumstances! Like many other types of wagon, it is, of course, intended for only one class of traffic—surely a restricted and short-sighted policy. The comparison just made is not extravagant; it is an everyday occurrence. It is the natural outcome of the exigency and pressure of traffic, when all sorts and conditions of wagons, good, bad, and indifferent, are pressed into service. But how useless many of these wagons are in an emergency! Why, the contents of ten such wagons could easily be stowed in one large

'standard' wagon, which would be suitable for all descriptions of traffic, and by its great carrying capacity, alike in dead-weight and in bulk, would prove of real substantial service in the present crisis. Wagons built for a particular traffic cannot be advantageously employed in any other; they are often idle, even when trade is booming, because unsuitable.

This has been the cardinal fault of the companies in the past, and accounts for the extraordinary variety of wagons to be seen in sidings, but seldom in use. (These remarks, of course, do not apply to special wagons such as trolley, boiler, machinery wagons, which are not involved in this discussion.) It seems to have been an obsession that distinct types and forms of wagons should be provided for pig-iron, long timber, angle-bars, plates, &c. Surely a 'standard' wagon might have been designed long ago capable of carrying all such traffic, yet suitable for other merchandise as well. The comparatively new 'gondola' wagon serves that purpose admirably, as, weight for weight and bulk for bulk, it is far superior to the pig-iron, swivel-bar, and other wagons in use at present. Pig-iron is seldom despatched in smaller quantities than twenty-five to fifty tons, and could quite easily be loaded in a 'gondola' wagon with or without bolsters. The pig-iron, swivel, and many other types of wagons—some of them obsolete curiosities—should be abolished forthwith; they only cumber the rails and occupy siding-room, causing daily a deal of unnecessary shunting. The wagons now in use are, then, too small, and the tare weight is excessive when compared with the actual carrying capacity, with the result that two trains are required to work a load which, in larger wagons, could be carried by one train. The use of small wagons is, therefore, unprofitable and a waste of engine-power; they are not adaptable to other purposes when necessary; in a word, they are out of date. It is mainly due to these factors that working expenses have increased out of proportion to the revenue earned.

British railways are slowly but surely reaching a state of congestion owing to the extraordinary number of wagons employed under the present system of traffic-working; indeed, at many important centres and junctions the congestion is already chronic. This condition of affairs is due entirely to the limited capacity of the present type of wagons and vans, the heavy traffic necessitating a steady increase of both, with the result that trains have had to be duplicated, triplicated, and even quadruplicated, until now there is scarcely room for them to run. The wiser policy would have been to increase the capacity of the vehicles instead of the number. How is the difficulty to be solved, as solved it must be? The present system of working offers no solution, and it cannot possibly be continued much longer, because, in the first place, it is too

expensive. A more costly system could scarcely be devised. No economies are visible or possible. On the contrary, all the departmental charges of the present method must continue to mount up, thanks to the perpetual increase in work, wagons, locomotives, trains, sidings, station accommodation, &c.—the one necessitates the other. In the second place, the working of the railways will soon become impracticable; the lines will be so congested by the number of wagons and trains that force of circumstances will cause at least a half to three-fourths of the present rolling stock to be swept away, simply to relieve the rails.

The solution clearly lies in the adoption of the large-wagon system, regarding which some particulars and suggestions were offered in an article in the March issue of *Chambers's Journal*. It is one of the wonders of the age that when the locomotive reached its present dimensions and power the companies did not adopt a policy of large wagons, thereby getting more out of the engine, reducing the number of trains, and therefore train mileage. The purpose of a railway company is obviously to convey merchandise, &c., not to haul wagons. Under the present system and conditions almost 75 per cent. of the engine-load consists of the weight of the wagons, only about 25 per cent. being actual merchandise, and it is only from the latter that revenue is raised. Heavy, rough traffic, such as iron and timber, at low rates, yields a somewhat better proportion of tonnage per wagon, but not of revenue. With coal and dross traffic the tare of wagons and the net weight of contents are nearly equal, but it must be kept in mind that if the wagon belongs to the trader it must be hauled back to the colliery free. (*A propos*, when reforms do come about, traders' wagons will doubtless receive short shrift; they will be reformed off the rails altogether.) Under the present small-wagon system, it is clear that there is great waste of engine-power through the gross weight hauled, the extra wheels and rail friction adding to the burden; the engine-power is altogether out of proportion to the revenue-earning traffic carried. The only practical alternative lies in the adoption of the system here advocated, and now is the time to begin, when the stock is in such a condition of disrepair and depletion—the latter through what has been sent across the Channel, never to return. The companies have reserve funds for this purpose under the small-wagon replacement and displacement account. We take the liberty of transposing the words, and strongly urge them to displace the small wagons altogether, and replace them with large ones of suitable dimensions and capacity. They never had a better opportunity; let them seize it now. But it is rather ominous that several of the companies have reduced the amount to the credit of the replacement account. Doubtless they intend leaving this huge undertaking to the present

control—the Government, who in a measure are responsible for the existing condition of the plant.

We should have liked to give a comparison of the working of small wagons and of thirty-ton 'standard' wagons. Unfortunately we have no data of wagon earnings; it is not possible for the companies to compile such information. The comparison must, therefore, be made on another basis. The real test is the net tonnage carried and the mobility of the wagon, to prove its utility for revenue-earning purposes. The more tonnage it can carry, and the more journeys it performs with full loads, the better it will pay the company, its weight on the train, relative to engine-power, being always taken into account. The following particulars illustrate this important and fundamental principle, which is the crux of the whole matter. The comparison is between two trains each five hundred tons gross, one consisting of small wagons as in the present system, the other of large 'standard' wagons on the new system proposed:

SMALL WAGONS.	LARGE STANDARD WAGONS.
No. of wagons: 50 (=100 axles, 200 wheels).	14 (=56 axles, 112 wheels).
Weight—Gross, 500 tons.	500 tons.
Tare, 325 "	252 "
Net, 175 "	248 "

The proposed 'standard' wagon train thus shows a net gain of seventy-three tons, equal to one hundred and fifty pounds in revenue. Calculated roughly on the rates in operation between England and Scotland, that is an extremely low computation. The train itself would be much shorter, contributing to easier engine-working and haulage, and it would be safer.

We recommend a standard wagon of thirty tons capacity. Where there is a heavy daily traffic between large centres a larger wagon might usefully be employed. Three types of wagons would be sufficient for all ordinary merchandise traffic. (1) The present gondola for all heavy and rough traffic. (2) Open wagon, three and a half feet deep, with three doors on each side. To cover the goods it should be fitted with hatches similar to those used on board ship, or should have folding-doors hinged on in sections, as in certain grain, salt, and lime wagons, all watertight. Alternatively, if sheets must be used, longitudinal sheet supports in three sections, on account of the length of the wagon, will be necessary. On no account should the sheets be allowed to lie on the goods, as is the invariable practice at present, for when the sheets get wet it is practically impossible to avoid damage. The claims under this head alone must be enormous. Sheets should be abolished altogether, or their use reduced to the minimum. They are at best a primitive and ineffectual method of protecting valuable goods in open wagons from the elements, rain, snow, wind, sparks from the engines, &c. (3) Vans, which should form at least 60 per cent. of the stock.

It is an economic fallacy, an exploded railway tradition, that so vast a proportion of the stock should consist of open wagons. These vans should be high-roofed, with two or three wide doors on each side to allow cranes to work into them. The centre door should be fitted with a strong and secure lock; the other doors could be fastened inside. This would in a great measure, if not entirely, prevent pilferage in transit. Goods-vans often contain articles of great value—more value, in fact, than is stored in many office safes—and yet the door is simply fastened by a pin. This is sometimes sealed, or, in special cases, padlocked; but neither seal nor padlock is of any use to keep out a marauder. The case of traffic in sheeted wagons is still worse.

One of the many advantages of the big standard wagon system is that it can be inaugurated gradually, as circumstances permit. Wherever there is a regular daily traffic between two cities requiring, say, four small wagons, one of these thirty-ton wagons could be used; if six or eight small wagons are required, two large vans would suffice; and so on. As the vehicles are built and put into traffic, other districts and

sections could be supplied until the whole system was equipped; but the regular merchandise traffic should have first call. At the annual meeting of the shareholders of several of the companies lately grave concern has been expressed as to the future of the railways. The whole position is at present shrouded in uncertainty. It is not safe to prophesy; but one thing is certain, and that is, the merchandise rolling-stock of the companies is now in a deplorable condition, and must be renewed. We hope it will be reformed at the same time, lock, stock, and barrel. It is a great opportunity, the chance of an age. It would be a national misfortune if it were allowed to pass and the old order continued.

We might, indeed, venture to predict that the days of small wagons and vans are past in any case. Apart from any arguments we have used in this article, they are doomed for another and still more powerful reason—because of the scarcity of timber, which to-day is such that enough wood cannot be got for the huge wagon-building scheme now required. The new wagons, therefore, will need to be constructed of iron and steel; it follows they must and shall be large.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER V.—THE STORY OF THE 'CYCLONE'—PEACE.

#### I.

IT was one of those blustery days in January, with a dull, overcast sky, and a stiff breeze which tore the tops off the short, leaden-coloured seas. It was not really rough as roughness goes, for we were drawing in under the lee of the land, with wind and sea on the quarter, so that there was hardly any movement, merely an almost imperceptible roll, which was more comforting than otherwise after the buffeting we had experienced outside.

We were humming along at something over twenty knots to get into harbour before dark, anxious as ever for a little peace and quietness after eight-and-forty hours of activity which it is scarcely advisable to specify. Our weather had been as bad as it possibly could be. It had been blowing half a gale of wind for some days, which, out in the open water, raised an angry, curling sea that broke on board as we crashed and thumped into it, and sent sheets and showers of spray hurtling high over the bridge and the funnels. The thermometer had been well down towards zero, and when I left the bridge on our eventual arrival in harbour my eyebrows were frozen stiff.

We were all rather looking forward to a square meal and something hot to drink. Personally, I fancied nothing better than tea with a soft-boiled egg—if the steward could produce one—followed by a hot bath, a change of

raiment, and forty winks in an arm-chair in front of a blazing stove. One does attach an undue importance to such little luxuries when one is cold and wet, and has been cold and wet for nearly two days. Most of us had been on deck the greater part of the time, and nobody in his senses likes dodging sea and snow-flurries. They always seem to get the better of one, and finish up by trickling gently down the back of one's neck and into one's sea-boots.

But the North Sea in winter is always an inhospitable place for the destroyer. It has only two advantages that I can think of. First, one may tumble up against something hostile about the size of one's own ship; secondly, bad weather makes one supremely grateful for the more or less civilised amenities of life in harbour, even if one has no long bath and has to perform one's ablutions in a thing like a glorified saucer.

A little ship that flashed past us was starting, poor little thing! for her everlasting patrol, steaming off into the night and the wild, wind-swept turbulence we had just left. She was travelling head to sea, walloping along with the water sweeping over her low turtle-back and the spray flying across her deck. Her funnels were caked white with the sea-salt of previous patrols. Her side was a futurist picture of dirty gray paint, black blotches, and streaks and patches of red rust. Her decks were indescribably filthy.

What could one expect? She had no time

to indulge in the luxury of cleanliness. Her routine was forty-eight hours on patrol and forty-eight hours off, though of the 'stand-off' period she spent at least twelve hours in getting back into harbour, coaling ship, drawing stores and provisions, and returning afterwards to her beat. Her only real leisure came during her four-monthly refits and the four-day intervals for boiler-cleaning once every four or five weeks, when her weary men sometimes gave her a scrub and a lick of paint.

A burly, oil-skinned figure on her bridge waved as she sped by, and we waved back. She passed so close that looking down on to her deck, with its little group of men clustered for shelter under the lee of the foremost funnel, felt like being in the gallery of a theatre. Compared with our ship, she seemed a veritable pigmy; though, goodness only knows, we are no giant, merely a vessel of a little more than a thousand tons displacement. She was perhaps a third of that size.

A thick cloud of pungent black smoke from her stumpy funnels came drifting across our bridge, and incidentally put a fat and rather red-hot 'stoker'\* in the first-lieutenant's eye.

'Ten million devils!' he ejaculated, reviling the cause of his discomfiture and producing a sodden handkerchief. 'She's been and gone and bunged up my starboard optic!'

'Poor chaps!' said I, thinking of different things as I watched her plunging and staggering in our heavy wash. 'She'll get the very deuce of a dusting outside!'

I watched her until she disappeared into the gathering gloom to seaward, into the dark, wind-tortured waste whence we had come.

And a couple of hours later, by which time we were safely secured to our buoy, and the boiled egg and the hot bath were things of the

past, I thought of her as I sat in front of a roaring stove and listened through the open scuttle to the whistling of the wind and the sound of the vicious little waves slapping up against our hull. I shivered as I imagined her all alone on her solitary beat, where the sea leapt and played in such fury, and those blinding snow-squalls came sweeping down from windward; I thought of those on board her, and felt rather sympathetic, for I have served in craft of her type, and am painfully aware of their behaviour in a heavy sea.

For she, you must understand, was an old 'thirty knotter,'† a relic of a bygone age that, but for the war, might long since have found herself on the scrap-heap or figuring on a dockyard sale list. She was launched in 1899, and looked it.

Those who go down to the sea in big destroyers, the thousand and the twelve hundred tonners of to-day, may regard her with kindly amusement mingled with a little pity as they pass her by, but the fact remains that she and dozens of her sisters have done yeoman service ever since that fateful day in 1914 when a Teutonic War Lord set the whole of Europe ablaze. And she and the others of the Old Brigade will continue to do this work until the War Lord is brought to reason, or their engines drop out through their bottoms, or until they are blown up on mines, hurled ashore in a gale of wind, or disintegrated in some other equally violent and disagreeable fashion. But Fritz, the submarine, thinks twice before he approaches them, for they have many pairs of sharp young eyes, and carry nasty stings, which they are only too delighted to use.

The name of the little ship that passed us that evening was the *Cyclone*, and it is her life-story that I propose to tell.

(Continued on page 474.)

## PICTURE-WRITING.

By N. FARQUHAR ORR, B.A.

THE two greatest inventions of the human mind are writing and money—the common language of intelligence, and the common language of self-interest. The inventor or inventors of the first alphabet, could such be found, would deserve the general thanks of mankind, for they alone made possible the progress of the world from barbarism to civilisation. But 'what is ever seen is never seen,' so that there are very few who suspect the existence of an interesting story behind the common letters of the printed page. The very name bestowed upon these letters is an indication of such a story; for the word 'alphabet' is ultimately derived, not, as some suppose, from the Greek, but from the Hebrew

tongue. We are taken back at once to a time when letters were more than symbols, and represented in a rough way some object. Thus Aleph represented an ox, and Beth a house. The Hebrew alphabet shows us very clearly how the mind of man, searching for some device by which to communicate its ideas, hit upon the pictographic method, and links us up with an age when men wrote in pictures, and found it an excellent, though somewhat cumbersome, way of conveying their ideas to others. Any further attempt to penetrate the prehistoric mist is marked by conjecture and uncertainty. Possibly

\* 'Stoker,' a naval slang term for a cinder or a smut.

† 'Thirty knotter,' the general service term applied to a certain type of destroyer built between about 1897 and 1901. They were the successors of the first T.B.D.'s ever built, the old 'twenty-seven knotters,' first constructed in 1893-94.

man was never without some device for the expression of his thoughts. We remember how Robinson Crusoe, cast upon his island, adopted a method for recording the passing of the days. 'Upon the side of a square post I cut every day a notch with my knife, and every seventh notch was as long again as the rest, and every first day of the month as long again as that long one; and thus I kept my calendar of weekly, monthly, and yearly reckoning.' Here we have the mind working along the simplest lines. Probably the beginnings of the alphabet may have arisen in some such form as this. The origin of the alphabet is very obscure, but experts give us reason to suppose that the ancestor of our *a b c* was probably a catalogue of signs for trading purposes, and was brought into wide and general use by being passed from hand to hand. There are many interesting survivals of this use of trading signs, which, lingering on in modern civilisation, nevertheless belong clearly to a more primitive state of things. It is not so very long since the tally, or cleft stick, was used by our own Government. The tally was a squared stick of well-seasoned hazel or willow, on one side of which notches of different breadth, indicating pounds, shillings, and pence, were cut to mark the amount of money lent by any person to the Government, the same amount being cut in Roman numerals, together with the lender's name and the date of the loan, on two opposite sides. The stick was then split down the middle, and one half handed to the lender, the other half being kept in the Exchequer. The practice was only discontinued about a century ago. When the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire in 1834, it was through the burning of bundles of these tally-sticks that the stoves were overheated and the fire was caused.

Of a like nature is the Peruvian *quipu*. The name signifies 'a knot.' When the Spanish conquerors entered Peru they found these *quipus* in extensive use. Nor had they ceased altogether to be employed within recent times; for it was reported scarcely one hundred years ago that a device of this kind was still in use among Peruvian shepherds. The *quipu* consisted of a cord two feet long, from which were suspended differently coloured threads. Each thread had a separate meaning. White was for peace, and red signified war. For the most part they appear to have been used for purposes of arithmetic. The device was a clumsy one, but its defects were mitigated to a great extent by the skill of those who used them, as the Spaniards themselves testified. This mnemonic system has something in common with our way of referring to the Commandments by number, and thus recalling them to mind; while it even more closely resembles the common habit of knotting the handkerchief as a reminder of some important engagement or message. The same idea is

behind the beaded rosary, and the log-line of the sailor. Until quite recently the North American Indians had their own mnemonic device in the shape of the wampum belt. These belts consisted of hand-made beads or perforated shells arranged in patterns on bark, hemp, or deerskin. The device is more elaborate than the *quipu*, and marks another stage in the progress of the mind towards an alphabet. The most famous of these belts is the one which goes by the name of the 'Penn Belt.' The belt was given to William Penn by the Iroquois in 1701. Upon it two figures are worked. One is evidently that of a white man. He holds the hand of the other, who is presumably an Indian. Across the belt oblique bands are woven in coloured beads. These are taken to represent the rafters of the celebrated 'long house' of the 'Five Nations,' a league of the Iroquois which at that time overshadowed, if it did not control, the greater part of North America. The two figures represent the compact between the white man and the Indian.

From the wampum belt to picture-writing is but a short step. And here at once we open up a mine of material. There are traces and specimens of this method of writing to be gathered from all parts of the world—from the rude drawings of the Australian bushman, from the forgotten civilisation of ancient Crete, from the libraries of the Aztecs of Mexico, from the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. With the aid of pictures it became much easier to communicate ideas. The method may seem clumsy to those accustomed to the convenience of a modern alphabet. This drawback, however, did not prevent the picture-writer from conveying his meaning in a vivid way. The Indian could write his love-song in a series of eight rude figures, the meaning of which may be interpreted as follows:

It is my painting that makes me a god.  
Hear the sounds of my voice, of my song; it is  
my voice.  
I cover myself in sitting down by her.  
I can make her blush, because I hear all she says  
of me.  
Were she on a distant island I could make her  
swim over:  
Though she were far off, even on the other hemi-  
sphere.  
I speak to her heart.

The modern lover has his language of flowers to compare with this clumsy scratching of bark; yet, though the expression of his thoughts may choose a more beautiful channel, it is no more effective in conveying the eloquence of the heart to its object.

The Mexican picture-books are much more elaborate; and when Cortes entered the country he found that the Aztecs had attained a very high standard in this pictographic art. Unfortunately the key has been lost, and these curious books will probably hold their secret for ever. The most famous is the Mendoza Codex,

to which an extremely interesting history is attached. Soon after the conquest of Mexico it was sent to the Emperor Charles V. by the viceroy, Mendoza. On the way the vessel which carried it was captured by a French cruiser, and the manuscript found its way to Paris. There it was purchased by the chaplain of the English Embassy. From him it passed into the hands of the antiquary Purchas, and was engraved in the third volume of his *Pilgrimage* in 1625. After this it was lost sight of for many years. One great authority on Mexican antiquities went so far as to declare that there was no Mexican relic in this country except a golden goblet of Montezuma. Strange to say, the Mendoza Codex has since been discovered in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, though nothing is known as to how it came to be there. The Aztec picture-books are more artistic in their conception than the rude drawings of the Indians. The Spaniards bore witness to the facility with which the Mexicans were able to use them. Nevertheless, in point of beauty and effectiveness they cannot be compared with the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the Egyptians, nor is it without reason that this Egyptian writing has been called 'the most beautiful writing in the world.' The key to this writing was lost for many centuries; and many were the speculations of scholars as to the exact nature of the mysterious signs they found everywhere on temples and tombs, on obelisks and monuments. In 1799 chance led a French officer to unearth from the ruins of a fort near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile a slab of stone. By the fortune of war it fell into the hands of Sir William Hamilton, and found its way through him to the British Museum, and not to the galleries of the Louvre, where Napoleon lodged so many of the spoils of Egypt. On this stone were fourteen lines of hieroglyphics, thirty-two lines of demotic or 'popular' writing, and fifty-four lines of Greek. As each form recorded the same inscription, it became possible to decipher the mysterious hieroglyphics.

Of like interest and value was the discovery of the 'Behistun' inscription by Sir Henry Rawlinson. He had been sent to Persia to drill the army of the Shah. He was interested in antiquities, and his attention was attracted to an inscription cut in the rock of some precipitous cliffs near Kermanshah. At great risk he climbed the face of the precipice, and discovered that the inscription was written in three languages—Babylonian, Median, and Persian. A copy was taken, and this, when deciphered, supplied the key to the cuneiform, or wedge-shaped, writing of that ancient civilisation which centred in Assyria and Babylonia. Until this fortunate discovery was made, no success, save one or two happy guesses, had attended the labours of several generations of scholars.

In a lesser degree the same kind of interest attaches to the discovery of the Moabite Stone.

This was first seen by a German missionary travelling in Moab. The French and German Consulates endeavoured to get hold of this stone, but the Arabs, with an eye to business, broke it into pieces, first heating and then pouring cold water upon it. Most of the pieces were eventually recovered and put together. Its interest for the student of the history of the alphabet lies in the fact that it shows us the most ancient form of the Hebrew letters, and brings us closer to the latest form of the Egyptian writing.

Recent discoveries among the rubbish-heaps of the ancient towns of Egypt have thrown new light on the handwriting of the world between the third century B.C. and the seventh century A.D. It is interesting to know that in these times there were stenographers, and that systems of shorthand were already in use. We may be permitted to wonder if, amid the relics of our civilisation, in a world some thousands of years older than ours, so interesting a letter will be found as that which comes to us from the pen of a schoolboy named Theon: 'Theon to his father, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to Alexandria. I won't write a letter or speak to you, or say good-bye to you, and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand, or ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me. . . . Send me a lyre, I implore you; if you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink. There now!' This sounds like the most modern *enfant terrible*, and includes an ingenuous threat of a hunger strike.

Some interesting sidelights on the story of the alphabet come to us from the common things around us. Modern advertisers have developed to an extreme degree the ancient art of picture-writing. The signs of the Zodiac, the quarters of the moon in our almanacs, the picture competitions of the magazines, the trade signs hung in the street, all take us back to the time when there was no *a b c*, and men, for want of a better device, drew pictures of the ideas they desired to express.

#### MEETING.

MEET me when the twilight hushes  
All the meadow-lands of sleep,  
When the river stirs the rushes  
Cool and deep.  
If I may not meet thee waking,  
O my friend of long forsaking,  
Meet me when the dawn is breaking  
On the daisied fields of sleep.

Meet me when my soul is fretful  
With the daylight's toil and glare;  
When I pass to sleep regretful,  
Meet me there.  
Though awake you come not near me,  
Come through slumberland to cheer me—  
Speak to me, beloved—hear me—  
Sweetest solace of my care.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE SALT AND SPICE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

By JAMES A. MANSON.

IF time has treated Douglas Jerrold (1803-1857) rather harshly, he has himself partly to blame. His plays have a place only in the annals of the theatre, and his longer stories are almost forgotten. Mrs Caudle keeps his name alive, and some of his sayings are memorable, such as 'Dogmatism is but puppyism grown up,' and 'Religion's in the heart, not in the knee.' His fate has been distinctly hard, for he never scamped his work, always doing his best, even when racked by pain and anguish, and was really eager to win a permanent position on the glory-roll of English literature. Moreover, he was gifted with imagination, and wrote in a strong, wholesome, nervous style, without the blemish of mannerisms; but though his novels may be classed as Dickensian, they were totally eclipsed by those of the author of *The Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*, for the simple reason that he failed to invest them with enduring human interest. Still, he was a large-hearted man, of wide and generous view, and hated fraud and injustice, funkeyism and cant.

Possibly his wit was, to some extent, his undoing, for he did not stay to weigh his words, which often bore a sting that wounded deeply and more lastingly than he intended or imagined. Thus he came to be looked upon as a cynic who dealt in causticities because he loved them. The cleverness of a gibe outlived both the occasion and the victim, and people found it difficult to understand that the same fount could pour forth sweet as well as bitter. Such criticism was as superficial in Jerrold's case as it was in that of Thackeray, whom it did not harm, however, because his genius was cast in an altogether different mould.

Another thing must be kept constantly in mind. To borrow a figure from cricket, Jerrold was, by temperament, unfitted to play an uphill game. As long as he was scoring rapidly all went well, but when the bowling was on the wicket, and he could not get the ball away, he grew tired, and was apt to accept defeat too easily. He was proud also, and not without self-esteem, and it would have been better had his sensitiveness taught him that others were as tender in the skin as himself.

To an artist named Leitch, who explained that he was not John Leech, the famous draughtsman

of *Punch*, Jerrold answered, 'I'm aware of that—you're the Scotsman with the itch in your name.' That sort of joke depends upon the manner of the speaker, besides the mood of the other party, and may or may not be resented accordingly.

Referring to a person of whom Jerrold had a poor opinion, a friend remarked, 'Nature has written "honest man" on his face.' 'Then,' quoth Douglas, 'she must have had a very bad pen.' Obviously the witticism passed into circulation, or it would not have come down to us, and probably the man's name was current at the time.

'Call *him* kind,' said one actor to another—'a man who is always away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call *that* kindness!' 'Unremitting kindness,' interposed Jerrold emphatically.

Once a literary friend, whose *forte* was the comic, ventured to remind the wit that they rowed in the same boat. 'Yes, my good fellow,' was the instant rejoinder, 'but with very different skulls.'

That must have provoked laughter, as doubtless did the following sally. During a country walk made by several authors, the company paused to watch the frolics of a donkey. A minor poet vowed he'd like to send the little thing as a present to his mother. 'Do so by all means,' Jerrold agreed, 'and tie a message round its neck, "When this you see, remember me."'

But his remarks were sometimes less equivocal. He was met one day by a wordy bore, who attempted to button-hole him with the casual question, 'Ah, Jerrold! what is going on to-day?' 'I am,' said Douglas, dodging past Mr Prosy.

At the club a friend accosted him, anxious to enlist his sympathy for a mutual acquaintance who was very hard up. But a like appeal for the same man had been already made more than once, and Jerrold was not very responsive. 'How much does he want this time?' he asked. 'Well, a four and two noughts will set him straight,' the intermediary assured him. 'Then put me down for one of the noughts,' replied Douglas.

He could not stand a cad, and small blame to him. A man, still young, of lowly birth, had rapidly made a fortune, and tried to ignore his humble origin, of which he felt ashamed. While on horseback one morning he encountered Jerrold,

whom he ostentatiously addressed, 'You see, I'm all right at last.' 'So you are, by Jove! You now ride upon your cat's-meat.'

Jerrold having expressed disappointment with a friend's book, the author meets him soon afterwards, and takes him to task without delay: 'I hear you said my last book is the worst I ever wrote.' 'No such thing,' explains Douglas; 'I said it was the worst book anybody had ever written.' Which, perhaps, did not mend matters.

At a sheep's-head supper one of the company waxes eloquent on the excellence of the dish, and exclaims, as he throws down his knife and fork, "'Sheep's head for ever!'" say I.' 'There's egotism!,' ejaculates Jerrold.

Some one, in the usual talk of the smoking-room, happens to speak of a certain tune. Thereupon a member declares, 'That air always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' inquires Douglas, with apparent anxiety, as he casts a glance around.

Opposite to Jerrold at a dinner-party sat a guest as ugly in temper as he was plain of feature. Whilst the cloth was being removed Douglas managed to break a glass. Thinking to take a laugh out of him, his *vis-à-vis* remarked, 'What! *already*, Jerrold? Why, I never break a glass.' 'I am surprised at that,' was the retort direct; 'you ought never to look in one.'

John Abraham Heraud, the dramatic critic of the *Athenæum*, was also a poet, though his name and works are now probably forgotten. One of his longer poems dealt with the subject of Christ in Hades, and was entitled *The Descent into Hell*. 'Have you seen Heraud's "*Descent into Hell*"?' inquired a friend of Jerrold. 'No,' was the answer; 'I wish I had.'

Banter is banter, but some of these quips—which, no doubt, went the rounds, prefaced with the usual, 'Heard Jerrold's latest?'—exceed the bounds of good-humoured jocosity, and created a deal of ill-will at the prolific author of them. Wit falls upon the just and the unjust alike, and we need not be surprised that both disrelished it. According to W. P. Frith, R.A., one of the most amiable of men, some folk were actually afraid to meet Jerrold, not knowing what might happen to them.

Frank Stone, the painter—the father of Marcus Stone, R.A.—and Jerrold were travelling to Manchester along with Charles Dickens's private theatrical company. For comfort's sake Stone wore a cap during the journey, placing his silk hat on the rack. Accidentally, however, he put it upside-down, and it consequently gathered plenty of the dust and refuse which a train always churns up. 'Look at my hat, Jerrold,' he said when he noticed its condition; 'it's half-full of rubbish.' 'Oh, it's used to that!' was the consoling comment.

Henry Compton, the actor, once went with Jerrold in search of furnished apartments in the West End of London. In one room of a house

they inspected was a very tall mirror. In leisurely fashion Compton surveyed himself in it from top to toe. 'There,' he said at last, 'that's what I call a picture.' 'Yes,' Jerrold admitted; 'it only wants hanging.'

His experience had taught him the power of the pen. James Hannay, who, it will be recollected, filled for a while the editorial chair of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, once confessed to Douglas that he had attacked him in a comic print before they became acquainted. 'Never mind,' was the answer; 'every young man has spilled ink that had better been left in the bottle.' It is a pity he did not equally realise that speech also might be a source of mischief. As the Latin tag hath it, 'A word once uttered cannot be recalled.'

Nevertheless, all who intimately knew the man who let himself be carried away by his fatal facility for wit knew him to be really considerate and unselfish. If he could always have joked with the kindly point of Charles Lamb much would have been forgiven him.

'Blessed be the hand,' wrote this alleged cynic, 'that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a woodcutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and, breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.' That is a pretty picture—one imagines what William M'Taggart or Birket Foster might have made of it; but, as the self-revelation of a soured and disappointed man, the composition is a dismal fiasco.

One night, while a company were devising appropriate epitaphs for friends and others still in the land of the living, happy indeed was Douglas Jerrold's suggestion for the excellent Charles Knight, like William and Robert Chambers, a pioneer publisher of pure and popular periodicals. It was only—'Good Knight.'

On the other hand, when occasion demanded,

Jerrold never hesitated to try to pierce the thickest hide. One night after the theatre he was strolling to his club with a friend, when some golden youths reeled up to him and asked, 'Can you tell us the way to the Judge and Jury?' This was a not too reputable 'show' in the gay regions of the West End. 'Keep on as you are, young gentlemen,' he answered, 'and you're sure to overtake them.'

Douglas Jerrold was literally a self-made man. It is hard to see that he owed anything to any one. He was only a child of ten when he was sent as a midshipman aboard the guardship *Namur*. Two years later he was transferred to the gun-brig *Ernest*, which convoyed the transports that carried troops and stores to Belgium on the eve of Waterloo. But after the downfall of Napoleon the ship's company was paid off, and Jerrold left the navy for good.

Short as it had been, however, this experience was not thrown away upon the boy. It gave him a great love for the sea, a hearty hatred of the cat, and a conviction that Jack afloat, so far from being the romantic hero of idyllic charm, was ill cared for, if not in fact brutally treated. Though he speedily lapsed into the *status* of a land-lubber, he never forgot how to manage a boat, and, many years afterwards, his knowledge and presence of mind enabled him, in all probability, to save his family party from drowning during a holiday in Guernsey in 1847. On the return trip from Sark the frail cutter was shipping water before the freshening breeze, and otherwise behaving badly in a lively sea and amidst dangerous currents. His wife and daughter lost their heads, and clung to their menfolk in terror. Jerrold saw the boatman was not equal to the crisis, so he leapt to the helm, stood up in the stern-sheets calmly, and bawled his orders as to the manner born. His confidence begat confidence; the boat, backing up her new master, responded readily to his touch, and in a few minutes was bowling along safely and merrily.

His father, the manager of the Sheerness theatre, which fell on hard times after the Great Peace, was obliged to flit to London, and Douglas became a printer's devil. Even at this tender age his singular self-confidence asserted itself. When Wilkinson, who had once been in Samuel Jerrold's company, called to see his old manager, none gave him a warmer welcome than Douglas did. 'Oh, Mr Wilkinson!' he cried, 'you are sure to succeed, and I'll write a piece for you.'

And he *did* write a piece—though not for Mr Wilkinson—when he was fifteen. Owing to some misadventure it was not brought out for three years, when it was so far successful at Sadler's Wells, in London, that it was translated into French, acted on the French stage, re-translated into English by a man who did not know that it had been originally an English play, and produced under a new name at the Olympic!

From his entrance into the printer's office dated Jerrold's love of books. He rose early and read all manner of writers, and taught himself Latin and French. For the Waverley Novels, the authorship of which was not yet revealed, he cherished deep affection. Often used he to tell with glee the story of his first week's wages.

His father and he were alone, his mother and sister being engaged in the country with a travelling company. When the lad came home he found the place comfortless. Presently, however, he went out to buy the ingredients for a beef-steak pie, a dish that seems appropriate to a printer. But who was to make it? Douglas volunteered to tackle the crust, and the dish was soon ready for the oven. He took it out to the nearest baker's, and hired, as already agreed, the latest of Sir Walter's novels with the balance of his wages. He quickly returned and read part of the story to his father the while the pie was a-baking. He was always proud of that night. 'I earned the pie,' he was wont to say. 'I made the pie, I took it to the bakehouse, I fetched it home; and my father said, "Really, the boy made the crust remarkably well."'

His admiration for Shakespeare knew no bounds. From boyhood to life-end he was constant in his worship. He was not advanced in years when he challenged any one to quote a line of the plays to which he could not at once supply the following line. In later life it was his deliberate and avowed opinion that 'Nowadays young men read neither the Bible nor Shakespeare enough.'

Another of his early enthusiasms was for Liberty. The Greek cause was on everybody's lips, and Byron was the popular idol. One day, as Jerrold and his bosom-friend, Samuel Laman Blanchard, stood under shelter from a rainstorm, they spoke seriously of joining the author of *Childe Harold*, but the humour of a couple of crusaders seeking refuge from a passing down-pour suddenly smote Douglas, and he rushed into the wet, saying, 'Come along, Sam; if we're going to Greece we mustn't be afraid of a shower.' And the pair got drenched to the skin for Freedom's sake. Recalling the episode in after years, Jerrold remarked, 'I fear the rain washed all the Greece out of us.'

After his father's death in 1820 the burden of supporting the family fell on Douglas's shoulders, but he bravely faced the future. Though beginning to make headway as a dramatist, he continued to devote his leisure to his studies. In the depth of winter he got up early, lit his fire, trimmed his lamp, and devoured his books. 'No man,' he declared many years afterwards, 'has ever achieved greatness who did not rise at six during a large part of his life.'

He liked youth to aim high, and quoted with approval the example of Henry Brougham, who, as he mounted the coach in Edinburgh to make his first trip to London, exclaimed, 'Here goes for Lord Chancellor!' At the time when help

would have been invaluable, he did not enjoy the countenance of any powerful friend. "Plain living and high thinking," my boys—that's the maxim.'

Catholic of taste, Jerrold was a cordial advocate of emigration, and, in pointing to Australia as a grand field for British labour and enterprise, threw off his famous epigram, 'Earth is so kindly there that, tickle her with a hoe, and she laughs with a harvest.'

He was always willing to learn, and, during some talk at a club, related how he had become a convert to Wordsworth the poet, though he could not bring himself to like Wordsworth the man. 'When I was a lad I adored Byron,' he said, 'as every lad does. Of course, I laughed at Wordsworth and the Lake School, and, of course, without knowing them. But one day I heard a passage quoted:

She was known to every star in heaven  
And every wind that blew.

These lines sent me to Wordsworth, and, I assure you, it was like a new sense. For years I read him eagerly, and found consolation—the true test of genius—in his verse. In all my troubles his words have been the best medicine to my mind. No writer has done me more good, excepting always Shakespeare.'

While living at Putney, a few years before his death, Jerrold set up his carriage, a plain, quiet, unpretentious brougham. When he went to the builder's to look at it he was impressed with its brilliant, spotless surface. 'Ah!' he said, pointing to the back, 'its polish is perfect, but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches.' 'I will put a row of spikes here that will keep any boy off.' 'Not at all, sir,' replied Jerrold. 'A thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footsore lad to whom a stolen lift might be a godsend.' 'I always loved Jerrold after that,' remarked the gentleman who told his son of the incident.

In figure Douglas Jerrold was small and slight, but he carried the head of a lion on his stooping shoulders, over which his flowing locks hung luxuriantly like a mane. A high, broad forehead, clear blue eyes, a well-shaped aquiline nose, and a fine mouth made his face one of the handsomest.

His will-power was enormous. He was once lying in bed far gone in a serious illness, when, with some hesitation, he asked his medical man whether he could hold out any hope. The doctor tried to evade the question, but, being pressed, sorrowfully confessed there was none. 'What!' said the patient. 'Die! Leave my wife and five helpless children! Then I just won't die!' And he began to mend from that moment.

According to the Apostle James, 'the tongue can no man tame,' and it seems probable that in the third chapter of his Epistle will be found, as I have hinted, the true explanation of the greater part of the ill-fortune that has overtaken Jerrold. But ample evidence has been led to prove that he was the very reverse of a cynic.

For more than twenty years he and Dickens were fast friends, but there was a period during which a coldness grew up between them—about what, neither knew, for no angry word had passed, nor was there any personal subject at issue. But there the estrangement was. At length it fell out one night that each, with his own separate party, dined in the strangers' room of the same club. Their chairs were almost back to back, and Jerrold was already seated when Dickens took his. The latter made no remark, nor looked towards Jerrold. Before long, however, Douglas wheeled his chair round, and, stretching out both hands, said aloud—so Dickens described the scene—'with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you [Douglas's biographer-son], "For God's sake, let us be friends again! Life's not long enough for this!"'

## 'SMITHERS.'

### CHAPTER II.

#### I.

'YOU'VE got a dose of malaria,' the doctor told Smithers. 'I cannot keep you here. They expect some heavy fighting out yonder; and I have to evacuate medical cases, so as to have the place clear for the wounded. You can ride in a *catalet*. An empty convoy goes back to the base to-morrow morning.'

Three days later Smithers was in a Cairo hospital.

The doctor who examined him on arrival looked up in the middle of the examination. 'Have you ever been inoculated for enteric?' he said.

'No, sir.'

'Ah!' He was about to pass on, when something arrested his attention, and he cut open the sleeve of the patient's shirt. A dirty, blood-stained bandage was revealed. The medical officer looked puzzled. Then he referred to his list. 'I don't quite understand this,' he said. 'He is down as a "medical." There is nothing about wounds.' Then, turning to Smithers, he said, 'Are you wounded in the arm?'

'Yes, sir,' said Smithers.

'When was this bandage put on?'

'I put it on myself four days ago.'

'Humph! Isolation ward for this case, sister. Under observation for enteric. And get a fresh dressing put on the wound.'

## II.

Smithers lay in a small, whitewashed room. There was a dull pain somewhere at the back of his head. He had been lying like this for some days. There was nothing to do but stare at the white wall opposite.

He was trying hard to think of something. What was it? Sleep? Yes, he wanted sleep; he had not slept for some days. It would be good to sleep. But there was something else. What was it? He closed his eyes, trying to think. Then he opened them again on the blank wall. Ah yes! the blank wall. It reminded him of his own life. Blank! Rotten! But that was not the thing; there was something else. What was it? Was it something he had done? Was it good or bad? Sometimes it seemed to be the one, and sometimes the other. And when he was on the point of grasping it, always it eluded him. But why couldn't he sleep? Then his mind would travel all round the same circle again and again.

One day he was watching the sister as she moved about and deftly put things in order. He thought she looked attractive. Not very young—perhaps thirty to thirty-five—but very sweet and womanly, and she had kind brown eyes.

Presently he called her.

'Sister!'

'Well?'

'Am I very ill?'

'You are not in a critical state, but you must keep very quiet.'

'Then I am fairly ill?'

'Perhaps so.'

There was a pause. Then once again, 'Sister!'

'Yes. What is it?'

'Have you ever seen patients in delirium?'

'Yes—sometimes.'

'What sort of things do they say? Do they talk about themselves?'

The sister came over to the bedside. 'A nurse never remembers anything she hears in a sickroom,' she said. 'And now try to rest.'

Every morning the doctor used to come in and say, 'Well, how do you feel to-day?' and Smithers, his voice sounding to himself very strange and far away, would answer, 'Very well, thank you, sir.'

One day, instead of giving the usual answer, he half-raised himself in bed and looked at the medical officer in a queer way. His face began to work like a little child's, and he gave a great sob. 'I don't think you understand my case, sir,' he said. 'There is a conspiracy going on—a conspiracy to deprive me of sleep. They won't let me sleep.'

The doctor smiled. 'And who is in this conspiracy?' he said.

'The sister, the matron, and some others.'

'That's all right,' said the doctor. 'You lie back, like a good fellow, and keep perfectly quiet.'

I am sure no one would do anything so unkind to you.'

Smithers essayed to speak, but no words came. He wished to express his indignation, so he shrieked and started getting out of bed. But the doctor was too quick for him, and seized him. He struggled, and shrieked louder and louder. Orderlies rushed in and helped to hold him down whilst the spasm lasted. Finally he sank back exhausted, and for two days he knew no more. When he emerged from the land of dreams he wondered for a moment where he was. Then his gaze wandered round the room and took in the familiar details.

Presently the door opened softly, and a nurse came in. She was the same sister who had attended him before. 'Are you feeling better?' she asked.

Smithers noticed that the voice was low and pleasant. 'How long have I been here?' he asked. 'Oh, I think I remember. I went off my head, didn't I?'

'Well, you've been a little delirious. But you must not talk; and you must lie perfectly still, and not sit up. Will you promise to do this while I go and get you some milk?'

The days dragged wearily for the sick man. Sleep was irregular and fitful. Sometimes he lay awake through the long hours of the night in the grip of the demon insomnia. Then he would become a prey to his thoughts. The old mental struggle would come back, and with it the old doubts and terrors. He reconstructed his past life, and fell to reviling himself.

'There goes Smithers the rotter,' he would say—'Smithers the fool, the drunkard, the man who never accomplished anything; and he wept bitter tears—he was very weak.'

'You worry too much,' said the sister one day. 'I can see that by your chart. You'll never get well if you do that.'

'Well, supposing I don't, it won't matter so very much.'

'Oh, you shouldn't say that!' she said. 'Of course you must get better. You're feeling very down in the dumps. It's only because you are ill. You must cheer up.'

## III.

The sister sometimes wondered about this melancholy man, who seemed a gentleman. She got into the habit of stopping to talk to him when she had a little time to spare. He was taciturn and unresponsive for a long time, but the relief from the dull monotony of the isolation ward was not to be resisted. Then there was the bright, winning smile which bade him be cheerful and forget the dark side of things. Smithers began to find himself listening for her quick step along the corridor, and to feel a sense of disappointment when it did not stop outside his door.

Their conversation roamed over a variety of

topics, and eventually, as often happens, drifted to the abstruse—life and its puzzles and complexities.

The sister had a healthy, optimistic mind. Years of nursing had given her a ripe knowledge of the world. She knew what to expect from it, and what it expected from her. Problems outside of her experience she made no attempt to solve. Smithers, though a well-educated man, had a morbid distrust of everything that stamps the failure. This distrust was beginning, by a sort of natural process, to extend to himself. A certain clairvoyance came to him in his sickness. He saw himself as he really was, stripped of all the kindly allowances he had been in the habit of making for himself.

Once the sister came in and found him reading a Testament. 'Oh, I didn't know'—she began.

'Didn't know what?' he said with a laugh. 'Didn't know I was religious? Well, neither I am. I am reading it because parts of it are amusing, and I haven't read it since I had it crammed into me as a child. But I don't believe it. Do you?'

'Of course I do,' she said, looking shocked.

'And do you believe in God, and all that sort of thing?'

'I do, most sincerely.'

'Well, I don't,' he said. 'How can I? Look around the world. Can you point out any visible sign of the God of Love? Is the wicked man brought to punishment, and does the good man always prosper? Look at the war. Do you see the hand of God in that? Do all the people who are suffering deserve their suffering? Somebody very powerful wanted the war, and it came about. Why didn't God step in and stop it?'

'But don't you believe in anything?' said the sister.

'I'm an agnostic. I know nothing. I don't believe there has ever been a divine revelation. Whoever or whatever the supreme being or power is, I believe that up to the present He or It is unknown and unknowable. There are so many religions. They cannot all be right. I have lived in the East, and seen something of the others. They all claim to be the one and only, just as yours does. But I ought not to say these things. I am afraid I have shocked you. I apologise.'

'No, you haven't shocked me very much,' said the sister slowly. 'You see, I've heard a lot of the things you've said before. My father used to be always talking like that. He was a ship's captain, and had been to the East, and read a lot, like you. He died a Roman Catholic. It seems funny, doesn't it? We are all Presbyterians—that is, mother and the rest of us. Perhaps you will change too some day.'

'There is no chance of that,' said Smithers.

'Well,' said the sister, 'even if we haven't

religion, we have service. We can all serve, and that is where the doctrine of love comes in.'

'I've heard of that sort of thing before,' said Smithers; 'but it is always Greek to me—this love; it's an intangible thing. It doesn't square with life. I cannot even conceive it. As for service, men give it where they have to, and exact it where they can. Where does the "love" come in?'

The sister shook her head. 'I'm afraid I am not clever enough to argue with you, but nothing will change my opinion. See how inconsistent you are!' she added brightly. 'You yourself are serving. You are giving the greatest service of all. You offer your life for your country.'

'Bah!' said Smithers. 'I am serving for my pay. I don't care twopence for my country. I joined the army because I had nothing to do. You don't believe me. It's absolutely true. I was hungry.'

'But you might get killed.'

'That wouldn't matter very much. I have seen something of life. There isn't very much to wait for. One has to die sometime or other. You see, I'm quite philosophical about it.'

'I have read somewhere,' said the sister gently, 'that when a man talks about being philosophical, it means that he is unhappy. I hope it is not so in your case.'

#### IV.

There came a relapse. That is the worst of enteric. You never know when you are out of the wood. The attack lasted ten days, and left the sick man very exhausted. It was some time before the sister would allow him to talk again.

He had begun to find her rather necessary to his existence. The bright smile and kind brown eyes had presented life in a new aspect for him. He caught himself picturing her as a mother with little children about her knee. It seemed natural, somehow, to think of her in this way. It would be nice to see her sitting opposite him at table. But he dashed away this dream. 'I'm a waster,' he told himself. 'What woman would have any use for me?'

One afternoon there came through the window the opening bar of a hymn played on a piano. Followed a swelling volume of song—nurses and soldiers united in praise:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.'

The singing was good, and the pure, fresh notes of the women's voices touched some long-forgotten spring in Smithers's nature. 'If one could only believe!' he whispered. 'The name of Jesus is sweet to a believer. Yes, that is it: God exists to those who believe in Him.' He lay back, listening to the service, and turning this over in his mind.

The weather began to get cool and bracing, and

they pulled his bed out in front of the window. There were fields with maize and palm-trees. Some obstinate old *fellah* had stuck to his land whilst the suburb grew around him. From near by came the drowsy whine of a *sakia*. The slate-coloured buffalo could be seen at his endless task of pulling it round. From a tiny tomb-mosque in a corner a *muezzin* called the hours of prayer, at which times the brown peasants would cease their toil, and spreading their prayer-mats, turn towards Mecca.

## v.

One day the sister bustled in in great excitement. 'Some officers have come to see you,' she said, 'and I have to make you tidy.'

'Officers!' he said. 'What for?'

'I don't know; but I have to get you ready.'

Smithers looked troubled. The old doubts came crowding back in his mind.

The nurse went out, and presently the door opened, and a very distinguished-looking officer, wearing staff badges and several rows of ribbons, entered. Smithers glanced at his shoulder-straps. A lieutenant-general! It must be the Commander-in-Chief. He was followed by several other officers. The room seemed full.

'Private Smithers.'

'Yes, sir.'

'I've come here to perform a duty which to me is always a great pleasure. I have to confer upon you, by order of His Majesty the King, the greatest decoration which a British soldier can receive—the Victoria Cross.' The Commander-in-Chief was speaking in calm, level tones. Smithers listened as in a dream. 'Before pinning it on you,' he resumed, 'I will briefly go over the act for which you have been rewarded, details of which have been collected and authenticated. On August the 6th, I think, you took French leave of the camp.' The General smiled. 'There was a Turkish prisoner of war in the camp, and, from your knowledge of the Turkish language, you found out that he was an Armenian conscript, and willing to give you information. He told you that a large enemy force was advancing on our right, along a line of wells unknown to us and not marked on our

maps. They had already reached a point behind our force, imperilling the whole of our right flank, and were then camped about eight miles away. You determined to test this information, and started off with the prisoner. Arriving at your objective after dark, you changed clothes with the prisoner, and endeavoured to make your way into the enemy's camp. You were fired on at close range by a sentry and severely wounded in the arm, and the whole camp was alarmed. In spite of this, you waited until the excitement had died down, and then entered the camp from another side. You then estimated the strength of the force, counted the guns, and also listened to the conversation of some officers in a tent. Your information enabled us to bring up a force which completely annihilated the enemy. On returning to camp you suppressed information of your wound, in the hopes of taking part in the subsequent action. You were unfortunately prevented, however, by a severe attack of illness. You have performed a most gallant action." The General bent down and pinned the little-bronze cross on Smithers. Then he shook hands with him. 'I congratulate you most heartily,' he said, 'and wish you a speedy recovery.'

For some time after the officers had left Smithers remained staring straight in front of him. His mind was unfolding. The General's speech had opened the locked door, and resolved the doubts which had been tormenting him.

The sister came in. She did not speak; but her eyes were very bright and a little moist. She looked at him proudly. Just as she was going out she came up and whispered, 'What about service now?'

He smiled and sought her hand. 'Dear sister,' he said, 'how good you've been to me!'

They remained a time with hands thus clasped. Then she hurried away. His eyes followed her to the door, and he listened as her footsteps died away down the corridor. At last he lay back, clasping the cross and smiling.

They found him like this—stiff fingers holding the cross, the smile still there, and eyes looking beyond into the distance, as though they had found something.

THE END.

## REVAL AND THE DUC DE CROY.

By D. RUTHERFORD.

REVAL is the capital of Esthonia, one of the three Baltic Provinces, and is situated on the Gulf of Finland. It is an old Hanseatic city and sea-fortress, and, viewed from the bay, it presents the graceful characteristic outlines of many old Hanseatic towns. It is partly built on a rock, and, seen against the flaming gold-red of an evening sky or in the transparent opal haze of a summer morning, it is a picture that

would satisfy the eye of any artist, with its gabled roofs huddled closely together, its old towers, its high pointed Gothic steeples rising, as it were, from clouds of green foliage, and the gilt domes of the Russian cathedral, which, completed about seventeen years ago, adds an Eastern charm to the otherwise strictly Teutonic architecture.

The history of Reval, as of all the Baltic

Provinces, is complicated and interesting. The town has been in the hands of the Danes, under the domination of the Teutonic Order of Livonia, and under the Swedish sceptre; in 1710 Peter the Great of Russia captured it. The original inhabitants of the province, the Esths or Esthoni-ans, are a people closely related to the Finns, whose language resembles theirs so much that the two races can make themselves intelligible to one another by speaking their respective languages. During the reign of the Teutonic Order of Livonia the knights settled down and brought civilisation into the country; and later on, in the thirteenth century, merchants from different Hanseatic towns, mostly from Lübeck, landed on Esthonian soil and built the town of Reval. Naturally, through the town changing from hand to hand, there were many influences at work, and the language—amongst the educated classes German—bore traces of a strange mixture of words, taken from the Esthonian, Swedish, and Russian.

To the stranger walking through the streets of Reval it must seem as if he had been transplanted into another century, so little has the heart of the town changed in character. He will find massive houses built of heavy gray stone, with carved oak doors, in the Gothic style. Leaning close together, these buildings are all crowned with pointed gables, and have an opening at the top showing a windlass, in olden times used by the merchants to lift their goods, which they stored at the top of their houses. There are the remains of the town-wall, still forming part of narrow, irregular streets. The broad market square contains the ancient town-hall, with its minaret-like tower, headed by 'the little Thomas,' an iron figure of a man who seems to court the merry white clouds sailing past him. Small, quaint shops edge the square, bearing the names of their proprietors in Russian, Esthonian, and German. Inseparable from the town is the soft, guttural cooing of wild pigeons, which flood the cobble-stones and settle on the roofs, for the pigeon to the Russian is holy, and is encouraged to build its nest wherever it pleases.

Old courtyards, looming through vast doorways, some shaded by broad chestnut-trees, invite the sightseer to their secluded peace. Narrow steps, iron-railed, guide him to the Dom, the upper part of the town; and now and then a stout gate, a relic of the town-wall, opens to the view the calm, unruffled mirror of the bay or a suburban street—broad, straight, composed of stone and wooden houses, and lined with rows of young lime-trees.

Every stone in that little town seems to suggest medieval romance and old history, a strange mixture of Western and Eastern influences all blended into one whole, so that to separate them would be impossible. Therefore one is not surprised to find ancient customs and objects still surviving in our modern age.

One of the strangest sights, up to some years ago, was the body of the Duc de Croy, which was placed in a chapel of one of the oldest churches in Reval, called the Church of St Nicholas.

It was an attraction to all children, especially schoolboys; and I remember that as a child myself I could never quite resist the temptation, when passing the imposing building shaded by gigantic lime-trees, to peer through the thick iron grating of the minute chapel window so as to catch sight of the calm, rigid figure. There it lay, on a royal funeral couch, wrapped in solemn shadows and separated from the warm heart of civic life only by a wall.

At the foot of the bier a Latin inscription recorded that Charles Eugene, Duc de Croy, of royal stock, and renowned for his heroic deeds, was born in Belgium in 1650, was taken prisoner at the battle of Narva, and died at Reval in 1702. His body, after resisting decomposition for one hundred and eighteen years, was laid to rest there in 1819.

The Duc de Croy was the descendant of an illustrious family, for his genealogy can be traced back to the kings of Hungary. Besides his title of duke, he possessed those of Prince of the Roman Empire, Margrave of Monte Cornette, and baron of different fiefs.

The history of his life does not relate when he married Julie, daughter of the Comte Henri de Berg, widow of the Comte Bernard de Vittgenstein, by whom he had no children, and who seems to have predeceased him. The Duc de Croy first distinguished himself under Leopold I. against the Turks. In 1699, after the peace of Carlowitz, he entered the service of Augustus, King of Poland, and then, in 1700, passed into the allied Russian army which blockaded Narva. Through his high deeds of arms he gained the confidence of Peter I., who, during his absence, left the duke in charge of his army. Unfortunately, a few days later, De Croy was beaten by Charles XII. of Sweden, and badly wounded. Fearing the just reproaches of the Czar, he gave himself up to the enemy, and was sent, a prisoner, to Reval, which was then still under Swedish rule.

During his life there he indulged his passion for luxury to such an extent that, when he died of his wounds in 1702, he left nothing but debts. His creditors, by right of an ancient law against prisoners who died in debt, would not allow his body to be buried until they were satisfied as to the payment of every penny. The governor, however, ordered a coffin to be made for him, the magnificence of which was proved by the flounces of white satin and black velvet which defied the destructive finger of time, and the body of the noble prisoner was deposited in one of the vaults of the Church of St Nicholas.

The rigorous cold that persisted all through that winter must have helped to preserve the

corpse by freezing it ere it had time to decompose. The relatives of the duke, wherever they may have been, seem to have taken not the slightest trouble to pay off his debts, and it is probable that the body would have continued to lie in its original place had not the Marquis de Paulucci, Governor-General of the Baltic Provinces in 1819, seeing it so well preserved, had it transported into one of the chapels, where it was laid on a funeral couch, covered by a grating, which could be lifted whenever it was shown to a curious observer.

The expression of the face was that of an old man whose sleep was slightly overshadowed by a serious dream; and it was impossible to see the body without feeling a mixed sense of horror and awe, as death had stretched it to such an extent that it looked like that of a giant wearing a fair wig which harmonised to perfection with the lace ruffles and black velvet that enveloped it.

The sacristan, a simple, ruddy-faced Esthonian, who was in charge of the key of the chapel, took an unholy delight in going thoroughly over the corpse—removing its wig, baring the knee to expose the wound, passing his hand over the brown face—all this, no doubt, to earn a slight gratuity as keeper of that jail of death. The process of drying had made the body so light that when the sacristan, as he was wont to do, leaned heavily on its feet, the upper part would lift itself, as though to inquire the cause of this sudden act of violence. The chapel, although small, was always thoroughly aired, but no one could deny having a feeling of relief when he entered the square again and heard the sacristan turn his heavy key in the lock.

There are many stories circulated in relation to the body of the Duc de Croy, but one of the best-known is the following.

On the outskirts of Reval is a beautiful old park which Peter the Great of Russia had planted around a summer palace built for his wife Catherine, where he spent part of his time. The inhabitants of Reval often wander out there, especially in spring and summer, to enjoy its shaded walks and the view of the sea, which shines in a calm, serene blue through the green of colossal oaks and lime-trees.

One day an amorous couple (we will call them Mary and William) strolled along an alley, called 'the Philosopher's Walk,' admiring the rich gold and red of the autumnal foliage.

'William,' said Mary, after walking a while in silence, 'people call you inconstant. It is true, you have promised to be faithful, but I often wonder to how many other girls you have already made the same vow!'

William looked startled. 'You are the only girl I ever cared for,' he assured her fervently.

'If only you will never cease to love me,' sighed Mary.

'If I ever cease to love you, may the judgment

of Heaven come down upon me, deprive me of my youth, my health—all! May I become like the Duc de Croy!'

'God preserve you from such a fate!' Mary interrupted him quickly, her anxious eyes scanning his handsome face. 'What a horrible idea! Don't say another word!'

William looked offended. 'You have no confidence in me, Mary; but to show you that I am in earnest, come to the Church of St Nicholas to-morrow night, and there, at the foot of the altar, I will repeat my vows to you. If you doubt me then, you will be committing a sin!'

On the evening of the following day Mary, her heart filled with love and hope, directed her footsteps towards the church square. It was very still there; only the lime-trees shivered in the cool breeze, and now and then, from the adjacent streets, which ran like a network around the square, came the dull rattle of cab-wheels running over the cobble-stones. The massive building loomed gray and solemn from behind the tree-trunks, and the steeple pierced like a needle the clear sky where delicate clouds, tinted purple and golden-pink by the setting sun, floated calmly along. As she entered the wide porch the quivering voice of the church clock sang out the appointed hour. A damp, cool whiff, like the breath of a grave, met Mary as she stepped quietly through the vast shadows of the porch into the building. It was dark in there, for the high, small-paned windows let in only a subdued light, and the richly carved oak seats, the half-torn brocaded banners, and weird paintings on the walls looked like phantoms in the twilight. Her steps echoed and re-echoed from every pillar, but Mary's heart was so full of joy at the prospect of meeting her lover that she heeded nothing around her. However, when she came to the altar, William was not there!

'I will wait a little,' she thought; and kneeling down on the altar-steps, she prayed fervently that her beloved might never be false to her.

The minutes passed, and yet there was no sign of William's approach.

Slowly the ghastly truth began to take possession of her mind, and with tears in her eyes she whispered, 'He does not love me; he has only played with me. God, who sees my suffering, will punish him!'

Hardly had she spoken those words when she noticed a red, flickering light through the half-open door of the vestry at the back of the church. The reflection trembled and danced on the gray flags, and there was a faint crackle as of merrily burning logs.

'Who would light a fire at this time of night,' thought Mary, 'and why, and for whom?'

Her heart beat furiously, but she summoned up enough courage to approach the vestry. Slowly and cautiously she pushed open the heavy door. Her eyes lit upon the back of a man sitting in an arm-chair in front of a blazing fire.

'It is William,' she thought; and trembling with joy, she stole towards the figure.

'Here I am,' she whispered; 'but for whom is this fire, and why?'

Suddenly she gave a piercing cry, the terror of which seemed to shake the whole building, for she faced her once young and handsome William, now transformed into the ghastly yellow figure of the Duc de Croy.

There was no doubt about it, for there he sat, warming his rigid limbs by the fire.

The words that her lover had spoken in the park suddenly crossed her mind and seemed to burn themselves into her heart—'May I become like the Duc de Croy!'

'God in heaven!' she cried in a voice choked with grief and horror, 'is this how I find you? The Almighty has heard your vow! William, is it possible?'

With an almost superhuman effort she dragged herself still nearer to the figure, and—was it a malicious trick of fantasy?—the body moved slightly and the bones cracked!

Mary did not know how she stumbled through the dark church, but, sick with horror, she reached the porch, where a man barred her way.

It was William, who caught the half-fainting girl in his arms. He had been detained, and had hurried to the church.

'What is it? What is the matter?' he asked over and over again, but it was only after some time that he could get an answer from the panting figure which he pressed to his heart.

'The Duc de Croy!' whispered her white lips at last. 'There, in the vestry, he warms himself by the fire!'

'The Duc de Croy?'

'Yes—he has arisen from the dead! I mistook him for you!'

William carried his beloved home, and then speedily sought the police-officer of the quarter.

'The Duc de Croy has arisen from death!' he announced in great excitement as he entered his room.

'What nonsense!' shortly answered the officer.

'Follow me and you will see for yourself. He has made himself a fire in the vestry, and is warming his feet!'

Very reluctantly the officer followed William into the church. They entered the chapel, and found the funeral couch deserted.

They hurried to the vestry. There they saw the Duc de Croy sitting before a cheerful fire.

At that moment they heard a raucous voice exclaim, 'Who is there?'

Even the man of authority felt a cold shudder running down his back, and would speedily have followed Mary's example if, suddenly, the broad, homely figure of the sacristan had not appeared at the door.

'Oh, it's you!' said the officer, greatly relieved.

'Yes, it's I, and my dear benefactor,' answered the sacristan calmly, pointing his thumb towards the stiff figure seated in the arm-chair.

'What are you doing here?'

'Drying him,' was the laconic reply.

'Explain yourself,' commanded the officer.

'Well—he wanted drying; the weather is too damp. The good duke was quite wet on his funeral-bed, and his clothes began to get horribly spoilt. His features began to suffer also, so I made haste and lit a good fire to warm my poor benefactor.'

The sacristan had just left the church to fetch some more wood when Mary entered the vestry, and it was he who, on coming back and seeing the officer and William, had cried, 'Who is there?'

This simple explanation caused deep disappointment among the fair sex in Reval, for no doubt this would have been an effective warning to hold up to their lovers!

Some twelve or fifteen years ago the governor of Esthonia ordered the body of the Duc de Croy to be buried, no doubt to the secret regret of the sacristan!

[The particulars herein related as to the story of the Duc de Croy are translated from a book published in Petrograd in 1847.]

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER V.—continued.

#### II.

WHEN first the *Cyclone* took the sea she was looked upon as one of the crack ships of the destroyer navy. Her builders were proud of her, for, having done 32·12 knots on her maiden trials on the measured mile, she was something of a flier. And a month or so after her completion, when she commissioned for service in a flotilla, her officers and ship's company cocked their chests and affected to pity the unfortunates who were condemned to serve in 'those rotten old twenty-seven knotters.' Moreover, since the

*Cyclone* had a rather larger wardroom and a better skipper's cabin than any craft which had gone before, she was naturally selected by the 'commodore'—the courtesy title of the commander in charge of the flotilla—to serve as his flag-ship.

She was painted dead-black all over, and had a long, low hull, with three stumpy funnels, and a short mast forward. She carried a couple of torpedo-tubes, and one 12-pounder and five 6-pounder guns; while her deck was so littered with ventilating-cowls, engine-room casings, and other necessary paraphernalia that it was difficult to walk forward without barking one's shins.

Her lines were very sharp, and her low bow was crowned with a curved turtle-back instead of the high, weatherly forecastle of her more modern successors. The little bridge, with the 12-pounder, engine-room telegraphs, compass, and steering-wheel, was perched on the after end of this turtle-back, some twenty-five feet abaft the stem, so that in anything like moderate weather, when her pointed forefoot drove through the seas rather than over them, she slopped the green water over the bows until it came surging aft to erupt against the canvas bridge-screens. She was always a bit of a pig in dirty weather; but bad weather in those piping times of peace did not very much matter. Destroyer captains who drove their ships unnecessarily were not popular with the powers that be when they retired to a dockyard with flattened bridges, and deck fittings 'lost overboard in heavy weather.' So, if the glass went down with a thump, and the sea and the wind rose, it was generally advisable to turn tail and scuttle for shelter, or else to refrain from leaving harbour at all.

For over a year the *Cyclone* did duty as the senior officer's ship of the Portsmouth flotilla, during which period, though she did her fair share of running, life was not so very strenuous. The navy was in the betwixt and between stage in those days, while war, except with people like bloodthirsty gentlemen in the Solomon Islands who ate their friends and murdered missionaries, was never much in the wind. A struggle with a first-class naval Power was only regarded as a vague possibility, and nobody really very much worried his head about it. Destroyers, moreover, were still comparative innovations, and were carefully nursed; while, in the whole of the British Isles, there were only twenty-four actually in commission, a flotilla of eight being attached to each of the home ports, Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham. All the others were kept in reserve in the dockyard basins, and, with many strange old battleships and cruisers, some of which were still armed with muzzle-loading guns, were only commissioned and sent to sea once a year for the annual naval manoeuvres.

When the manoeuvres were not in progress the *Cyclone* and her flotilla would leave their home port for an occasional month's cruise, visiting harbours on the south coast and in the Channel Islands, but sometimes going farther afield to the Irish Sea or the west coast of Scotland. While on these trips they carried out one or two 'night runs' a week to prevent the officers from losing the knack of station-keeping in close formation after dark; but on all the other nights of the week, and during the week-ends themselves, they were usually anchored in some convenient harbour where officers and men could have a chance of going ashore and enjoying themselves in their various ways. They also carried out practices with

their guns and torpedoes, with an occasional night attack under war conditions upon a squadron of heavy ships at sea.

And when the cruises were over they would return to the Fountain Lake jetty in Portsmouth dockyard, when the married officers and men had leave to visit their families. So life, taking it all round, was extremely pleasant.

The *Cyclone*, as befitted the vessel carrying the commodore, was always spotlessly clean. Her ship's company, indeed, called her 'the yacht,' and woe betide the unfortunate stoker who appeared from a hatchway and left a trail of grimy footmarks on the beautiful brown corticene on the upper deck! He would be set to clear up the mess in his spare time by the 'first lieutenant,' otherwise 'the sub.,' who, as second in command, was the executive officer of the little ship. Destroyers carried only four officers in those days—the captain, either a commander or a senior lieutenant; a two-striped engineer officer, then known as an 'engineer,' but now as an 'engineer-lieutenant;' the ubiquitous sub., usually a young gentleman of about twenty-one with a flamboyant taste in handkerchiefs; and the gunner. The C.O., while he messed in the wardroom, had his own little cabin in the stern of the ship, but the other three officers lived, ate, and slept in the wardroom. The sleeping was the worst part of it, for sometimes one or other of the occupants snored.

The ship was always garbed in successive coats of dull black paint. Every little bit of woodwork that could be scrubbed was scrubbed, and all the rest was varnished. The copper ventilating cowls, the sirens on the funnels, and the brasswork on guns, torpedo-tubes, wheel, and engine-room telegraphs, shone and scintillated in the sun. It was the guns that were the *pièce de résistance*. Their barrels were coated with a special and evil-smelling browning compound, the exact ingredients of which were a mystery except to him who made it, but which produced a surface as hard and as glossy as that of a mirror. To keep them up to the mark they were polished daily with chamois leather and much elbow-grease, and were carefully swathed in little flannel jackets at night lest the precious coating should be scratched by the rude contact of the painted canvas covers.

The whaler and the dinghy, the only boats she carried besides a couple of collapsible Berthons, were a sight for the gods. They were black enamel outside and white enamel in, and had narrow lines of gold-leaf inside just below the gunwales, and fancy scarlet ribands outside under their well-scrubbed rubbing-streaks. Their oars and woodwork were always spotless, and they had polished brass yokes for steering, and sets of white cushions piped with blue for the stern-sheets.

There was no doubt about it: the *Cyclone* was a smart ship. But it was hard to under-

stand how Bullivant, the sub., who hadn't a brass farthing beyond his pay of five shillings per diem, plus a shilling a day 'hard-lying money,' managed to do it. The sum spent on polishing-paste, varnish, Bath-brick, emery-powder, and shark's skin for scouring woodwork must have accounted for half his one hundred and nine pounds ten shillings a year. But Bullivant knew a thing or two, particularly with a dockyard under his lee.

After a year on home service the *Cyclone* was sent to the Mediterranean, where, with white sides and yellow funnels, but with a new set of officers and men, she looked more like a yacht than ever. She was out there for seven years, and how many thousands of miles she steamed in that period, how many places she visited, I cannot say for certain. By the end of 1908, however, painted black once more, she was serving in one of the flotillas attached to the Home Fleet.

For eighteen strenuous months she remained in her new flotilla doing useful work, until, in the middle of 1910, the *Cyclone* found herself banished to a reserve flotilla at Portsmouth, or the 'Sinking Sixteenth,' as people jocularly and libellously called it.

She was now a 'nucloid,' the last stage of the elderly and the superannuated, and though her officers and men were brought up to full strength for the annual manoeuvres, as would have been the case in the event of war, throughout the remainder of the year she carried no more than three-fifths of her proper complement. Her skipper was a young and newly married lieutenant, and the *Cyclone* was his first command, and though a gunner sometimes appeared on the scene for cruises, the engineer-lieutenant was the only other permanent officer in the ship.

The three-fifths crew were deemed to be sufficient for running her for exercise cruises provided they were not too strenuous, and for keeping her tolerably clean and in good order. But more often than not her black side was streaked like the side of a zebra, while her brasswork was painted over or unpolished. Her outward appearance, in fact, had gone to the dogs. It was not because her commanding officer was not proud of her. On the contrary, from the way he talked, one would have imagined that he commanded a Dreadnought; while he himself, the 'chief,' and the whole of the ship's company were quite firm in their conviction that the *Cyclone* was still the best ship of her class.

But how could she be kept in her former state of cleanliness when the total upper-deck complement consisted of ten men, including petty officers? Something had to go; so outward appearance did, and the ship, from a young and pretty girl with a pride in her own good looks, became a bedraggled and rather disreputable old harridan with a mottled complexion.

But, believe me, her efficiency did not suffer. She still worked arduously for her living, and spent nearly as much time at sea as she did when in a 'running flotilla' attached to the Home Fleet. Things, indeed, were more strenuous than ever, for there were fewer men to do the work.

Twice a year, spring and autumn, she and her flotilla proceeded for six weeks to the west coast of Scotland, where they did exercises, ran their torpedoes, and fired their guns. Gunnery by this time had become the great god which ruled the entire navy, and woe betide even the old *Cyclone* if she did not succeed in hitting the target the requisite number of times! It assuredly meant a court of inquiry and a severe censure for some one or other if she did not, for good shooting was the one thing which counted.

And sometimes they sent her to the stretch of water in which she would have her being in the event of war, until she developed a nodding acquaintance with every rock and sandbank, every buoy and landmark, every ripple, every tide-rip, each gray fogbank, and each white-topped comber foaming in from the south-westward in her own particular domain.

And well it was that she knew these things, for in August 1914, by which time she had reached the very respectable age of fifteen, the great adventure for which she had prepared for so many years actually came to pass.

The old ship might not be beautiful to look at—she might be downright old and ugly; but she felt quite young and skittish when the news reached her, while her very young skipper danced three times round the wardroom table.

The chief artificer-engineer, who by this time had relieved an engineer-lieutenant, was not quite so hysterical. He was an older and a much wiser man with a family, so he made his will on a half-sheet of notepaper, and got the newly joined gunner to witness it.

That the will has not yet been proved hardly matters.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE STORY OF THE 'CYCLONE'—WAR.

##### I.

'WHAT d'you make of her, sir?' asked the gunner, as his commanding officer put down his glasses.

'Blest if I know,' the captain grunted, still gazing at the small, midge-like object silhouetted against the pale primrose of the dawn. 'She's flying pretty low—'bout five thousand, I should think. Is the A.A. gun manned?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Right. You'd better go aft. I'll sing out if I want you to open fire. She may be one of our own doing her morning patrol; but coming from that direction'—he waved a

hand to the eastward—'she might quite easily be a Boche. So keep your eyes skinned, gunner, and if I do sing out, mind you let her have it!'

'Ay, ay, sir.'

The burly Mr Vickery, looking more elephantine than ever in his thick muffler, hooded duffle coat, and huge leather sea-boots, clambered heavily down the steel ladder and made his way aft. Jonathan Cornelius Bundy, sometime chief officer of a White Star Liner, but now lieutenant-commander, R.N.R., and the *Cyclone's* captain, lit his pipe and resumed his tramp, the everlasting three steps forward, turn, three steps back, turn—all the exercise the tiny bridge gave him room for. He kept an ever-watchful eye on the distant speck in the sky, however, but was quite unperturbed. Seaplanes, even bomb-dropping Boches, were no strangers to him. The particular stretch of water patrolled by the *Cyclone* was far too close to a hostile coast for their advent on a fine day to be anything but an incident.

It was getting on for six o'clock in the morning—four bells in the morning watch, to be ultra-nautical—and the *Cyclone* was slipping along on her usual beat at an easy fifteen knots. There was hardly a ripple on the sea or a breath of wind in the air, nothing but the splash and gurgle of the bow wave, as she drove through the water, and the gentle fanning of the breeze caused by her movement.

To the westward, but still invisible in the early morning gloom, lay the English coast. In the opposite direction, to seaward, the star-spangled indigo of the heavens was gradually giving way to the ever-lightening hues of sunrise as daylight approached. The eastern sky gradually changed from cream to primrose, from this to a lurid chrome-yellow, and then to an opalescent riot of orange, copper, purple, and rose-pink, mingled with the purest of turquoise-blue and patches of the palest green, as the sun neared the horizon.

It was March, and bitterly cold. The month, as usual, had come in like a raging lion with a succession of gales, though this particular dawn, in so far as its actual weather went, might quite well have been filched from summer. But Bundy regarded the eastern sky with a sailor's ready suspicion. It was magnificent to look at, certainly; but the glass was unsteady, and he had every reason to know that a vivid sunrise with green and copper in the sky usually portended wind, and plenty of it. And wind meant a heavy sea, which, for the *Cyclone*, was always very unpleasant.

But there was something to be thankful for. At noon the ship would be relieved by her opposite number, and would return into harbour for her forty-eight hours' 'stand off,' when, if he were lucky, and too much paper-work had not accumulated in his absence, the skipper might

go ashore for an hour or two to see his wife. He might also make up for arrears in the way of sleep.

The *Cyclone*, it must be understood, carried only two deck officers besides himself—a sub-lieutenant, R.N.R., and Mr Vickery, the gunner. These two generally kept watch on and watch off, the captain helping them out by keeping the two 'dogs'\*—4 till 8 P.M.—and by sending them below whenever he could spare them from the bridge in the day-time. Nevertheless, Bundy himself was the hardest worked of the three. His subordinates could be tolerably certain of four hours' undisturbed sleep one night, and eight hours the next; but he never saw his bunk at all when the ship was at sea. He only went below for meals in the day-time, and spent his nights, when not actually on the bridge, dozing in a deck-chair somewhere handy to it. The wireless was ever busy, and things were always happening. They were unimportant things as a rule; but the skipper was never really happy in his mind unless he were instantly available.

After all, their patrolling-ground was a bare fifty miles from a hostile coast, and fifty miles is an easy two hours' steaming for a marauding destroyer. Any dark night might see one of the enemy's favourite 'tip-and-run' dashes to sea, so at night the *Cyclone* was always ready for instant action with her guns and torpedo-tubes manned. Bundy did not wish himself and his ship's company to ascend to the heavens in a pyrotechnic display, nor did he relish the prospect of the *Cyclone's* perforated hull, or what remained of it, sinking noisily to a nameless grave at the bottom of the sea, to remain there in perpetuity with no more glorious epitaph than 'Wreck, 1918,' on the Admiralty charts, and no more ornamental tombstone than the mystic symbol||† to mark her final resting-place. It seemed so anonymous and feeble a method of going under.

Of course, it was quite possible, even probable, if some big brute of a hostile destroyer did happen across her on a dark night, that his ship, with her inferior speed, her small guns, and her ancient torpedoes, might get it badly 'in the neck.' She might even be sunk; but nobody—least of all, the authorities—really minded that, provided at least one Boche suffered a similar fate; and after all, as Bundy once observed, 'David did flop out Goliath, so we've always a chance.'

But the constant forty-eight hours in and forty-eight hours out on patrol, week in and week out, fair weather or foul, sometimes became deadly dull and monotonous. It was weary and enervating work to have to be waiting continually for something which never seemed to come; for though other ships had fought with German

\* That is, dog-watches.

† The symbol || is placed on a chart to mark the position of a wreck.

destroyers, and had had the luck to sink hostile submarines, the *Cyclone* hadn't met either.

The watchers were ever at a disadvantage. The sea was always full of their own friends, and on sighting a dark, rushing shadow which might be an enemy, they had to make absolutely certain she was hostile before blazing away with their guns, firing their torpedoes, or dashing in with the oldest, but still the most potent and certain, weapon of all, the ram. They had always to be on the alert, and the strain on the personnel, particularly in bad weather and during the long nights of winter, was sometimes almost unbearable.

The enemy's destroyers suffered from no such

anxiety. They, with their men perfectly fresh, could sally forth from their ports at their own selected moment, and, going 'all out,' could dash in among the patrols and use their guns and torpedoes to their fullest advantage with the absolute certainty that anything they sighted was British. Nobody who was not a fool could say that the hostile forays were not well planned and executed, or that the enemy were not dashing and brave; but their job was certainly the easier of the two. They could choose their own time. They were never at sea for prolonged periods, which made all the difference in the world.

(Continued on page 484.)

## NATURE'S POWER-HOUSE.

By E. FEARON.

AS was pointed out in 'The Problem of Fuel' (January 1917), our only practicable source of energy at present is the burning, or carbonisation, of coal to produce heat, and by suitable means to obtain motion from the heat so produced. It is a very clumsy and inefficient method, even under the most up-to-date conditions; and science looks forward to the day when all our boilers and such-like cumbrous pieces of apparatus will be swept away and forgotten, and a new era dawn on earth in which the work that is now performed by ponderous machines, to the accompaniment of much noise, steam, and heat, will be done without noise, smoke, dirt, or other of the abominations that for the last fifty or sixty years have made industrial centres almost unfit for human beings to live in.

The whole subject of how to extract the required energy from the materials that surround us is a most fascinating one, and considering how rapidly our demands have grown since about 1850, it is one that becomes more important every day. Each year the world's population is increased by about sixteen million souls, necessitating more food, ships, fuel, houses, &c., and it is becoming a by no means easy task to supply these necessities with the means at our disposal. And all the time, could we but solve the mystery, and learn how to control and use them, there are all about us forces compared with which our high explosives, terrible as they seem to us, are as a summer's breeze is to a cyclone. But we are like a miser who has put his hoard of gold into a safe, and lost the key; he knows his treasure is there, but he cannot get at it.

So far, the problem has been solved in a (from the scientific point of view) very crude way by employing heat to unlock the energy contained in our coal, or oil, or wood. By this means we raise steam, which is then conveyed to an engine of some sort, where the energy is utilised. The internal combustion engine, using gas or oil or

petrol, is a little advance in the right direction, but still a very long way indeed from what will be possible when, at last, the key is found and the door of the treasure-house unlocked.

The cardinal points of the case are these. Whatever fuel we use—wood, coal, oil, petrol, or alcohol—is composed mostly of carbon in combination with small amounts of hydrogen, and sometimes oxygen. The carbon unites with oxygen to form carbonic acid gas, and the hydrogen—if any is present—and oxygen combine to form water. It is this change of chemical composition, called combustion, which produces the heat utilised in raising the temperature of the water in a boiler, and so producing steam; but it is so terribly inefficient that from the possible energy latent in the fuel only 5 to 10 per cent. is usually captured, the rest being wasted in loss of heat from the flue gases, radiation from the boiler, from the pipe conveying the steam to the engine, and finally in the engine itself. The mechanical efficiency is generally pretty high, about 80 to 85 per cent., and, so far as can be seen, cannot easily be improved. In a similar way, if we wish to produce light, we either use some form of fat, as in a candle, or oil, as in a lamp, or heat up a mantle composed of the oxides of the rare earths, thorium and cerium, as in the incandescent gas light. In all of these methods we obtain about one part light to ninety-nine parts heat. Even in the case of the electric light, a great deal of the energy is dissipated in producing heat instead of its all being utilised as light, although much progress has been made in recent years by the use of filaments made from tungsten and other metals, and wonderful possibilities are latent in the mercury-vapour lamp. But even in the case of electricity, it is often overlooked that we still have to employ the wasteful combination of coal, boiler, engine, and dynamo to produce our light or power. The very best results that can be obtained at present,

and these only in very few instances, show an efficiency of about 20 per cent. as far as power is concerned, but the average is probably about 5 or 6 per cent. To sum up the whole question, energy is required in enormous quantities all over the world to drive our engines, to warm and light our houses, &c., and to light the streets of our towns, and, for all practical purposes, the only way we can obtain it at present is by using the energy stored up in coal, which we do in a very roundabout and inefficient manner, by causing the carbon and hydrogen of which it is mostly composed to enter into new combinations, and so yield a minute fraction of their potential energy for our use.

But some comparatively recent discoveries point the way to what may well transform all our ideas of energy and force, and may alter the whole economic basis of civilisation—perhaps in a few years, perhaps not for a very long time; these discoveries are the radio-active bodies, and the fact that the atom is not indivisible, as it was generally thought to be. The possibilities these startling discoveries open up are boundless, and we can scarcely imagine the enormous difference it will make in the lives of future generations when we are able to obtain all the energy we require without going through the complicated, dirty, and costly process that is now necessary.

To gain some conception of what the splitting up of the atom means, we must look back to the previously held theory of the subject, which was that 'the matter of which all bodies are formed consists of an aggregate of an immense number of exceedingly small portions or atoms. These atoms cannot be divided physically; they are retained side by side, without touching each other, being separated by distances which are great in comparison with their supposed dimensions. A group of two or more atoms form a molecule, so that a body may be considered as an aggregate of very small molecules, and these again as aggregates of still smaller atoms.'

To form an idea of the size of the molecules, imagine a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth, the molecules in it being increased in the same proportion. The structure of the mass would then be coarser than that of a heap of fine shot, but probably not so coarse as that of a heap of cricket-balls. It has been calculated that the weight of an atom of hydrogen, the lightest substance known, cannot be greater than the three hundred thousand millionth part of a grain; but according to such an authority as Sir J. J. Thomson, a cubic foot of hydrogen, weighing only three hundred and seventy-one grains, or a little over three-quarters of an ounce, contains enough potential energy to produce as much heat as *eight hundred and forty tons of coal*! But, alas! till the key is found, all this energy is of no use to us, and it is in the study of the radio-active bodies, uranium, thorium,

radium, polonium, and actinium, that some day the mystery will be solved, and we shall have power, heat, and light almost for the asking. Think what it would mean if the dream came true in the next year or two; your eight hundred and forty tons of coal are worth to-day, say, one thousand pounds, but a cubic foot of hydrogen can easily be bought for sixpence, so that, our consumption of coal for domestic purposes being forty million tons per annum, a little over a thousand pounds' worth of hydrogen would suffice to heat all the houses in Great Britain for a year!

To enable us to grasp the theory of the subject, we must endeavour to make a mental picture of what takes place in all substances, whether they be solids, liquids, or gases; we must disabuse our minds of the idea that a bar of steel, say, is rigid, and think of the molecules of which it is composed as isolated particles in motion, but never in contact. And, further, we must recognise the fact that whether a body assumes the solid, liquid, or gaseous form is only a matter of its thermal condition; that is to say, if we take water as a convenient example, when it is in the gaseous condition known as steam, the molecules are so loosely compacted that they can fly about, and go for a certain distance without collision. In the liquid form, as water, they are disposed so loosely that they slide easily over each other; and in the solid form, ice, they are packed closely together. And this holds good of any substance we know, provided we can bring to bear upon it sufficient heat or cold to make it assume any one of these three states.

Faraday, a hundred years ago, foretold the discovery of radio-active matter; but the first scientist actually to bring radiant matter within reach of laboratory methods was Sir William Crookes, who was studying the effects of electrical discharges sent through a glass tube almost completely emptied of air. It was found that a glow was caused in the tube, and he showed that the glow was probably due to bombardment of the sides of the tube by infinitesimally small particles discharged from the negative electrodes. He discovered, too, that these particles could be attracted and repelled by magnets, and after further experiments came to the conclusion that they were the radiant matter foretold by Faraday.

This epoch-making discovery startled the whole scientific world. Very soon many of its deepest thinkers were studying these new phenomena, and shortly before the end of last century Professor J. J. Thomson proved that the particles have a mass of only one thousandth that of a hydrogen atom, that they move about at enormous speed, and that they carry charges of negative electricity equal to the charges carried by atoms of hydrogen. The speed of the electrons, as these tiny particles have been christened, is only surpassed by that of the waves of light, heat, and electricity, and quite puts in the shade

any of the velocities with which we are commonly acquainted. A racing aeroplane, travelling at one hundred and twenty miles an hour or so, is, by comparison, standing still; even a shell fired from one of our big naval guns at the rate of about two thousand miles an hour is not much different, for some of the electrons rush about at a speed of over one hundred thousand miles in a second. As the investigations proceeded, the old theories respecting atoms were still further upset, for we must now recognise the fact that all the elementary bodies, whether they be gases, as hydrogen or nitrogen; liquids, as mercury or bromine; or solids, like gold, or sulphur, or iron—all are built up of the same material, and their different characteristics are simply due to a difference in the number and in the behaviour of the electrons of which the atoms and the molecules are formed. But still more astounding discoveries were made by Professor Röntgen, of Munich, who, in the course of his experiments with vacuum tubes, found that the rays issuing therefrom had the power of passing through various solid substances—a property which has been turned to useful account in modern surgery by taking X-ray photographs of broken bones, &c.

Another scientist, Professor Becquerel, of Paris, was also investigating this interesting phenomenon, and one day he, by chance, laid a piece of uranium on a photographic plate covered with black paper, and found that rays from the uranium had passed through the black paper and affected the photographic film. This was not unexpected, but the astonishing part lay in the fact that the rays were emitted *spontaneously*, and led ultimately to the discovery of those wonderful radio-active bodies which some day may revolutionise man's whole existence. It is to the late Professor Curie and his wife that we owe this great discovery, and some idea of their tremendous patience and skill may be obtained when we realise that from a ton of pitchblende they obtained only four or five grains of radium, or, say, one part in three million!

Since then a great deal has been found out respecting the properties of radium, and its rays and emanations, and we know that the breaking down of the atoms composing the radio-active bodies proceeds at a regular rate according to a strict mathematical law. If we take the radium emanation as an example, we find that one five hundred thousandth of the total amount of emanation breaks down per second, and that as the emanation becomes less the number of breaking-down atoms becomes fewer, but they are still the same proportion of the whole. By careful study, and by deduction, the average life of these mysterious elements has been discovered, and the enormous time that they must have been in existence throws a new light on the past history of the world, as well as shadowing forth the new marvels that are to come. Space will not permit

of anything like a full description of the changes and transformations that occur, and it must suffice to say that what takes place is a disruption of atoms, resulting in the birth of other atoms of smaller atomic weight and with new characters.

In the case of radium, we start with uranium, which after the inconceivable period of seven billion five hundred million years is transformed into radium, which, in its turn, after a mere two thousand five hundred years becomes polonium; this in about seven months breaks down to an element that is believed to be lead.

The practical may want to know where all this leads, and they may well be answered in the words of Professor Soddy, who has devoted years of study and research to this subject: 'A race which could transmute matter would have little need to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. If we can judge from what our engineers accomplish with their comparatively restricted supplies of energy, such a race would transform a desert continent, thaw the frozen poles, and make the whole world one smiling Garden of Eden. Possibly they could explore the outer realms of space, emigrating to more favourable worlds, as the superfluous to-day emigrate to more favourable continents.'

To the unscientific mind this may appear nothing more than fantastic dreaming, but we have only to think of the wonders that are happening every day to realise that man's ascendancy over the material world, as we call it, is ever increasing. Did our forefathers of even a hundred years ago dream of being able to speak to some one in Paris or Marseilles, or to fly in a machine heavier than air at over a hundred miles an hour, or to speed across to New York in a huge floating palace in less than a week? Yet these are the commonplaces of to-day, and no one can say what will be the commonplaces of a few years hence, for we are but on the threshold of the kingdom which science offers to us. Some day we shall enter and take possession, and man will come to his full stature, and rejoice that at last he has learned the great secret which Tennyson spoke of:

One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

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#### FOR EVER AND FOR EVER.

FOR ever and for ever? Through the years,  
The long, long vista of the years, I gaze  
Into eternity. A mystic haze  
Shrouds the far aisle in glory! All life's fears  
Fall from me as I look—its saddest tears  
Are dried as I thus think upon the days  
When I shall walk adown the aisled ways  
Into the light which never disappears!

For ever and for ever! O my King,  
Let not faith's vision fade from out mine eyes!  
Let not earth's pain or loss, each passing thing,  
Which is as fleeting as the hour that flies,  
Keep me from watching till Thy hand shall fling  
Life's portals wide into Thy paradise!

KATE MELLERSH.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

THERE was Lucullus. In days not distant passing mention of him was often made; and though done with little knowledge and no care, it was with an understood approval. Something enjoyed was likened, by way of compliment to a lavish host, to what was called a Lucullan feast. You have heard that expression many times, and rarely (one may suspect) in any tone of censure. If there were the will and the means, it was not thought wrong in those days of peace and plenty to incline humbly and from afar towards the indulgences of Lucius Licinius Lucullus of the Rome of two thousand years ago. It is different now. The necessary expedencies of war-time, and such sad insincerities as are their natural concomitants, cause it to be preached that there are moral and even physical advantages in half-starvation, that the state of hunger should be to us as an ideal, and that the soul of him who covets delicacies is lost. There is a great, an overwhelming, virtue in cheerful sacrifice for duty's sake and the needs of one's native land; but are they wise in their perceptions, or true to realities and right, who at this call, with its new demands, tell us that good things are not good for us, and there is only virtue in the others, and so on in plain hypocrisy? In real simplicity there may be moral and often a physical value, but hardly so in adulteration and want. And luxuries—what are they? Distracted peoples whose systems have failed, and whose philosophies are in tatters and unconsoling, reflect on Nature, with thoughts of origins and controls that are beyond all parliaments and kings, and they find there no marking, recognition, or suggestion of any luxuries. What we may regard as such are but things adjudged according to a purely arbitrary standard we have made, established by caprice or instinct in association with the compelling law of supply and demand. That which is luxury to-day may suffer the contempt of cheapness in a little while from now. And when Nature in spring and summer, dressing herself in all the beauties from the utmost resources of her incomparable stores, extends to us her generous arms, and reproachfully, coaxingly, appeals to us to take all that she can give, all the riches of earth that are there for the small happy toil of taking, where is the luxury?

No. 396.—VOL. VIII.

Perhaps Lucius Licinius Lucullus, most regal feaster in the days when a fastidious palate was no reproach to a man of taste, went somewhat far. He was not one for half-measures. Yet he did his duty to the full; he spent his riches on the other arts as well as on that of being the most bountiful host. One is given to wonder what fare Lucullus laid upon the tables of his villas at Tusculum and Neapolis when expecting well-favoured friends, old associates of the army and the senate, or some stern philosopher who might lose his shallow coat of austere asceticism at a glimpse of the temptations in the chamber of Apollo, where the conqueror of Mithridates, grown so rich through Asiatic possessions, accomplished his most surpassing feats in the entertainment of his guests. How well did this epicure with fine tastes for luxury, unembarrassed by any coupons, know how to play host in the grandest manner! How perfect were his resources; how delicately exercised! At least there was never vulgarity in this archetype of luxury whom one mentions now in hurry lest with another month of the teaching of abstinence, increasing in callous coldness as the screw of war is turned still more upon us, it should be a crime to do so, under a new section of an ever-expanding Act for the defence of a threatened realm. How delightfully did Lucullus trick Pompeius and old Cicero by the agency of his Apollo chamber! They did not seem to know, those amiable tormentors, that, with a perfect regulation, there were in the house of Lucullus several dining-halls, each with a name of its own, which were garnished in various grades, and in which feasts of ranging values were served. The chamber indicated the quality of the feast.

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Had Cicero and Pompeius (with whom Lucullus was set in some rivalry, yet friendly withal) understood this exactly, they might not one day in the forum, having heard of those Lucullan feasts, determined to take him, as they thought, at a disadvantage and make him appear a little stupid. One can imagine that they enviously said, the one to the other, that they would expose this spendthrift fellow who was the talk of luxurious Rome. They would catch him suddenly, they said. Cicero slyly approached him, with Pompey attending, and inquired if

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JUNE 29, 1918.

he were at liberty that very night and could receive friends at home. Lucullus, good Roman, answering that he would be pleased, the conspirators made their plan. 'Then,' said Cicero, 'we will wait upon you this evening, Lucullus, on condition that you give us nothing but what might be prepared for others.' This was a strain upon a good host. Cicero and Pompeius, as we know, were men of consequence. Their friend, who had in Asia done so well for Rome, the State, and himself, would have liked to show to them his best consideration. He pleaded a little, yet they would not listen. Especially did they enjoin on him that upon no condition should he, from that moment until the time when they sat down to their meal, give any instructions to his servants. 'But,' protested Lucullus, with a sense of being too unkindly handled, and strengthened at the moment also by a cunning thought, 'you will permit me to direct my servant as to the chamber in which we shall eat?' Pompeius and Cicero, shrewd men, and confident of their unkind scheme, glanced an agreement at each other. They could see no harm in that; but lest there should be any trick in it, or Lucullus, unattended, should whisper a word that might mean the expenditure of thousands of denarii, they made it a condition that they should be present when this simple instruction was conveyed. Lucullus agreed. And so they twain came to Lucullus's house, and the host said simply to his servant, 'This evening we will sup in the Apollo.' It was enough. The hall of Apollo was where Lucullus feasted best. Once when he was alone, and, it may be suspected, a little miserable, and his servant supposed he would dine lightly, he said with majesty, 'To-night I will sup with Lucullus;' and it was in the Apollo that he ate and mused. The sideboards, appointments, table-ware, were all of the richest. Gold and silver and precious stones were here and there. And the cost to Lucullus of dining in the Apollo was a matter of fifty thousand denarii, which, being converted into British money of these times, might mean something more than seventeen hundred pounds. If Cicero and Pompey failed of their original purpose and had not such fine gossip for the senate on the following day, they may have felt, on journeying home beneath the night sky of Rome, that failure had its compensations. Yet Pompey, a mean fellow, seems still to have harboured a little jealousy, for one time he was sick, and his doctor, considering deeply upon his case, prescribed thrushes for his food. Medical science in the days of ancient Rome was not—as doctors now would say—what it has become since, but it had certain merits. Thrushes for food, we may suppose, would lead to a patient's contentment. With a dish of them, some wine from Sicily, a maiden to twang a lyre, and the verses of a poet, even such a man of action as this might bide contentedly till he was well again.

But the servants scoured Rome for thrushes, and returned to say that there were none save in the gardens of Lucullus. 'Alas,' thought Pompey, 'must Pompey then have died if Lucullus had not been an epicure!' He would not ask for the thrushes of Lucullus, however; he demanded other birds which were less difficult to obtain.

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Our new ascetics of this war, professing bravely to make virtue from necessity and the stern demands of a national controller, who counts in ounces and other minute maxima, may say disdainfully that Lucullus was a pig, that his indulgence was disgraceful. But not all will say it. He had the means. Nature, the earth, made its fair offer to him, and there it was. It is again a matter of arbitrary standards. The simple things we ate and liked but four summers gone would now be marked as luxuries, and in reality be so by this war-time standard. A simple steak of a kind that might appease the hunger of a healthy man, and a little white bread to eat with it, would be too much luxury to-day, and no restaurant would take the fearful responsibility of providing them, for this would perhaps be a matter of the jail for some one. We do not know all that Lucullus ate when in his Apollo chamber, or with what peculiar delicacies Pompey and Cicero were regaled when they fed at a cost of some six hundred pounds per head on that splendid night; but it would be little surprising if we discovered that things akin to his rarities have many times since then been consumed in quantities in our suburban homes, and that some of them have been sold in millions of tins at a cost of about sevenpence halfpenny. Would not Lucullus have given a thousand denarii for a small banana—the only one in Rome? It is too mean and small to reflect severely and censoriously upon Lucullus now in this war-time mood of rations. History has been always a little unkind to him. When, after his strenuous life, during which he had been of vast service to the State, he took himself to some retirement and spent his money, he is spoken of as having devoted himself more and more to 'a life of indolence and luxury,' although he spent lavishly on the arts, was an enlightened patron of literature, had the most splendid pictures and a magnificent library (which was open to the free use of all who needed it), and often had about him Greek philosophers with whom he was always ready to fall to argument. But he had many enemies in political circles—as conquerors have even in these times of ours.

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A certain sense of, and concession to, reality come upon us as deeper down into the war we go. We do not deceive ourselves so much, or permit others to attempt such process upon our emotional patriotism. We begin to know; the truth prevails. It was easy a year or two ago to persuade ourselves that we were overfed, and that the

dishes we ate, the viands to which we were devoted, were as poisons prepared in hell. When the newspapers assured us that bread was much the worse for being white, it seemed at any rate that it might be little the better. As always, the Germans had forestalled us; for long they had been eating the blackest of bread, which by all such reasoning must have been the most victory-making stuff. But now we are not so much under illusion. With a patriotic contentment, but an interior system that is sometimes a little recalcitrant, we take most modestly of such things as are available in small quantities by coupon, not believing that we shall wax and fatten upon them, or that our brain-power will increase. No Cabinet Minister, controller, or scientist could convince us that any foodstuff the Allies now feed upon could for properties be likened to ambrosia, as once the artful opportunists, known as leaders of public opinion, might not have hesitated to tell us. Venus would give it to those she loved, and some, like Berenice, would be saved from death by eating this ambrosia that yielded immortality. It healed wounds as well as gave everlasting life, and the high company of Olympus loved the smell of this sweet food so much that they used it for their hair. Nearly as much was at one time claimed for some Government foods—in the third year of the war, but not the fourth. Now it is different. Even in Germany, where lately the chemists have invented, as was necessary, a powder or a mixture which, taken at a meal-time—when there is no meal—staves off hunger and enables the enduring German to carry on without collapse till the next meal-hour, it was admitted in offering this useful preparation that it is not nourishing like real food, and that the subject must not hope to do so well upon it. So in other measure it is elsewhere. The Food Controller does not inform us that his special office is to make us fat. He is a bogymen. Favour a food, and the Controller, splendid watchman of the State, looks towards you; like it a little more, and there is an order made, and coupons follow. Surely now we are but at the edge of rationing. Consider if you do not hold too cheaply and some day may not pine for odd foods that now reach us from afar. Lately I called upon a poet, home for a brief spell from the scene of war, and we prepared a meal together from a tin, the picture on which informed us that these were sardines from the Pacific Ocean. It was a thought to send the minds of imaginative men leaping with the romance of it. There, far away across the American continent, off the Californian coast, were fishermen plying their nets for these little Pacific fish. They were landed, were packed and sealed in neat oval tins, the manufacture of which in itself is a vast industry, and they were whirled away for three or four thousand miles across the prairies and the harvest-lands which grow

so well for distant and hungry fighters, until they reached another ocean. Then from an Atlantic port they came in a ship, along with other ships and something very British in the way of guard, and reached our shores at last; and now, without a coupon to do them dignity, are bought in London and eaten in a fighting poet's chambers.

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You may recall that once upon a time there was a part of the population that often ate for pleasure. The circumstance that at the same time they maintained their vitality was merely incidental. It was not only the rich who did this thing; the comparatively poor indulged themselves also. The labourer and his wife were guilty at times of spending so much upon a meal as, done seven times a week, would have brought the landlord to their door with a notice of ejectment by reason of rent unpaid. In our old philosophy we did not, perhaps, sufficiently take into account that in the labourer this was as demoralising—this barbaric feast, perhaps, upon tinned lobsters and some Indian pickles—as would have been something in the Lucullan style to those who had the means to pay for it. But now there is little of that eating by way of epicureanism of whatever grade. The possibilities of eggs prepared in a hundred different forms have been explored; the fishes of the seas and rivers are wearying; we look into the air and have a fancy that if the time comes when the birds must be exploited, here anyhow may be novelties and something good. It is energy and not delight that we have to find to-day in food. We were told a little while ago that the scientists who prompt and support the food committees in their schemes had determined that all would go well with Britain if every man had his three thousand four hundred calories a day, the bulk of them at breakfast and dinner. Two or three years back one might have asked what a calorie was, as if it might be some Eastern sweetmeat; but now we know it for the scientific reckoning of the value of our food, the unit of energy producing heat derived from what we eat, as horse-power is the unit of energy of an engine. We do not now murmur about the quantity or yet the flavour; the object at seven o'clock, and one, and seven again is to acquire the calories. From four ounces of wheaten bread we capture two hundred and ninety-four of these splendid units; from a pound of potatoes no fewer than three hundred and eleven of them fall to us, calories which give us the heart and strength for victory.

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In these moments a memory provokingly steals away to an American corner. There is here beside us the printed menu card of a luncheon that was taken one day with friends at the 'Blackstone' at Chicago, an hour or two before we entered upon a long railway trail

across a large part of the American continent. Here were good friends who had been happy together, gathered for a farewell pleasure. It was a wonderful bill of fare, and yet it was only the ordinary one, just such as they had at that fine establishment each and every day. They have money in Chicago, and have overhauled the world to serve them and their fancies, yet often like best some of the dishes they invented for themselves. It was not intended that one should take of all the items printed on this list, or even half or a tenth of them, for there were, as I have just counted them, two hundred and twenty-five, and that is not reckoning as more than one different varieties of the same thing. Most little things cost round about a dollar each; some were two dollars or more, and could any one have proceeded successfully through the entire assortment he would have had the equivalent of some fifty or sixty pounds to pay.

There were here dishes upon which Lucullus would have gladly expended many thousands of denarii, to startle his friends with them in the Apollo chamber. Pompey would have wondered at the 'Little Neck Clam Cocktail;' Cicero might have had something to say about the 'Whitefish with Brown Butter,' the 'Squab Rossini,' or the other dainties with which we trifled, along with the 'Ribs of Prime Beef' by which, through some curious instinct, we subconsciously sought our calories. It was a pretty list. It embraced sixteen kinds of fish, eleven 'specials,' ten 'roasts,' twenty-seven 'colds,' thirty-eight vegetables, and so on. It seems a little hard to realise now that when the sun was setting beyond that American prairie in the direction in which our train was pressing on to the clanging of its mournful bell, one was impelled to eat again. Sighing, one must leave such tantalising memories.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER VI.—continued.

THE sun had risen, and the seaplane, approaching from astern, was barely three miles distant, and seemed gradually to be coming lower on a long, gentle glide. Bundy, however, still had the sun in his eyes, and could distinguish no identification marks on her wings; while, as most seaplanes have a strong family likeness, nobody was prepared to swear to her nationality. She might be friendly or she might be hostile; but taking no chances, he had increased speed and was zigzagging in his course. He had been bombed before, and did not relish the experience. One somehow feels so helpless and unable to retaliate, for trying to drive off an aeroplane with one small gun is rather similar to endeavouring to bring down a driven grouse with a rook rifle.

But they had not very long to wait. The machine was coming up hand over fist, and as the skipper again put up his glasses to look at her there came an eerie, whistling whining in the air. The sound increased in a screeching crescendo—then a splash, and a tall plume of spray glimmering golden in the strong light of the newly risen sun. The bomb dropped about five hundred yards distant in the *Cyclone's* wake, and almost at once the thudding, muffled crash of its explosion thundered out across the calm sea. The column of water toppled, to vanish in a little, circular, discoloured patch on the surface.

'Rotten!' Bundy muttered, dropping his glasses and picking up a megaphone. 'After-gun!' he shouted, waving an arm. 'Let go as soon as you like!'

The small six-pounder on her A.A. mounting in the stern was already pointing her lean muzzle in the air, and even as he spoke there came a spurt of flame, the sharp smack of exploding

cordite, and a thin cloud of dun-coloured smoke. The shell went whistling skyward, while a man performed some sleight-of-hand with a lever, and the empty brass cylinder tinkled to the deck as the weapon recoiled and ran out again. The loading number pushed home another round, and the breech-block flew up with a metallic thud.

'Ready!' he bawled.

'That one went astern and above her, Maynard,' grunted the gunner as the shell burst in a tiny sparkle of flame and a little bulbous cloud of purplish smoke. 'Come down a thousand, and give her a bit less.—Oh lor! here's another!'

*Wh-e-e—EE—W! B-o-o-m-p!* again. This time the splash of the missile leapt out of the water within a couple of hundred yards.

'Persistent brute!' murmured the captain on the bridge, as the coxswain, breathless and rather *décolleté*, arrived at the wheel. 'Hard aport, cox'n!'

'Hard aport it is, sir;' and the destroyer slithered round on her heel.

The six-pounder barked a second time, and this time the smoke-puff from the projectile seemed to dart out in the air close in front of the machine, now at a height of little more than three thousand feet.

'Ow!' shrieked an enthusiastic ordinary seaman, half beside himself with excitement. 'That's got 'er!'

'An' I'll get you, me son, if you don't stop your damned row!' burst out the wrathful Mr Vickery, turning upon him. 'Who the 'ell are you, to go shoutin' like that? D'ye think this is a bloomin' Bank 'Oliday outin', or what?—Go on, Maynard,' he continued, still grumbling away under his breath. 'Give her another!'

Crash! went the gun again, but mingled with the roar of the report came that horrible screeching whistle as another bomb fell. The noise was far louder than before, like the sound of an express train tearing through a station, and the bomb fell a bare thirty feet on the destroyer's port quarter. A shower of splinters went whistling overhead, while the stunning concussion seemed to lift the stern of the little ship bodily into the air and to shake it like a rat in the jaws of a terrier. The sounds of rapidly disintegrating glass and china, jerked off the hooks and racks and hurled to the deck, floated up the hatch from the wardroom pantry.

'There goes our perishin' breakfast!' snorted the gunner. 'Oh, you dirty hound!' he exclaimed an instant later, almost inarticulate with rage as the fountain of spray flung up by the explosion curled round in mid-air and came lashing down on deck to drench him and every member of the gun's crew. 'Knock it off, can't you?' He shook an impotent fist in the air. 'Come on, lads!' he continued to his men, shaking himself like a dog. 'Get another round off! We don't mind bein' bloomin' well 'alf-drowned, do we? We're bally well used to it by this time!'

Another shell flew off into space, and again the ball of smoke appeared very close to the target, so close that the novices among the small crowd craning their necks heavenwards held their breath, and expected every moment to see a stricken Boche come hurtling down from the sky like a shot pigeon. But the seaplane merely swerved in her flight, and then started to move round to the left in a wide, sweeping circle, mounting as she went.

'Cease firing!' came an order from the bridge as the gun-muzzle followed her round.

'Cease firin'!' snorted an indignant stoker. 'What the 'ell's the skipper thinkin' abart? She's comin' round to drop some more of 'er ruddy heggs on us!'

'No she ain't, Ginger,' contradicted another man. 'She's orf 'ome.'

'Ome be damned!' exclaimed Ginger. 'D'you think I 'aven't never seen one o' these 'ere things before?'

'I think she is, any'ow.'

'And a ruddy fat lot you knows abart it! You haven't bin in th' navy more'n six months, an' in this ship more'n six weeks! Wot the 'ell d'you know abart it?'

The controversy went on, becoming more and more heated and personal as it continued. The aeroplane was quite forgotten.

The *Cyclone* meanwhile was humming along at over twenty knots, still twisting and turning, while her enemy completed her circling movement and made off in the direction whence she had come. She made no further effort to approach, and her pilot had evidently decided to go home, for his machine was still climbing on

a long, upward slant. The destroyer, helm hard over, turned and scurried after her at top speed.

Then it was that those on deck realised the reason for their commanding officer's order to cease firing, for high overhead to the westward, coming towards them with the golden sheen of the risen sun shining on the underside of her wings, was another seaplane. She was a small, very fast machine, and had evidently been attracted to the spot by the sound of gun-fire.

'Damn my wig and whiskers!' chuckled the blood-thirsty gunner, dropping his glasses to the full extent of their strap as he caught sight of the blue, white, and red circles on her wings. 'That's one of ours! She'll bloomin' well teach the other perisher to give us all a wet shirt, blast her!'

It was a very clear morning, and the pilot of the British machine, a single-seater biplane, had evidently spotted his enemy silhouetted like a gnat against the glowing sunrise. He was high above her, and in less than a minute he had passed the *Cyclone* and was steering on a bee-line to the eastward to cut off the Boche's retreat. The Boche, however, evidently knew he was being chased, and was certainly not wanting in bravery or determination. He was probably aware that he would be overhauled, and would have to fight in any case; but before his pursuer arrived within a mile of him he banked steeply round on one wing-tip and started to climb in a wide spiral.

'Oh, cricky!' gasped Mr Vickery, open-mouthed in astonishment as the British pilot, seizing his opportunity, put the nose of his machine down and dived at an alarming angle straight towards his opponent.

The German, seeing the manœuvre, abandoned his intention of climbing, and flattened out in a straight flight to the north-westward. But he was too late. The single-seater, falling like a meteor, and swerving as she dived, was on him before he could draw another breath; and mingled with the roaring of the stokehold fans as she pounded along at full speed, those on the *Cyclone's* deck could hear the frenzied stuttering of a machine-gun opening fire. The British pilot was shooting into his opponent as he came down at an angle of barely ten degrees from the vertical, and in another second, after a rapid burst of fire, he had crossed ahead of the Boche's track, flattened out, and, passing underneath, zoomed up under her tail. Then, swinging round in a short circle, with his planes nearly vertical, he again approached his enemy from astern and slightly below her. The fiendish rattle of the machine-guns started afresh as the pair pumped bullets at each other.

It was quite impossible to follow every phase of the contest from the destroyer, for the two machines were never in the same relative position for two consecutive seconds. It was quite obvious, however, that the British seaplane was

the speedier and handier machine of the two; but though she had this advantage, she was a single-seater scout, which meant that her pilot had to work his joy-stick with one hand whilst manipulating and firing his Lewis gun with the other. The German, a weightier machine, built for bomb-dropping, was slower and more unwieldy. She was a two-seater, however, so that the pilot could concentrate his attention on flying; while his observer did the fighting.

For two or three breathless minutes the pair circled round like flies chasing each other round a gas-bracket, the stammering hiccup of their guns breaking out spasmodically as one or other of them gained a temporary advantage, and was able to pour in a burst of rapid fire. Sometimes they separated, only to come together again for another bout.

*Purrrrt! Purrrrt!* chattered the guns.

The British pilot was stunting all he knew—swooping, side-slipping, and banking, running through all his tricks as if he were giving an exhibition flight in an aerodrome. Once, after a dizzy swoop which brought a wave of apprehension surging to Bundy's heart, he did a complete loop backwards to maintain his position in rear of his enemy. His antics reminded one of the gambolling of a playful foal.

The German, too, evidently trying to shake him off, twisted and turned, dived and spun; but his slow, deliberate evolutions, dizzy though they would have appeared in ordinary circumstances, seemed, in comparison with those of his nimble enemy, like the lumbering movements of an elderly but rather skittish cart-horse. It was a nerve-racking performance to watch.

In the course of their frenzied tactics the two machines had come down to two thousand feet, while the *Cyclone* steamed round on the periphery of their aerial battle-ground, waiting for what might happen. Then, quite suddenly, the British machine toppled sideways on to one wing-tip, to fall an instant later into a sickening nose-dive.

'Oh, my God!' wailed Mr Vickery feebly, shaking all over as he watched her—'oh, my God!'

She seemed to be done for. Nothing short of a miracle could avert a hideous, headlong tumble into the sea, an awful impact which would smash pilot and machine alike into a shapeless pulp.

But the particular cherub who sits up aloft and watches over the interests of flight-sub-lieutenants evidently had a very warm corner in his heart for this pilot, or else that particular young officer was endowed with more than the ordinary cunning, for the thing which seemed so utterly impossible actually came to pass. By some method best known to himself, he managed to recover control and to flatten out before reaching the water. His plane made a bad landing, it is true, hitting the water in a blinding upheaval of spray, and with a resounding

crash which must have shivered her floats into mere matchwood, then fell drunkenly over on her side with one wing limp and trailing in the water. She would fly no more. Her final disappearance was only a matter of minutes; but the catastrophe was not fatal, for, as the destroyer steamed down to the rescue, her men could see the pilot rise in his seat to extricate himself before the machine went under. They breathed again.

Every one was so intent upon watching him, in fact, that it was left for Mr Vickery's *bête noire*, the noisy ordinary seaman, to raise an excited howl, and to point an agitated finger skywards.

'Look!' he shrilled, clutching his neighbour by the arm. 'Ow! Look at the other bloke; he's all smokin'!'

He was right. The Boche, with a stream of fire and a cloud of dense black vapour trailing out behind him, was coming down in a steep, spiral volplane. The pilot seemed still to have her under control, and was nerving every effort to reach the surface before the greedy flames devoured the thin fabric of his fuselage, rudders, and tail-planes, destroyed his stability, and hurled him whirling to the sea in a frightful dive which no human agency could possibly control.

There was dead silence on deck. Not a man cheered or uttered a sound, for it was far too awesome a spectacle for any popular outburst of feeling. Nobody likes to witness a fellow-creature being done horribly to death, even though he may be an enemy, and there was not a member of the *Cyclone's* ship's company who did not feel his generosity uppermost and hope that the sea-plane would make a successful landing. They quite forgot that the pilot of that very machine had done his best to blow them out of the water with his bombs not so very long before.

But it was not to be. A wing suddenly collapsed, and the spiral volplane became a dive, in which the machine, dropping like a plummet, started to spin dizzily round and round, hopelessly out of control. And the end came in the drawing of a breath. She hit the water nose first at a ghastly speed, and with a thud which could almost be felt. There was a heavy splash, in the midst of which she seemed to crumble away and vanish. Indeed, all that was left when the *Cyclone* visited the spot shortly afterwards was a circle of blackened, oily water scattered all over with charred debris, the splintered remains of one huge, iron-crossed wing, which they salvaged as a memento, and the curling trail of slowly dissolving smoke athwart the heavens, with a thicker pall mingled with a few eddies of steam over the place where she had disappeared. There was no trace of any survivor, nothing but a vacuum flask nodding absurdly in the ripples, and a single fur gauntlet.

It was the work of a few minutes for the destroyer to run alongside the remains of the rapidly sinking British machine and to rescue

the pilot, a little flight sub-lieutenant of the R.N.A.S. of barely more than twenty.

'Are you hurt, sir?' asked Mr Vickery anxiously, as they came within earshot, to find the surprising youth sitting calmly on the top plane with his feet dangling in the water.

'No-o. I'm fairly all right, thanks,' the sub. said airily. 'If you'll send me down a line, we'll salve the old gun; it would be a pity to lose her. Hurry up, though. I can feel the old bus sinking.'

They dragged the weapon on board, with the pilot after it.

'Thank the Lord!' he said, standing on deck with chattering teeth. 'Deuced cold' work sitting there with nothing to do. I'm sorry to see the last of her, though,' he added regretfully, looking over the side to where his seaplane was slowly going under. 'She's been a good old bus.'

'Are you hurt, sir?' inquired the gunner again, noticing that the boy was swaying ominously, and that his face was ghastly pale.

'My back-teeth are a bit loose,' the youngster confessed with an apology for a smile. 'We came down such a devil of a bump. That brute of a Hun shot away most of my engine and controls. I seem to have had one or two narrow squeaks myself,' he added, glancing down at various punctures in his yellow leather jacket. 'Flamin' bullets; some of 'em. They play perfect hell inside if they get you.' He pointed

out two charred holes. 'M'yes, I thought so,' he went on, wagging his left arm. 'I've taken one through the shoulder. Thought I could feel the gore drippin' down my arm, but wasn't quite sure. Nothing to worry about, though. Pity we couldn't pick up the other Johnny. He put up'—— He suddenly clenched his teeth with pain. 'He put up a devilish good scrap.'

'Like a drop o' brandy, sir?' queried the gunner. 'You look mortal bad.'

'No good, I'm afraid. Thanks, all—— Lord!' he broke off suddenly, 'I do believe I'm going to faint.'

There were many willing arms to help him, but faint he did.

So they carried him below; and soon afterwards, when the *Cyclone* returned into harbour, the flight sub-lieutenant, still under the influence of morphia, lay wrapped in blankets in the skipper's bunk.

A 'thirty-knotter' carries no medical officer, but, between them, the sub-lieutenant, R.N.R., and Mr Vickery had done the best they could for their patient, though a broken collar-bone, a bullet-wound in the shoulder, and another through the thigh were rather beyond their rude surgical knowledge.

But in spite of their rough-and-ready treatment the flight sub-lieutenant is still alive. Nay, he is even alive and kicking.

(Continued on page 507.)

## THE PRINCIPLE OF NATIONALITY.

By Sir RICHARD LODGE.

AT the very time that the final partition of Poland demonstrated the complete disregard of the claims of nationality by eighteenth-century politicians, events were taking place in western Europe which were destined to introduce a new force and a new consideration into international politics. The French Revolution was in its essence a fiery assertion of the principle of democracy, and the assertion took place in the most resolutely national of all the Continental states. Profiting by the passionate love of unity which the discarded monarchy had fostered, the French Republic triumphantly repulsed the attempts of a league of monarchical states to invade its frontiers. Not content with this vindication of the right of the French people to determine their own fate, the victorious republicans preached the doctrines of liberty and equality to the adjacent peoples, and carried the war into the dominions of the allied princes. Aided by the absence of national cohesion in Germany and Italy, and by the mutual jealousy of Austria and Prussia, they were as startlingly successful in their aggressive as they had been in their defensive warfare. In the growing lust of conquest they sacrificed even liberty to unity,

and gave themselves a master in the most brilliant of the great military commanders who rose in such numbers from the new armies in France. The climax of success seemed to be reached when the boundaries of France were extended to the Rhine, when the greater part of Germany was swept into dependent federation, when a newly formed kingdom of Italy was held by the French emperor, when Russia, the only Great Power still unconquered on the Continent, became the ally and accomplice of France; when the proud head of the House of Hapsburg gave his daughter as a bride to Napoleon, and when the crowns of Spain, Naples, and Holland were in the gift of the Emperor of the French.

But the very successes of France militated against their permanence. In the states which had fallen such easy victims because they lacked national unity, French domination and French example generated a national sentiment which was destined to break the overgrown power of France. Unable after Trafalgar even to dream of a direct invasion of Britain, Napoleon found himself impelled to attempt the overthrow of his most obstinate enemy by ruining its trade. The blockade necessary to carry out his Conti-

mental System could only be enforced by the loyal and self-denying co-operation of the allied and subject states. The inevitable question arose whether material hardships and the loss of independence were both to be endured in order to glut the vengeance and to gratify the ambition of an alien despot. The contagious example of resistance was already set in the Spanish peninsula, and the repudiation of the obligations of Tilsit by Russia was followed by the fateful march to Moscow. In the widespread revolt which followed the tragedy of the French retreat, France for the first time in its history found itself confronted by that very force of nationality the possession of which had hitherto constituted its own strength. The great battle of Leipzig is still known by the significant name of the 'Battle of the Nations.' Against this new force the French Empire struggled in vain.

The overthrow of Napoleon should in equity have been followed by the triumph of the principle of nationality, which had been the decisive factor in the final struggle. But the course of events was otherwise determined. There was still one state in Europe which was resolutely hostile to the recognition of national rights and interests. Austria had paid lip-homage to the national principle in its treaty with Russia in 1805, and it had even asserted the principle in the war of 1809, one of the few heroic and disinterested episodes in Austrian history. But after the defeat at Wagram the Emperor Francis had reverted to the inveterate traditions of Hapsburg rule, and had entrusted the doctrines of Austria to Metternich, the arch-opponent of all that savoured of the French Revolution. To Metternich's keen insight nationality and democracy appeared as the twin children of the Revolution, and he was equally hostile to both. The equality of forces between France and the first Coalition of 1813 played into his hands by giving Austria the control of the balance, and he was able to sell his support to the Allies on his own terms. The result was to give to Austria a preponderant influence in the settlement of Europe which followed the conclusion of the war. Vienna was chosen as the meeting-place of the European Congress to arrange the terms of peace, and Metternich was its presiding genius.

While it would be an exaggeration to say that the Treaty of Vienna wholly disregarded the principle of nationality, it is clear that in drawing up its most important provisions the diplomatists returned to the eighteenth-century conception of the adjustment of territorial divisions without any regard to the wishes or interests of the inhabitants. In making these arrangements, they were guided by the desire to check future aggressions on the part of France and to establish a reasonable balance of power among the other great states. But in securing these aims they unquestionably gave to Austria a predominance which its past services and sacri-

fices hardly deserved. All proposals of the German patriots to give to their country a national organisation were negatived, and the thirty-nine states which had survived the drastic processes of secularisation and mediatisation in 1803 were formed into a loose and impotent *Bund* or confederation, in which Austria, although the bulk of its territories were non-German, contrived to secure a preponderance which Prussia for a time declined to contest. In Italy the forces of reaction were still more triumphant. The Bourbons were restored to Naples and Sicily, while the Papacy regained its complete temporal rule over the States of the Church. The northern kingdom, which had generated the earliest conception of an Italian nation, was broken up into the old subdivisions, in which the alien dynasties were allowed to resume their rule. Austria, secured in the possession of Venetia as well as of the Milanese, and endowed with absolute supremacy over the Adriatic by the cession of Illyria, became the avowed champion and dictator of the lesser Italian states. Italy, as Metternich jubilantly boasted, became once more a 'geographical expression.'

Outside Germany and Italy the most notable achievements of the Congress of Vienna were the annexation of Belgium to Holland, to form a kingdom of the Netherlands under the House of Orange; the transfer of Norway from Denmark to be held by the King of Sweden; the revival of a kingdom of Poland, including the greater part of Napoleon's Grand-Duchy of Warsaw, which was to be an outlying possession of the Czar; and the final cession of Finland from Sweden to Russia. Turkey, the only state in Europe which was not represented at the Congress, was tacitly allowed to retain or to re-enforce its stifling rule over the Christian populations of Greece, the Balkan Peninsula, and the trans-Danubian principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.

The net result of the great settlement of 1815 was the triumph of the dynastic principle over the principle of nationality, and this triumph seemed to be assured of permanence so long as the League of the five Great Powers, conveniently but inaccurately termed the Holy Alliance, continued to hold together. For a time war-weariness and the instinctive desire of the victorious dynasties to check all disturbance of public order enabled Metternich to use the League as an international police force for the repression of the allied principles of liberalism and nationalism. But even Metternich's diplomatic skill was inadequate to hold together a combination of Powers whose policy must in the long-run be dictated by separate rather than by common interests. Great Britain was deeply pledged by its own past to the cause of liberty, and the British Government, first under Castlereagh, and then more openly under the guidance of Canning, repudiated the doctrine of forcible intervention

in the domestic affairs of other states. A more serious falling away was that of Russia, whose interests demanded the partition of European Turkey, and whose strongest passion was the championship of the Orthodox Church. The first breach of the European settlement by the assertion of the national principle was the liberation of Greece in 1829. It was followed by the July revolution of 1830, and under Louis Philippe France was definitely severed from its association with the reactionary Powers, and was committed to the liberal cause. The immediate results were the overthrow of the prolonged Tory ascendancy in Britain, the revolt of Belgium against the Dutch government of the Orange monarchy, and the rising of the Poles to attempt the recovery of a national existence which they had vainly hoped to gain from the settlement of 1815. This last event strengthened the hands of Metternich by driving Russia back to a policy of repression and to a renewed alliance with Austria and Prussia. Even the inveterate quarrel with Turkey was healed by the temporary alliance of Unkiar Skelessi in 1833.

Thus after 1830 the pentarchy of 1815 had broken up into two more or less hostile leagues. On the one hand, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, guided partly by Metternich and partly by the Czar Nicholas I., frowned upon all popular movements and national aspirations. On the other hand, Britain and France were committed in the main to a more liberal policy. The latter Powers gained one conspicuous triumph when the Eastern states grudgingly guaranteed the independence and neutrality of Belgium in 1839, and thus abandoned one of the essential outworks of the edifice of 1815. On the other hand, the Poles were reduced to subjection, and on the whole the superior military strength of the Triple Alliance succeeded for several years in keeping the main structure intact.

In 1848 a great explosion of the long-compressed forces of liberalism and nationality threatened to destroy the very foundations of the European settlement. In Berlin and in Vienna autocracy capitulated to the mob, and Metternich fled to an asylum in England, where he found an admiring disciple in Disraeli. The victorious democracy was not content with extorting constitutions from the rulers of the separate states, but demanded the recognition of the national unity of Germany. A national assembly at Frankfort decreed the expulsion of Austria, and offered, in the name of the German people, the crown of a German Empire to the King of Prussia. But the rapidity of the early successes of the revolutionary party was only paralleled by the completeness of its downfall. The attempt of Piedmont to head a national crusade in Italy against Austria was deserted by the Papacy, and was crushed at Custoza. The Hungarians were for a time more successful; but Austria succeeded in its old policy of playing off the Slavs against

the Magyars; and the intervention of Russia completed the triumph of reaction in Austria. In Germany the Hohenzollern refused to take the German crown as a gift from the rabble, and waited until events should enable unity to be established by other methods than by a popular vote. Even France, where the revolutionary movement originated, and where the question of nationality was in no way involved, was so far influenced by the reactionary influences that the Second Empire was allowed to take the place of the Republic.

So far nationality had made little progress since 1815, except in Greece and in Belgium, and after the disasters of 1849 its prospects appeared to be more hopeless than ever. But it was during this non-progressive period that the doctrine of nationality was formulated with unfaltering precision by the teaching of Mazzini. It is true that the doctrine was partially discredited for a time by the rigid republicanism of its author, and by his implication in useless and sometimes criminal conspiracies. But in itself the doctrine appealed to some of the strongest sentiments of human nature, and though it captivated most easily the democrat, it was not without attractions to the champions of autocracy and conservatism. During the twenty years that followed 1850 it made such rapid progress that it appeared to contemporaries to be invincible.

The two outstanding triumphs of the principle of nationality, and the chief illustrations of the way in which it broke up the settlement of 1815, are to be found in the independence and unity of Italy and in the foundation of the modern German Empire. Both these movements found their arch-opponent in Austria, and in both countries the national movement could only triumph by the defeat and expulsion of Austria. So conclusive was the lesson that even the obstinate and unbending Government of Vienna was forced to make a partial concession to the principle of nationality which it had sought for two generations to destroy. In 1867 the agreement was made by which Austria-Hungary became a dual state, and the Magyars were bought off by concessions to their own aspirations and by the sacrifice of those of their Slav fellow-subjects. Strengthened by this internal alliance, Austria continued its inveterate hostility to the cause of nationality, though the only field left open for the maintenance of this policy lay in the east and no longer in the south and west.

When the German Empire was proclaimed in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, and when Rome became the capital of a kingdom of Italy, the victory of nationality seemed to be assured, and was hailed by contemporaries as the supreme achievement of the nineteenth century. There were isolated problems still unsolved: the problem of Ireland, the problem of Poland, the problem of Finland, the problem of Bohemia,

the problem of Croatia and Slavonia, the problem of *Italia Irredenta*, the problem of Schleswig, the newly created problem of Alsace-Lorraine. But these appeared to be mere spots on the face of the beaming sun. The only really imposing problem which remained—so people thought—was that of the peoples of the Balkan Peninsula. And, with all the encouragement that they received from contemporary declamation and example, it was inevitable that that opinion should be shared by the Balkan peoples themselves. From 1871 onwards it has been in connection with this area that the principle of nationality has continued to attract the attention of Europe.

To the distant, unprejudiced and theorising observer the solution of the problem seemed in outline to be obvious. The anti-national power of Turkey must be driven out of the peninsula, as the anti-national rule of Austria had been expelled from Italy and from Germany. To fill the void created by this expulsion there must arise either a single champion of emancipation, leading and gradually uniting its neighbours, as Piedmont had done in Italy, or a federation of liberated states, which had at one time seemed the most probable settlement of the Italian problem. If either of these solutions had been possible in the Balkans, nationality would have gained another signal triumph, and the present war would have been unfought or would have been fought on different grounds. But there were too many interests involved in the Balkan problem to allow it to be solved in so simple a way. Turkey, of course, would fight with such weapons as it could employ against its own destruction. Russia was the inveterate enemy of Turkey, and the professed champion of the Christian subjects of the Porte, who for the most part belonged to the Greek Church. But Russia, much as it desired the overthrow of Turkey, had no wish for the creation of a solid obstacle between itself and Constantinople. Such states as might arise in the Balkans must be not too large, not too independent, and must be the obsequious clients of Russia. Austria was a still older antagonist of Turkey: one of the most popular traditions of Austria was associated with the defence of Vienna in 1683: of no military records were the Austrians prouder than of Prince Eugene's victories over the Turks. But Austria knew that a great Slav state or league in the Balkans would be an

irresistible magnet to draw away the allegiance of its own Slav subjects. And Austria, like Russia, wanted no awkward obstacle on the road to Salonica and to the mouths of the Danube, and wished no client states of Russia on its eastern frontier. And outside the immediate Eastern Powers there was Great Britain, convinced that Russia was its deadly rival in Asia, and that the maintenance of the balance of power required the bolstering up of the Turkish power.

The situation has changed from time to time. In 1878 Austria and Britain combined to frustrate an attempted settlement which would have been too favourable to Russia, and Bismarck, as the 'honest broker,' turned the balance in their favour at the Congress of Berlin. From that year date the growing support of Austria by Germany in the Eastern Question, the conditions which led to the formation of the Triple Alliance, and the successive limitations of Russia which reached their climax in the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, and the deliberately insulting ultimatum to Serbia in 1914. The antagonism to Russia has been carried to such lengths that Austria has become the ally of its old enemy Turkey, the prolonged feud having been extinguished by their common antagonism to the principle of nationality. And Germany, which had posed in 1871 as the champion and the product of the national principle, had become their ally, mainly because a national state in the Balkans would have obstructed its own designs in central Asia. The inevitable result was to sever our own traditional association with the Turks, and to impel us to come to an understanding with France and with Russia. Thus the problem of nationality in the Balkans—a problem still unsolved—instead of furnishing another victory for the principle which would have been a fitting crown to the work of the nineteenth century, has been the main factor in bringing about the international situation from which the appalling world-war took its origin. In championing the cause of nationality against the selfish policy of the Central Powers, the Allies have been confronted by two internal difficulties, the Irish problem, which has been rendered more acute by the war, and the discovery of the fact, hitherto only dimly suspected, that the national foundation of the Russian state was unstable and insecure.

## THE NEW PADRE ARRIVES AT CAMP.

By S. W. KING.

THE new padre alighted from the train at X. Leaving his luggage in the cloakroom, he inquired his way to the camp, and having received the desired information, squared his shoulders and walked briskly away.

His uniform was very new; so was he. He had never seen a military camp in his life. As curate of a remote parish in the west of Ireland, he had had no dealings with the military world. He could not tell the difference between a

colonel and a sergeant-major, and it was doubtful if he had ever heard of a little book entitled *The King's Regulations*.

So he had a lot to learn. But he was young, he was keen, and he had, like most Irishmen, a sense of humour.

In the train he had met a civilian, who spoke mysteriously of red tape, and discipline, and keeping one's distance with the men. But the new padre, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. He was a priest, and to him all men were brothers. His work, he told himself, as he strode along, was to save souls.

Presently, in the distance, he heard the steady tramp, tramp of men on the march. Looking eagerly ahead, he saw, coming round a bend of the road about two hundred yards away to the right, a splendid body of men, walking four abreast. Excitedly he watched them swinging along. They might perhaps be some of his own men; and, at the thought, he smiled pleasantly.

Nearer and nearer came the column; broader grew the padre's smile. They were such fine, manly fellows! He found himself wondering inconsequently if they were all baptised, and for a moment the smile faded and his face grew sad. But almost instantly he shook off his depression, and the broad smile returned.

Now the men were almost abreast of him. What splendid fellows they were, to be sure! And what a number of them! How he would enjoy his work among them! Such clean, healthy——

Suddenly there came a shout (unintelligible to the padre, but 'Eyes Right!' to the well-drilled soldier) from somewhere in the rear of the column, and in an instant every eye in the universe was turned full on the unfortunate padre. So, at least, it seemed to him. He blushed scarlet, and stood stock-still. Then he looked quickly away, but as quickly brought his eyes back to the column, only, however, to be met by row upon row of eyes staring straight into his own.

It is a mistake to suppose that scarlet is the deepest shade of red, because the padre's face was now several shades redder. What was the matter? Why were those men staring so at him? Was there something wrong with his uniform? He wondered uncomfortably what he ought to do.

Suddenly the solution of the mystery struck him. It was so simple. He could kick himself for not having discovered it sooner. They were his own men. They were expecting their new chaplain to arrive that afternoon. Seeing him, they naturally wondered if he were the new chaplain. Of course the poor fellows would stare; they were interested. Possibly it was just a little rude to go on staring in that extraordinary fashion, but the dear, good fellows meant no harm. Well, he would tell them who he was; it would relieve their minds. So, resuming his smile, the padre genially addressed the column.

'Good-afternoon, my men. I know you are all wondering who I am. Well, I'm your new chaplain, you know. Glad to see you all looking so well and happy.'

But still the eyes stared gravely at him, as file after file swung by in utter silence.

The padre's brow grew moist. His smile departed once more. What his temperature was I do not know; it was certainly not 98.4. He himself looked excessively hot, despite the fact that (a) it was winter and the afternoon was bitterly cold, and (b) he was standing so still that, to the casual passer-by, he might have been growing out of the ground.

Indeed, if the truth must be told, though it was still broad daylight, the padre was rather frightened. Those grave, staring eyes were getting on his nerves. He determined to make one last appeal to the men. So, pulling himself together, and with an effort resuming a portion of his smile, he again addressed that staring column.

'Is anything the matter, men?' he said quaveringly. 'Will you please tell me why you are all staring so at me? Why don't you say something? Oh, for goodness' sake, do turn your eyes another way!' he added desperately.

Then, receiving no answer, the wretched padre gave one last frightened look at the column, and incontinently fled; past row after row of eyes, all staring fixedly at him, fled on and on, until the very last file of eyes had passed him by. Still he ran on. The bend in the road to the right was quite close now. He was determined to put it between him and that hateful column as soon as possible. He felt he could take no rest till that was done. So he dashed on round the bend, and collided violently with the colonel, who was strolling peacefully in the opposite direction and comfortably puffing a huge cigar.

What happened to the cigar I really do not know; I never heard. Possibly the colonel swallowed it. Perhaps the padre could tell you, if you asked him. He is still at camp. At any rate, as I have said, I do not know. But these two facts I can vouch for: (1) the C.O. was certainly smoking a cigar when the padre and he met so unexpectedly; (2) he was as certainly not smoking it when they hurriedly parted.

But, though I have never found out what happened to the colonel's cigar at that historic meeting, I can tell you exactly what happened to the colonel, and, what is still more to the point, exactly what happened to the padre.

Let me begin by saying that the C.O. had an extremely long nose. He still has it, by the way. Being so long, it had to find room for itself somewhere when the two opposing forces met. Accordingly, it embedded itself firmly in the centre of the padre's left eye. At the same time, the latter's nose, itself by no means a short one, found temporary refuge in the C.O.'s

mouth, which was conveniently open at the time. (Hence my suggestion that the colonel swallowed the cigar, and that the padre may know something about it.) Finally, the C.O. received from the padre an unnecessarily violent kick on the shin.

With a yell of pain, the unwilling combatants disengaged. Circumstances over which they had no control forced them some three yards apart. The padre, as soon as he had finished running backwards, began to move round quickly in a circle. One hand caressed his nose, upon which, mistaking it, no doubt, for the cigar, his adversary's teeth had closed at the moment of collision. The other was glued to his injured eye, the sight of which he was convinced he had lost for ever. The C.O. was in little better plight. Bent nearly double, he was holding his damaged leg well off the ground, hopping about on the remaining one in order to keep his balance. His cap had come off in the collision, revealing to his companion's good eye, if he had cared to look, a head painfully bald. His upper lip was nearly twice its normal size; and his nose, bitterly resenting the attack made upon it by the padre's left eye, was now bleeding profusely.

For some time both men were completely engrossed in the task of attending to their wounds. Neither was able to pay the slightest attention to the other. Soon, however, the C.O. began to show unmistakable signs of recovery. His nose, of its own accord, had almost stopped bleeding. He allowed his bad leg to rest gingerly for a moment on the ground. Then, finding it would bear a slight pressure, he hobbled over to where his uniform cap was lying. Pressing it firmly down on his hairless head, he straightened himself, looked for the first time at his antagonist, and opened his mouth wide. A flood of profanity was on its way out, when suddenly the mouth gasped and closed again. Its owner had closed it. Unwillingly, it is true, for the C.O. had an amazing vocabulary. Indeed, there is a story to the effect that once upon a time, in a moment of deep affliction, he had held forth for seven minutes without once repeating himself. He himself says he had done so for only six, but everybody at camp knows how very modest the C.O. is. And, in any case, the adjutant told me with his own lips that he had timed the colonel's effort. Exactly seven minutes it had taken, he assured me. That is good enough for me.

Possibly the C.O. might have done even better on the present occasion, but he was, in his own way, a really religious man. He saw that his adversary was a padre, and the C.O. could not, and would not, swear at a padre. Indeed, he became at once quite polite, and even sympathetic.

Was there anything he could do for the padre? He was so sorry if he had hurt a—er—clergyman. He had always had the greatest

possible respect and admiration for the Church. By the way, they were expecting their new padre that afternoon. Might he ask if his companion was the man they expected? (Here the padre, still unable to speak, nodded assent.) Ah, that was good news! As the officer in command, he was delighted to welcome the padre; hoped he would enjoy himself amongst them, 'and all that, you know. All top-hole fellows—damned good—ahem—deuced good chaps, and all that, you know. Sure there's nothing I can do for you?' repeated the gallant C.O. courteously. 'No! Well, then, if you don't mind, I must be off. Very busy just now—inspections and drafts, and the Lord knows what, you know. Well, so long! See you at mess to-night. Hope you'll be none the worse for your—er—little accident! Camp just in front of you—can't miss it!' and, with a farewell smile, which obviously hurt him, the gallant C.O. hobbled away.

Left to himself, the padre began to move slowly in the direction of the camp. He still held his face with both hands. He was dazed, bewildered, and in pain. He decided he could not face the camp just yet. So he turned down a lane to the left, and wandered drearily along, wondering if his eye would ever be right again.

A few hours later he was once more close to the camp. The time was now six o'clock, and night had set in. The padre's left eye was black, and his nose swollen, but the pain had almost gone. The humour of his afternoon's experience began to lay hold on him. As he strolled along, one ludicrous incident after another rose to his mind. He began to laugh, silently, helplessly.

Suddenly, from out of the darkness in front of him, there came a shout which froze the blood in his veins. This was, of course, merely the usual challenge given by the sentry after dark; but to the padre it sounded awful—he had never before in his life been challenged by a sentry. He came to an abrupt halt, and peered cautiously ahead. He could see nothing save a small, red lantern light. He supposed the sound must have come from there. He knew it was a man who had called out. But why? And what had he said? Perhaps there was some one in trouble. He listened carefully, but could hear nothing further. Deciding the man must be hurt and had called out for help, he made for the red light.

He had gone only a few paces when the shout came again—louder than before, but, to the padre, not nearly so appalling. This time he distinctly heard the voice say the one word 'Halt!' The truth flashed upon him at once. He had read about sentries. This must be one. The shout was evidently intended for him. He was told to halt. So he halted.

Presently the voice called out, 'Who goes there?' Now, I have said that the padre had

read about sentries. He had also read about pass-words. In a vague kind of way he realised there was some set word which he ought to give in reply to the sentry's challenge. But he knew of none. What was he to do? He rapidly decided there was only one thing to do under the circumstances. He would give the sentry his name. So he called out in reply, 'My name is Graves—the Reverend Peter Graves. I'm the new chaplain here,' he added, by way of explanation.

There came a queer sound from the darkness ahead, and after a perceptible pause the voice called out again, 'Advance and be recognised.'

The padre went forward. He was not happy in his mind. Presently he could see the outline of the sentry's figure, and, as he went nearer, this is what met his astonished gaze. The sentry, whose face in the red light seemed to be murderous-looking, stood, barring his way, with a bayonet in his hands, pointed directly at the padre's heart.

The padre was perturbed. Any one would be who knew as little of sentries as he did. He thought the sentry regarded him suspiciously. So, possibly, the sentry did. The padre certainly was a suspicious-looking object. His eye was black; his nose was swollen. Furthermore, his reply to the sentry's challenge had been unusual. Visions of the quiet and peace of his country parish rose to the padre's mind. Why had he ever left it? he asked himself bitterly. What madness had made him apply for a chaplaincy? Patriotism was a splendid thing, but he had his duty to his parish to consider. Yes, he had made a mistake—a bad mistake. He could see that clearly now. But it was a mistake which could be rectified, and he would rectify it as soon as possible. He would go back to his parish; he would resign his commission. The letter should be written that very night—provided, of course, he ever got past the sentry to write it.

Meantime the object of his last thought—in other words, the sentry—was still barring the way to the camp. His bayonet had not moved from its position. His face, for some reason or another, was now the colour of a ripe tomato. It looked as if it might burst at any moment. Certainly not a face to be trifled with, thought the padre, as he regarded it anxiously. But he pulled himself together.

'Look here, my dear fellow,' he began, suddenly addressing the already sorely tried sentry; 'I give you my word of honour I'm the new chaplain here. I'd have you know, Mr Sentry,' he continued, rather pompously, 'that I am not in the habit of telling lies. And when I say I'm the new chaplain here, I mean it—so there! Now, like a good fellow, let me pass, please. I'm in a hurry, and I have no desire to remain where I am longer than is absolutely necessary.'

This was altogether too much for the unfortunate sentry. Up till now he had heroically kept silent, though in doing so he had nearly killed himself. With a hoarse yell of laughter he stood aside, and the relieved, but astonished, padre passed on to the camp. He was accompanied by yell after yell of delirious laughter from the sentry, who, in utter disregard of all discipline, stood convulsed, and bent nearly double, in the middle of the road.

'Now, I wonder what on earth the fellow is laughing at,' said the padre to himself. The laughter was so infectious that, to his amazement, he found himself weakly joining in.

Dinner that night was almost half-over when the padre put in an appearance. His face, as he entered the messroom, was seen to be swathed in bandages.

The C.O. took one quick look at him, and immediately tried to swallow a huge piece of scalding potato—with disastrous results.

The padre smiled feebly, and sat down to dinner.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### NEW EFFORT-SAVING CRUTCHES.

**M**ANY improvements in crutches have been made since the early days of the war, and some new devices in connection therewith have been described in these notes. Until recently, however, the action of the crutch has remained unaltered in principle; but an appliance lately invented by Dr Robert G. Hall embodies a radical departure from the ordinary type, and enables a crippled man to move with much less exertion than is involved in the manipulation of crutches of the usual kind. When ordinary crutches are used, the tips are planted in front of the user, who then has to give a kind of spring to carry his body forward. In this process each

shoulder moves in an arc of a circle of which the tip of the crutch forms the centre, and his body has to rise during the first half of the movement, and to fall during the second half. He must, therefore, exert enough force to lift himself about a couple of inches at each step, which in the aggregate means a considerable expenditure of energy. In Dr Hall's invention light steel treads, in the form of arcs of circles, are fitted to the bottom ends of the crutches. These treads or rockers form segments of circles having a radius equal to the length of the crutch plus a small allowance to make the centres of rotation coincide with the middle of the shoulder-joint. Let us imagine the crippled man to be supported on two immense wheels, of which his shoulders

form the axles. If he kicks himself along, he will move forward in a horizontal line instead of his body alternately rising and falling as with ordinary crutches. Now if the wheels be cut away except for short portions at the bottom, we have the crutches invented by Dr Hall. In one form the rockers are thirty-one inches long, but these are made to fold up to twelve inches for use in crowded streets. A greater distance is covered at each step with these new crutches than with those of the older type, and with much less effort. It is also claimed for them that they are much more serviceable on soft ground than the older kind.

#### GREEN VEGETABLE THAT CAN BE GROWN INDOORS.

Although green vegetables are now fairly plentiful, the prices charged for them are distinctly high; consequently a variety that can be grown indoors and without sunlight should prove attractive. We refer to pea-sprouts, of which the production is, if anything, simpler than that of mustard and cress. Like many other good ideas in the food line, that of growing sprouts from dried peas hails from France, the originator being M. Henri Coupin. The bed is formed of thoroughly wet sawdust half-filling a deep dish or baking-tin. On this bed are sprinkled, not too thickly, dried peas which have been soaked in water for twenty-four hours. A similar dish, or a cover of some sort, is placed over them, and the bed is put in a warm, but not hot, place. In from ten to fourteen days pale shoots, two to three inches in length, will have sprung up, and these are said to be delicious either boiled or eaten raw as a salad.

#### POISON-GAS AS USED BY THE ENEMY.

The fact that the use of poison-gases at the front is being confined more and more to the gas-shell was well brought out in a lecture to the Washington Academy of Sciences given by Professor S. J. M. Auld, of the British Military Mission, early in the year. With regard to the ordinary method of attack by discharging gas from the trenches when the wind is blowing in the right direction to waft it across to the enemy, the lecturer informed his audience that the meteorological conditions were usually much better at night than in the day-time, the best hours being those between sunset and dark and from dawn to sunrise. The attacks were marked by a hissing noise, caused by the escaping gas, and attempts were made by the enemy to discharge the gas silently; but the silencers reduced the rate of discharge so materially as to render the results comparatively ineffective. According to this authority, the gas-cloud has been almost superseded by the gas-shell, and considerable use has been made of 'mustard gas.' So far no gas has been devised by either side which can get through a well-made mask, and those casualties

which occur are due to surprise or inability to apply the mask quickly and correctly. Both sides are said to be trying to find some new material for gas-shells that has not yet been used, preferably one that produces a colourless, invisible gas without smell, and at the same time highly poisonous.

#### OUR COMING INDEPENDENCE OF FOREIGN MARGARINE.

Many interesting features in connection with the manufacture of margarine were touched upon by Sir W. George Watson, Bart. (chairman of the Maypole Dairy Company, Limited), in a paper he read at the Royal Society of Arts early in the present year. The margarine industry was first established on a large scale in Holland, a similar development taking place in Denmark immediately afterwards. For some time Dutch margarine was allowed to enter Germany and Belgium freely, but subsequently these countries put a tariff on it, whereupon the Dutch manufacturers countered the move by the establishment of factories on German and Belgian soil. Britain being a free-trade country, the Dutch found it more profitable to import the raw materials (chiefly from British colonies) to their factories at home, and to export the finished product to the British Isles, than to lay down margarine-works in this country. A law having been passed in Denmark, however, forbidding the manufacture of margarine coloured to resemble butter, the largest Danish maker of margarine, naturally desirous of retaining his British customers, built a factory in England in the year 1888. It was this concern which eventually became the Maypole Margarine-Works. More recently the chemists of this establishment have been instrumental in assisting Messrs Lever Brothers, the famous soap-makers, and the Wholesale Co-operative Society, to take up the manufacture of margarine; while the two largest Dutch companies have also established works in this country, so that we shall soon be independent of the imported product. Nine-tenths of the margarine now manufactured is composed entirely of vegetable fats, such as those derived from coco-nuts and palm-kernels, and, in Sir George Watson's opinion, the quality is superior to that made from animal fats. The manufacture of the raw materials into margarine consists in crushing the nuts, refining the resulting fats, and forming them into the finished product. No particular interest attaches to the crushing and extraction processes, which are common to some other industries. Thorough refining, to free the fats from colouring-matters, acids, and odour, is most important, and the processes employed include washing with hot water to remove albuminous matter, filtering and bleaching, neutralisation with caustic alkali, and treatment with superheated steam to remove volatile odorous substances. Following these refining

processes comes the addition of liquid oil to the fats to render them less hard and brittle, and of the right consistency for spreading on bread. Then, after a small amount of butter-colouring matter has been added, the fats are churned with soured skim milk in such a way as to form an emulsion. This milk must be fresh to begin with, and is received within six or eight hours from milking-time. After the cream has been separated from it, the skim milk is pasteurised, cooled nearly to freezing-point, and run into cold storage tanks. Subsequently it is soured in propagators, the process being continuous, the sweet milk running in at one end of the propagator, and the 'ripened' milk leaving it at the other. The emulsion is spread over the surface of rotating cooling-drums, where it sets, and is scraped off as finely crystallised flakes. At this stage the desired amount of salt is added, and the margarine is worked on butter rollers and blenders until it resembles butter. Every process is carried out with the strictest attention to the laws of hygiene and sanitation. All the utensils and raw materials are carefully sterilised, and there is a constant hunt for germs in every corner and in every pipe. Even the air in the workrooms is purified, fresh air being drawn into huge shafts projecting high above the buildings, and passed through water-sprays which free it from dust and organisms, making it as clean and humid as the atmosphere after heavy summer rain. This cleaned and freshened air, which is heated in winter and cooled in summer, is distributed to all parts of the factory by a system of air-ducts.

#### PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL WITH A TWO-HUNDRED-FOOT LIFT.

As a set-off to the Welland Canal in Canada, joining Lakes Erie and Ontario, an artificial waterway on the American side of the border has long been discussed. At first only the passage of large-sized barges was contemplated, but recently the project has taken a more ambitious form, until at the present time a ship-canal capable of accommodating vessels of six hundred and fifty feet in length is being seriously considered. The length of the projected canal is about forty miles, and the bottom is to have a width of two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet, while a depth of thirty feet is proposed. Lakes Erie and Ontario being joined by the Niagara River, in which occur the famous Niagara Falls, the difference of level between the two lakes is very great, being no less than three hundred and twenty-seven feet. The old-fashioned plan of providing for this fall would have been to arrange for a large number of locks having a fall of perhaps twenty to thirty feet each. One serious objection to this method is the waste of water, and hence of power, involved, as the amount of water run through the locks would provide many thousands of horse-power

if utilised in turbines. It is proposed, therefore, to provide for the difference of level by gigantic lifts, which will carry a ship up or down in a fraction of the time taken to pass through the necessary number of locks, while no appreciable waste of water will be involved. These lifts will take the form of enormous tanks capable of accommodating the largest vessels passing through the canal. Two lifts are contemplated, one with a rise of two hundred and eight feet, and the other of exactly half that height, the remaining fifteen feet of fall being utilised to produce a current through the canal, and to provide for carrying off the sewage of Buffalo and Tonawanda. Two tanks are proposed at each lift—one for down and the other for up traffic, their length and breadth being six hundred and sixty feet and seventy feet respectively, while the depth is thirty feet, as in the canal. These tanks are side by side, with a wall between them, and another wall on the outside of each. On the top of these walls are rows of colossal pulleys for the wire ropes needed for the balancing of the tanks. The inner sides of the tanks are connected together by wire ropes passing over the pulleys on the middle wall, so that as one tank goes down the other goes up. In this way, half the weight of each tank is balanced. Huge weights outside the outer walls balance the other halves of the tanks. The three piers or walls are about two hundred and eighty feet high for the highest lift, says the *Scientific American*, and each varies in thickness from nine to over seventeen feet. Electricity is to be used for working the tanks up and down, the power being applied to the balancing-pulleys through suitable gearing. Gates are arranged at the ends of the tanks and at the high and low-level ends of the canal. When a ship is to be raised or lowered, the tank is brought level with the canal and the gates are opened, which allows of floating the vessel into the tank. After the gates have been closed again, the tank is raised or lowered, as the case may be, and the process repeated at the bottom or the top, when the ship is floated out to proceed on her voyage. It may be added that canal lifts of the type described are by no means new, some five examples being in existence in the United States, while several are to be found in Europe. All these, however, are comparatively small both in power and in difference of level. Another important part of the scheme is the establishment of water-power installations at the lifts, by means of which the flow through the canal, together with the high falls, is expected to yield nearly a million horse-power.

#### A NEW DUPLICATOR FOR TYPEWRITTEN MATTER.

In July 1917 we referred in these columns to a new duplicator in which neither glycerine nor gelatine was used, but a substitute the supply of which is entirely unrestricted and practically

unlimited. By means of this apparatus there may readily be obtained a large number of copies of any document or drawing done originally in good copying-ink. During the past year continued research has resulted in a chemical discovery which has led not only to the improvement of the duplicator as a means of reproducing matter written in copying-ink, but also to the duplication of type-script. This is made feasible by the addition of a new ingredient to the material of which the duplicator is composed, combined with the use of a specially prepared ribbon, supplied by the manufacturers of the copying apparatus, and suitable for all kinds of typewriters in which a ribbon is employed.

#### A SIMPLE METHOD OF BOOK-KEEPING FOR FARMERS.

The provisions of the recent Budget make the keeping of accounts essential for those farmers who do not wish to pay income-tax on twice the amount of their rent, but prefer to be assessed, like business and professional men generally, on their ascertained profits. To all such a recently published little book, *Book-keeping by Double Entry for Farmers and Smallholders*, by D. G. Macdonald and James Grant, the latter a practical farmer, will come as 'a boon and a blessing.' The book is arranged in two parts, the first part giving the necessary theory, the second showing in detail how a farmer in real life compiled his statement of accounts and prepared his balance-sheet. Everything has been made so simple 'that he who runs may read,' the only books needed to carry out the system being a cash-book and a memorandum-book. These having been properly kept, the farmer will find it an easy matter at the end of the financial year to draw up his statement of accounts and his balance-sheet in such a way as not only to satisfy the Inland Revenue authorities as to his income, but also to make clear to himself the amount of profit or loss made by each department of the farm. This information should prove of immense value to the progressive farmer in enabling him to see at a glance which are the unprofitable portions of his business, with a view to his taking steps to make them remunerative in the future.

#### MEATLESS MENUS.

The gratifying success which has attended the publication of the little volume, *Meatless Menus*, has induced the authors (M. Alfred Arm, Chef de Cuisine, North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh, and Dr Laurie, a distinguished scientist) to bring out an enlarged edition of the book, in which, in addition to those originally given, the housewife is furnished with a hundred new recipes. In consonance with the increased prices of foodstuffs, special attention has been devoted to the question of economy, and it has been the aim of the authors, while providing

appetising and nutritious dishes, to make them as inexpensive as the conditions of the time will allow. A number of additional menus are also given, in the drawing up of which care has been taken, as in the original series, to ensure not only that the nourishment provided shall be sufficient, but also that the various kinds of foods shall be in the proper proportion for the maintenance of health. Each menu thus affords a meal perfect from the scientific point of view. It may be added that these additional menus and recipes, besides being incorporated with the original book, are also published separately as a supplement to it, an arrangement which will be specially acceptable to purchasers of the original volume.

#### HOME SOURCES OF OIL.

The importance to this country at the present time of exploiting every possible home source of oil must be patent to all; hence particular interest attaches to a recent meeting of the Institution of Petroleum Technologists, at which several papers dealing with this question were read. In the first, Mr E. H. Cunningham Craig stated that oil could be obtained from oil-shale, cannel-coal, blackband ironstone, lignite, and peat; yet at present oil-shale was the only one of these sources utilised. Of the others cannel-coal was the most practicable, the average yield of oil from it being thirty-five gallons to the ton, against twenty-two gallons from Scottish shale. Large quantities of poor-quality cannel-coal are brought to the surface with other varieties and thrown on the waste-heap as useless (owing to the large amount of ash which results when it is burnt), while much is left in the mines. Sir Boverton Redwood, the well-known authority on petroleum-oils, gave the yield from a ton of cannel as fourteen or fifteen gallons of motor-spirit, an equal quantity of fuel-oil, thirty-two to thirty-three pounds of paraffin-wax, and forty pounds of pitch. From an exceptionally good quality of cannel Mr F. Lamplough mentioned that he had extracted as much as eighty gallons of oil to the ton. The best qualities of cannel are largely used for making 'town' gas.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### EAGLES OF ROME.

By LETTICE MILNE RAE, Author of *The Stranger on the Aventine*.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE GOLDEN EAGLET.

THE officers of the first cohort of the 20th Legion were reclining round the mess-table at Borconium, an outlying stronghold of the Roman power in Britain. The evening meal was at an end, and the slaves had withdrawn, but as yet there was no sign of adjournment. It was not the pleasures of the table that held them, but that for which their hearts craved with a longing rarely satisfied at this distant outpost; it was news of Rome—her triumphs and conquests, fashions and foibles, pleasures and passions, with Nero on the throne of the Cæsars.

Many years had passed since the first cohort had beheld the Imperial city. It appeared an interminable length of time, 'dreed' under a changeful, lowering Northern sky which, for all save one of those present, was alien, and therefore hateful to souls that yearned for a blue dome, whence an ungrudging sun shone upon groves of orange and ilex, olive and vine.

But now it seemed as if something of that Southern luxuriousness had found its way to this bleak corner of the Empire in the elegant person of Marius Tarquinius, a young Roman patrician, who had arrived at Borconium to join the cohort scarce an hour previous to the evening watch, and who looked as strangely out of keeping with his surroundings as an exotic hothouse bloom would have done if transplanted to the wind-swept moor lying beyond the fort.

It is little wonder, however, that his brother-officers extended to him a warmer welcome than it was customary to show to a man junior to them in years and experience—experience, that is to say, of service with the Eagles; it had been made plain to his messmates by the two hours spent in his pleasing company that Marius Tarquinius, in spite of his youth, was far from inexperienced in all the ways of Imperial Rome.

Even his outer man was a delight to their starved eyes. Already they had learned that his dark, glossy hair, covering a proudly poised head, was curled and adorned in exact imitation of Cæsar's. The face beneath appeared to

them as perfect in form and feature as that of the Apollo Belvedere; for the shadowy gleam of rush-lamps, hanging from the rough, gray whinstone walls, gave kindly concealment to the lines of dissipation and over-indulgence which marred its beauty in the clearer light of day. His dress, too—he had not yet adopted the uniform of the cohort—was of the extremest fashion among the gilded youth of patrician Rome, and for blending of colours, style, and texture might have aroused envy in the most fastidious dandy of the Empire. But its graceful folds could not altogether hide the suspicion of corpulence which, through opulent living, had all too early overtaken his shapely figure. Its soft voluptuousness was the more noticeable beside the lean frames of his brother-officers, who, through years of ceaseless military exercises in a bracing climate, had attained that strong, firm-knit, tanned appearance which marks the soldier. Yet the traits of effeminacy in the new-comer seemed no blemish to the eyes of these hard-trained men, for was he not fresh from Rome, and therefore to be regarded as a demigod at this farthest outpost of the Roman colony of Britain?

All eyes were directed towards him as he gracefully reclined upon his couch, gesticulating with exquisitely manicured hands in a manner altogether fascinating to his audience, and giving forth in a fashionable, affected accent the latest gossip and scandal of the Imperial city, descanting on her loves and hates, her music and songs, sirens and dancing-girls, with the unassailable knowledge of one who has drunk deep in the sparkling cup of life.

His flow of conversation was receiving ever-fresh impetus from the countless questions his messmates eagerly put to him concerning matters of deep interest, of which they were perforce in ignorance. Who was the reigning beauty of the Court? Who was the winner of the last chariot-race? who the champion gladiator at the circus in honour of Cæsar's birthday?

'Ah, my friends,' laughed the stranger with charming derision, 'you are indeed of a past decade! Know you not that there is a choicer spectacle these days than gladiatorial contests?'

'Nay! But what could be finer?' asked Cornelius Verus, ensign to the cohort.

'Christians!' returned Marius briefly, showing his beautiful white teeth in a cynical smile, while his dull eyes glittered.

'Christians!' repeated his audience as in one voice. 'Christians! What are they? A superior breed of pugilists?'

'Ha, ha, ha! Ye gods, a superior breed of pugilists! By Bacchus, would that Cæsar could hear you! 'Twould win you a kiss from his august lips. Oh, la! I shall die of laughing. Superior pugilists! Ha, ha, ha! Nay, my friends, nay; there is naught of the gladiator about them save a persistent stubbornness that would be creditable to a circus champion, and—yea, I do admit, a courage that might well become a legionary, but in them is mere insolence.'

'Are they a new conquered tribe?' questioned Julian Clotens, a tribune of the legion, knitting his stern brows in perplexity.

'Nay, there's the mischief! They are no new conquered people. Many of them are Roman citizens dwelling in our midst, or Jews, Greeks, and other subjects of the empire. All accursed vipers who dare to deny the gods and dispute the divinity of Cæsar.'

'Great Jove!' murmured the junior officers in pious horror. 'But how do they furnish amusement for Rome on a holiday?'

'Pitted against the beasts in the arena,' was the answer. 'Whole broods of them—men, women, and children, youths and maidens. Chaste Diana, 'twas a rare sight!'

A sudden stillness came over the listening company. None stirred. Each man seemed to hold his breath and eye his neighbour, unwilling to speak lest he should blunder before the stranger. They were conscious all at once of feeling further out of touch with Rome than they had ever done before in all their years of absence. Men, women, and children, youths and maidens, their fellow-countrymen, Roman citizens, pitted against the wild beasts in the arena to make a holiday show! It was indeed a strange development of Imperial progress. They had all faced death many times without fear, and witnessed it in many forms without a shudder, but this new pastime that was amusing Rome appalled them. It seemed akin to a ruthless massacre. And yet no one felt that he wished to be the first either to denounce or to applaud; each waited expectantly for the others to speak.

Cunobelin, a British centurion of the third century, was the first to break the silence. 'It seemeth to me a most vile contest,' he remarked with stern decision. 'There can be no skill or ingenuity to witness at such a spectacle.'

Marius Tarquinius glanced at the speaker with supercilious disdain. His irregular cast of features, long moustaches, and rough speech

marked him as no true-born son of Rome, but only a barbarian, and therefore of no account in the eyes of one fresh from the centre of the universe.

'Rome has got far beyond mere exhibitions of skill,' remarked the Roman loftily. 'She needs something more to amuse her than a wrestling match between wretched barbarians.'

'Ay, ay,' agreed the majority, deeming it politic to float with the tide.

'Life is stale,' sighed one. 'Tell us what took place, Marius Tarquinius. We pine for diversion in this miserable hole.'

'Were they a match for the beasts, these people? How did they meet them? What happened?' asked the ensign Cornelius, with unaffected interest.

'What happened?' echoed Marius, mimicking the youth's eager tones. 'Oh Jupiter! Has this foul dampness so clogged your wits that you ask what happened? What would happen if you, my young friend, walking defenceless, were to meet a fierce and hungry lion?'

'I should doubtless furnish him with a dainty repast,' returned the ensign, flushing hotly that he should be the butt of the stranger's ridicule.

'That is exactly what happened to the Christians in the circus,' spluttered Tarquinius, collapsing on his couch in hysterical laughter. 'Ye gods, it was divine!'

Again an instant's stillness fell upon the company, and they stole furtive glances at one another. Was it possible that in their exile they had grown so foreign to Roman ways that they could no longer laugh at Rome's jests? The thought was unendurable. And then with one accord, as if by telepathic communication, each burst into a loud peal of mirthless laughter that resounded hideously through the stone vaulted chamber. Cunobelin, the British centurion, alone remained impassive and silent, gazing at the swaying, scented mass of rose-coloured silks that was Marius Tarquinius, with a strange, unfathomable expression in his grave eyes.

His silence and attitude, however, passed unnoticed in the clamour of tongues that arose.

'Relate further, Marius Tarquinius,' they cried. 'Tell us more! Ye gods, what we miss pent up in this accursed wilderness!'

'Alas, yes!' wailed Marius, raising himself on his elbow, and wiping his eyes with a perfumed handkerchief. 'What you missed! But, ah! the choicest of all was to come when a maiden, alone, clothed only in virginal modesty . . . Oh versatile Cæsar!'

The keen eyes turned upon the speaker widened in expectancy, and the tanned faces bent nearer. They must not lose one word of this narration. Already their first revolt against such a sport had passed from them. Were they not Roman, and must they not enjoy what Rome enjoyed?

Marius Tarquinius, flattered by the reception his description was meeting with, withheld no detail of the scene in the circus which had excited jaded Rome to a pitch of more evil passion than it had yet known, embellishing the account with ribald jests and innuendos that were rendered the more peculiarly shocking by the dulcet, high-bred tones in which they were uttered.

The story was but half-way through when the rapt silence which held his audience was interrupted by the British centurion rising abruptly from his couch.

'Whither away, Cunobelin?' asked Julian Clotens.

'I am on the wall to-night for the midnight watch, tribune, and am heavy with sleep,' he replied. 'With your permission I go to rest, lest I should fail.'

'Ay, ay, it needeth a sharp look-out these days. 'Tis reported that the Little People are busy yonder. Peace to your slumber, Cunobelin, and felicitous awakening!'

The centurion acknowledged the greeting with a salute and passed out of the mess-hall. The eyes of Marius Tarquinius followed him with a gleam of hatred and contempt.

'A British barbarian,' he remarked with bitter scorn, 'and a lily-livered craven! By the gods! he deserves to be crucified.'

'Cunobelin a craven!' laughed his mess-mates, glad at length to find some point in which the wisdom of the stranger was halting. 'Almighty Jove, but you have misjudged there! Know, then, that the centurion Cunobelin bears the *corona aurea* on his helmet and the "chain of gold" upon his breast.'

Marius Tarquinius was not so entirely ignorant of matters military as not to be aware that the crown and the chain of gold were honours highly coveted throughout the Imperial army, but gained only by conspicuous gallantry in action, or by some outstanding deed of valour. The courage of one holding both these prizes was, therefore, unimpeachable. But Marius was not prepared to retire defeated without some show of defence.

He raised his shoulders deprecatingly. 'Be it so,' he murmured carelessly. 'Yet I swear by Mars that his barbarian's hide grew pale as a vestal virgin's when I recounted the pretty scene of the maiden in the arena!'

'Twas the rush-light's shadow on his cheek,' said Cunobelin's sub-centurion of the third century, nettled that an aspersion should be cast upon his absent comrade even by this gilded youth.

'Twas no shadow drew the thunder-cloud to his savage brow,' snarled Marius, with a feline gleam in his dark eyes. 'By the gods! that Briton has the look of a pestilent traitor.'

'Nay,' interposed Julian Clotens with authority.

'No slandering in the mess-hall! Briton though he be, there is no finer or more loyal soldier of the Empire than the centurion Cunobelin. And mark, Marius Tarquinius,' he added with severity, 'though you be welcome in our midst as a ray of sun from Rome, you are come as a novice, and have yet to learn the ways of the Eagles. It is true, many seasons have passed since the first cohort bade farewell to our glorious Mother, but in our exile we have learnt this lesson, not to decry our British-born comrades-in-arms of whatever rank they be. Let us adjourn,' he ended, glancing round upon his officers, who sat ill at ease and half-amazed at the temerity of their superior in thus rebuking one whom they had been regarding with almost as much awe as if he had been Cæsar himself.

All rose in obedience to the command. Marius's full lips drooped sullenly and his fine brow gloomed. A torrent of resentful words surged to his tongue, but he restrained them. He dared not venture any retort to his superior officer. Already he was learning the first lesson of the conquering Roman legions—that of bending beneath the strong hand of a discipline that regarded neither life nor death, but only the honour and glory of the Empire.

#### CHAPTER II.—COMRADES-AT-ARMS.

THE tribune's defence of the British centurion came somewhat as a surprise to his mess-mates. Julian Clotens was not remarkable for his appreciation of his junior officers, and was regarded by them more with fear than with affection. He maintained a discipline that was severe to the point of brutality, yet it was always dominated by a stern sense of justice which rendered him peculiarly fitted to rule over the men of mixed nationality who composed the cohort.

Although Cunobelin's connection with the first cohort of the 20th Legion was not of long standing, the tribune had early marked him as an exceptionally capable officer, and one likely to rise high in the service of the Imperial Eagles. Physically he was a Vulcan in strength and endurance, with powerful frame and iron muscles. He could lay claim, however, to none of the classical beauty of mien admired of Rome and Greece, appearing uncouth indeed among his Roman comrades, with their smooth shaven faces and aquiline features. His raven-black hair grew rough and unruly, while his long waving moustaches marked him at once as of non-Roman birth. Only his eyes had an arresting beauty, being grave in expression, but of a deep dark blueness that seemed to reflect every passing light and shadow, like the still waters of a moorland pool under a summer sky. They possessed the far-seeing power of an eagle's, a

faculty which, combined with the acute sense of hearing characteristic of savage races, made him invaluable at an outpost where a ceaseless watch had to be maintained against enemies remarkable for the stealth and suddenness with which they made their fierce assaults. His strenuous training since early boyhood with the legions of Rome in various parts of the Empire had skilled him in the finer accomplishments of civilised life in the realms of both thought and action, and enabled him to take his place as an equal with men of birth and breeding from the world's capital, without robbing him of some of the more primitive traits of his nature.

Only one sowing and one reaping season had passed since Cunobelin had been transferred from a legion in the East to serve once more in the land of his birth. The first cohort had received him with cordiality, for he was a proven soldier, and well fitted by reason of his distinguished career to be an officer in the cohort that held the honour of being first in the line of battle.

The garrisoning of Borconium was a duty of premier importance in Britain, and of great responsibility. It was deputed only to such troops as were counted the flower of the Imperial army, for the security of Roman civilisation in the colony depended upon their vigilance and success in warding off the inroads of the warlike and hostile tribes dwelling in that frowning land of mountain and morass beyond, which the Eagles had as yet made little or no attempt to conquer.

It may be wondered how such a pampered exquisite as Marius Tarquinius, untrained and untried in the art of warfare or any stern pursuit, came to join the Eagles at this stronghold. The reason for this seemingly strange step was an ugly story, but one not infrequent in the reign of Nero.

Marius Tarquinius, being bereft of both parents at an early age, had been adopted by his father's younger brother, Julius Flavian, who held a minor post at the Imperial Court, but who took a major share in all its evil doings, his feminine good looks, silky manners, and flattering tongue quickly winning him a place in the young emperor's circle of sycophants. He had been attracted to his brother's child by reason of his singular beauty, his gift of droll sayings, and his winning charm—a peculiar mixture of impish knavery combined with qualities which, with different environment and training, might have ripened into a fine and generous nature. But when the years of childhood were all too swiftly spanned by the precocious growth of the boy, the elder man soon discovered that he had a formidable rival in the younger, and affection was consumed by overmastering jealousy. Marius Tarquinius surpassed him in brave looks, in

pleasing manners, in the silvery charm of his voice, and the audacious boldness of his tongue. He would doubtless have surpassed him also in wickedness had not Julius Flavian himself plucked him like a brand from the burning.

It was no thought of saving the youth from the path of destruction upon which his feet were set that made Julius act the part of the anxious guardian, but rather an evil desire to rid himself of the now odious presence of his rival. It happened that a certain siren of Rome had excited the passion of both uncle and nephew. Julius, fearing lest he might be eclipsed by the younger man, put before Cæsar the desirability of appointing him to one of the legions on foreign service. He advocated particularly the first cohort of the 20th Legion, then in Britain, not because he considered his nephew pre-eminently fitted for its onerous duties, but because, owing to the dangerous tasks on which the first cohort was employed, there was every probability of his sinister design being effectively accomplished.

On Cæsar's giving his sanction to this request it became an Imperial command, which to obey was the only course. Thus Marius Tarquinius found himself driven from the indolence and pleasures of Rome to the stern and rigorous atmosphere of Borconium.

His spirit, not unnaturally, was hotly rebellious against this harsh and untoward fate, but the interested reception extended to him by the officers of the cohort acted like oil on troubled waters. To be regarded as a god among these tried warriors, whom the better and more manly part of his nature could not but admire—for he was true Roman in his reverence for physical strength—was as flattering to his vanity as the tribune's reproof had been galling.

The little unpleasantness of the incident, however, soon passed off, and seemed in nowise to have affected the favourable impression Marius Tarquinius had made upon his brother-officers, with whom he quickly gained in popularity. He was essentially good company, with his ready tongue, his knowledge of the world, and undeniable charm of manner; and when the foppish, flowing toga was laid aside for the tunic and trappings of the soldier, his effeminate graces were soon supplanted by more manly vigour. The degenerate limbs lost their indolent softness and took on a firmer contour. His handsome face became bronzed by the biting winds, slashing rain, and bracing life in the open. The once dull eyes began to look keenly on their new world; the slack mouth gained lines of decision; while the fine, white hands browned and hardened with the constant use of rein and sword and spear, and exposure to inclement weather.

But the prejudice he had from the first conceived against the centurion Cunobelin showed

no signs of abatement, rather increasing in strength as the days went on. He lost no opportunity of avenging himself upon him as the cause of the commanding officer's stern rebuke on the evening of his arrival, which still rankled in the background of his mind. This he did not in any open or flagrant form, but in countless minor ways, in covert insults, petty annoyances, and ridicule that had the virulent sting of the scorpion, though disguised in what passed as witticism. So expert, indeed, was Marius Tarquinius in this rapier-like art that his messmates could not forbear encouraging him with laughter and plaudits, though they harboured only goodwill towards their British-born comrade.

Cunobelin through it all preserved an equanimity which was utterly incomprehensible to them, and often amazing to his tormentor. Though it was plain that the darts pierced sharply, never by word or deed did he make any attempt at retaliation, always maintaining a passive demeanour, which, in any one less renowned for valour, they would have put down as sheer cowardice. Yet a certain glint that lit his grave eyes when he was severely baited proved to them that the savage instincts of his forebears were not dead, but might still break forth with all their primitive passion.

And so they watched and waited in daily expectation for the storm.

*(Continued on page 516).*

## THE QUAKER PATRIOT, WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718).

By F. A. DOUGLAS.

**I** LOVE England,' said William Penn. 'I never valued time, money, or kindred to serve her and do her good.' Penn, indeed, was above all things an Englishman and a patriot; and yet he bore the banner of liberty across the Atlantic, where he founded one of the earlier United States.

'I must without vanity say,' he declared, 'I have led the greatest colony into America that ever man did upon a prosperous beginning.'

There was a sweet savour of English things about Pennsylvania. The names of the counties, &c., recalled the Old Country—Bucks, Chester, and the like. Philadelphia had a suburb called Kensington. There were great cherry-trees about Penn's home there, and he surely must have brought the seeds of these from the beautiful cherry-land of Bucks, where he wooed and won fair Guli Springett for a bride, and where he himself sleeps his last sleep in the old Quaker burying-ground at Jordans. [William Penn died on 30th July 1718—just two hundred years ago.]

Dearly as he loved England, he loved liberty more, and it was for religious liberty he led his Quaker bands across the seas. 'Oh, how sweet,' he exclaimed, 'is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxieties, and troublesome solicitations, and hurries and perplexities of woeful Europe!' Europe, alas! is much more woeful now than then, and in Philadelphia, founded to be a home of brotherly love, they are very busy to-day making munitions and other warlike things.

It was no easy matter crossing the Atlantic in those days. Penn's first voyage took three months, and was characterised by an outbreak of smallpox, of which disease thirty died on the way across. A few years later he managed to come over quite swiftly in six weeks.

Penn's treaty with the Indians was, Voltaire

said, 'the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken.' The Indians dearly loved William Penn, and called themselves the brothers and children of 'Onas.' There is a very familiar picture that depicts the scene of the treaty, in which extremely intellectual-looking, short-haired Indians confront a portly and respectable William Penn; but it is not quite accurate, for it does not show that the sober 'Onas,' for this occasion only, arrayed himself in a sky-blue silk sash made of network—a most un-Quaker-like adornment.

The Americans, and Englishmen too, long regarded the great elm under which this treaty was signed as a sacred tree, and during the War of Independence the British general placed a sentinel under it, and forbade that any of its branches be taken as firewood. Before the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the old tree gave way, and all sorts of cups and relics were made of its wood.

William Penn really spent a very small portion of his life in America. When he went out in 1682, he stayed only until 1684; and after that it was fifteen years before he returned to his colony. He left it for ever in 1701. This second visit was one of great interest. Penn arrived at Philadelphia in the middle of winter, and the weather was terribly severe. The fields were like 'cakes of ice, and the trees of the woods as if candied.' He had by this time a very pleasant mansion on the banks of the Delaware, and here he and his second wife, Hannah (Guli, the bride of his youth, had died in 1694), kept a certain simple state. His house was well furnished. The beds had satin coverlets, and fine pewter jugs were set forth on oaken shelves. The furniture was of oak and walnut, and the Tunbridge ware they used was all blue and white. Penn's own room

was very modest. It contained only a table and leather chairs, and a tall old oaken clock in the corner.

His ladies dressed richly, but in simple neutral tints. They wore satin petticoats, pearl and lavender coloured gowns with muslin kerchiefs folded over them, and one 'gold chain apiece. Penn bred horses, and kept a six-oared barge upon the river. 'Above all dead things,' he said, 'I love my barge. I hope no one uses it on any account, and that she is kept dry in dock, or at least covered for weather.'

Penn's early life in England is fairly well known. His father, Admiral Sir William Penn, is a familiar figure in Pepys's Diary. He found his son's Quakerism very trying, and did his utmost to wean him from it. William, however, from youth exhibited a very religious temperament. He was born in London, close by St Katherine's of the Tower, in 1644, and went to school first at Chigwell, in Essex, near which his father had a country residence. In 1660 he went to Oxford, and was intimate there with the Earl of Sunderland and John Locke. His first religious impressions were received at Chigwell, but it was the preaching of Thomas Loe, a Quaker, at Oxford, that influenced Penn for life. It was at Oxford, too, that the passion of revolt first arose within him. Charles II., newly seated on his throne, was quick to ordain all sorts of ecclesiastical decorations, and, amongst other things, decreed that surplices be worn at Oxford. William cannot have been more than sixteen at the time, but he and some other impetuous boys lay in wait for the more obedient students, and when they appeared in surplices, tore them off over their heads! Sir William, horrified, consulted Pepys about removing his son to Cambridge, but does not seem to have mentioned to him that the boy had been expelled from Oxford.

The admiral made various efforts to cure his son of seriousness. He sent him abroad for a time, and William, much smartened up externally—'a most modish person grown,' reported Mrs Pepys—but as solemn as ever, returned in 1664. William, indeed, was irretrievably a Quaker, and spent his life as the Quaker apologist. He was the representative of the Quakers at Court. His father's position introduced him to Court circles, and he was a personal friend of James II. This intimacy led some to doubt Penn's sincerity, and Bishop Burnet suspected him of being a Catholic.

Most interesting is Penn's association with the band of early Quakers who circled round good Isaac Pennington at Chalfont St Giles. Isaac married the widow of Sir William Springett, whose daughter, Gulielma, became William Penn's first wife. In the simple autobiography of Thomas Ellwood we get a very living picture of this quiet, earnest-minded group. Thomas was a *protégé* of Isaac's, his

own people having cast him out for being a Quaker. He acted as reader to blind Milton, found a cottage at Chalfont for him when the plague drove the poet from London, was one of the first to read *Paradise Lost*, and the *very* first to suggest *Paradise Regained*.

The Quakers refused to doff their hats before any earthly dignitary; only when preaching before or praying to God, they deemed, could they with any sincerity remove their hats. This was all very well for the older men, but it proved a sad trial of faith for the younger ones, such as Thomas Ellwood and William Penn, whose fathers, disciplinarians, as were all parents in those days, were vastly indignant when their sons retained their hats in their presence. Very promptly they retaliated by turning their sons out of doors! Admiral Penn, indeed, undertook to permit William to keep his hat on in general company, if only he would take it off in his own presence and in that of the king and the Duke of York. Even this concession the steadfast William refused to make! Charles II., however, was more accommodating than the admiral. One day Penn met him in the Park, and Charles took off his hat.

'Why dost thou remove thy hat, friend Charles?' said William.

'Because,' said the king, 'wherever I am it is customary for only one person to remain covered!'

A curious pamphlet called the *Spirit of the Hat*, by Alexander the Coppersmith, was published, deriding this idea of the Quakers, and Penn 'justly rebuked' it in his answer, saying, 'Oh how Ingenuous is the Author of the *Spirit of the Hat*! A fit Title for it; in which there is so little Head, or at least no more brains than in an empty Hat.'

In spite of the persecution of Quakers in his reign, Charles II. seems to have taken a certain amused interest in them. It happened that a ship filled with Quakers was lying in the Thames, ready to sail, when Charles came along in his pleasure-barge. Learning who the emigrants were, he very benignantly went on board, and gave them his blessing before they departed! Later on, when Penn was granted his American colony, the name Pennsylvania was suggested; but William, thinking this implied ostentation on his part, would have had the fair country, so full of mountains and rivers, called New Wales. Charles, however, waggishly insisted on Pennsylvania, saying it could be called after Penn's father.

William Penn got on well with kings, and some even accused him of being too much of a courtier. James II. went so far as to go to Quaker meetings several times to hear Penn preach. With William III. his relations were not so cordial; but Queen Anne he had known as a little girl, and she looked upon him as an old friend.

With Peter the Great he had some slight acquaintance. Peter was rather interested in the Quakers, although he could not understand why they would not take off their hats, or of what use they were to their country if they would not bear arms and fight. He went to several Quaker meetings at Deptford, however, and conducted himself with great decorum, which, for such a wilful and imperious person, was a great concession. Indeed, he said that he who could live according to Quaker doctrines would be happy.

Macaulay had no high opinion of Penn. He called him rather 'a mythical than a historical personage;' and Burnet described him as a 'vain and talking man.' Swift thought well of him, and said, 'Penn talked very agreeably and with much spirit.'

Within the last generation there has been a recrudescence of interest in Penn, and this has been largely due to a republication of his

'Maxims,' known otherwise as the *Fruits of Solitude*. R. L. Stevenson, alone and desolate in San Francisco, picked up a stray edition of it, and found in it solace and refreshment. As a great token of friendship, he passed on later the very copy he had bought to his friend, Mr Horatio Brown, saying, 'Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street cars and ferry-boat, when I was sick unto death, and found it in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion.' Mr Edmund Gosse brought out a very charming little pocket edition of the 'Maxims,' and since then they have stolen into the hearts and homes of many.

'We can never,' says Penn, 'be the better of our religion if our neighbours be the worse of it;' and, in sooth, no one cared more for his neighbours, or worked more diligently for them, than did this doughty Quaker.

## THE GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX.

By W. VICTOR COOK.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

'AND to think that in two hours you will be in Spain!'

The man raised his eyes wistfully towards the distant summits of the Pyrenees. There was a note in his voice to which the heart of Donald Bruce, himself an exile from his own colder, Northern land, responded sympathetically. 'Why,' asked Bruce, 'do you not visit your country, now that you are so near?'

The man clenched his hands. 'Oh, señor, if I only could!' He had broken into Spanish now, though all the way down from Montpellier he had persisted in speaking English—an execrable English—notwithstanding that Bruce spoke Spanish like a native. 'If I only could!' he repeated. 'But I am a Carlist. The name of Brieto is proscribed in Spain. Yet I must torture myself sometimes by coming here, where I have relatives, to gaze from afar on the mountains of my country!'

Bruce said nothing; and the other, standing on the open platform beside the train, studying the young Scot's face, seemed to have something on his mind. 'Señor,' he said at last, 'we have known each other but a few hours, and that only as casual fellow-travellers. But it has been my experience that Englishmen are men of honour. Have I your permission to ask a favour?'

'If I can serve you in anything, pray inform me.'

'Some would call me rash,' said Brieto. He drew something from his pocket—a small gold box like an old-fashioned snuff-box, exquisitely chased. 'I have a cousin, señor, who lives in

Andorra, at the inn of the Six Curarts.\* His name is Andrea Maquin. My father, an exile like myself, has recently died. He left this trinket, of some family interest, to my cousin. I had intended sending it by post, but in these unhappy days the international post is very insecure. The parcel would certainly be opened by the French authorities, and the trinket is of value. If it could be posted in Spain, there would be a greater chance of my cousin receiving it safely.'

Bruce hesitated.

'Pray examine it,' said Brieto. 'I assure you there is nothing contraband in my poor father's snuff-box.' He opened the box, which was quite empty, and handed it to the Scot, who looked at it with curiosity and admiration.

'This is a very beautiful and valuable thing,' Bruce said. 'You repose great confidence in a stranger, señor.'

'I am reposing confidence in the honour of an Englishman.'

'If you desire it, I will take your box and post it, Señor Brieto. I will write a receipt for it.'

The Spaniard made a gesture of impatience. 'What is the use of a receipt? If you are an honest man, it is needless. If you were not, how would a receipt bring my box back? The train is starting. *Con Dios*, Señor Bruce!'

The train drew out for Spain, with the gold box in the Scotsman's hands. He turned to a gaunt, long-limbed, massively built man in

\* Andorra is divided into six curarts or communes.

the compartment with him, and, with a smile, held out the trinket. 'What think you, Little Bird? I must have a face of extraordinary honesty.'

The 'Little Bird,' *Pablo el Pajarillo*—for so the great fellow was jokingly nicknamed by his Catalan fellow-countrymen—took the box in his hands and shrugged his big shoulders. 'As for your face, Señor Bruce, I have nothing to say against it; but had I a toy like this, I should not entrust it to the first stranger.' He examined the box, and shook his gray head. 'Stolen, I should say.'

'*Hombre!* I never thought of that. What a fool!'

As Bruce took back the box it slipped through his fingers and fell with a crash on the brass fittings of the compartment. With an exclamation of dismay, he picked it up, and looked to see if it had been damaged.

'*Pablo mio*, come here, quick!'

The chased gold lid had sprung open with the jolt, but instead of opening as before in a single piece, the lid revealed itself to be duplicate. In the interstice between the two metal plates was a piece of thin Indian paper, the whole of one side of which was covered with very small angular writing. The penmanship was fine, but not a letter could Bruce make out. The script ran from right to left, from which he guessed it to be in some Eastern language. 'What do you make of it, Little Bird?'

The Catalan frowned. 'Spy work, señor.'

'At the frontier I will hand it to the French customs.'

'If you do, the good God only knows when we shall get back to Spain. And I am longing to see my wife and family, from whom I have been absent now for more than six months.'

Bruce smiled. The plea of home-sickness was invariably raised by his companion whenever circumstances seemed to point to a new adventure, yet Bruce had never met a man with a greater love of adventure for its own sake than this dare-devil old Catalan, with whom he had been associated for half a year in a succession of curious affairs. He made no reply, but settling himself in a corner, concentrated his wits on the effort to decipher the mysterious writing. *Pajarillo*, in the opposite corner, sat calmly smoking.

Suddenly the Scot stood up, and held the bit of paper to a small mirror in the side of the compartment. Then he reached for his valise, and got out a pocket-dictionary. 'Little Bird, this is nothing but German script, written in reverse with the left hand. And, unless I am mistaken, it concerns you and me very closely, *amigo*.' So saying, he looked up a few words in the dictionary.

'Hark to this, *Pajarillo*: "Two individuals very dangerous to the fishing industry have just returned to Spain after a journey most destruc-

tive of our useful trade. One is a Scotsman, Donald Bruce, an employee of M'Iroy, M'Iroy, and M'Allister, the big wine firm. He lives at Barcelona, but visits the various ports where his firm has interests. They are believed to be financing his present exploits. The other man is an ex-smuggler, also of Barcelona, a long-legged rascal called *Pablo el Pajarillo*. This precious pair are known to have brought about the destruction during the past six months of at least four fine vessels of our fishing fleet, and to have caused serious trouble to several others. It is of the highest importance to put an end, at any cost, to the work of these fellows, for not only have they obtained considerable knowledge of our business methods, but they are very skilful and daring. I commend this matter to your immediate and most earnest attention. Send your next invoice through Montlouis. —KARL."

'Perdition!' The Little Bird's tone was ugly. 'I should like to get my hands on this Karl's windpipe.'

'That fellow Brieto,' said Bruce, 'must have followed us all the way from Naples. He is dangerous, for he must have found out about us at the inquiry there into the sinking of our last U-boat.'

'What will you do?'

'I will leave this paper with the French authorities at the frontier, with a hint to make the acquaintance of Señor Brieto at the earliest possible moment. I will then go to Andorra to have a talk with Señor Andrea Maquin about the fishing industry.'

*Pajarillo* smiled wryly. 'This Brieto has a turn for paraphrase. He has the politeness to call the sinking of four of their cursed U-boats an interference with "the fishing industry"! Oh, excellent! I will go with you to Andorra, Señor Bruce.'

'And your wife and family, Little Bird, whom you have not seen for six months?'

'They will not run away.' The smuggler blew out volumes of smoke from his cigar. Evidently the prospect of a fresh adventure was a tonic to his lawless soul.

It was not a difficult matter for Bruce to secure in his clothing the slip of German script, together with a hastily written note of his own explaining its origin. The papers of himself and his companion were in perfect order, and with no more than the usual delays of war-time travel they passed the frontier. Not till the train had left the French customs station at Cerbère, and reached the Spanish station at Port Bou, did he venture to hand his little communication in a sealed envelope to the guard of the train. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'information which may be of importance to the Republic is contained in this letter, which I beg you to hand to the proper authority immediately on your return to France. My name and address accompany the

information, and as soon as I have attended to certain urgent matters in Spain, I shall be happy to hold myself at the disposition of the French authorities.'

A great deal of interesting matter might be written about that curious political antiquity, the tiny mountain republic of Andorra, which lies in the heart of the High Pyrenees between France and Spain. Donald Bruce, endowed with all a Scotsman's love of knowledge, acquired a fund of information about the quaint little buffer-state in the two days between his arrival at Port Bou and his departure from the last Spanish town of Seo de Urgel into the heart of the mountains. Notwithstanding his pretty thorough knowledge of Spain, Andorra was new to him.

For the purpose of their stalking of Andrea Maquin, he was to pose as an American tourist, collecting material for articles on the historical antiquities and the facilities for sport in Charlemagne's little republic. Pajarillo was to act as his guide. 'I shall address you, Little Bird, in the most atrocious Castilian ever spoken by mortal man. It is fortunate that the Andorrans speak your Catalan dialect, for this will enable me to pretend that I do not understand one word in ten which may be spoken to me.'

Early summer in the High Pyrenees is compounded of sunny mornings and afternoons of thunderstorm. It was in a deluge of mountain rain that Bruce and Pajarillo drew up their mules before the plain stone inn of the Six Curats. The Little Bird explained their desires according to plan, and mine host, who, like all Andorrans, had a keen eye for business, received the supposed American with as near an approach to effusiveness as the reserve of his race permitted. Only one other guest, he informed them, was honouring his poor house at that moment, a wealthy merchant from Madrid, who was re-establishing in these fine mountain airs the health which overstrain in business and the trying climate of Madrid had threatened to undermine. 'A notable fellow,' said mine host, '*muy simpático, muy español*'—than which the Spanish tongue contains no greater praise.

They met the merchant from Madrid at supper that night, and learned without much surprise that his name was Maquin. The conversation was carried on mainly by the Little Bird and Maquin, Donald Bruce, true to his rôle of innocent American, contenting himself with nods and smiles, the offer of a well-filled cigar-case, and a few sentences of atrocious Spanish. Over a bottle of wine the Little Bird waxed confidential, and imparted to the Madrid merchant the story agreed upon as to the literary mission of his patron. Señor Maquin was full of courteous interest.

'One reads so much about these American journalists,' he said. 'And you yourself, Señor Pajarillo, are you well acquainted with Andorra?'

The Little Bird shrugged. 'With a good mule to ride, and a Catalan tongue in the head, one is very well in the Pyrenees.'

'True. Yet you will pardon me, who have stayed here several months, if I take the liberty to offer a piece of advice?'

'Good advice does not grow on every bush,' said the Little Bird. 'We shall be grateful, señor.'

'Since your friend is a journalist, he would do well to keep away from the French frontier. The line is not everywhere easy to distinguish in these mountain gorges, and it would be very inconvenient to be suddenly held up and searched in these times of war. There are lawless spirits, too, among the frontier smugglers, and accidents, as you know, Señor Pajarillo, happen so easily.—Do you follow me, Señor Bruce?'

Bruce, who was keenly but cautiously following every word, shook his head. 'Alas!' he said in his appalling Castilian, 'I understand but few words of Spanish—that noble language.'

The veiled threat in Maquin's caution had not been lost on him, but Pajarillo smiled as he replied, 'I shall certainly keep my patron from running into danger. That will not be difficult, for, outside his literary work, his one interest in life seems to be fishing.'

'Fishing!' Señor Maquin started as if he had been stung. Then he laughed. 'To be sure! These mountain streams are a paradise for anglers. I shall be pleased to introduce you to some of the best waters.'

'My patron will be infinitely grateful,' said Pajarillo. To Bruce, slowly, and in careful Castilian, he explained: 'Thanks to this gentleman, we are to enjoy some good fishing.'

The Scotsman bowed and smiled with well-affected delight. '*Muchísimas gracias*. It will indeed be a pleasure,' he said with careful mispronunciation.

Afterwards, alone with the Little Bird, he said, 'That fellow is suspicious.'

The Catalan grinned. 'To a good angler, the suspicions of the fish are the spice of the sport. We are in no hurry, you and I. To begin with, we are going to make a thorough inspection of the old Council House of the republic, and in the interests of your magazine you are going to obtain a photograph of the famous charter of Charlemagne in the archives. This will take some time, for the archives, it appears, are kept in a cupboard with an iron door, to which there are six locks, and the key of one lock is entrusted to each of the six communes of the republic, and the cupboard cannot be opened except by all the locks being unfastened at the same time. This will give us an opportunity to tramp about the valleys of Andorra, and perhaps to learn a little more of our obliging acquaintance.'

(Continued on page 520.)

## NATIONAL TRAITS, IN PROVERB, EPIGRAM, AND CARICATURE.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

NATIONAL traits are often well portrayed in a pithy anecdote or a proverb, though whether the reputation thus imputed is deserved or not may sometimes be open to question. Thus the old 'chestnut' that a Scotsman has no sense of humour may be traced to Sydney Smith's witty epigram that 'it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.' The equally fallacious notoriety of the Northerner for stinginess perhaps owes its origin to the ancient tale which ends up with the exclamation, 'I hadna been a minute in London till bang went saxpence!' originally intended as a protest on the part of the Caledonian against the methods of petty extortion exercised in the Metropolis to which he had hitherto been a stranger.

A proverb which casts a slur on an entire people may generally be reckoned, to say the least, of very doubtful taste, even if deserved. It is different when there is direct provocation, as, for example, in war-time, when feeling runs high. It is not to be wondered at that our enemies, and the Germans especially, have recently become the target for many a malignant shaft. But perhaps the most scathing reflections on the Germans have been made by their own countrymen. For instance: 'You English always will be fools, and we Germans never will be gentlemen!' It is noteworthy that there is no word in the German language for 'gentleman'; when they wish to express the idea they either use our own old-fashioned word or the French *cavalier*. Bismarck once referred to his countrymen as 'a nation of lackeys.' Here, then, we have the Germans criticised and caricatured by themselves.

There is no country which has a richer stock of proverbs, or where they are more frequently used 'to point a moral or adorn a tale,' than Spain. Many of these hit off some national or provincial trait. Thus, of our countrymen they say, 'An Englishman and a dog always take the sunny side of the street;' 'If you wish to be an Englishman, do everything in topsy-turvy fashion.' Others are more complimentary: 'The English advance by sea and the Russians by land, while the Spaniards are in bed.' Nor should the following proverb, indicative of the long struggles between Britain and Spain for maritime supremacy, be forgotten at this juncture: 'War with all the world, but peace with England' (*'Con todo el mundo guerra, pero paz con Inglaterra'*).

It often happens that there is long-standing antipathy between neighbouring nations of allied race and language. This is true, for example, of Spaniards and Portuguese. The former say

of the latter that they are 'few and mad' (*pocos y locos*); while the Portuguese declare that 'God made first the Portuguese, and then the Gallegos to wait on them.' The Gallegos are the natives of the Spanish province of Galicia, who emigrate in large numbers as recruits for the ranks of unskilled labour. They are especially plentiful in Lisbon as 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' The term Gallegos, however, is often used as a contemptuous expression for Spaniards in general, just as the word Yankees, originally applied only to natives of the New England States, is now used to embrace all Americans.

Proverbs which hit off national traits in a good-humoured spirit are often the happiest. The following, if trite, is fairly true: 'The Englishman is never happy except when he is miserable, the Scotsman is never at home except when he is abroad, and the Irishman is never at peace except when he is fighting.'

The Arabs have been called 'the schoolmasters of Europe;' one writer even goes so far as to say that we owe to them the very essentials of our civilisation, the four R's (reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic, and religion). This is doubtless an exaggeration, but in this sense the word Arab is taken in its widest sense, to embrace all people of Semitic stock speaking Arabic dialects, from Morocco to Persia. It includes such nations as Moors, Carthaginians, Egyptians, Jews, and Phœnicians, who had their origin in the Levantine countries, which are the home of some of the most ancient civilisations. The Phœnician alphabet is the basis of all those now used in Europe, where it was adopted many centuries before the Christian era. Our present numerals were certainly introduced into Europe by the Arabs, though they probably originated in India. Many of the inventions introduced into our continent by the Arabs did not originate with them, and they may have owed their knowledge of paper, gunpowder, and the mariner's compass (all said to have been first used in Europe by the Moors) to the Chinese, with whom they had intercourse, *viâ* Java and Sumatra, from the remotest ages.

Among other national characteristics, as portrayed by foreign proverbs, we may note the following. The Italians say, 'The Italians are wise before the act, the Germans in the act, the French after the act;' and also, 'The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate;' while the Spaniards say, 'The Jew ruins himself with passovers, the Moor with wedding-feasts, and the Christian with lawsuits.'

In South America one often hears the expression, '*palabra de Ingles*' ('an Englishman's word'), indicative of a binding and inviolable promise.

No greater compliment could be paid. Much less complimentary is the expression, 'an English overcoat.' It means a glass of whisky, a beverage seldom imbibed by South Americans, and then generally in minute quantities in liqueur-glasses.

The British twice (in 1806 and 1807) ineffectually attempted to take the city of Buenos Aires. They did, indeed, capture it on the first occasion, but were unable to hold it, for (as has frequently been exemplified in the present war) it is often more difficult to retain a position permanently than to capture it. Their courageous conduct on that occasion was acknowledged by the enemy, and very noteworthy is the encomium contained in an account of the recapture which appears in a work used as a text-book in the Argentine schools; this states that 'the British respected private property, and their conduct was exemplary.' Such eulogy from the enemy is praise indeed.

The Englishman is often caricatured in the comic press of foreign countries. On the Continent the type generally depicted in caricature is evidently that of the tourist, and in the days of cheap trips, when neighbouring Continental countries were often invaded by 'Arry' in force, the 'samples' exhibited were not always of the most refined class. Among our Continental

neighbours, however, they are supposed to stand for the average type of Englishman. Our countrymen are depicted as wearing Dundreary whiskers, though that form of facial adornment has been out of fashion for many decades. The Englishman is also represented wearing a cap, with a tweed suit of a pronouncedly 'loud' check pattern, and a pipe in his mouth. Our womenfolk are shown as bony and angular, with that disdainful and lugubrious expression of countenance which our Gallic neighbours take to be pride, but which Max O'Rell describes as merely 'dignified timidity.' In South American countries, where it is reckoned ungentlemanlike to be seen carrying a parcel, however small, in the streets, the Englishman is represented as grasping a Gladstone bag of portentous size.

On the other hand, we must in justice add that (within the writer's personal experience) some of the ideas we have regarding foreign nations are quite as unjust and as absurd. But the day is yet probably far distant when the people of different nations will have a true and proper conception of one another. When that day arrives we shall be within measurable distance of the era of universal peace. How many wars have been caused by mutual (or one-sided) misconceptions!

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin*, *O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

CHAPTER VI.—THE STORY OF THE 'CYCLONE'—WAR—continued.

### II.

THE fog which had come as they neared the land was so utterly thick and impenetrable that the horizon was a bare eighty yards distant. Even the motionless figure of the look-out man, perched on the stem-head twenty feet away, was blurred and indistinct in the steamy haze shrouding the sea; while beyond him, the dark horizontal shadows of the little ripples faded away into a gray luminous haze in which all sense of distance was lost. Endeavouring to probe its depths was as unsatisfactory as gazing at a pane of frosted glass to see what lay behind it.

'I put her here, sir,' said the sub., pointing with the end of his dividers at a pencil-mark on the chart laid out on the table before him. 'If we run on another twelve minutes we might make this buoy. If we don't, our dead reckoning puts us there, and we should alter course to north fifty-four east.'

Bundy, lowering his eyes from their scrutiny of the murk over the bows, glanced at the printed sheet with its pencil-line showing the ship's track.

'We sha'n't sight the buoy unless we hit it end on,' he grunted. 'What about tide?'

'I've allowed three-quarters of a knot to the nor'-westward, sir.'

'Deviation?'

'One and a half degrees east, sir.'

'Um; that's about right. But I'm none too certain of it.\* It's been all over the shop since we came out of dock, and we can't afford to steer too much to port. There's this little lot.' He pointed to an area shaded in on the chart in a hectic scarlet.

Red ink on a chart is ever a warning of danger. In war-time it generally means minefields, and even British mines have not the sense to differentiate between friend and foe. They explode impartially on impact with any one foolish enough to run into them.

'That's where the *Typhoon* got it in the neck last Friday,' continued the skipper. 'D'you remember her being towed in stern first?'

'Do I not!' said the sub., scratching his beardless chin. 'But Friday's always an unlucky day.'

\* Deviation is the error induced in the compass by the magnetism of the ship. It is a variable quantity, and has to be checked by frequent observation, more particularly as it changes for every direction of the ship's head, and has to be allowed for when courses are shaped by compass.

'Any day's unlucky if your luck's out. D'you think we could afford to steer a couple o' degrees more to starboard?'

The sub. shook his head. 'Shouldn't advise it,' he said. 'There's this bunch of trouble. It's just as bad as the mines to get mixed up with.'

'All right,' the captain agreed. 'We'll let her rip and trust to luck. But I wish I was more certain about the deviation. And the tides are the very devil hereabouts.'

The *Cyclone* was in no very pleasant locality. She was groping her way down a narrow stretch of water between a scarlet minefield on the one hand, and an area marked on the chart in blue on the other. The azure portion represented a section of sea containing certain diabolical and very potent contrivances for the special discomfiture of hostile submarines. The only consolation was that the British craft knew whereabouts the dangerous areas were, while Fritz did not.

And Bundy, good seaman though he was, felt vaguely anxious. It was really his 'day off' in harbour, but as the *Cyclone* was the only ship available, she had been sent to sea on certain urgent business which brooked no delay, and had to be carried through at all costs. Within half-an-hour of their leaving, the fog had shut down as thick as any blanket. The tide, as he had pointed out, was erratic, while on occasion the *Cyclone's* standard compass became possessed of a magnetic little devil which no man could properly exorcise. There was a minefield to port, an equally unhealthy area to starboard, innumerable sandbanks and shoals farther ahead if they escaped the other dangers, and a Jonah in the wardroom in the shape of a red-tabbed, beribboned brigadier-general of His Majesty's Army. What more could one desire?

The brigadier, in fact, was the 'urgent business,' and was a very special sort of staff officer returning to the scene of his activities in France after a hurried conference in London. But he had disappointed the *Cyclone's* ship's company sadly, for he was not the least bit like an ogre. They had expected to see a red-faced, fiercely moustached, and fiery-tempered person with a voice like rolling thunder and an eye like a basilisk's. Not a bit of it! The brigadier was about the same age as Bundy, with a merry blue eye and a pleasant smile, and had made himself extremely affable to everybody. Indeed, he had even apologised profusely for giving the ship a trip to sea on her 'day off'; and now, oblivious of the fog, and entertained by Mr Vickery, he was making a belated but very substantial breakfast in the wardroom.

But the skipper could not help feeling rather nervous at having him on board, for brigadiers on the staff were rather more valuable than the average run of people. Moreover, he was in fear and trembling lest the passenger should appear on the bridge and start asking questions. Some questions are very awkward, especially if

the weather is thick and the position of the ship is more or less a matter of conjecture and uncertainty.

Bundy, indeed, felt that the whole reputation of the British Navy rested on his shoulders. It would never do for a soldier—a very distinguished soldier, judging from the kaleidoscopic array of ribbons on his bosom—to be blown up on a mine, or to leave the ship with an idea that undistinguished sailormen were in the habit of losing themselves in fogs. They never did such things in the army. So Mr Vickery, the only available host, had been given precise and very explicit instructions that the brigadier was to be kept below over his meal for just as long as it could possibly be spun out. But even a hungry soldier cannot linger over breakfast for ever.

'Hell!' suddenly muttered the lieutenant-commander, glancing aft to see the khaki figure of his passenger, shepherded by the gunner, advancing warily along the narrow deck. 'He's coming up here!'

'Oh lor!' said the sub. 'That's torn it! Suppose he asks where we are?'

'Smile sweetly, and just plump your finger on the chart and say, "This is the exact spot, sir." No humming and hawing, mind, and don't hesitate. Don't, for the Lord's sake, tell him we're anywhere near a minefield! He mightn't like it.'

'Do you mind my coming on the bridge?' asked the brigadier, halting at the foot of the ladder.

'Not a bit, sir,' said Bundy, with a cordiality he didn't really feel. 'Let me give you a hand, sir. Be careful of your spurs.'

'I don't like these steep ladders of yours,' laughed the military officer, arriving rather breathless at the top. 'It beats me how you fellows manage to get up and down when it's rough.'

'Oh, we get used to it in time, sir.'

'Thank Heaven it's calm to-day! This fog's bad, though. Do you often get it?'

'Not really often, sir,' said Bundy, groaning inwardly at the thought of what his next question might be. 'I hope they gave you a good breakfast, sir?' he added, adroitly changing the subject.

'Best breakfast I've had for months, thanks to you. Very kind of you to take pity on me. I started from London at six this morning on nothing but a cup of tea. Tell me,' he continued, 'who is that stout officer who looked after me so well? I didn't quite catch his name.'

'That's Mr Vickery, the gunner, sir,' Bundy explained.

'Most entertaining man. Some of the stories he told me of your doings quite made my blood run cold.'

The captain could quite well believe it, for Mr Vickery was a born raconteur. 'I expect he piled it on a bit, sir,' he said. 'He's a

holy terror for spinning yarns when he once gets started.'

The soldier smiled. 'What time d'you expect to put me ashore, by the way?'

'In about an hour from now, sir.'

'Shall I be in the way if I stay up here and look on? Say the word, you know, and I'll clear out.'

Really, he was quite the most accommodating 'brass hat' that Bundy had ever met.

'Stay, by all means, sir,' he said politely. 'I shall be de'—

'Something on the port bow, sir!' howled the look-out man in the bows, galvanised into sudden activity.

The commanding officer leapt to the fore side of the bridge, to see a vague, blurred-looking object looming up through the mist broad on the port bow. It was a bare eighty yards distant. It might be the buoy. But who ever saw a buoy like that? It was much too big.

The ship was travelling at eighteen knots, and in the drawing of a couple of breaths the thing was level with the bows. It was disappearing fast beneath the surface in a swirl of whitened water. It was an elongated gray mass with hand-rails along its upper surface and a couple of upstanding things like spars. It had indistinct white figures on it. Bundy, trembling with excitement and his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, knew!

In the brief moment vouchsafed to him in which to act he never lost his head. His mind worked quite clearly, and almost instantaneously he checked the first natural impulse to give the *Cyclone* full starboard helm in an effort to get home by ramming. Had he done so the final result might have been very different, for the submarine was well inside the destroyer's turning circle, and the *Cyclone* would never have swung round in time to deliver the blow.

Instead of that he did the very opposite, and shouting, 'Hard aport!' to the astonished quartermaster, who luckily had the presence of mind to obey the order without hesitation, swung the stern of his little ship towards the spot where the enemy was fast disappearing.

In another moment she had vanished; but the captain, bending down, had his hands on something on the floor of the bridge. He craned his neck to keep his eyes fixed on that whitened patch in the water. . . . He waited breathlessly. The *Cyclone's* stern was slewing fast.

'Good old girl!' he murmured beneath his breath. He pulled something hard, waited a moment, and pulled again.

He stood up with the sweat pouring off his face as the ship continued to swing. He darted round to the opposite side of the bridge to keep the spot under observation, jostling the astonished brigadier most rudely as he did so.

'Lord!' he murmured wildly. 'Don't say they're duds!'

They weren't. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when there came the muffled thudding roar of an underwater explosion. The ship danced and trembled as if she had struck a rock, and some distance away on the starboard quarter a huge mushroom-shaped dome of snowy water came to the surface and broke like a bursting bubble into a sparkling column of up-flung spray. Another deep concussion, and then the scene beggared description. The sea seemed literally to burst asunder with a rumbling crash like the eruption of a volcano. Then came a whistling roar like the sound of escaping steam, and a great fan-shaped mass of grayish-white water, stained with streaks of some denser, brownish liquid, went spouting skywards. And in the mist of the awful waterspout they saw the bodies of men, their arms and legs flung out at impossible angles, revolving grotesquely through the air; fragments of splintered wreckage and debris whirled round and round, up and down, like leaves in an autumn gale.

The submarine had been blown in two, divided like an egg, and the air from her interior, rushing to the surface, had carried in its stupendous blast every loose fitting and nearly every man.

It was a ghastly spectacle, and Bundy, sick at heart, felt his knees trembling beneath him. Even the brigadier, seasoned warrior though he was, seemed appalled, for his face was white under its tan as he clutched the bridge-rail and gazed at the eruption.

Then the scene became suddenly blotted out in a mist of spray as the torrent fell, pattering down on the water with a hiss like heavy rain. The air was filled with the pungent reek of oil-fuel. Great oily waves came rippling across the surface, and heavy, ominous splashes told of bodies and debris falling into the sea.

The *Cyclone* stopped her engines and went astern to check her way, and the atmosphere started to clear; but when they could see again, there was nothing but a huge circular patch of oil-fuel floating in a thick black scum on the surface, with here and there fragments of wood and a life-belt or two. And there were also the remains of what, thirty seconds before, had been hale and hearty men. Their faces were bleeding, their bodies broken, mangled, and torn. They cried piteously for help—help which so often they themselves had denied to their victims.

'Oh—a-a-a-h!' came their drawn-out howls of agony. 'Ah—a-a-a-a-h!'

An arm waved hopelessly in the air, and then disappeared slowly beneath the surface. A boat had been lowered from the *Cyclone* to save life. She was in the water in record time, her crew pulling lustily towards the spot on their errand of mercy, as if they were rescuing their own countrymen. But one by one the poor fellows

sank, and their agonised crying was for ever stilled. At last only one was left. He floated motionless, making no effort to save himself, and him the *Cyclone's* whaler rescued. He was an officer, the U-boat's commander, and still breathed when they brought him on board and laid him out on the steel deck. But the flickering spark of life in the battered body was nearly extinct, and he died a minute later without even opening his eyes.

It was all over.

Less than an hour afterwards a very chastened-looking little destroyer crept apologetically alongside a jetty in a certain French port.

'Report why you are so late in arriving,' signalled the senior naval officer.

'Submit,' the *Cyclone* replied, 'we were delayed through stopping to sink a hostile submarine. Request an officer may be sent to examine evidence.'

So some one, rather annoyed at being dragged away from his work in the middle of a busy forenoon, came on board, admitted the truth of Bundy's claim, congratulated him heartily, and then ordered him unsympathetically to sea to resume his patrol.

And Bundy now wears on his breast a small strip of crimson ribbon edged with blue; while a red-and-white U-boat's life-buoy hangs in the hall of the brigadier-general's home somewhere in peaceful Surrey. As for the *Cyclone*, she becomes older every day, while her gray paint becomes dingier and her sides more and more dented and streaked and patched with rust. But she has fulfilled the purpose for which she was created, and, ancient hound though she may be, can still wag her tail with the best of her modern sisters.

(Continued on page 557.)

## A VISIT TO BONTUKU.

By DAVID BOYLE.

I.

BEYOND the western boundary of our colony of the Gold Coast, which comprises also Ashanti and the Northern Territories, lies the French Ivory Coast, which forms part of the vast French African possessions, now supplying our Allies with such reserves in native troops and foodstuffs. Here, as in our own African colonies, the personal rule of the white man is the chief factor in determining the destinies and ambitions of the countless tribes that inhabit the forests and deserts of the interior, and where on the frontiers political posts are near enough to exchange courtesies, it is a happy custom for friendly visits to be paid by the respective officers. In the north-west corner of Ashanti there has been for many years a frontier station called Sikassiko, formerly a military post, but now merely visited from time to time by the commissioner of the district on tours of inspection. It lies at the junction of several roads into British territory, and within two miles of the French frontier; while some seven miles to the west is an old-established French post called Bontuku, a town of extraordinary interest.

Most of the villages and towns in this part of the country, whether French or British, are mere collections of thatched huts huddled together, extremely dirty, with one street running through the centre; but Bontuku is a real town of a different type and degree of civilisation. The road from Sikassiko dips down over some semi-open ground with ragged sentinel palm-trees scattered over it like ninepins, and crosses the valley of a river named the Tain, which roughly forms the boundary for a good many

miles of its course. Fordable at ordinary times, it can be an exceedingly nasty flood to cross, and the British side is approached by three or four hundred yards of marshy ground. Once you are across, however, a broad, newly made road leads nearly straight to the little village of Soko, where the French have a customs station inhabited by one white man, a few Senegalese military police, and innumerable fetish monkeys that leap from roof to roof in the village street in an effort to race the hammocks as you are carried past.

Another four miles through a forest and over a hill brings you abruptly to the edge of the cup in the hills where Bontuku lies. The hollow is covered with farms and patches of trees, and the flat mud roofs of the town and the encircling walls blend curiously with the surroundings. For the town is almost Moorish or Egyptian in character—great mud-baked walls all round, and flat-roofed houses with crenellated parapets, and here and there the pinnacles of a mosque. It is the centre of Mohammedan life in this part of the country, and must have been a settlement of great antiquity, an outpost, as it were, of Mohammedan trade and civilisation pushed south into the heathen sphere of the fetish-worshipping tribes. Until quite recently, indeed, it formed one of the greatest markets in the country, and Samori, the brigand chief who about 1890 overran this part of Africa with his marauding bands of light horsemen, used it as a slave-mart from which to export the captives of his spear to the kings of Ashanti and the south.

Now its glory has departed, its streets are but half-populated, and its markets deserted and shorn of their old splendour. An effort is,

however, being made under the wise rule of the present French commissioner to revive its importance, and at the same time to preserve its individuality; and the fact that it is the home of the Almami, a Mohammedan chief of great spiritual influence, coupled with the close friendship and relations now existing between the French and the British, may, if a good system of free trade can be instituted, again enliven its streets with merchants and commerce.

It is a town of surprises, of little peeps, almost Oriental in their beauty—a mosque standing up against the dazzling sunlight; a date-palm, with a donkey and its blue-robed driver bending under the welcome shade; a group of half-Arab girls carrying water in nicely poised earthenware jars upon their heads. At one side of the town there are some dye-wells, where a peculiarly dark indigo shade is used to stain the white robes of the north-country inhabitants; and under almost every tree and in every shady corner of a wall is found a primitive loom, through which the tireless weavers toss the shuttle so rapidly that the cloth seems to grow to completion before the eyes of the watcher.

The French have planted great avenues of trees—oranges and limes, flamboyants with their green cedar-like fronds a fit setting for their carmine flowers, and mangoes that in flower rival the horse-chestnut with their beautiful yellow candles, and excel it in fragrance; and a few hundred yards outside the walls on the north the European station has been laid out by some wise hand, for the buildings are of the same town-type on a larger scale, and adapted for European habits of living. Surrounded by grass lawns—the original grass for which came from our colony near by—the long, low houses give a pleasant air of civilisation to the scene; variegated crotons and other shrubs have been planted around; and in the centre of the square facing the town a flagstaff flies the tricolour, and on occasions, when the British commissioner is expected, the Union-Jack as well. For they are very courteous, our French neighbours, and in these days of war lose no opportunity of showing their pride in our alliance. Little else, indeed, is discussed on these visits but the war, and long budgets of Reuters from Coomassie, or Havas from Boaké, ten days away on the French railway, are eagerly pored over and translated for each other's benefit.

Situated as Bontuku is about midway between the Ashanti railway terminus at Coomassie and the Ivory Coast at Boaké, communication is largely dependent on roads, which are being fast improved on both sides and made fit for motor traffic; so that one day, when the war is ended, we may expect to see advertisements in London and Paris of a 'circular trip to Bontuku through the Ivory and Gold Coasts,' and the voice of the tripper will be heard in the land. Let us hope it will not be too soon, for a hasty

civilisation generally does more harm than good to the peoples of these countries. Progress, steady but slow, under the personal rule of the white commissioners, awakens the good instincts of the native without tempting the bad too quickly; and native customs, manners, religions, and traditions are more likely to become merged in the advantages of European culture by a gradual transition than by the false steps of a sudden unnatural rush of external imitation.

## II.

On the rare occasions when there happens to be a European lady on either side of the frontier fraternisations become very special events. Let us picture one that actually took place not so very long ago. About eight o'clock the two teams of hammock-boys, looking very smart in white singlets, dark-blue cummerbunds, and khaki shorts, are waiting outside the great thatched rest-house at Sikassiko. The English district officer and his wife, in their best clothes—and very uncomfortable in consequence—climb into the hammocks, and are trotted away at a smart pace down the sloping road to the frontier. A corporal of police and a small house-boy rush on ahead on their bicycles in high spirits; while a rather dejected little group stand watching the start, for competition to go over to Bontuku on these visits is very great, the French hospitality including free meals to the hammock-boys and other attendants, as well as to their masters.

It is September, and although not actually wet, there have been heavy rains lately, and the Tain valley is flooded to a considerable depth. We splash along the marshy road, and then the leading boys despatch one of their number to test the depth of the main stream. He steps in to his waist, and wades gingerly across. It will just take us, and, carried shoulder-high, our hammocks are borne carefully over. On the other side, in the French Ivory Coast now, a Senegalese soldier meets us, rifle slung over his shoulder, and a packet of newspapers, *L'Illustration*, *Le Temps*, &c., in his hand, together with a letter of welcome and a packet of cigarettes to while away the journey.

On we go again for about three-quarters of an hour, when a tricolour waving over a mud house warns us we are approaching the customs station. A khaki-clad little Frenchman stands waiting to receive us, backed by a guard of police, one an enormous fellow nearly seven feet high. I descend, we greet each other, and the Frenchman begs to be introduced to madame. We hold a little conversation there on the road, and, refusing an invitation to come in for an *apéritif* on the plea that we are already late for the time fixed for our arrival at Bontuku, we hand him a few English illustrated papers, and move quickly on through the village to the last stage of our journey. Some long-tailed fetish monkeys accompany us for a while, swinging along the boughs at a

tremendous pace; and then the road turns sharply uphill, and emerges through a patch of forest to the edge of the hills, below which Bontuku lies, as at the bottom of a cup. The last two miles are covered at a tremendous pace, the hammock-boys galloping in real rivalry, till, mindful of the official nature of our reception, I have to call my wife's men to hold back a bit and let me go in front.

Just outside the walled entrance to the town the French commissioner and assistant meet us in full uniform, and we dismount to a great handshaking and voluble inquiries after our health. We walk through the narrow streets of the town to a large open space in front of the Almami's house, where he and the other chiefs are drawn up to receive us. There is a maddening din, as of hell let loose, every conceivable form of instrument, from bassoons to wooden boxes hammered with sticks, being pressed into service; and circles of dusky belles, covered with silver and gold chains on their gleaming bodies, dance rhythmically around us in a serpentine course, while we shake hands with the Almami and other dignitaries.

By signs—for it is impossible to make one's self heard—we are invited to go inside and up on to the roof of his house, which we do, to see the whole town spread out beneath, encircled with avenues of greenery, and backed by the rugged tops of the blue hills that seem to cut off the world. Below, the shifting crowd dances and plays and shouts itself hoarse with excitement, the gaily coloured head-scarves of the girls mixing with the blue and white robes of the Mohammedans, and darker cloths of the fetish-worshippers, like some uncanny kaleidoscope.

The sun is getting pretty hot now, and we descend and walk by various ways through the market-place (which is being carefully restored in its old pattern by our French host), up some lovely avenues of flowering trees, to the European station—still pursued by the (literally) maddening crowd in all its dusty turmoil of infernal music. The guard of honour presents arms by the flag-staff, and it is a great relief to pass through the chicks that hang over the entrance of M. P——'s house, and sit down in the shade of his wide veranda. But the noise still continues right up to the steps, and after some vain attempts I at last succeed in persuading the French commissioner that, much as we appreciate the native welcome, we should prefer to have a chance of talking to our hosts themselves. We go outside again for a moment and say 'Good-bye' in fervent tones to our black friends, and then turn with relish to the table of cooling drinks that is placed by the long chairs.

A little conversation on the war and frontier questions is followed by an enormous lunch of eight courses, for which it seems that our hosts must have ransacked every corner of their larders. A vast variety of wines, accompanied by every

conceivable toast, from 'King George!' and 'La France!' to that of the local postmaster, who does (or does not) send on the Reuters, renders us comatose to the last degree. But our energetic friends will have none of that; we are dragged out in the fiery sunlight to inspect the prison, the vegetable-garden, the workshop, the court, and a thousand more proud specimens of modern progress, until at last we weakly murmur something about going. Startled out of his Cook's guide manner by this, the French commissioner firmly escorts us back to the house, and feeds us with sweet weak tea and biscuits, alternately pressing handfuls of stamps and curios upon us, snatched from the very walls of his house as he sees our admiring gaze fixed upon them.

By four o'clock, however, we really are off, our hammock-boys, equally replete with an enormous meal, at first labouring heavily along the narrow streets through the town. M. P—— says good-bye to us at the entrance, and away we go, gradually gathering speed as the sun falls, and the brief coolness of evening spurs our flagging carriers to thoughts of home. We dash through the frontier station without stopping this time, and on to the Tain; but it has risen considerably, and it is with the greatest difficulty, and only at arms' length, that the hammocks can be lifted over. This done, however, a short half-hour whirls us into the rest-house compound again at Sikassiko, to find our dog leaping madly with joy at our return, an English mail on the table, and the small boy standing ready to say, 'Massa, bath live for leady.'

#### THE TRANSFORMED GARDEN.

HERE through the summer days of other years  
Grew roses red and white;  
Here the tall lilies wreathed their lithe, straight  
spears  
With blooms which shamed the light.

Here on warm dewy twilights long ago  
The lingering odours clave,  
As English flowers on every straggling row  
Their perfect measure gave.

Now all is changed. The beans in martial line  
Stand to await their day;  
Whilst myriad blossoms on the pea-patch shine  
White, 'gainst the stems' green-gray.

Here, where was beauty for its own glad sake,  
Exotic and profuse,  
Onions, potatoes, leeks their offering make  
To serve the worker's use.

Yet deem not beauty fled. For whoso knows  
This garden's homely scent,  
These beds, these blossoms, and these clean green  
rows  
Findeth his soul content.

So might old Gardener Adam pause at e'en  
In some far well-delved plot  
To taste for one brief hour the joy serene  
Of Eden half-forgot.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### AN ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENT.

By C. THOMPSON WALKER.

BY the fortune of war I recently spent a fascinating day wandering about the town of Loheia (or Lohaia), on the Yemen coast of the Red Sea, some one hundred and seventy miles north-west of Mocha. Far away from any large trading centre, and cut off from regular communication with Red Sea shipping by a shoal which extends over two miles from the shore, this small town could have had but little trade before the war save a slight export of coffee to Aden. Once a month in peace-time a Norddeutscher Lloyd boat anchored off the town and transacted small exchanges of cheap German goods for coffee and dates. Until lately Loheia was held by the Turks, but a friendly tribe of Arabs, the Idrissi, with the assistance of a bombardment by British warships, captured the town, and now sit facing the Turks at a spot in the desert some twenty miles inland.

The mosque and the one or two large stone buildings in Loheia shine white under the tropical rays of a brilliant sun. The other buildings, mere huts most of them, are constructed of interwoven boughs plastered with mud and thatched with durra straw, and at any appreciable distance are hardly visible against the background of barren sandy hills.

We went ashore in a small dinghy, but the water is so shallow that we had constantly to get out and haul it over the shoals, and the short trip of three miles took us an hour and three-quarters. The natives navigate the shallows in frail, delicately balanced canoes, and the way they manage to control them under their small square sails in a choppy sea is positively marvellous. At least one deep channel leads from the last reef to the beach, and it may be presumed, from the number of deep-draught dhows pulled up high and dry on the muddy shore, that other such channels exist, of which we are ignorant.

As we stepped ashore the numerous vultures, sea-eagles, and redshanks that crowd the beach flapped lazily away, and we were greeted by a heterogeneous crowd of Arabs of every shade of brown, dressed in every conceivable kind of clothing. We had brought with us a Persian interpreter who spoke eight languages fluently, and whose services proved invaluable throughout the day. The wildest figures amongst the Arab crowd were the fighting-men, whose long silky

black hair, bound with one band across the head, otherwise devoid of covering, distinguished them from those occupied in peaceable trades. Men of splendid physique but of little courage, they were literally armed to the teeth. All had rifles of various makes, Turkish, German, English, and French, some of them dating back to 1860. Bandoliers of soft-nosed cartridges were hung from their shoulders, and like-furnished belts were buckled around their waists. Through the belts were thrust evil-looking daggers with highly ornate hilts of gold or silver, and at their sides hung sharp double-edged swords. Altogether they were, to outward appearance, a very formidable crowd. The civilians wear a single loose garment, not unlike a night-dress, taken in and fastened with a belt or a shawl around the waist. This is generally of some light-coloured material with a striped border. The headgear consists of either a little plant-pot-shaped or conical wicker-work cap, or a gaudy turban. I did not observe a single tarboosh or fez, although these are almost invariably worn by the Egyptians. During the whole day I saw only two or three women, and they were peasants. The better-class women, hardly stir from the harem, taking their exercise on the flat-topped roof. The faces of these women, unlike those of the Egyptians, are uncovered, but on any Christian approaching they hide the lower part with a corner of their garment. In addition to the various Arab tribesmen, there are a great number of Sudanese, Somalis, and Libyan negroes in the town.

Before I describe the day's doings, let me try to give some idea of the atmosphere of Loheia. Imagine, then, the burning sun beating down upon a dreary desert destitute of all vegetation. The town is bordered on the east by this desolate waste, and on the west by the waters of the Red Sea. Numbers of kites hover above the hovels and houses, from which the dazzling light is reflected so strongly as almost to blind one. An air of mystery, a suggestion of lurking death, broods over the tortuous alleys—the spirit of the East. The oppressive silence is broken only by the grunting of camels and the cries of sea-birds. The whole time one wonders what dread secrets these walls hold, what deeds of blood and passion have been enacted in their deep shadow. The nose is assailed by a thousand

Eastern odours, of putrefying rubbish, of fish, of burning scented wood and native tobacco, of coffee, of camels, and of *age* (for age has a peculiar penetrating odour of its own). The natives move silently and slowly among the deserted houses. A little trade is being transacted at the stalls of the fish-market and the shops of the grain-sellers; otherwise business is stagnant. The whole place and its surroundings give one the impression of being dead, so quiet and still is it.

At present the town is governed by one Said Mustafa Idrissi, the cousin of the king of the Idrissi, and to his house we made our way, passing through the market (now almost deserted), and followed by a large escort of fighting-men. Said Mustafa occupies the late Turkish Governor's house, a dirty, unpretentious, rambling old building, used also as a hospital and a prison. It faces an open square, in which a body of Idrissi were loading camels with rifles and ammunition, preparatory to departing for the fighting-line. A few Arabs were unloading small 'chatties' of water from the backs of camels, across which they had been slung in nets. Loheia never had a water-supply within its walls; even in peace-time all water was brought by camel from wells situated several miles inland. A few months ago the Turks held these wells, and the people would undoubtedly have had either to surrender or to perish of drought had they not been supplied with water from British warships. The wells have since been captured by the Idrissi, and a constant water-supply ensured.

An arcade runs in front of Mustafa's house, and in its shade was assembled a most interesting group of people. Reclining on wicker-work couches and smoking a highly ornate hubble-bubble were two prisoners under punishment for unauthorised looting. They were very lucky to be let off so lightly, for Mustafa generally gives short shrift to any one who disobeys his orders. A yoke is placed round the offender's neck, and one blow from a huge two-handed sword does the rest. The prisoners' ankles were secured with heavy iron fetters, but their hands were free, and, surrounded by their friends, and with most of the comforts of their everyday life, they did not seem in the least unhappy. We were introduced to the captain of the port, an aged and dirty Arab, dressed in a ragged gown and a white turban. When we arrived, he was taking snuff with one of his skippers. The snuff, which is simply dried and pulverised orange-peel, is contained in a short wooden cylinder, the outer surface being generally decorated and dyed with henna. Instead of inhaling it, the natives place a little on the tongue and roll it in the mouth. The 'captain' has command of a 'fleet' of several sailing-dhows and a few dug-out canoes. We inquired of him for Said Mustafa, and learned that he was away inland speechifying, in the hope of raising his

men to the frenzied pitch necessary before they can be persuaded to attack. We saw, instead, his chief assistant, who was most anxious to do us any good service that lay in his power. We accordingly asked him for a guide who could show us around the town. This he supplied, providing us also with an escort of fighting-men in case any 'accident' should happen to us.

On our way out of the house we passed through a room devoted to the wounded. Several of the inmates were rather badly hurt, but their wounds had been dressed by the ship's doctor, and with the assistance of their splendid physique they were getting along splendidly, in spite of the crowds of flies and the general filth of their 'hospital.' In a room on the ground floor we saw four or five captured Turks, men of fine appearance in spite of their ragged khaki uniforms. We were highly amused at the way these prisoners are treated. They are allowed to retain both rifles and ammunition 'so that they will keep in a good mood,' said our guide. They walk about at perfect liberty in the streets, and I even found one of them doing sentry duty in a deserted harem. Of this man I shall have more to say anon. We questioned these men, and extracted a certain amount of useful information as to the number and the location of their guns, and the strength of their forces.

After taking several photographs we proceeded to tour the town. Passing through the silent, dusty alleys, we were impressed by the wonderful skill in wood-carving evidenced in the magnificently decorated doors and windows. The doors generally bear a verse of the Koran carved on the lintel, and the jambs and panels are ornamented with cleverly carved flowers, foliage, and arabesques. The larger houses have big overhanging oriel windows, the latticed panels, which take the place of glass panes, exhibiting great beauty of design and perfection of workmanship. In many cases the principal 'members' are beautified by mother-of-pearl inlays.

We first visited the fort, to the east of, and overlooking, the town. Perched high on a sand-hill, the mass of ruins speaks eloquently of the effectiveness of our gun-fire. The fort was constructed merely of an outer and an inner facing of cut sandstone with an intermediate packing of broken coral, which, of course, offered little defence against cannon, but was doubtless effective enough against attack by natives. Not a stick of furniture or fittings remained to tell of its occupation, for the little the Turks left behind them the Arabs had looted. Descending the hill, we walked round the mosque, a lime-washed jumble of domes and colonnades, minarets, and cupolas, surrounded by a large burial-ground. Needless to say, we were not allowed within the precincts, but our guide assured us that the interior was perfectly plain, and lacked all the gorgeous embellishments usual to Mohammedan places of worship.

So far we had seen only buildings representative of the political side of the Turkish occupation, and as we were anxious to see something of the domestic side, the guide proposed to take us to the house of a well-to-do Turkish merchant who had departed with the fleeing enemy. Naturally our curiosity was aroused, the more so as we were informed that a good deal of the furniture and fittings still remained. On our way we passed the shell-shattered walls of the Turkish barracks, where, over the door, there was still a notice to the effect that this was the headquarters of the 1st Battalion. Within a hundred yards of this place lay the object of our curiosity, the house lately occupied by Abdul Ali Bergas, a Turkish merchant. On our knocking at the massive door, it was opened by an Idrissi, who, after challenging and receiving a satisfactory reply from our guide, admitted us. The building was guarded against looters by two armed sentries, a Somali and the Turk previously referred to. This was like locking the stable door after the horse is stolen, for long before order was established in the town all that remained in the house of any value had been annexed. The absence of any definite ground plan was most noticeable; the whole place was a maze of twisting, narrow staircases, corridors, and blind alleys. Frequently one would walk out of a room on to a roof, and thence up another flight of stairs to a higher floor. To some rooms entrance could only be gained by passing through several other apartments. Everywhere were evidences of confusion and hurried flight. Furniture was overthrown; the floors of several rooms were littered with books and papers; two chests lay open, filled with a jumble of sandals and box-irons, copies of the Koran and broken gramophone records, a patent egg-whisk and a native harp. Cupboard doors were thrown open, disclosing shelves bare, or holding broken fragments of cheap Austrian crockery. One could easily imagine the scene here when the order came to evacuate the town—the securing of donkeys and camels, the anxious debates as to what should be taken and what left, the excitement and dismay in the harem, the hurried packing, the anger when it was found that far too much had been packed for the small number of camels available for carrying.

On the ground floor was the office, littered with torn and dusty bills, receipts, circulars, and correspondence. A massive steel and concrete safe lay face downward. This safe we had been asked by Mustafa to open, as all the efforts of the Idrissi had proved abortive, and for the purpose we had brought with us a crowbar. Mustafa had forgotten, however, to inform the guard of this; and I had no sooner started work than I felt a dig in the ribs, and, looking up, found the Turk levelling his rifle at me. I knew no word of Turkish or even Arabic, so the situation looked rather serious until the

interpreter came to the rescue and explained. But that didn't satisfy the guard; they had been told by Mustafa, they said, that if he found anything disturbed or missing on his return, they should answer for it with their heads. Our escort evidently sided with them, and urged them to shoot us if we touched the safe. As we were unarmed, we began to fear that things might take a serious turn, when once again the interpreter stepped into the breach. If we were molested in any way, he said, those present would assuredly be blown to pieces by the ship's guns. Moreover, he added, he himself would be responsible to Mustafa for our actions. This had the desired effect, and we were allowed to proceed with our burglarious task, although in a distinct atmosphere of distrust and hostility. Opening the outer steel case, we came to a layer of concrete, under which was a sheet-steel lining. Conjecture was rife as to the contents—the natives thought money, the interpreter thought jewels; we plumped for bonds, shares, and deeds. One or two of us finally agreed with the interpreter, and nursed hopes of returning aboard laden with jewel-encrusted hookahs, gold-hilted daggers, and uncut gems, until the contents of the safe assumed in imagination the proportions of Sindbad's treasure. Great was the excitement as we prised open the last steel plate, and great the disappointment when we found—nothing!

A flight of stairs led from the office to a roof, crossing which, we reached several rooms comprising the harem or private apartments for women and children. One of these had evidently been used as a nursery and schoolroom. Exercise-books, English and French phrase-books, and copies of various Mohammedan works lay scattered about. The walls were adorned with framed texts from the Koran. Here I picked up a little Turkish diary. It contains only two entries—to neglect a diary seems a world-wide weakness. One of them reads: 'Remember to buy some ink and some pink ginger at Aden;' and the other is: 'To-day I despatched ten camel-loads of coffee and twelve of dates to Damascus.'

A further room resembled a workroom. It was here that we found the two wooden chests with their extraordinary jumble of Eastern and Western contents. A broken sewing-machine lay in one corner, and several blocks on which tarbooshes could be ironed stood on a shelf. The skeleton of a sunshade lay on the floor, together with several Arabian coffee-cups without handles.

Leaving this room, we entered the harem proper—a privilege granted to very few. It was a long, lofty room, lighted by a number of delicately traceried windows, glazed with panes of coloured glass, blue, orange, green, and red, through which the sunlight filtered dimly, giving a rather sombre, religious look to the place. On one side two doors gave on to a veranda—or perhaps it should be termed a colonnade, as it abutted

upon a roof—the outer wall of which was pierced by trefoil-headed arches, whose spandrels were splendid specimens of native lattice-work. The wooden columns were richly carved, and ornamented with mother-of-pearl inlays.

Both ceilings and walls of the harem were divided into squares, each square being painted with brilliantly coloured, highly intricate geometrical designs, carried out in miniature on the walls, and on a somewhat larger scale on the ceilings. They had a very pleasing effect in the subdued light. On each side of the room were wicker-work couches; one or two of their cushions remained, stripped of their covers. Under one of them we found a pair of wooden sandals, with little hollows on their upper surface worn by the daily pressure of dainty feet. These sandals are held in place merely by an ornamental peg which passes between the great toe and the next. A shelf ran around the room some eight feet above the floor, and on it were placed huge coloured glass vases, evidently intended for decorative purposes only, as there was no bottom to them. There were a few earthenware bowls and vases of graceful shape about the room, and one or two of these we took as souvenirs. As we left the house we again passed through the nursery, and remarked something that had previously escaped our observation—an English-made perambulator.

It was nearly four o'clock as we made our way once more to Mustafa's house, where his assistant was having a meal made ready for us. The few inhabitants were grinding maize and durra between two stones, preparing bread for the evening meal. Never have I sat down to so

strange a repast. We were given roast chicken, durra bread, and water. There were, of course, neither plates, dishes, cutlery, nor glasses. The chickens were served in the pan wherein they had been fried, and we had to tear them limb from limb and eat with our fingers. The fowls had been cooked in camel butter, which has a 'cheesy,' unpleasant flavour. The bread, baked in large flat cakes, was greasy and sour, and the water cloudy and brackish; but the spirit in which it was offered, when the town was suffering from such a shortage of food, was so generous that we all tried to eat with an appearance of great enjoyment.

As we were finishing, the captain of the port came up and informed us that in order to take full advantage of tide and wind, it was expedient that we should set sail almost immediately. Our host was praying with his face turned in the direction of Mecca. We made our adieus, thanking him heartily for his kindness, and suggesting that we would send him a present on our return to the ship. To our surprise, he thanked us, but refused to accept anything. 'Mustafa would never forgive me,' he said.

We were to return to the ship by dhow, as the fishermen knew the deep channels; accordingly we made our way to the beach, distributed backsheesh amongst the various boys who had carried our souvenirs, and embarked. The dhow was decorated at bow and stern with mosaic-work, and had an elaborate design embroidered on the great sail. We pushed off from the beach. Gradually the town receded, and to the crooned fishing-song of the boatmen we sailed gently towards the orange globe of the setting sun.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER III.—THE SONG ON THE HILLSIDE.

A RIFT in the winter's gloom, which was wont to linger long at bleak Borconium, gave promise at length of fairer weather. The eternal grayness of the sky was pierced here and there by a delicate blue, and gleams of pale sunshine played upon the grim, gray walls of the encampment, where the monotonous routine of life was presently to be broken by the coming of the legate of the British legions.

For many days before his arrival all was in a bustle of preparation with the overhauling of armour, burnishing of already glittering accoutrements, and general sweeping and garnishing of the well-ordered guardrooms, colonnades, and outer and inner wards of the fort; while in the officers' mess-hall the talk continually revolved round this latest subject of interest.

The legate's annual visit was, indeed, like the glad promise of spring to the garrison at Borconium. It increased the strenuousness of their duties for the time being, it is true; but it

gave a stimulus to the endless round of martial exercises, which, in spite of rigorous discipline, were apt to flag, and added a new zest to life, when every man vied with his neighbour to gain the legate's approval, both individually and for the honour of the cohort.

Æmilius Fabricius was immensely popular throughout the army in Britain—a popularity well merited, for the Eagles had no abler or more devoted upholder of their interests than he. But a measure of the pleasurable anticipation that the news of his arrival caused among the officers of the first cohort was doubtless due to the fact that Fabricius was usually accompanied by his daughter, Miniata Polla, the sole legacy of his passionately loved wife, whose death, soon after he had taken up his appointment as legate of the legions of Britain, had left him desolate and broken-hearted, to find his only comfort in her child, on whom he now lavished all his care and affection.

From her childhood Miniata had been accustomed to bear her father company on his long tours of inspection, and she was as well known among the legions as the legate himself. She had been the idol of both officers and men since the days when she had demanded their crested helmets to adorn her lovely childish head, or the centurion's insignia of authority to grip in her tiny hand while she held a mimic review of adoring and obedient legionaries.

And now at dawning womanhood, when all the fair promise of her childhood was being fulfilled in the beauty of her face and form and the graciousness of her nature, she was more than ever welcome to these men, to whom the company of a woman of their own rank was a pleasure only enjoyed at brief intervals when they were permitted a sojourn at one of the more southern settlements of the colony. Owing to the wild and lonely position of Borconium, wives were a forbidden luxury except among the British legionaries, or such of the Romans as had mated with women of British birth.

On the evening of his review of the cohort, it was the legate's custom to entertain all the officers at supper in the quarters set apart for his use, and this festive occasion afforded Marius Tarquinius his first sight of the much-lauded Miniata Polla. She did not sup with her father's guests, but appeared among them later while they still reclined at table, and was accorded an ovation. Every man rose to his feet and saluted her in military fashion, shouting greetings as if she were the empress.

To Marius Tarquinius, accustomed to the artificiality of the ladies of Roman society, the joyous simplicity of the girl as she acknowledged the welcome came somewhat as a disappointment. From his comrades' accounts of the charms of the legate's daughter, he had expected to see a woman more of the type of Octavia, Acte, or Berenice, or even Poppæa, the reigning toasts of Rome.

But Miniata Polla had no trace of the voluptuous beauty that excited men's passions in the Imperial capital. Her loveliness was like that of a wild flower, untouched by artifice, and entirely unconscious of its own beauty. Dark gold hair, crowned by a chaplet of natural ivy-leaves, hung in girlish simplicity about her shoulders and fell to her waist. Her slender, erect figure, not yet developed to full perfection, was robed in a pale-hued gown of fine wool, and about her waist was a girdle of bronze, fastened by a barbaric clasp set with lapis-lazuli. Her skin was of a fairness new to the Roman patrician, accustomed to the olive-tinted complexions of the South; and her cheeks had the bloom of youth and health, which deepened slightly as she inclined her head in acknowledgment of the officers' salutation. Her dark eyes shone as if stars were reflected in their depth, and her glad smile was as a child's in her ingenuous pleasure in the affection and admiration displayed on the strong,

bronzed faces turned towards her. Yet withal, such an air of deep maidenly reserve clung about her that Marius Tarquinius became acutely conscious she was as far removed from the women whose society he had enjoyed in Rome as was the land where they dwelt from this dreary outpost.

It was this feeling which prompted him to decry her charms in the mess-hall next day when the morning meal was over and most of the officers had betaken themselves to their duties.

'So you call her the fairest of women?' he laughed, with a pleasantness that covered contempt, when the ensign Cornelius Verus was loyally upholding the legate's daughter against his vaunted Roman beauties. 'Beloved Cornelius, prithee do not expose the deplorable fact that you have never kissed the lips, or even the finger-tips, of Berenice. You do not know what a woman is if you judge this daughter of Fabricius the fairest. What say you? The most innocent—the purest? Oh la! Hush, I beg! We do not measure our Roman ladies by such primitive standards. We leave these crude conceptions to barbarians—like our friend Cunobelin yonder,' he added, with a wave of his shapely hand towards the British centurion, who sat at the table.

Cunobelin looked up from the tablet of orders which he had been studying. 'That is well,' he remarked gravely in his rough accents. 'Yet it is not well for Rome. A woman who cannot be measured by such standards is not worthy to be the mother of sons for a great empire!'

Marius burst into a peal of derisive laughter and clapped his hands in scornful applause. 'Chaste Diana, what a truly barbaric utterance! So you consider the lady Miniata well fitted for that duty?' he inquired, turning insolent eyes upon Cunobelin, who flushed hotly beneath his tan. 'Mayhap you'—

The flush on the Briton's face seemed suddenly to burst into a flame of fire. His sombre eyes flashed with all the savage passion dormant within him, and before Marius could utter another word the Briton's hand was clutching his throat in a grip so fierce that it all but took the breath of life from him. 'It shall not pass your foul lips!' cried Cunobelin in a voice of fury, such as his comrades had never before heard from him. He shook the Roman as a dog its prey, then flung him from him on the stone floor, and fled from the hall with a cry that sounded to his mess-mates, sitting transfixed with amazement, like a bitter wail of shame.

It was the first time that the Briton had ever made answer to, or attempted retaliation for, the insults of Marius Tarquinius, and the sudden fierceness of his anger, under a provocation which seemed less galling than usual, surprised them.

Marius rose rather shamefaced from the stone flags where he sprawled, and after making some light remarks anent the might of the Briton's forearm, as if he wished his comrades to believe

he regarded the matter entirely as a jest, he passed out to pursue his morning tasks.

These presently led him to the butts to oversee the archers' practice in preparation for the legate's inspection on the morrow, when he would pass judgment on their proficiency. The targets were set on the hillside beyond the western wall of the fort, and passing out at the west gate, Marius bent his steps along the well-beaten path-way through heath and furze, his mind a prey to wild thoughts of revenge upon Cunobelin.

He had not gone many paces before he beheld the stalwart form of his enemy seated upon a little, bare knoll a few yards below him on the hill-slope. Cunobelin's back was towards him, his gaze bent upon the wild prospect stretching before his eyes—a vast, gray, desolate landscape of bare, stunted, wind-swept trees, colourless heath, and withered bracken, with the distant hills rolling upon one another in mist-wreathed gloom.

To Marius Tarquinius the view was hateful as this British comrade, whom it seemed to soothe and please. The centurion had bared his head to the keen air, and his brass helmet, lying by his side, caught the pale sun's rays and shone brightly, yet not more brightly than his deep-blue eyes, as he looked upon the scene, and crooned a song that these hill-slopes, in their primeval desolation, had never heard before.

Yet, as it came floating to Marius's ear on the still atmosphere, the air seemed to blot out the dreary landscape and the burning desire he felt to fall upon his adversary with his dagger as he sat there, unconscious of his near presence; for all at once it had wafted him in spirit to the warmth and scents and intoxicating delights of Rome. He knew not why. The song was new and strange

to him, yet it was vaguely, hauntingly familiar. Surely somewhere in that former life of ease and pleasure he had heard those strains rising on the laughter-laden air of the Imperial city!

He went on his way, but all that morning he was haunted by the melody of the song, and a persistent questioning as to what had been the manner of his first hearing it. Had it been amid the gorgeous splendour of the palace of the Cæsars, where the finest musicians of the world charmed the ear? Had it been in the luxurious perfumed boudoirs of the Palatine, where he had feasted to the strains of a lyre; or in the cool elegance of the great baths, where the senses were lulled by lightsome lilt? Or was it at some triumphal progress on the Sacred Way when the Imperial Guards made trumpets and cymbals ring? But no, to none of these places could he trace that sweet and tuneful air.

Marius Tarquinius prided himself on his fine sense of music, and rarely forgot the sequence of a melody he had once heard; but this British comrade's strange yet familiar song entirely baffled him, though he could not rid himself of the sound of it.

All the hours at the butts it mixed itself up with the hum of the bowstrings as the arrows were let fly; it seemed to be borne on the wind that whispered in his ears; even the wild birds calling overhead seemed to give forth the same notes. They pursued him wherever he went that day, until the afternoon, when a holiday was to be celebrated by a bull-baiting in the rude amphitheatre which the legionaries had hollowed out of the turf, not far from the spot where Cunobelin had sat singing that strange, sweet song.

(Continued on page 533.)

## THE VALUE OF RICE.

By CHARLES RAEURN.

THE great depletion of the world's reserves of food, now being brought home to us by the difficulty of obtaining supplies, and by the many and various food regulations which have lately come into existence, is not likely to disappear with the cessation of hostilities. With many of the wheat-lands of Europe devastated, or impoverished from lack of manure, the active male population sadly thinned and impaired in health and vigour, stocks of cattle, sheep, and pigs reduced to an alarming extent, and capital very hard to find, it will take many years to restore Europe to anything like its former productivity. So long as we have ships and command the seas the Allied countries may expect such relief as Canada, the United States of America, Argentina, Australia, and India can afford; but the serious shortages in central Europe will compel Germany and Austria, after peace is declared, to purchase at almost any cost, and will thus main-

tain prices at a very high level. Therefore, quite apart from the scarcity of tonnage, and the resultant high freights likely to rule, we must look forward to a series of lean years.

The importance of extended and intensive cultivation of the homeland cannot be exaggerated, and it is rightly being emphasised throughout the country at the present time. Next to the fullest possible cultivation of our own fields, it surely behoves us to take full advantage of the many resources of our Empire. We are beginning to realise that the two things most necessary for our subsistence are still, as of old, corn and oil, or cereals and fats, and, fortunately, in the British Empire there is abundance of both.

Dealing with cereals only, we have the enormous resources of Canada and Australia as wheat-producers pretty well known and appraised; but outside these recognised sources of supply there is in the ricefields of India an

enormous wealth of cereals which, so far as this country is concerned, has hitherto never been seriously drawn upon.

Rice has never been appreciated as a food in this country, yet it is the staple food—almost the sole food—of more human beings than depend on any other cereal. Dietitians tell us that rice is almost a perfect food, lacking only slightly in protein and in fats, but of equal food value, weight for weight, with wheat. It certainly appears to be capable of maintaining in sound and vigorous health many extremely hard-working and virile specimens of humanity.

The Japanese depend almost solely upon rice for their daily food. Their army and navy won the war with Russia on rice rations; and they are swiftly and surely securing for themselves an unassailable position in the commercial and industrial world on a rice diet.

All who know anything of the strenuous nature of life in China, of the hard, grinding toil which is the lot of the great mass of China's teeming population, will agree that only a well-nourished race could survive and multiply in the way the Chinese do. A Chinese coolie probably exerts as much physical force in the course of a day as any three British dock-labourers do in the same time; and he is able to do this on a diet made up of three-quarters of a pound to one pound of rice per day, with one and a half to two ounces of fat pork and a few bits of vegetable. The Chinese look upon rice as the one food *par excellence* for humanity, and only use millet, wheat, and other grains when rice is not obtainable.

China is probably the largest rice-producer and rice-consumer in the world. She produces, it is conjectured, some thirty to forty million tons annually, and in addition imports several hundred thousand tons. Practically no rice is exported by China, all being required to feed her enormous population.

Next to China in order of importance, so far as rice is concerned, comes India, where the crop in 1916-17 totalled about thirty-five million tons of cleaned rice. Here, as in China, rice is the principal food of the people. So much so, that in thirty different Indian languages and dialects the words 'rice' and 'food' are synonymous.

But India differs from China in that, while China not only consumes all she grows, but has to import, India is able to export a considerable part of her crop (from 7 to 9 per cent.). For some years before the war Indian rice exports approximated two and a half million tons per annum, 70 to 75 per cent. of the total being accounted for by Burma. Some provinces—Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, and Madras—produce much more rice than Burma does, but they require all they grow for their own needs or those of their near neighbours. If they do export some of their own grain, as does Bengal, which

sends us the variety known as Patna rice, Burma has to compensate them by sending supplies from her abundance.

For many years Burma has been the reserve food store of the Indian Empire. Her vast fertile plains have furnished the grain, and well-organised systems of transport, milling, and shipping have made it available for relief in many famine-threatened districts of India when, through failure of the monsoon, the native harvest was scanty. Not only to her sister-provinces in India does Burma send relief, but to any place throughout the East where there is scarcity—to China, when the dreaded Yellow River bursts its banks and sweeps all before it, as it has done recently; to Japan, when her crops are a failure; to Java, Manila, and wherever there is lack of cheap, wholesome food.

The total annual exports of rice from Burma (foreign trade and coasting trade with the rest of India combined) are roughly equal to the pre-war rice exports of India as a whole—that is, nearly two and a half million tons. Previous to the war about half of India's exported rice found its way to Europe, the remainder for the most part being sent to Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Japan, Java, and other Eastern countries. Amongst European importers Holland stood first in 1913-14 with three hundred and thirty-three thousand tons, or 13·8 per cent. of the total; Germany made a good second with three hundred and fifteen thousand tons, or 13·1 per cent.; Austria-Hungary took two hundred and eleven thousand tons, or 8·7 per cent.; while the United Kingdom took only one hundred and sixty-one thousand tons, or about 6·7 per cent.

Holland and Germany drove a thriving trade in polishing and re-exporting part of their imports. Indeed, in pre-war days most of the rice which found its way to the British table did so *via* Germany or Holland, one of the many instances of the wealth of the Empire being exploited by foreigners.

The war has upset most things, and amongst them the rice trade. Germany is no longer able to import, Holland can do so only to a limited extent, and Britain is coming in for a larger share of Burma's exports.

Rice is now being largely ground into flour, to be used in bread-making, but it does not appear to be finding much favour in its pure, unadorned state. This is unfortunate, for it forms an excellent substitute for wheat. It is far more nourishing than potatoes, and is likely to be plentiful and cheap when wheaten flour is scarce and dear. A lady recently told the writer that she liked rice, and would have it on her table every day, but now it was impossible to get *clean* rice, such as one could obtain in pre-war days; present supplies were so dirty, it kept one from using them.

In the above remark lies much of the secret of the failure of rice to meet with appreciation

in this country. We have somehow got into our heads that the whiter a cereal food is, the purer and more wholesome it must be. For years millers have laboured to provide us with a perfectly white loaf, throwing away some of the most valuable parts of the wheat-grain in so doing. The same thing has gone on in rice-milling; only, rice appears to suffer more than does wheat in being made to *look* clean and wholesome.

The most nourishing parts of the rice-grain are the pericarp, which underlies the husk, and two layers of cells rich in proteins which underlie it. These are invariably completely removed in milling rice for European consumption. Not only so, but the endosperm, or kernel itself, is injured by the removal of the valuable aleurone-cells which form its outer coating; and, worse still, foreign substances, such as synthetic indigo, glucose, talc, and paraffin, are added to obtain the translucent glassy appearance which the public demands. German and Dutch millers were past-masters in the art of doctoring rice, giving it a high finish, and incidentally removing all its most nourishing parts to be used for proprietary infant-foods or for stock-feeding.

The honest, wholesome rice-grain has a dull-gray or yellowish-gray appearance, and has a certain amount of mealy dust adhering to it. Although in its uncooked state it looks dirty, when properly boiled it is as white and appetising in appearance as the best-doctored product of a German mill, and contains more nutriment. If we in this country would realise this, we should

find that rice is as wholesome and satisfying as wheaten bread, and the problem of finding food in the lean years to come would be less difficult of solution. There would be no need to have our Indian rice recleaned and doctored in Germany or Holland, and there would be an incentive to further exploitation of the enormous food-producing potentialities of Burma and other parts of the Empire where rice is or could be grown.

But there probably is one other reason why rice is not popular in Britain. We have not learned to cook it. The most common rice dish with us is the rice-pudding. Only occasionally does one see plain boiled rice served with curried meat. A well-made rice-pudding is excellent, but very rare indeed; and well-boiled rice for curry may be said not to exist outside of the homes of those who have acquired the art of cooking it abroad.

But there are many other methods of serving rice, some of them most appetising. They can be found in any good Indian cookery-book; and if a little thought and care be used in substituting for the peculiarly Indian seasonings and flavourings recommended such similar ingredients as are readily obtainable or are preferred, very excellent dishes can be made. These Indian cookery-books will also give instructions in boiling rice; and their perusal, followed by some practice and a little experimenting, will enable any good cook to prepare at least a dozen different dishes of which rice forms the major part.

## THE GOLDEN SNUFF-BOX.

### PART II.

**I**N this surmise the Little Bird proved correct. For well-nigh a fortnight Bruce and he spent an innocent mountaineering holiday exploring the *vallées et suzerainetés* of the miniature republic. They tramped the mule-tracks round the mountain-flanks. On the high slopes the sheep-bells tinkled about them; in the deep ravines the swollen spring waters alternated thunderous roar and babbling lullaby. They made acquaintance with many a red-capped peasant working on the patches of arable land amid the corn and vegetables and vines, or leading his laden mule amid the wild flowers that clothed the lower slopes. Señor Maquin displayed a constant lively interest in Bruce's literary researches, and, to do him justice, was able materially to forward them by his previously acquired knowledge of the country. At last a day came when, at a specially convened meeting of the little Andorran Council, the keys of the archive-chest were produced, and the precious bit of parchment containing the reputed charter of Charlemagne was brought to light, photographed, and replaced. To celebrate the occa-

sion, Bruce, with proper American liberality, entertained the entire Council at the best dinner the Fonda of the Six Curats could provide. He delivered a speech, which he concluded by toasting the Syndic and Council, the Bishop of Urgel in Spain, and the Count of Foix in France, whose escutcheons in white stone are affixed over the solid oaken door of the Council House.

'Little Bird,' said he as they went to bed that night, 'I feel like a State personage.'

'To-morrow, Señor Bruce, we must go fishing,' was the answer. 'In the meantime, I have made a discovery of more interest than the charter of Charlemagne.' Glancing at the door, the old Catalan drew from his pocket a slip of paper, and spread it in the light of the candle.

Bruce looked it over, held it to a mirror, and turned with a grave face. 'How did you get this, *Pajarillo mio*?'

'Very simply. While you were delivering your great speech I embraced the opportunity to enter by mistake the room of Señor Maquin, who, as you may have observed, had changed his coat for the dinner. I have noticed that when

a man changes his coat, he sometimes forgets to change the contents of his pockets. What does the paper say?'

'It is a complete list of ships lying in the ports of Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Perpignan, with their destinations, and the probable dates of their departure.'

'*Hombre!* That fellow must have some clever confederates on the French side. What will you do?'

'We must arrange our fishing expedition as near the frontier as may be. Maquin is certain to accompany us—his suspicion is not dead. It will be for us to make an opportunity to seize him, bind him, carry him bodily across the frontier, and hand him over to the French authorities to deal with.'

As it happened, however, the morrow was a day of pouring rain, and the expedition accordingly had to be postponed. All morning the companions sat in the little inn. Instead of the noble view of green vale and towering, pine-clad mountain, there was nothing visible but sheets of rain. At the midday meal, to their surprise, Señor Maquin did not put in an appearance. Mine host explained that he had been called to Seo on urgent business connected with his firm, but would be back that night. When mine host had gone, the Little Bird looked at his companion.

'He has missed his paper! I should not wonder if the urgency of his business prevents his return, after all.'

Bruce looked grave. 'In that case, we must go after him. We must have him watched. We have the paper.' He took out his pocket-book, and gave a startled exclamation. 'The paper is gone!'

'Look carefully. Are you certain?'

'There is no room for doubt. The landlord'—

'I think him honest. But this Maquin is too clever for us. He has gone to Seo to send his news to the coast. He will come back to laugh at us.'

And that night Señor Maquin came back. The spy was wet through, but in excellent spirits. He smilingly informed his fellow-guests that his firm had been able to do an excellent stroke of business, for which his presence at the telegraph-office had been necessary. He discussed the proposed outing for the morrow with great gusto, and notwithstanding the nearness to the frontier of the locality which the Little Bird suggested, he gave the scheme his full approval. 'I will show you such a stream as Adam fished in Eden,' he promised.

'In Eden there were serpents, señor,' said Pajarillo.

'In Andorra,' Maquin answered gaily, 'there are none.' But he gave the smuggler a queer look out of his little, dark eyes.

Next morning the three men set forth together. It proved a long and somewhat

arduous journey to the stream so eloquently praised, but when they reached it, it certainly promised well. They had not been fishing long, when a fourth individual came up—a peasant of the district, to judge by his dress. He carried a carbine in his hand, and greeted Maquin as an acquaintance. After a few perfunctory remarks, however, he passed on up the gorge through which the stream ran, and was quickly out of sight among the pines.

When he was gone Maquin laughed, and asked, 'Do you know what that fellow is, Señor Bruce?'

'Not in the least.'

'You will be able to write in your articles that you have spoken with a real Andorran smuggler. They are all smugglers hereabout, more or less. It is, one might say, the national industry of the republic. Our friend is a little nervous because we are so close to the frontier, on the other side of which he is unpopular. If you will excuse me, I should like to have a few words with him while you continue your sport.' With a curious smile, he followed the stranger up the gorge.

'Little Bird,' said Bruce quietly, 'if our line had not been fouled, it strikes me that is the second fish we might have hoped to land.'

'But, as it is, señor, I have an uneasy feeling that if we remain here many minutes we shall receive a message from our fish in the shape of a bullet from that carbine. It is my opinion that we should enjoy our fishing better if we went a few yards down-stream, where we could obtain the cover of yonder corner of rock.'

'If we move they will think we suspect.'

'For my part, they are welcome to think what they like, provided we secure ourselves against a shot in the back. I have a horrid tickling between the shoulder-blades.'

Bruce smiled. 'The sensation is infectious, Little Bird. Let us do as you say.'

Avoiding backward glances, they moved off slowly, and, considerably to their relief, gained the cover of the rocky corner without any untoward happening. They were deliberating on their further procedure, when they were both startled by a hoarse challenge

'*Halte-là! Qui vive?*'

A lieutenant and half-a-dozen men in the sky-blue uniform of the French soldiery advanced, with rifles at the ready, from the trees on the slope a few feet above. The two companions were completely taken aback, but Bruce politely saluted the officer, an elderly man with a fierce-looking gray moustache.

'Pardon, *M. le lieutenant*; we are, I believe, in Andorran territory.'

'You are in France, messieurs. Andorra lies five hundred metres to the south of you. Where are your passports?'

The passports were produced, and the lieutenant frowned as he inspected them. 'These passports specify that you are permitted to enter

France from Italy, and to leave it for Spain at Port Bou. You must submit yourselves to be searched.'

'Willingly, *M. le lieutenant*.—Hands up, Little Bird. We are with good friends here.'

The search was a thorough one. When Bruce's revolver was brought to light the lieutenant's frown deepened. But presently the soldier who was searching the Scot handed his officer something which brought a more ferocious look into the old soldier's face. He held up a little piece of paper, bared his teeth beneath the gray moustache, and uttered one word: '*Espion!*'

At that terrible accusation Bruce caught his breath, but next moment squared his shoulders and faced the lieutenant with unflinching eyes. 'Monsieur, I do not understand,' he said gravely and proudly.

'*Mes enfants*,' the old Frenchman addressed his men, 'if either of these fellows moves a finger, empty your rifles into him.' He held up the paper before Bruce's face. 'After all,' he said bitterly, 'you must be a shiftless rascal to carry your death-warrant in your pocket across the frontier. Here is a nice list of ships in the ports of Marseilles, Perpignan, and Bordeaux. *Messieurs les Boches* will be disappointed when they do not receive this list of intended victims. Tell me the name of your confederate in France. It may possibly serve you.'

'*Monsieur le lieutenant*, I swear to you, by all that is most holy, by the blood of our countrymen who have fallen, that my comrade here and I are the persons mentioned on those passports, and no other. For six months we have been engaged together in the work—the difficult and dangerous work, monsieur—of tracking these Boche submarines and their helpers in Spain; and that we have had good success I am in a position to prove to you, if you will have a little patience.'

'Patience!' the old man snorted. 'This paper does not call for patience, but for explanations.'

'*Monsieur le lieutenant*, I agree.' Yet the Scot read in the keen, dark Southern face that no mere verbal explanations would save himself and his companion from the summary execution which threatened them. A desperate expedient suggested itself. 'With your permission,' said he quietly, 'I hope to provide an explanation which will satisfy you of the truth of what I say, and at the same time be the means of securing for you the real spies, whom my companion and I have been shadowing for some time in the territory of Andorra.'

The Frenchman shrugged incredulously. 'If you can do that, monsieur, you will do a very good thing for yourselves. I await your explanation.'

'The men whom you are seeking are in the pine-woods round the bend of this gorge, not a kilometre from this spot. I ask you, *M. le lieu-*

*tenant*, to bind my comrade and myself in such a manner that we cannot move hand or foot.'

'*Et puis alors?*' The grizzled old man showed a faint interest.

'And then I ask you to take us both up this stream to a point ten metres on the French side of the frontier. Draw up your men a score of paces from us—I observe they all have magazine rifles—and order them to fire. But in the interests of justice I beg you to give them the strictest orders to fire over our heads. At the first volley I will drop. At the second my comrade will do likewise. You will then order your men to retire; but as soon as they are beyond the shoulder of this rock, and invisible from the higher angle of the gorge, let them work back through the pines to a point from which, while themselves concealed, they will completely command our bodies. There let them await what will happen. It will be impossible for us to escape, for we shall be fast bound. I, however, after a short time, will make some signs of life, and will attempt to drag myself nearer to the Andorran side of the frontier. Then, unless I am very much mistaken, you will see the two men whom you are seeking come out from hiding and approach our bodies, for it will not suit their purpose that there should remain the least chance of our surviving. At whatever moment you deem it expedient you will summon them to halt, and according as they may behave you will know how to deal with them. You will see, *M. le lieutenant*, that the proposal which I have the honour to make to you is not without danger to myself and my companion, but the matter affects not only the lives but the honour of us both. Therefore, in case of any accident happening to us in the course of this experiment, I will ask you to apply to the officer in command of the customs post at Cerbère, who has certain evidence in his possession that we are no spies, but rather the hunters of spies and murderers. That incriminating paper, I swear to you, was placed where you found it by other hands than mine. I rely on you, as a French officer and a gentleman, to make this investigation, and establish our identity. For, if I am to die, I should not wish my name to be branded with unmerited infamy. Will you do this, *M. le lieutenant?*'

The veteran hesitated, meeting the Scotsman's grave gray eyes.

'War is a hard teacher,' said he at last. 'I have a son about your age, fighting for France. I would not willingly send to death a young man who at least has courage and the look of honesty. My men are all picked shots, so I risk nothing. I will do as you ask.—Bind them, *mes enfants*.'

Donald Bruce bowed stiffly, and in a few sentences explained to Pajarillo what was to happen. The Little Bird shrugged his shoulders, and submitted philosophically to be bound.

The plan was carried out in every detail as

Bruce had suggested. It was a trying moment when the two stood up and faced the line of loaded rifles. Suppose one of those blue-coated marksmen aimed awry!

The reports rang out, and the bullets sang past their ears. Bruce pitched forward and lay still. The Little Bird rolled sideways to the ground, wriggled convulsively a moment, and was still likewise.

The French lieutenant stepped forward, bent over the bodies, and turned them on their backs. '*Mon Dieu,*' he muttered as he did so, 'but you played that well! Spies or honest men, you are a pair of bold fellows.' Returning to his men, he gave the word to retire in a loud voice, and the frontier guards withdrew.

Bruce and Pajarillo lay staring up into the blue sky, listening with all their ears for the sound of approaching footsteps. The breeze made a faint murmur in the pines, and the stream babbled musically beside them, but there was no other sound. 'Now!' whispered the Little Bird at last. '*Vaya con Dios!*'

Bruce made a feeble movement. He groaned. Then he rolled himself slowly along the rough ground for a few feet, and again lay still.

A noise of stealthy footsteps caught his listening ear. With a great effort of will he shut his eyes. He felt, rather than saw, a shadow between him and the sun. He heard a whispered counsel: 'The knife is best, *compañero*. It makes no noise.' He set his teeth, still keeping his eyes closed.

And suddenly, imperiously, broke in a shout: '*Halte-là!*'

Bruce opened his eyes. Señor Maquin and the man with the carbine were standing between him and Pajarillo. Maquin held a naked knife. A deadly pallor was in his face as he stared round for the challenger. His companion, quicker to realise the situation, sprang for the shelter of the trees, but as he leaped there was a crackle of musketry, and he dropped in his tracks.

Maquin, the spy, saw himself trapped. Like a dog at bay, he drew back his lips and bared

his teeth. At that moment his eyes encountered the gaze of the helpless Scot, and the fury of a trapped animal overwhelmed his judgment. With a look of savage spite, he threw up his knife-hand to strike. But even as he bent to deliver the point the rifles spoke from the pine-wood, and his corpse rolled across the body of his intended victim.

It was the old lieutenant himself who pulled it off. 'That was a pretty close thing for you, my friend,' said he to Bruce. 'It is fortunate that my lads have learnt to shoot.' Without releasing his prisoners, he lit a cigarette, and proceeded to examine the pockets of the two dead men. And meantime Bruce gave him at length the story of his expedition into Andorra.

By the time the lieutenant had completed his investigations he had reached the end of his cigarette. He threw the stump away, and with his own hands unfastened the Scot's bonds, directing his men to do the like for Pajarillo. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'if you will trouble yourself to accompany us to Montlouis, this business may have a fortunate ending for all of us. From what I have been able to discover on these two rascals, I should judge that France and the cause of the Allies have reason to thank you and your companion. I will not apologise to you for what has happened, for you are both brave men, and understand the difficulties of the times. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre!* Will you give your parole to come with us to Montlouis?'

'To tell you the truth,' said Bruce, 'I was becoming very much interested in my researches into the history and customs of Andorra. But that must wait.—*Pajarillo mio*, we are going to Montlouis.'

The Little Bird stretched his stiffened arms, which the soldiers had now released. 'And my poor wife and family, who are looking for me in Barcelona?' he dolefully replied.

'They also must wait,' laughed Bruce.

'*Ay de mi!*' said the Catalan. 'It seems we shall never get home!'

THE END.

## THE FAME OF GLENLIVET.

By R. H. CALDER.

SOME places, like some persons, achieve fame, or have fame thrust upon them; and as Cremona is famous for its violins, and Newcastle for its coals, so Glenlivet is famous for its whisky. The name of the place has, indeed, become a synonym for whisky, the fame of which may truly be said to be world-wide.

A Glenrinnes man who had travelled a great deal used to relate that sometimes in company in a distant land, if he happened to mention the name of his native parish, and the question arose as to where exactly Glenrinnes was, he satis-

factorily solved the problem of its geographical position by stating that it was just next parish to Glenlivet. The name Glenlivet never failed to call forth a smile of delighted recognition, though the acquaintance of the strangers with Glenlivet might be only of the kind indicated by the worthy church dignitary who declared that though he had never been in Glenlivet, Glenlivet had often been in him. A Glenlivet man frequently observed that when he was introduced anywhere, his own name might be received with indifference; but if it was further

mentioned that he was from Glenlivet, he was immediately regarded with the keenest interest. And on one occasion the lines from *Hamlet* were rapturously quoted with reference to him :

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.

As regards fame, indeed, the only serious rival Glenlivet ever had, at any rate in the north, was Ferintosh ; and the fame of Ferintosh rested not so much on the quality of its whisky as on its cheapness. Ferintosh, however, had one great stroke of luck owing to the time at which it flourished ; and if its product was not a better whisky than that of Glenlivet, it was better sung. If its fame and vogue were only transient, its name was inscribed in immortal verse ; and Professor Aytoun's

Had ta mixture peen  
Only half Glenlivet

is tame compared with the full-throated eulogy and lament of Burns :

Thee, Ferintosh ! O sadly lost !  
Scotland, lament frae coast to coast !  
Now colic grips, an' barkin hoast  
May kill us a' ;  
For loyal Forbes' charter'd boast  
Is ta'en awa !

From Dr Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Burns* we learn that 'for services and expenses on the public account at the Revolution, Forbes of Culloiden was empowered, by an Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1690 to distil whisky on his barony of Ferintosh in Cromartysire, free of duty. By the Act of 1785 dealing with the Scottish distilleries this privilege was declared to be abolished,' compensation to the amount of £21,580 being granted. Thus Ferintosh paled its 'uneffectual fire' before the rising sun of Glenlivet.

As above indicated, therefore, the fame of Glenlivet for whisky is not of very long standing. Several centuries ago Glenlivet may well have been famous for its

Castles three,  
Drumin, Blairfindy, and Deskie,

and for the royal Stewarts and gallant Gordons who were associated with those castles. Sir Robert Sibbald, about 1680, described Glenlivet as 'an excellent country for corns and pasturage.' It is unlikely that Glenlivet had any special reputation for whisky before the middle of the eighteenth century. The word 'whisky,' the first part of the Gaelic *uisquebaugh* (*uisge-beatha*), 'water of life,' a very innocent word, appears to have been first used in a letter from Inverness in 1736.

The art of distillation is, indeed, very ancient. It was known and practised in Egypt, India, and China many centuries before the beginning of the Christian era. So that neither Glenlivet nor any other Scottish glen may claim the credit or bear the blame of having 'begun it.' But whoever their teachers may have been, the

inhabitants of the moors and dells and burnsidles of Glenlivet were apt pupils, and became cunning chemists and enterprising purveyors of a liquor which was highly appreciated wherever it was known. The whisky-tax, or rather malt-tax, made the smugglers, and the smugglers made the fame of Glenlivet whisky. In the production of this liquor they were favoured by certain natural advantages. The numerous springs and rills of the district afforded an abundant supply of water admirably suited for the purposes of distillation. From the neighbouring mosses they obtained conveniently a sufficient quantity of peat fuel which was employed in drying the malt, and which imparted to the liquor what connoisseurs called its 'delicious flavour.' Even the climate and the altitude were favourable to the manufacture of whisky. And the very remoteness and inaccessibility of the region aided the votaries of the 'sma' still' in their devices to 'jink the gauger' and cheat the excise.

But, after all, Glenlivet had no monopoly of the natural advantages referred to—of water, and peat, and climate, and altitude. Nor was Glenlivet the only glen in which illicit distillation was industriously carried on. The inhabitants of other glens, near and distant, also took their full share in 'brewin' a drap.' In fact, they all did it. Then why was Glenlivet singled out to bear the name and the fame (or dis fame) of being the chief source and fount of whisky ? It may at first have been partly accidental. A *bona fide* Glenlivet producer, we may suppose, delivered a keg to a customer of standing in Aberdeen or Perth. The customer pree'd and appreciated, and ascertained where the spirits came from ; and the very form of the name Glenlivet—soft, and liquid, and easily pronounced—may have also commended itself to the favourable regard of the consumer. Then in entertaining his friends the connoisseur drew from the Glenlivet keg. The friends also pree'd and appreciated, and inquired where such liquor could be got. The friends' friends became interested. Thus the ball was set a-rolling and gathered momentum, and thus the fame of Glenlivet grew and spread. Then producers in other glens on Speyside, Don-side, and Deeside, ascertaining that there was a demand for Glenlivet whisky, promptly and obligingly provided a supply ; and much whisky was put upon the market as Glenlivet whisky which never saw Glenlivet.

At all events, something very similar to that actually happened at a later time in connection with the licensed distilleries. The proprietors of distilleries in the neighbourhood of Glenlivet—in some cases a rather remote neighbourhood—recognising that the name 'Glenlivet' had a commercial value, proceeded to use that name along with the name of their own distilleries to designate the produce thereof. About 1886 the proprietor of the distillery in Glenlivet raised an action in the Court of Session to protect what he claimed

to be his right to the sole use of the name 'Glenlivet' as a trade name. He did not succeed, however. All he was allowed was the right to the use of the designation 'the' Glenlivet distillery. He failed in his main contention chiefly on the ground that it was the smugglers who made the reputation of Glenlivet whisky, and

that the name 'Glenlivet' had come to be a synonym for whisky. Some twenty distilleries, therefore, continued to use the name Glenlivet with a hyphen, thus maintaining and amplifying the fame of Glenlivet—a remarkable instance of a place that has both achieved fame and has had fame thrust upon it.

## THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON, Author of *Action! The Sure Shield*, &c.

### I.

'YOU'LL engage her, of course?' Petty Officer Jumper Collins's face was a mask; only the eager glint peering from his eyes betrayed the blood-lust eating up his soul.

Temporary Lieutenant Roderick Frazer, R.N.V.R., captain of His Britannic Majesty's armed motor patrol boat *Chi-Chi*, turned, a whimsical smile creasing the corners of his mouth.

'We've never run away from a scrap yet, Collins,' he said; 'and I don't think this will be any exception to the general rule. And, as this chap is big enough to hoist us in, you'd better clear away your gun, and stand by.'

Afar off, the unmistakable form of an enemy torpedo-boat could be seen bearing down upon the little motor-craft at high speed, her course converging on Frazer's own. Occasionally the short, choppy sea rose up and beat against her, as though intent on delaying the moment when she should annihilate her puny antagonist; it seemed, indeed, as though the waters fought on the side of the weaker vessel.

'She's making heavy weather of it, too,' muttered Roderick. 'That'll give us a better chance, for she can't be a very stable gun-platform in this sea; and as for slamming a torpedo into us—well, she couldn't do it if we were stopped and willing to receive such an inconvenient present.'

Petty Officer Collins, the only pukka fighting-man among *Chi-Chi's* crew of six, flung a report into the teeth of the gale.

'Cleared away, sir,' he called.

Frazer nodded, took a glance at the lean muzzle of the Vickers semi-automatic three-pounder peering over *Chi-Chi's* bows, flung a look astern at the perky, little, brass-jacketed Maxim, which was the boat's only other gun, and grinned.

'Maybe we shall do the torpedoing, if there's the least opportunity,' he exclaimed.—'Weekes, clear away the dropping-gear.'

The seaman bent to the tong-like apparatus which cluttered *Chi-Chi's* narrow deck, and cast ropes loose here and there. When he had finished, the glistening shapes of a pair of fourteen-inch torpedoes showed ready for any sudden call.

Boom! The torpedo-boat fired her ranging-gun, a twelve-pounder perched on her fore-castle. But the shot went high, and pitched into the sea a good fifty yards past the labouring motor-boat.

'That's a rotten one, if you like,' muttered Collins to the couple of men who formed his gun-crew. 'Wait till the range narrows; I'll show 'em how to shoot in heavy weather.'

*Chi-Chi*, instead of boring her nose into the oncoming seas as did the torpedo-boat, rode each successive wave like a duck, being plainly in sight of the enemy's gun-layers at one moment, and the next completely hidden by the mountains of water rolling rapidly across the face of the ocean. Also, having the current astern, she was comparatively dry, whereas a film of scurrying wetness swirled hither and thither across her adversary's decks, and handicapped her shooting all the more.

'You can commence as soon as you like, Collins,' Frazer was now the steel-cold man of action. 'But please don't waste any more ammunition than is necessary. We're likely to want all we can muster before we get out of this little scrimmage.'

The three-pounder barked snappishly, Collins watching for the spout of spume which should indicate the shell's falling. It appeared dead in line with the torpedo-boat's bows, but some hundred yards ahead of her.

'Right a bit,' muttered Jumper to himself, adjusting his sight. 'Stand by, you two, for a burst of rapid.'

He bent once more, and the three-pounder barked aggressively for a full minute. Through his sights Collins could see the little brown clouds where his shells exploded. He was firing at the torpedo-boat's bridge, his object being to put her steering-gear out of action, so that she must perforce heave to while her alternative wheel was connected, during which period opportunity might be found for the discharge of a torpedo from the dropping-gear.

But the enemy was having something to say in the matter. That fore-castle twelve-pounder had now almost found the range, and every time *Chi-Chi* appeared in sight he dropped whistling shells into the seas all around. Some ricocheted upwards and went spinning into the harmless distance; others burst close at hand,

and deluged the gun-crew with upflung showers of spray.

'A wet shirt—and no fish!' observed Collins at one such time. 'Here's your shell back, Fritz, and you're welcome to it.'

Collins was suddenly conscious of a vivid burst of flame exactly in front of his sights; something excruciatingly hot tore across his forehead and through his left shoulder, and he felt himself falling through space. Then, after an interval which seemed like an eternity, he struck the bottom of the world—it was really the well where *Chi-Chi's* motors had their purring being—and a drop of molten lava hove itself from out of chaos and settled on his cheek.

'Who the hell'—Collins raised himself on his elbow. Through the turmoil of the storm, the gun-firing, and the clatter of the motors close at hand, Jumper felt something like warm milk stealing over his eyes; he raised a hand and dashed the stuff away. Then, stupidly and wonderingly, he gazed at the back of that hand.

'My God!' he muttered. 'Blood!'

He jumped to his feet like one possessed, gazed wildly around, and then, with a bitter oath, clambered back to *Chi-Chi's* heaving fore-castle. With exceeding roughness he grasped at the shoulder of his lieutenant.

Frazer, as soon as his gun-layer had gone, had left his post aft and brought the three-pounder into action once more.

'Here, out of this!' snapped the seaman. 'I owe those blighters something—and it's my gun.'

Frazer replied never a word; one glance at the berserk petty officer was enough. The next minute Collins was firing with the strange coolness of insanity, while the lieutenant thrust cartridge after cartridge into the self-opening breech as the gun recoiled.

Closer and closer came the enemy, and now her twelve-pounders found the exact range. Their spaces of destruction were limited by the period during which *Chi-Chi* was in sight, but they made the most of them. One shell came along and ripped the port dropping-gear right out from its sockets, a second took the brass-jacketed Maxim clean overboard, and a third exploded clean above the centre of the boat. Weekes spun round with a queer, choking cry, the heavens seemed to open, and Frazer dropped to the deck.

Again Collins felt that burst of hot metal, again the sudden hot thrust of a sliver permeated his body, and again that gush of lukewarm fluid spread itself, this time down his broad back.

'Damn!' he snapped, not because of the pain of his new wound, but because the three-pounder breech-block suddenly jammed. 'Now we are done.'

A fountain of water arose under *Chi-Chi's* bows; the thunder of universes pealed out above

her once more; and her motors, with a sudden, gasping cry of almost human pain, ceased their purring. *Chi-Chi* was taking the count.

Then, out of pandemonium, came a louder report than ever. Then another, and another, till the loudness was as a continuous roll. Collins raised himself on his elbow and gazed ahead just as a wave lifted the boat to its crest.

'Gosh!' he muttered. 'It's the end of the world!'

For some obscure reason, a great fan-shaped gout of flame rose from between the torpedo-boat's funnels; a long, thunderous crash ensued, and, before the gun-layer's eyes, the enemy broke clean across the middle and sank before a single hand could save himself. Thereafter there was naught but darkness in the world for Collins and for the rest of *Chi-Chi's* half-dozen.

Frazer opened his eyes and gazed blankly around him. White-enamelled walls, with here and there an unframed photograph pasted on them; a trim steel bedstead, with scrupulously neat bedding; a small steel table, with a bottle and a tumbler upon it; and a red baize curtain over a doorway. Then the curtain lifted, and a man in the uniform of a surgeon, Royal Navy, entered.

'Hello, old man!' he said heartily. 'You've decided to wake up, then?'

Frazer smiled a wan smile. 'How did I get here?' he demanded, in a voice just a trifle better than a whisper.

'Oh—usual way, you know,' returned the other. 'Tackle from a davit and a bamboo stretcher. We hoisted in all your other hands that way, too; and we'd have hoisted in your boat, but that we hadn't a stretcher big enough for her;' and an amused twinkle showed in the doctor's eye for a moment.

'They're all safe, then?' demanded Roderick. 'You've got the whole half-dozen of us?'

'The whole lot—though you've usurped all the best cabins in the ship,' was the answer.

'I hate to seem ungrateful, old man,' mused Roderick, after a space; 'but I do wish you'd managed to save *Chi-Chi* as well.'

'How you love that boat!' exclaimed the surgeon. 'You've done nothing but chant her praises since you've been here—and, if it's any news to you, I may say she's perched up on our boat-deck, and our shipwrights and artificers are working wonders on her. She'll be patched up long before you are, anyhow.'

'By the way,' continued the man of medicine, 'you ought to be jolly thankful we came up when we did and strafed that torpedo-boat. She was much bigger than you, you know, and I really can't understand why you engaged her. We managed to find her with the first few salvoes, or she'd have blown you completely out of the water.'

'That's all right, old chap; I am grateful,'

retorted Frazer. 'As for the wisdom of fighting the torpedo-boat—well, *Chi-Chi* has never yet refused a scrap, and that was no exception to the rule.'

'Oh, I see,' answered the surgeon. 'And now you'd better have a drink of this, and get some sleep. You'll be as right as rain in a few days.'

## II.

'More dirty weather,' snapped Temporary Lieutenant Roderick Frazer, waving a hand at the serried masses of black clouds that scudded across the sky. 'The sea's about as high as I've ever seen it; the wind's enough to slice you in halves; and, unless I'm a rotten judge, we shall have a decent drop of rain before long, just to make matters more uncomfortable.'

The armed motor patrol-boat *Chi-Chi* hunched herself to the waves which rolled across the Bight of Heligoland, taking them green across her low forecastle. Three months had elapsed since her scrap with the torpedo-boat—three months during which an efficient hospital had mended her men, and an as-efficient dockyard had made her hull and fittings ready for service once more. A brand-new three-pounder semi-automatic Vickers gun now decorated her forecastle, the latest thing in Maxims flaunted its brassy jacket above her sternpost, while a pair of regulation sets of torpedo-dropping gear held as many shimmering fourteen-inch torpedoes on each side of her. And, being a part of that sure shield to which the defence of the Island Empire is entrusted, she was at her post as usual, doing her work as though she had never fought against long odds in her life.

Petty Officer Jumper Collins—with a parti-coloured ribbon now decorating his left breast—was back with his old pet; the half-dozen were the identical crew that had brought *Chi-Chi* to the service of her country when the otiose days of peace gave place to the strenuous times of war; her jobs were just as many and as varied as ever, and she hailed each with the eagerness that is characteristic of the motor-boat patrols.

'Thunder in that little lot, too, sir,' remarked Collins, as he followed his officer's gaze skywards. 'And we'll catch it hot.'

He was right. As *Chi-Chi* clove her headlong way through the seas the artillery of the gods suddenly came into action at long range. The lightning split the heavens with long, jagged cracks, and it was as though an illuminated world peered through. The thunder crashed and rolled, and then, relief of reliefs, the rain descended in sheets. The huge drops stung where they fell; the sea gouted into millions of tiny fountains; *Chi-Chi* started her miniature pump to keep under the water which collected inside her frail hull. Then, gradually, the long, rolling waves were beaten almost flat by the force of the downpour; and though discomfort

came from the rain, there was little discomfort in the boat's easy motion over the flattened seas.

Suddenly a peal of thunder broke like the discharge of a million guns directly above the motor-boat, and the air grew black as night as the low-lying clouds piled themselves in colossal masses. Then, instead of dying away as its predecessors had died, the roll of the thunder seemed to continue intermittently for some time, though its direction appeared to be many miles ahead.

Collins stiffened, his expert gunnery ear detecting a note woven into the clamour of the storm.

'That's guns, sir,' he said to the lieutenant.

Frazer listened with all his ears. 'Nonsense!' he snapped. 'Who the dickens is likely to be firing in this weather?'

'That's guns, all the same, sir,' repeated Collins with double assurance.

'Well, just to satisfy you, we'll cast off to the north and investigate,' replied Roderick, though he was openly sceptical.

The motors increased their purring to a loud hum; *Chi-Chi* sliced through the rain-sheets and the darkness as though she were contesting a close finish to a motor-boat race. Presently the long, low reverberations broke out afresh, still ahead; and, as if to give weight to the petty officer's opinion, the thunder proclaimed its presence at that same moment well off the beam.

'I'm rather inclined to agree with you, Jumper,' remarked the officer. 'It certainly seems as though firing is going on ahead, while the thunder's off to port, or else it's thundering in two places at once.'

Collins suddenly stiffened and flung out a hand, pointing. 'Look!' he gasped.

In the sudden, momentary illumination of a flash of lightning there had appeared for a second three shapes. Then the crest of a wave lifted *Chi-Chi*, and she had the vision of a picture in vivid chiaroscuro—stabs of vivid crimson flame into the blackness all around; stabs which came from three objects, one of which appeared to be stationary, while the other two seemed to be circling the first.

'It's a scrap,' called Collins. 'And we're not in it.—Humphry, coax those motors a bit, please; we can't afford to miss any of this.'

The motors, however, were already pulsing their utmost, and *Chi-Chi* could get no increase on her already enormous pace. But every second that stabbing of flame grew nearer; every second the rolling of the guns grew louder, until Collins could, with his trained ear, almost read the story of the fight into the sounds.

'A biggish cruiser and a couple of destroyers fighting each other,' he estimated. 'And, by the look of things as I see 'em, the cruiser's stopped, and getting the worst of it.'

At that moment, as if to emphasise the purport of the gun-layer's estimate, the centre of the flame-

spitting figures emitted something which left a long trail of fire against the black background of the clouds, and, high in the warring heavens, burst into a series of red stars.

'The cruiser's one of ours, sir!' gasped Collins. 'Aren't you glad you came?'

'Glad?' echoed Frazer. 'Clear away for action! *Chi-Chi* never refuses a scrap.'

The three-pounder and the Maxim were cast loose; ropes were unshackled from the torpedo-dropping gear. Collins, Weekes, and Frazer took up their battle stations, and stood by to bear a hand as soon as possible.

As they approached they made out the figures of the combatants; it was even as Jumper had guessed. A big cruiser was engaged with two small torpedo-craft of the enemy, but the heavy ground-swell remaining from the storm swung her this way and that helplessly, as, stopped, the torpedo-boats circled her, and spoiled the aiming of her guns.

'Why don't they torpedo her?' gasped Frazer.

In answer came a flash of lightning that showed the decks of the torpedo-boats swept bare; he could not know, however, that both vessels had fired every underwater weapon they possessed, and that the explosion of one under the cruiser's screws had robbed her of the power to manoeuvre. Had she been able to move she could easily have disposed of her twin pigmy enemies, who were now only hovering around until she sank. They, of course, could not know that beyond blowing off one propeller and twisting the shaft of the other the great explosion which had mounted into the air had effected no damage. They were too intent upon their prey to have eyes for other things, and that was why *Chi-Chi* managed to approach unseen.

Suddenly one of the torpedo-boats stopped, gave a convulsive heave, and almost lifted bodily off the face of the waters as an ultra-efficient fourteen-inch torpedo exploded under her engine-room. Then followed a vivid flash that paled even the lightning, and a rolling explosion that put the thunder to shame.

The second torpedo-boat cast about her in a panic; half her guns turned from attacking the cruiser and commenced to sweep the waters. A searchlight sprang into being, and its long arm quested up and down the seas. Then, quite suddenly, it went out like a snuffed candle as Collins found it with a three-pounder shell.

*Chi-Chi* crept in closer and closer, keeping pace with the racing torpedo-boat. The latter, now thoroughly frightened, desired to break off the fight with the helpless cruiser and get behind the shelter of her nearest roadstead, where there were no enemies that suddenly spoke, yet remained invisible.

But Frazer had other ideas. 'Stand by that second torpedo!' he called. 'I'll lay you nearly alongside, and then you can let her have it. We can't afford to miss.'

*Chi-Chi* slewed on her heel and kept pace, the loom of the torpedo-boat's hull gleaming blackly to port. Suddenly—with a suddenness that made the boat literally stand on her stern—she spun round, five hundred yards away from the torpedo-boat.

'Now!' yelled Frazer. The torpedo dropped into the water with a splash, its propellers twittered for a second . . . and then across the void came a second gout of flame, a second explosion, and—silence.

*Chi-Chi*, her lights showing, made over to the stricken cruiser.

'Ship ahoy!' called Frazer. 'Can I help?'

'You've helped enough, whoever you are,' came back a voice which Frazer recognised. 'Thanks, awfully. But you can't do any more, unless you can tow us.'

'I'm afraid that's a little beyond even our powers,' laughed Frazer. 'May I come alongside?'

'Certainly! Delighted to have you,' was the reply. 'May we ask your name?'

'*Chi-Chi*, armed motor-boat,' observed Frazer. 'Who are you?'

'Cruiser *Cardigan*, battered and broken down. Both screws blown off, I believe, by one of Fritz's torpedoes.'

Frazer whistled softly, and a grin stole over his features. He conned *Chi-Chi* to the great gray heaving side, and made her fast. Then he clambered to the deck. The first officer he met was the surgeon.

'Hello, old man!' Frazer cried, grasping the other's hand. 'Here we are again, thanks to you and the dockyards. I say, did you ever hear that little fable about the lion and the mouse, and do you remember my telling you that *Chi-Chi* never refused a scrap or made exceptions to her rule?'

#### LOCH SKENE.

Only the cry of a lamb on the hillside;  
Only the splash of the trout as they leap;  
Only the far, faint voice of the water  
Falling over the rocky steep.

Only the wide wind-wandered moorland,  
Broken and scarred where gray rocks lie—  
Passionate prayers from the soul of the mountain  
Breaking forth to the boundless sky.

Only a mountain-loch, wind-ruffled,  
Lapping the hills that gave it birth,  
Hills that lead from the arc of Heaven,  
Telling God's thoughts to the lonely Earth.

Rough brown heather and half-curved bracken,  
Joy of youth in the curlew's cry,  
Ringing over the rolling moorland,  
Under the blue of the boundless sky.

Only the call of the wind and water;  
Only the thrill of the laughing air;  
But here God stands alone, for ever,  
Where hills are dreaming a dream of prayer.

J. RUNDALL.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

EVOË.

By DOROTHY E. PAUL.

Life is sweet, brother. There's day and night, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, all sweet things: there's likewise the wind on the heath.—*Lavengro*.

I.

IT was evening.

John North leant against a five-barred gate, staring westwards. Behind him lay peaceful fields and willow lands; ahead, deep valleys, the red earth—and the sea.

Standing, as he did, where Somerset and Devon meet, the scene before him was fair to the eye. But storm had darkened the vision of John North's soul, and he saw nothing beyond his bitter hurts, the threefold destruction of all he held most dear—his life's work, his life's friendship, his life's love. All gone—wrested from him in the storm of a single day.

A man came down the road towards him, a picturesque figure in the evening glow. Bright black eyes looked forth from a tanned face, heavily bearded; black hair fell about the ears, not entirely concealing brass rings fastened in the lobes. His countenance, the clothes he wore, and a certain free grace of movement proclaimed him of the Romany folk. His face was clouded and his voice anxious when he stopped and questioned John North.

'Do you know where I might find a doctor, sir?' he asked.

'I am one. Is there anything I can do?'

The gipsy gave North a quick look, and in his dark-skinned face and black eyes saw something akin to himself. What he read besides in the face seemed to satisfy him, and he answered, 'It's the little one, back in the camp yonder. She is sick, and my ro is anxious.'

'I'll come.'

John North and the gipsy set off together without speaking a word. Inwardly the former felt some wonder that, although he had but newly started on his aimless wandering round the country-side in search of forgetfulness, his professional aid should have been so soon asked for. When giving up his practice and leaving for ever the cold gray house in the country village, he had taken with him a tiny medicine-chest, which he stowed away in his knapsack, in case of emergencies. The emergency had now arisen. He questioned the gipsy concerning the case.

'It's like a low fever,' replied the man. 'It

seems to take all our little ones. 'Tis the fifth that droops now; the others have all gone. . . . I doubt my ro will break her heart if'—

He hastened his footsteps. Down in a hollow land beside a brook which ran beneath sloping willows, they came to the encampment. A white horse grazed peaceably beside a caravan; an old woman watched something stewing in a pot over the fire; seated on the ground was a younger woman, hugging a child to her breast.

A brief examination showed North that there was nothing seriously the matter with the child if the trouble were taken in time. What his medicine-chest lacked he sent the gipsy to fetch from the nearest village. Then he sat himself down to watch the child.

Night had fallen before the gipsy returned, and by that time the sick child had taken a turn for the better under North's attentions, and was sleeping peacefully.

'There! she'll do all right now,' said the doctor, rising, and shaking his head at the offer of payment. The mother seized one of his hands, and, pressing it to her lips, murmured hurried joy-trembling words in the Romany tongue—words that were not entirely unintelligible to North.

He turned his back on the camp, but had only got a little way up the slope towards the road when the gipsy overtook him.

'Are you bound for anywhere in particular?' he asked, his keen eyes closely scanning North's face.

'No—nowhere.' A quiver of a sigh escaped North's lips. He had nowhere to go; no place awaited him; his bed for that night he would find in an inn somewhere in the next village. Back in the gipsy camp it looked cheerful and homely; the scent of the fire stole across; the bright blaze gave him a sudden stab of loneliness.

Still watching him closely, but yet with a frank and friendly gaze, the gipsy said, 'If it is an offence, your forgiveness—but are you not one of us?'

North met his glance. 'It would be no offence in any case,' he replied. 'I am of your blood. My father's people were Romany folk.'

The other's face lit up. He gave a laugh of sheer pleasure, his strong, even teeth flashing between his beard and moustache.

'Ah, brother, I knew it was so! Then turn back with me. Share a place beside the gipsies' fire, and eat off their platters. Come, drive away the shadows that deepen round your heart. Ah, deny it not, brother, that you are sad; for is there aught in the world hid from the Romany eye?'

Together they returned to the camp. The eyes of the mother and the old woman smiled a welcome, and it was with a strange feeling of contentment that North sat down beside the fire. His life was his own now, quite his own, for him to spend as he chose. Why not join these care-free folk for a while, and rest beneath the stars?

The contents of the stewing-pot being ready, the old woman, who was the gipsy's mother, prepared to spread the repast. She had barely set down the platters when a clear young voice hailed them from the road, and down the slope came a gipsy girl, leading an old blind man.

The latter waved his stick, crying out a shrill greeting in his cracked, quavering voice.

'Tis old Martin Zecho, my father, and my sister Sari,' said the gipsy, a smile illuminating his swarthy countenance, as he led the old man to his place.

The girl stood without the fire-zone, her deep eyes fixed upon North. Was there a welcome in her glance? He could hardly tell.

Barely had old Zecho seated himself, when he struck the ground sharply with his stick.

'There's a stranger, Martin! Who is here?' he cried.

'No stranger, father; a Romany like ourselves,' answered his son.

At his words, and while the young mother went on to explain what had been done for her child, the girl advanced to the fire and sat down. Her silent acquiescence in his presence crowned the feeling of homeliness and rest, and North shot her a quick look of thanks.

## II.

Days sped by in the sun, nights passed beneath the stars, and still North tarried in the gipsy camp by the brook.

It seemed to please the Romany folk that he should stay, and he felt exceedingly loath to go. Here, by the river running beneath the willows, one could brood to one's heart's content, and by accompanying young Zecho on his various expeditions might he not, perhaps, one day find those who had betrayed him? And then—Wild rage shook him. When at night he lay beside the camp fire, his mind went over again all that had taken place.

He had been writing a book—a wonderful medical book, which treated of an obscure disease—a book which, given to the world, would lighten much that had hitherto remained dark. Since his student days he had put his best work into this treatise; and so that his attention might

not be too distracted with professional duties, he had taken a small and not very lucrative practice in the country.

Only once had he swerved from the path of labour, and that was when the fire of love had enveloped him in its scorching flame. Then he had brought home his bride. He had installed in the cold gray house in the dull country-side a fair-haired girl with a butterfly heart. Idolising her, he had returned to his work, the task having now a double incentive—to win fame for her sake, as well as to give the world something of value.

When the work was almost completed—his wife had left him. A friend whom he had known from his school days, one whom he had trusted and in whom he had confided, had enticed her away from the gray house.

Filled with mad rage after the discovery, he had paced his room like a caged beast. His hopes and his plans had collapsed like a house built of cards. Only his work remained. Ah! but on turning to that, all that he had found was a heap of charred, blackened pages that fell to nothing as he touched them! When the news came he had flung down the pipe he had been smoking, and red embers had fallen from it upon the sheets of his book. Blind to all save the misery and shame which had come upon him, he had not noticed the curling flames. All gone in a single day—ambition, friendship, love! Nothing remained but hatred and despair.

## III.

The only incidents that moved North to smiles during these brooding days were the mock quarrels between old Martin Zecho and his wife.

The old man was blind, the old woman deaf, and each would scoff at the other's infirmities or pretend an extravagant pity.

The old man sold laces and buttons at the corners of the village streets through which they passed, and sometimes, when he returned to the camp with only a copper or two, his wife would cry in mock sorrow, 'Ah, the poor old fellow! He has been robbed. He could not see the rogues that took the money from him. Poor, blind, old man!'

'You! You stone-deaf dormouse!' he would answer back, blinking his sightless orbs at her, 'what use would you be, nodding and sleeping in the sun? You would not hear the penny when it fell in the tin. No use at all, my poor deaf ro!'

In wonderment North would listen to this talk, marvelling that they should be so cheerful.

'Do you not find it hard to be thus afflicted?' he asked the old man one day.

'Afflicted!' cried old Zecho. 'Who is afflicted? Not I! We cannot have all things, can we? I eat well and sleep well; my platter is most times full. What more does a man need?'

'But do you not miss seeing things around you?'

'Well, I could be so much worse off, you see. What would be the use of seeing the faces of my loved ones if I could not hear their words of greeting? What use to see the flowers, brother, or the sun, if I could not smell or feel? Ah,' he chuckled gleefully, 'I know when the spring is coming before you do, and others like you, who watch the signs of the trees, for I can hear the buds bursting, and can smell the first snowdrop that peeps!'

'What fortitude, what cheerfulness,' thought North, 'to carry through life in a darkened world!' With a feeling not unlike shame at his own bitterness, he wondered at the philosophy of compensation as expounded by old Zecho.

By this time John North looked as much a gipsy as any of his companions. His face was tanned and his hair had grown. He divided with them, throwing his share into the common coffer. And when one day young Zecho said that the caravan was moving, North said he would like to accompany them.

'Where are you going?' he asked. They were sitting together by the brook. From behind them the camp fire threw the reflection of its flames upon the water. It was just nearing the time for supper, and old Zecho had but lately returned with young Sari, whose lips said so little, but whose eyes expressed so much when they rested, as they often did, upon John North.

'Westwards, brother,' replied young Martin, puffing lazily at his pipe. 'We shall cross to the land of the Exe, and beyond that to the land of the Teign, and farther still, perhaps, who knows? My ro comes from the red lands yonder, brother. She knows the secrets of the rocks, and can tell you what the mists say when they sweep down from the tors.'

Taking the road where Devon leaves Somerset, the caravan drawn by the white horse wound at last down into the valley of the Exe. Red earth, green hills, and birds of song greeted them as they advanced. Farther they went still, never staying in one camp for more than a night, departing each morning at the break of day.

Towards the Teign and beyond, the scene grew wilder. Undulating moorland rose before them, and the wind left a rich, rough flavour on the lips.

Dartmoor burst to view in all its desolate splendour, wind-swept, sun-scorched, its wide spaces meeting, and merging into, the wider expanse of the sky.

Here the caravan rested, as if to stay a while. That evening when they made a ring round the fire for supper they were joined by a young gipsy fellow, riding upon a rough moorland pony.

He came along the stony track at a quick canter, young Zecho and his sister watching him.

'Tis Robin!' cried Martin, flashing his sister a laughing glance. But she shot a look at North, flushed, and frowned, appearing embarrassed when the new-comer rode up to them and dismounted.

The young gipsy seemed an old friend—perhaps more than a friend to one member of the party. Down he sat beside Sari Zecho as if that and no other were his rightful place. But she kept aloof, giving but scanty replies to his low questioning. At last he fell silent, and it was then that Martin Zecho embraced in one searching glance his sister, gipsy Robin, and John North. To the last-named the position was unmistakable.

(Continued on page 558.)

## HOW AMERICAN EFFICIENCY DEFEATED GERMAN CRAFT.

By HENRY STURMEY.

WHEN America came into the war in April 1917 the United States Government seized all the German ships interned in American harbours since the British Navy drove them off the seas at the beginning of hostilities. As was reported at the time, the Germans, when war with the United States seemed inevitable, took steps to render these vessels useless. No idea, however, was given in our papers of the organised and 'thorough' manner in which this crippling of their own shipping was carried out. At that time there were lying in American harbours over a hundred German steamships (including the *Vaterland*, the largest ship afloat—a vessel of over fifty-four thousand tons—and between thirty and forty of the finest ships in the German mercantile marine), together making up

a total gross tonnage exceeding one million tons. All the time these ships had been interned their German crews had been living on board them, and when it became pretty certain that the German submarine campaign would bring America into the war, systematic efforts were made, under instructions from the German Government, to damage the machinery of the ships beyond repair—a task which was undertaken in the most whole-hearted manner. As the American dock officials were watching lest damage should be done, the crews could not employ explosives to blow the ships up, or to smash the machinery to pieces, but as much mutilation and destruction as possible was effected by other means. In the first place, such things as valves and other fittings of a

special character were thrown overboard or otherwise done away with. It is worthy of note that this was done mainly in the case of such parts as were likely to be on hand as spares in the home ports; so that in case the United States did not, after all, enter the war, the ships could be commissioned again quickly when hostilities ceased. On the other hand, it was expected that the absence of these special fittings would render it difficult, if not impossible, for the Americans, without them, to make the ships fit for use. Quite apart from this, the mutilation of the machinery was carried out in vital parts, and was done with great thoroughness. The vast cylinders of the big engines—which would, no doubt, have been blown up by dynamite had the Huns dared—were broken systematically by boring holes in curved lines, so as to mark out a huge piece of the cylinder walls, and then knocking out the pieces thus marked by battering the weak spots with a ram rigged up for the purpose. Where the more delicate machinery was involved, parts were forced up by jacks until they were bent or broken, and the damage done to the boilers was very extensive. In addition to the breaking of valve-chests, circulating-pumps, steam and exhaust nozzles on main engines, &c., many of the boilers were 'dry fired;' that is to say, they were emptied of their water and the fires lit and stoked up, the great heat generated thus warping, cracking, and melting the boiler-tubes. With devilish ingenuity, much damage was done in a way which it was hoped would bring destruction to the ships and those in charge of them, if any attempt were made to work them. For instance, a steam-pipe would be plugged by disjoining the pipe and inserting a solid piece of brass, sawed off flush with the joint, the pipe then being reconnected, thus showing no evidence of having been tampered with at all. Rod-stays on boilers were broken off, but the external nuts were soldered to the exposed surface, this making it appear as if they were still in place. In other cases the threads of bolts in vital positions were destroyed, the bolts being replaced and held by one or two threads only, left for the purpose. These threads, of course, would have promptly given way had any pressure been put upon them. Again, it was found by the U.S. authorities that in many cases it had been planned to burn the ships, as piles of shavings and refuse were strewn about where fires might be started, and open tins of paraffin were found amongst them; whilst fire-extinguishers were emptied of their contents, filled with petrol and paraffin, and replaced in their usual positions. Steam-indicators were cunningly reversed; nuts and bolts and such-like obstructions were carefully concealed in delicate cylinders; ground glass was mixed with the oil in lubricators. The Germans confidently expected that the damage they had done would be such as to render the

ships either unrepairable, or repairable only in such a period of time—eighteen months to two years—that they would be found of little service to the United States for war purposes. The Huns were evidently highly satisfied with their work, for on one of the ships a memorandum, which had evidently been dropped by one of the officials entrusted with the job, was picked up, the translation reading as follows:

'Starboard and port high-pressure cylinder with valve-chest: upper exhaust outlet flange broken off (cannot be repaired).

'Starboard and port second intermediate pressure valve-chest: steam inlet flange broken off (cannot be repaired).

'First intermediate pressure starboard: exhaust-pipe of exhaust-line to second intermediate pressure flange broken off (cannot be repaired).

'Starboard and port low-pressure exhaust-pipe damaged (cannot be repaired).'

The German who carried out this sabotage was evidently well pleased with the thoroughness and completeness (as he believed) of his work of destruction. Yet all the damage which he fondly imagined to be irreparable was successfully dealt with by the American engineers, and not only this particular ship, but every one of the hundred and nine was completely refitted and ready for service again before the end of November.

When the United States Government did take possession of the ships, and the Shipping Board experts surveyed the damage which had been done, it was thought—as no doubt the Germans believed, too—that much entirely new machinery would be necessary, and eighteen months seemed a fair estimate of the minimum time required. But the officers of the Navy Bureau of Steam Engineering were not to be beaten easily. After a short time they decided that the repairs could be effected satisfactorily by patching and welding, and undertook to have the whole of the ships ready for service by Christmas. As above indicated, the last of the repaired fleet actually took her final sea-test and was put into service just before the end of November. This was done by engaging every available machinery welder and patcher. Of late years much patching has been done in the railroad industry by means of oxyacetylene and electric welding, but this class of patching and repairing had never before been attempted on naval engines. It was decided, however, to give the system a trial, the skilled electric welders who were called in being unanimous in their opinion that all the damaged cylinders could be thus repaired, and that engines so repaired would be as thoroughly reliable as if entirely new cylinders had been fitted. Some of the engineers were sceptical, and experiments were made first with the s.s. *Armenia*, which was dealt with in a private yard. Here two nozzles on the main cylinders had been knocked

off. These were welded in place, and the vessel was so quickly put in service that the cost of the repair-work was only about a quarter of what had been anticipated. When the success which had been attained with this ship was seen, the system was taken up generally by the navy-yards, as well as by the private establishments, and was employed for the whole fleet. Electric and acetylene welding is not very difficult if skilled men are employed. Welding has to be done slowly, new metal being laid on layer by layer, each layer being caulked and treated so as to knock or chip out any metal that has not adhered properly. A special alloy steel wire is used to supply the welding-flux, and in welding two cast-iron edges together a layer of steel is welded to each, and then these two steel layers are welded to each other. If the electric arc can be conveniently applied along the fracture, the work can be done without either first heating the parts or removing them from their position in the ship. Wooden patterns, representing the patches, were fitted to the breaks in the cylinders, cast-iron or steel patches were made from the patterns, and the patches fitted to the cylinders as above mentioned, being clamped in place for welding, and the electric arc applied.

A different treatment was tried in the case of the *Koenig Wilhelm II.*; cast-steel patches were substituted, and were bolted to the cylinders, and then welded. The amount of fitting necessary to make a mechanical patch such as this steam-tight is shown by the fact that ten weeks after the repairs on this ship were started the mechanics were still at work scraping the patches to make them fit. Yet many of the welded patches, put in as described above, were fitted and finished within forty-eight hours. This ship, the *Koenig Wilhelm II.*, had been very badly damaged. Many pieces were broken out of the cylinders; in addition to several large splits, there were numerous

instances of bent or broken piston-rods and cylinder-covers, and smashed valve-chests; and many of the valves had been thrown overboard, much time being required to fit others in their place.

Curiously enough, there was very much less wreckage done on the *Vaterland*, but the engineers who examined the big liner found that the builders had horribly scamped their work, and the machinery was in such a bad condition generally that on her last trip she had made less than twenty knots. Forty-six of her boilers showed evidence of poor handling and bad marine practice, whilst all her after-engines were found damaged by usage. All the defects discovered by the American engineers were put right and corrected, so that this vessel, under the new name of the U.S.S. *Leviathan*, is probably a very much better ship than when she was first launched by her German builders. In all the ships the most careful and exhaustive investigation was made by the engineers, who probed every boiler-tube and went right to the bottom of the ship, examining every detail; and when the restored *Leviathan* was put into commission by the United States Government and sent to sea for a trial under the command of a young American naval officer, his instructions were to 'exert every pound of pressure which the boilers will give her, for if there is any fault, we want to know it now.' The *Leviathan* stood the test, and so did all the rest, which were treated in exactly the same fashion; with the result that the United States in seven months had made all the needful repairs to the steamers, which not only the Germans but the American engineers themselves at first expected to take at least eighteen months. And now, by the irony of fate, this huge fleet of giant steamers, built by the Kaiser in his pride, is being used to transport the American Army and supplies which will eventually lower that overweening pride.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER IV.—AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

MARIUS TARQUINIUS, in company with a number of other officers, went to occupy the seats of honour in the rude amphitheatre, which was already crowded by a motley audience. Brass-helmeted legionaries, armourers, farriers, and camp-followers of all descriptions, a few uncouth British herdsmen from the surrounding country, and a sprinkling of black-browed, unkempt women and sturdy, bright-eyed children sat ranged round the ring three tiers high.

The great, grim silence of the hillside was presently resounding with shouts and cheers as the bull-baiting proceeded. To Marius Tarquinius it seemed but a poor pretence at pleasure

after the riotous revelry of Nero's Golden Circus. The rude setting held nothing to charm his fastidious eye. Here was no blaze of colour, no flash of gems, no dazzle of sunlight; only a gray clouded sky above, and the bleak hills rolling around. To sit in the open, even wrapped in his woollen cloak, was something of a penance to him, but he longed for any distraction which might drive from his brain the haunting sound of the British centurion's song.

As he sat on the goatskin which covered the seats allotted to the officers, watching the impotent fury of the bull in the arena, with a bored smile on his full red lips and a contemptuous

glance in his dark eyes, his thoughts suddenly reverted to the last occasion he had sat in the Golden Circus in Rome. A vision of its vast auditorium rose before his eyes. He saw again the great sea of faces piled tier upon tier under a canopy of hot, stainless blue sky. There, beneath an awning of silk and gold upheld by slaves, sat Cæsar, robed in purple, crowned with bay, and loaded with jewels, the cynosure of all eyes; there, close by in their seat of honour, the pale vestal virgins; there, white-robed senators, conquering generals, grave philosophers, curled and perfumed exquisites, men and women—all the beauty, pomp, and splendour of Imperial Rome, flashing with gems and the sheen of silks; and in the arena a strange new spectacle—not a wild bull with deadly horns, not armed gladiators with powerful limbs and iron muscles, but a sombre group of white-faced men and women and children, citizens of Rome, standing defenceless, awaiting a hideous death, yet serene and undismayed, chanting a triumphant song that rose above the clamour of fiendish mirth, and floated upwards to the peaceful blue heaven overhead. Then the iron gates were swung open, and death rushed forth in a cloud of sand; the song of triumph gave place to a cry of agony, a snarling of beasts, a tearing and crunching of flesh and bone, and a roar of frenzied human laughter.

The vision of the Golden Circus faded as suddenly as it had arisen.

Marius Tarquinius sat transfixed, his staring eyes gazing unseeing upon the gore-stained bull, bellowing its life out in the ring below, and upon the rows of applauding legionaries seated on the hill-slope. His hands opened and clenched involuntarily, and his lips parted in an exclamation.

tion. . . . He knew now where he had heard the strange, haunting song that Cunobelin had been singing. *It was the song of the Christians in the arena of the Golden Circus.*

He could scarcely control the cry of amazement and exultation that rose on his lips. His dark eyes narrowed with a feline cruelty, and his full lips met in a smile of malignity. The triumph of revenge swelled in his heart. He could now lay his enemy in the dust and stand as victor.

The British centurion was one of that accursed brood which Cæsar had commanded should be stamped out of his Imperial dominions. He, Marius Tarquinius, would denounce him, and see him die the hideous death awarded to that impious sect. A vision of this rude amphitheatre, filled to its utmost limit to witness the British centurion combating wild beasts in the arena, rose gloriously in his mind. Bending forward, he looked along the row of officers sitting on each side of him to catch sight of his doomed victim. Though he could not discover him, he laughed with inward glee to think how unconsciously he had delivered himself into his hands, and licked his lips like a beast of prey gloating over a succulent morsel; while his fingers strayed aimlessly over his brass breast-plate, as if he were caressing the pleasurable design he harboured in his heart.

The sport wore to a close. The torn carcass of the bull lay weltering in its gore. The brief daylight was waning, and the amphitheatre already a moving mass of jostling forms, when the officers rose. A decurion promptly cleared a way for them to pass out, and the legionaries followed, scrambling over the heath-slopes in holiday disorder.

(Continued on page 548.)

## WEALTH FROM WASTE.

'They tell me that we are burning all our coal, and with perfect wastefulness. I am sorry for it.'—GEORGE GISSING.

A HOUSEWIFE who bought a joint of meat, threw away the flesh, and used the bones to make soup stock would be thought criminally extravagant. A business man who used bank-notes as scribbling-paper, and disposed of them by way of the wastepaper-basket, would be called insane. A nation which institutes a national campaign of economy and yet tolerates a preventable wastage of several million pounds is as much to be censured as such a housewife or such a business man. Britain became the chief manufacturing nation of the world by reason of her great supplies of coal. To preserve these supplies, to get every ounce of available products from them, should be her set aim. Yet this most precious gift is dissipated prodigally in vast clouds of smoke, through imperfect combustion and unscientific firing. The

heavy palls that surround our great cities are visible evidence of the culpable misuse of our industrial resources. Particles of soot—resulting from semi-combustion—tar, fertilisers, and a host of important by-products are squandered in incredible quantities in our manufacturing regions. Worse than all, pungent sulphurous fumes, in themselves noxious, are allowed to pour forth and to oxidise into sulphuric acid—a most dangerous substance. The dirty, thick, but valuable smoke forms a nucleus for the deposit of fog-particles, and the result is a dense, choking 'pea-souper.' While this lasts great loss of time, of money, and even of life results; and when the fog finally lifts, a sticky, corrosive, acid deposit is left on our houses and in our lungs.

Many have been the suggestions for the cure and rapid dissipation of such smoke-caused fogs, from the application of electricity to the firing

of cannon. All such devices are based upon a foolish and untenable theory—that these fogs are part of the nature of things, and therefore must be endured. The inhabitants of one of our industrial centres are accustomed to answer those who criticise their smoky atmosphere with an indifferent ‘Oh, well! where there’s smoke there’s money!’ They are wrong. Where there’s smoke there’s waste, extravagance, inefficiency; there are pale, wan faces, gasping lungs, and death. In times of national struggle these things ought not to be if Britain is to exert her utmost strength. All this is the result of our unorganised and barbarous methods of burning coal. The real and economical way of combating this malady is to deal with it radically, to prevent and not to cure.

To a right-thinking and scientifically trained mind it is preposterous that coal should be burned as such. It should first be treated so that it is separated into its gaseous, liquid, and solid constituents. All the useful by-products—oils, fertilisers, bases of drugs, dyes, and fine chemicals—are carried over into the gas and the tar. All the dirt, ash, and much of the sulphur remain in the coke. Of the coal of Great Britain much is well suited to coking after this fashion, and coke so made is essential to the metallurgical industries. Coke is one of the few solid fuels giving a most intense heat with no loss by imperfect and smoky combustion. As such it finds a ready sale. Now, all this preliminary treatment of the coal should be conducted at or near the pit-head. In this manner carting and carriage costs would be reduced to a minimum, and any offensiveness due to the treatment would be localised, and so brought under the most efficient control. For the not inconsiderable class of coals for which coking is unsuited, a modified treatment would be necessary. The whole of the coal, except, of course, the ash, could be easily and completely gasified into producer-gas, water-gas, or similar products. This is accomplished by blowing steam, air, or both through a glowing mass of the coal. Such gases are not so rich as ordinary coal-gas, nor have they the same heating-power. The recovery of the by-products is also less profitable and less complete, since a much larger volume of gas has to be treated. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, such methods of gasification are far and away more economical than any direct method of burning coal. The gas, however made and of whatever composition, might be put to use in two different ways. Either it could be burned on the spot in large internal-combustion engines and straightway converted into electricity for transmission to distant towns, or it could be conveyed there in great pipe-lines and used directly in the gaseous form. Probably a combination of these two methods would most nearly approach the ideal. The plan thus outlined, carried out upon a national scale, is

acknowledged to be perfectly feasible, and would certainly prove more economical and beneficial to health than our crude methods of burning coal.

Anthracite is the only variety of coal to which gasification cannot well be applied. The supply of this valuable fuel should be restricted to steamship use. It could be burned in boiler-furnaces arranged so as to take either solid fuel or liquid tar-oil residues, of which there would be an abundant supply from the coal-gasifying plants. Tar-oils would also be very suitable for use in Diesel or similar internal-combustion engines, in which, for use both on land and at sea, there have recently been great improvements effected. Oil-fuel, too, would no doubt meet the needs of locomotives for railway use, though with cheap current available the electrification of our railways would proceed apace. Most of the demands of our industrial system would be satisfied by some such scheme as outlined above; but, before it could be carried out to the full, much research-work would have to be done. Strange though it may seem to the man in the street, too little is known of the real composition of coal. This must first be fully understood. When we know exactly what coal is, then we can apply ourselves to the discovery of the most successful methods of treatment whereby the largest yield of by-products may be obtained. For instance, the presence of residual nitrogen in coke is well established, but the form in which it exists, and the methods by which it may be obtained as, say, ammonia, are still shrouded in obscurity. This, and many similar problems, once solved by exhaustive research-work, no obstacle would present itself to the full development of a rational and economical method of using coal.

We have said that all coal should be made to undergo some process of gasification before being burned. The problem now arises, how best to utilise the large volumes of gas produced. For lighting, for power, and for most industrial purposes, electricity is by far the most cleanly and convenient source of energy. Let the greater part of the gas, therefore, be converted at the pit-head into electricity by burning it in very powerful gas-engines. The calorific efficiency of a coal-fired turbo-electrical plant is rarely above 10 per cent. All the rest of the energy of the coal is lost, chiefly in the temperature drop between the burning material and the comparatively cold mass of the boiler and water. Now, although the gas-engine is not yet so reliable as the steam-turbine as a prime-mover, it is vastly superior to it in calorific efficiency. Hence the use of steam for power purposes should be reduced to a minimum, and gas-engines should take the place of steam-engines. A further source of waste with steam-boilers has recently been pointed out. Many manufacturers are accustomed to use a minimum number of

boilers, which they maintain at their maximum output. This necessitates the use of only the very best qualities of coal, and so the demand for the best steam-raising coals frequently outruns the supply. By the adoption of gasification for all kinds of coal the causes which lead to the wastage of over 90 per cent. of the coal energy of the country would be done away with, and more sensible and cheaper methods would come into operation.

For domestic use there is, and has been since its introduction, a prejudice against the use of gas. George Gissing voices the general opinion when he says: 'Let science warm the heaven-forsaken inhabitants of flats and hotels as effectually and economically as it may; . . . but hold by the open fire as you hold by whatever is best in England!' There are quite justifiable grounds for this prejudice. Besides the lack of the homeliness of the glowing coal-fire, the occasional odour and the cost of gas-fires are deterrent factors. The high price of gas makes the users niggardly in their use of it. Imperfect combustion and (still worse from the point of odour) imperfect draught result. Hence the products of combustion, which are invisible, enter the room, the air is vitiated, and the gas-fire is condemned. Now, a properly designed and erected gas fire or stove is far freer from dirt or smell than a clear coal-fire. That this is so is confirmed by the fact that in certain cities of America the use of coal is entirely suspended, and natural gas is everywhere consumed. The use of gas for lighting should be altogether prohibited, since one ordinary incandescent burner vitiates as much air as five or six persons. It is well known that plants do not thrive in gas-lighted rooms; that human beings continue to do so is no argument for gas-lighting, but rather a tribute to their tenacious vitality. Electricity should always be used in cases where the products of combustion cannot be conducted from the room. To install gas fires or lights where this condition cannot be fulfilled is inexcusable, but not at all unusual. The gas-fire suffers in repute as a consequence. But with the advent of very cheap gas and electricity, gas-fires would be installed under suitable conditions only, and elsewhere electricity would be increasingly used.

Any one familiar with the properties and nature of flame is aware that a flame striking a comparatively cold body is at once extinguished. This is the principle of the common miner's safety-lamp. The only way heat can pass from such a flame to the body is by radiation. But the radiation of a non-luminous flame is small compared with that of a luminous or smoky flame. Hence this difficulty—if a smoky, radiating flame be used, great loss is occasioned by imperfect combustion. If combustion be complete, the flame is non-luminous and a bad radiator. It will be seen that where large

masses of comparatively cold matter have to be heated—for example, steam-boilers—a compromise must be struck, which results either way in considerable loss. This trouble would be almost entirely abolished by the extended use of gas-engines as prime-movers in lieu of steam-plant. Certain heating-furnaces used in connection with metallurgical and chemical processes do not lend themselves to economical firing, but these are almost alone in this respect. All cases in which power is involved would be automatically provided for by the application of the internal-combustion engine or of electrical power.

The scheme outlined above is of necessity incomplete and imperfect; many serious objections at once present themselves to the mind of the expert. Not the least of these is the initial expense of plant on such an unprecedented scale as would be required to effect the gasification at the pit-head of the whole of the coal raised. But the saving in carriage costs alone would soon pay a large part of this. The dispersal of a considerable portion of our coal up the chimney, and the incomplete combustion of the remainder, would be entirely prevented, so that one ton of coal would do the work of two or three as things are now. The food-supply of the world would be stimulated by an abundance of fertilisers, all of which now go into the air, polluting and vitiating it. The loss of time and money through fogs, and the loss of life and health due to smoke, would be minimised. From an economic and a social point of view the results would be almost Utopian. Such objections as are purely mechanical—for instance, the unevenness of running of an internal-combustion engine as compared with the steam-turbine—are matters for our engineers. Many very large gas-engines are already at work, and with these the greatly increased heat efficiency seems far to outweigh mechanical defects. Further, as the use of such engines extends, improvements will naturally follow. At all events, the true solution of the 'torque' difficulty would be found in the gas-turbine; but it must be confessed that experiments in this direction have so far proved abortive. On the score of convenience the gasification scheme has very good points. There would be no laborious carting and lifting of coal in sacks and scuttles, and no ashes to remove and dump. The daily dusting and cleansing of houses and furniture would be rendered very much less onerous. All lighting and heating would be provided at the turning of a tap or the touching of a switch. Town air would be as clean and wholesome as country air. The whole scheme must of necessity be preceded by the nationalisation of the supply, manufacture, and distribution of the coke, gas, and by-products. Without this we can hope for little improvement from purely private enterprise.

Since the above was written, the Fuel Research Board has presented its Report on the subject. This, it would seem, is the first step taken in the direction of co-ordinated research into the most pressing problem of the day, and as such is of good omen.

The Report of the Board is arranged under two heads—the aims of the Board, and the machinery and equipment necessary to achieve them. The aims include ‘a survey and classification of the coal-seams of the country by systematic chemical and physical tests, and an investigation of the practical problems which

must be solved if any large proportion of the raw coal at present burned in its natural state is to be replaced by the various forms of fuel obtainable from coal by carbonisation and gasification.’

On the results of these investigations the industrial future of this country undoubtedly depends. Oil-fuel for the navy; electric-power for high-speed transport, for the metallurgical and chemical trades; gaseous firing for furnaces, kilns, and ovens; the utilisation of peat—all these and many more developments hang upon well-conducted fuel research.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER VII.—THE FINDING OF BOOSTER.

IT had been one of those dull, leaden-coloured days, with an overcast sky and a heavy, tumbling sea—regular North Sea weather. It was our third day out, and for the past twelve hours the wind had been chopping and changing over every point of the compass between north and west. But during the latter part of the afternoon, when a watery, yellow sun shone intermittently between the broken cloud-masses piled up in the western sky, the clerk of the weather seemed to make up his mind once and for all, for the wind veered suddenly to north-north-west, remained steady, and rapidly increased in violence.

It had been blowing hard for some time, and we knew from the ugly look of the sky and the reading of our aneroid—which had been well down towards 28 for thirty-six hours—that we were in for a regular snorter. Our dismal forebodings were speedily justified, for within an hour it was blowing a full gale with all the might and fury of the broad ocean behind it.

We are well out in the middle of the North Sea. What we were doing in that inhospitable region, and in such weather, must perforce remain a secret.

Owing, no doubt, to the previous changeability of the wind, the sea was soon very confused, and the great foaming white-caps came rolling down upon us from no particular direction and in no ordered sequence, but from all points between north and west. And such seas they were!—huge gray monsters, each with its summit of frothy white, which literally blotted out the horizon when our bows sank into the hollows between them. There is no more magnificent spectacle than a heavy, breaking sea; no more exhilarating feeling than to know that one's ship and those who man her are pitting their puny strength and skill against the fierce, elemental fury of Nature. But the best place from which to enjoy the sight is the deck of a large ship,

not the spray-swept, reeling bridge of a destroyer battling against the gale.

From fifteen knots we were soon compelled to ease to twelve to avoid damage. From twelve we reduced to ten, and from ten to eight; but even at this leisurely crawl we bumped badly, as the bows, flung bodily out of the water on the back of some mighty comber, fell into the next abyss with a crash and a thud which shook the whole ship. And every time they came down tons of water surged across the fore-castle in masses ten to fifteen feet deep, to go pouring overboard again in miniature Niagaras as the ship shook herself free.

And the motion—how can I describe it? The nearest approach I can imagine would be a switchback railway with the track at varying inclinations up to 40 degrees either side of the horizontal, its alternate hills and valleys thirty feet apart, each dip filled with six feet of water, and a shower-bath all the time. The movement was dizzy and violent, a combined pitching and rolling, lurching and sliding, thudding and crashing, as the ship plunged and wallowed and the seas broke on board. It was a terrible corkscrew motion, which nearly hurled us off our feet, and certainly caused all except our most seasoned shellbacks to retire to the mess-decks, and there to lie, comatose, white-lipped, and utterly dejected, in the throes of the acutest internal discomfort.

Great lumps of solid water, overtopping the rail amidships, came toppling down on deck, to go sweeping aft like liquid avalanches. On occasion, on glancing aft from the bridge, one could see nothing of the stern save a seething maelstrom of white, with canopies, torpedo-tubes, and other deck fittings appearing here and there like boulders in the bed of a torrent. Life-lines were rigged fore and aft; but even so, passing along the slippery, reeling deck was an under-taking fraught with no little danger.

We were battened down, but still it was a

case of 'water, water everywhere,' even in the wardroom, cabins, mess-deck, and engine-room. As for the charthouse—my inevitable domicile when the ship is at sea, unless I am actually on the bridge—it was long past redemption. Both side-doors were shut, and therefore nominally watertight, but the water squirted in through many a crevice. It dripped in a steady stream through a faulty pipe connection in the ceiling, straight on to the settee. A turgid flood went slopping dismally from side to side across the floor with the heavy rolling of the ship, and mingled with it went sundry sodden woollen garments of mine, the remains of a broken teacup, and the relics of my afternoon meal, a couple of charts in a state of pulpy disintegration, some bound volumes of Sailing Directions and Tide Tables in like condition, most of our navigational instruments, and a bottle of indelible copying-ink with the cork out. It was a joyful sight, but any destroyer officer can supply what details I have missed.

The wind brought the spray flying high over the bridge. It was not ordinary spray in drops, but water in solid, blinding sheets, which left us breathless and gasping. Within five minutes, in spite of oilskins, we felt the moisture trickling slowly down our backs. In half-an-hour our sea-boots were filled and squelching, while in forty minutes we were in such a state of saturation that we could become no wetter unless we actually fell overboard.

Hot food was at a discount, as by some stroke of evil fortune the galley fire had long since been extinguished by a particularly heavy sea, which, breaking on board abreast the foremost funnel, almost filched the whaler from her davits and flooded the galley. But if our kitchen was *hors de combat*, so was the cook. He, poor wight! had lately joined on from some snug billet in a depot ashore. He was unused to destroyers and their gyrations, and was lying somewhere amongst that sodden, seasick collection of humanity under the fore-castle, and nobody troubled to sort him out and send him about his business. We all knew from bitter experience that 'cookie' went under in even a capful of wind. He was a broken reed, a fraud, a delusion, and a snare, certainly no seaman, and, like many of his shipmates, would never revive until we drew in under the lee of the land on our homeward journey.

I have no wish to be unkind, for a destroyer's cook, who has to exercise the culinary art for nearly a hundred men in a small galley about eight feet by ten, undoubtedly labours under difficulties undreamt of by any shore-going cook. But the ancient mariner who called some one else a 'lop-eared son of a sea-cook,' with, of course, the usual nautical embellishments, certainly had some reason for his term of opprobrium.

Our diet had been the same as usual in bad

weather—thick sandwiches made with corned beef, ship's biscuits, and cocoa out of vacuum bottles; and glad enough we were to get it.

'Huh!' grunted the first lieutenant, arriving on the bridge at six o'clock to take over the last dog-watch from the sub. 'This is a mug's game! Why on earth didn't my people put me into the army?'

'Fool of the family?' I suggested mildly.

'No, sir,' he grinned, retaliating with the time-honoured chestnut as he wrung out his dripping muffler. 'Things have altered since your day.'

'I don't doubt it,' said I. 'I don't profess to be a scientist, like you new-fangled Jacks-of-all-trades from Osborne and Dartmouth. But tell me, what's it like aft?'

'Like, sir!' he snorted. 'There's a foot o' water in the wardroom, and the doctor, in the intervals of trying to rescue his sterilising gadget, is busy playing leap-frog with the chairs. Every bloomin' one of our gramophone records is smashed, and the deck of the pantry is covered with food and broken crockery, with the stewards lying speechless on top of it! It's a pretty sight, takin' it all round!'

'And what about our flat?' I asked with some anxiety, since No. 1's cabin is opposite to mine and in the same compartment.

'Last time I saw it, it was flooded out,' he answered. 'Your steward was crawling about the deck of your cabin on all fours, rescuing your boots. All your drawers had opened, and most of your shirts, and socks, and books, and things were sculling around on the deck. I told him he'd better get a move on and get the water mopped up, or else you'd probably have his blood; but the poor devil's almost too sea-sick to move. I rescued your typewriter myself.'

'Are you certain it was the typewriter?' I anxiously asked.

'Quite, sir,' he said cheerfully. 'It had fallen out of its case, and was cruising round about in a pool of water.'

'Damaged?'

'Seemed a bit bent, but I wiped it on your towel and put it on your bunk.'

I thanked him, and groaned aloud, for my typewriter is worth its weight in gold. Sea-water never agrees with the poor thing, and how many times I have taken portions of it to pieces and put them together again I cannot remember.

When we eventually arrived in harbour after this particular trip, I took it wholly to pieces, with the result that it now prints an occasional 'k' instead of a 'g,' 'h' instead of 'e,' and a few other little things of that kind. But it still writes far better than I do, and people who are good at cryptograms are generally able to read its efforts.

The night came down very dark, the sky being overcast and a feeble moon being partly obscured by wisps of low-lying cloud streaming

across its surface. With the coming of darkness the gale seemed to increase its fury, for the howling of the wind through our scanty rigging became shriller, the screeching of the squalls more ominous as they drove down upon us. And mingled with the eerie howling, like a booming bass accompaniment, came the mournful, sobbing thunder of the breaking seas, and the steady drumming of the flying spray as it pattered against the painted canvas bridge-screens. It was a wild and dirty night.

There is something awe-inspiring and majestic about the furious orchestra of a gale far out in deep water—something which can be felt in the blood and bone, rather than expressed in mere words. Man may bridge space, harness rivers, and, within limits, change God's configuration of the land; but he can never compel the great ocean to do his bidding, never control the raging of the storm. The sea is ever such a fickle mistress, smiling and gay in her happiness, but quick to anger, and relentless in her passion. She is a thing of whims and fancies, now joyous, now depressed, and always very difficult to please; a merciless enemy, ever eager to reap the advantage of the slightest lapse or most momentary indiscretion on the part of her servants. She is utterly implacable, and rarely forgives a grievance. Sometimes we hate her, for she punishes cruelly—killing, maiming, and drowning our seamen; battering and wrecking our ships; swallowing millions of our money. But even in her fury she fascinates, so that at the back of our minds we really love and respect her. Moreover, it is to the sea, and to the effect that she has had in moulding our national traits and characteristics, that we owe our greatness as an empire.

Soon after nine o'clock, when we had again reached the southern limit of our patrol, we suddenly sighted a reddish, flickering glare reflected on the underside of the low clouds far away to the southward. And as we watched it danced in and out, now waxing to a lurid crimson, like a splash of blood against the dark background of sea and sky, now waning to a gentle orange glow, like the sheen of the rising moon.

It was a ship on fire; it could be nothing else, though as yet she was still so far over the edge of the horizon that we could see nothing but her flaming advertisement in the sky. But a vessel ablaze in the middle of the North Sea probably meant that some prowling submarine had been at her dirty work, and that even now the wretched survivors might be adrift in open boats, battling for their lives against the fury of the storm. They were a full two hundred miles from the nearest land. It might have been two million for all the chance they had of reaching it.

Our leader at once altered course towards the glare, and we followed round in her wake.

'Fifteen knots,' came her signal, winking from ship to ship.

'Twenty knots,' a few minutes later, as we swung into line astern of her.

There was still a chance of saving lives, still a remote possibility that Fritz might yet be lurking near the scene of his evil handiwork.

But I shivered to think of what might already have been the fate of the crew of that ship, for the vessel, judging from the blaze, had been alight for many hours. They must long since have taken to their boats; but how could they live in such a turmoil? Even the sturdy old *Triptolemus*, with the gale astern of her, plunged and wallowed like a mad thing as she took the seas in her stride, and, yawing drunkenly in her course, slid giddily down the liquid valleys with propellers racing and the water bubbling and frothing deep over the forecastle.

There is something very exhilarating in steaming fast in a destroyer with the wind and a heavy sea astern. One feels the ship hurled bodily forward with a swift rush like an arrow as the afterpart rears up and the bows go under, while the next moment the stern falls into a trough and the speed seems to lessen as the forepart goes tobogganing along on the back of a huge breaking sea. There is no sensation quite equal to it, but it takes a tricky helmsman to keep a vessel anywhere near her course in such conditions.

Our rush through the night towards that burning ship is indelibly stamped upon my memory. It was the first fire at sea I had ever witnessed—but not the last, for before we had gone very far we sighted another blaze on the horizon, perhaps eight miles to the eastward of the first. Two burning ships in one night within half-a-score miles of each other—Fritz had certainly been busy!

A magnificent spectacle the first ship presented as we approached and circled round to investigate. She was a large, barque-rigged vessel, deeply laden with timber, and, with her fore and main topsail set and her helm evidently lashed, still sailed on before the wind, yawing wildly as she went. Her slender hull, silhouetted as black as ebony against the ruddy reflection on the water, rolled and pitched heavily, now and then to disappear entirely in the deep troughs between the waves. Her deck was ablaze from end to end, a raging inferno of flame, so that her masts seemed to be standing erect out of a sea of fire. The flames leapt and played about her, sometimes darting as high as her tops, occasionally streaming to leeward like the tail of a comet. We could see flickering streaks of fire mounting higher and higher in her tarred rigging, and the canvas of her furled sail smouldering redly and bursting into bright flame. Masts, yards, and rigging, indeed, were outlined in vivid scarlet, like some gigantic set-piece at a firework display.

A billowing cloud of smoke, tinged crimson and orange, and mingled with sudden rushes of

brilliant sparks and larger fragments of blazing débris, went rolling away to leeward in a dense, impalpable curtain which blotted out the horizon. Above the howling of the gale we could hear the roaring crash and crackle of the fire, and the hiss and splutter of the seas as they sprayed on board and vanished in steam. Sea and sky alike were dyed a light crimson-orange, and even three cables or more to windward the heat was intense enough to be uncomfortable.

Then the mainmast burned through, swayed drunkenly for a moment as the ship rolled, and tumbled with a crash and a swift shower of sparks. It was followed in turn by the fore and the mizzen masts, until presently that once tall and stately barque was nothing but a blazing hull on the wild waste of waters, a mute, flaming testimony to the senseless passion of war. Fire and water fought avidly for her mastery, but fire would hold its own until she burnt to the water's edge and became a charred derelict.

Her boats had gone; but though we searched the vicinity, swept the sea with searchlights, and cruised to and fro with our eyes and glasses busy, we could find no trace of any survivors. It was not until we had given up the search as hopeless, and were steaming towards the second vessel, indeed, that suddenly, far to the southward, we saw a flickering, dancing glimmer of light.

'Take its bearing, some one!' I shouted instinctively.

'South ten east,' said the first lieutenant, bending down to run his eye along the compass, as the light waned to a faint sparkle, and then vanished altogether.

'That'll be a boat,' I said. 'They've spotted our searchlights.'

An instant later came a signal from our leader: 'Close light to the southward and investigate,' she said; and hard a-starboard, and away we went.

Finding that light was like hunting a will-o'-the-wisp, for, though we knew its original bearing, it flickered into being only at long and irregular intervals, shone dimly for a moment, and then was suddenly eclipsed.

It was, as we discovered afterwards, a home-made flare of teased-out rope-yarn, soaked in oil, and lashed to a boat-hook stave. In the boat was a single sodden box of matches with which to ignite it; so, what with the difficulty of striking a light when the boat fell into comparative calm in the troughs of the waves, shielding the feeble flicker from the drenching spray and the raging wind as she rose on the crests, and then applying it to the damp torch and nursing the latter into flame, it seems very wonderful that they got it to burn at all. Their supply of matches was perilously low, and time and time again the flare was raised aloft, only to be extinguished immediately by wind and spray.

But the survivors had seen our light, and knew that help was at hand if only they could attract our attention. They persisted in their efforts; and well it was that they did so, for it was only due to these sudden sparks in the wild blackness of the night that we were able to find them.

'Saved by a box of matches!' Quite a stirring title for a melodrama at the 'movies;' but it was only a box of matches that prevented this particular affair from becoming another tragedy of the sea.

And so, fifteen miles to leeward, we eventually came across a boat crowded with men. Even now our difficulties had not altogether vanished. There was only one possible method of rescuing them, and that was by placing the *Triptolemus* herself between the boat and the wind and keeping her there. From this position the ship could give the boat something of a lee, and could drift down upon her until she was close alongside, when the occupants would have to scramble aboard with the ropes' ends that we should have ready for them. It was taking a risk—rather a big risk, for the ship, with the sea broad on the bow, would roll and plunge madly, so that there was always the danger of the boat being capsized and every soul in her flung into the water. But it was neck or nothing. It simply had to be done.

(Continued on page 558.)

## THE BERRY ISLANDS.

By STEPHEN HAWEIS.

THE Berry Islands are situated on the northern side of the Bahamas group. There are several hundreds of them, varying from one to a thousand acres in extent. Half-a-dozen of them boast settlements, and very many provide a contemplative existence for one negro couple and a brood of mud-coloured children. In the Berry Islands there are no hotels, no rest or guest houses, no lodgings for fastidious visitors. There is very little good fresh water on any of the cays. It is black man's land.

Most of the islands are formed of sharp-pointed oolitic limestone, which, being hollowed out below high-water mark, often gives the land the appearance of floating on a saucer. Sometimes mangrove, with its long, curved legs reaching out tentatively as if to try the depth of the shallow sea, grows right down into the water, so that at high-tide only the topmost boughs are uncovered. From the water's edge to the crest of the land—never high, and frequently no more than five feet above the water-level—is a thick, close

scrub of hardy bush, where logwood, lignum-vitæ, button-wood, and a host of other valuable products may, and often do, abide. Patches of coco-nut trees and huge heaps of empty conch-shells vary the monotony, and indicate, as a rule, the presence of one or more gray shingle huts or houses roofed with palm-leaves—anything, indeed, capable of being closed at night against the invasion of spirits, which are particularly virulent in these parts.

Of course, there are caves innumerable, which in the old days were used by the pirates who infested the group. Fortunes in Spanish gold and jewels are buried upon many of the islands in these placid seas. Sometimes you may hear stories which locate one to within a quarter of a mile; sometimes they even come to light, but the lucky discoverer does not advertise the fact. He departs, as a rule, with all possible speed, as he is usually averse to handing over his treasure to the Government of the Bahamas.

Richer treasures there are also, without doubt, for the Lucayan Indians lived here before the predatory white man exterminated them. In many a cave they still lie buried with their pots and paddles and machete, for which museums and collectors vie with one another. Why are they not more frequently found? Spirits dwell in the caves, and no black man will venture into them, any more than he would swim in the inland ocean pools that are frequent in islands of this conformation. None will venture into the caves or the pools, so that whatever they contain will remain undisturbed perhaps for centuries still. In one cave into which a negro girl ventured she found the fresh track of a serpent eighteen inches wide—sure! The caves are not at all safe if such monsters dwell therein!

Starting from Nassau, New Providence, with my friend the shell-dealer, in the good ship *Curlew*, a sloop of about six tons burden, I lost consciousness of my individual existence altogether, and became one of the ten thousand boxes, sacks, packages, and barrels which we carried. There were about a dozen coloured folk, not to mention dogs and babies, on board, and two small row-boats, in one of which we entrenched ourselves. We arrived at Bird Cay in about eight hours. It seemed rather longer.

There is nothing in the world quite like the sea around these islands. Vast expanses of pale emerald and greenish yellow are the celebrated 'white waters' of the Bahamas, varying from a few inches to a couple of fathoms deep. Protected by islets on every side, the water is never dangerously rough, and provides the finest possible field for motor-boating in small craft, and, I should imagine, for hydroplaning. By the colour of the water the channels and passages for heavier boats are clearly visible. For the camper or the naturalist, also, there is sufficient interest to please the most exacting.

Near by are some of the fields where the

sponges come from. Small schooners and sloops go out heavily laden with boats (piled high on their decks) from which the men hook up the sponges with long staffs armed with a prong. There is no diving, nor is it even necessary to use the glass-bottomed bucket to find the sponges. At a glance the negro can recognise the variety of sponge, and he picks them up one by one as easily as the street-cleaner collects paper on his spike. In similar fashion the great conch-shells are gathered from which cameos are cut. Of the pink variety only the lip is exported, upon the back of which the cutter carves his design in relief, leaving the deep rose-colour as background. July is the close season for these, however. It is the Queen conch my friend has come to buy. From these the black and white cameos are made, and 'Queens' are much rarer than the pink variety. Almost pure china-white, the big shell looks something like the new French military helmet, and is sometimes not far short of it in size. The flat lip is a rich brown, ribbed with white, and as the dark lining is continuous, the whole shell is used. These conches occasionally contain pearls, pink or black; but by the side of the oyster-pearl they are disappointing indeed. On the banks Queen conches are now worth about eight cents apiece, but the supply is fast diminishing, and it is quite probable that ten years hence they will be ten and perhaps twenty times as valuable as they are to-day. Except a few from Madagascar, the entire world's supply comes from these waters, and it is to be hoped that the conches will be vigorously protected before it is too late, lest man exterminate entirely and for ever one more of his beautiful and interesting 'fellow-creatures.'

I do not recommend Bird Cay. We passed four hours there pleasantly enough—for the mosquitoes and sand-flies; but they were sad hours for us. In an ancient wooden hut about ten feet square we lay down, after a drink of coco-nut water, in company with a dozen dogs and a small negro child, for it was too late to get our tent out of the *Curlew's* fragrant hold. Daylight saw us already on our way in my tiny sponge-boat, to which an outboard motor was attached. We made the twelve miles to Little Harbour in about two hours and a half, while the *Curlew* took freight to Whale Cay, where Sir Courtenay Honeywood is making a profitable paradise of sisal and coco-nut groves.

Little Harbour is an exquisite negro-owned island, with an inland harbour, to which there are entrances in between half-a-dozen tiny islets. It is much higher than most of the islands, and the settlement is clean and well kept by the most engaging islanders I have met with in these parts. Here we pitched our tent, and dwelt happy, almost entirely free from insect pests, with the most glorious view, in the gentlest weather one can hope for in summer-time.

Those brothers of the angle who have only

fished in Northern waters only have no conception of what sea-fishing can be both for sport and for interest. Bait, which is often hard to procure in Nassau, seems to be inexhaustible, and any amount of conch (*Strombus gigas*) can be hooked up by the way. A few hundred yards from the harbour-mouth is a sunken rock in about three fathoms of water, and there, in a world of coral and waving sea fan, fish of a dozen varieties may be seen as clearly as you can see a goldfish in a bowl of water.

Any tropical waters will provide this spectacle, where the fish exist at all, and rock patches or suitable 'drops' may be easily found anywhere; but here the fish are all large, and those varieties which you find near Nassau in twos and threes, averaging a couple of pounds in weight, you may see here by dozens and hundreds, according to species, fully twice and thrice as large. They are only fished for to supply the needs of a village of a dozen houses, so they are not shy, and bite readily so soon as the bait reaches the bottom. Margate fish, grunts, queen trigger (locally known as turbot), and grouper are all in abundance, and perpetually hungry. There are so many spots where enough can be caught in a few minutes that the deep water on the north of the island is never visited. Barracoota, king-fish, amber-jack, and a dozen other kinds supply sport for rod and line such as you can seldom find and never depend on elsewhere. One turbot of about five pounds weight (a good size) arrived in the boat slashed all over by the knife-like teeth of a big barracoota. The turbot's skin, which, when dried, is used for heavy scrubbing, is exceedingly tough, and usually protects him from attack except by very large fish. The 'water-glass' soon revealed his assailant lying placidly on the bottom, a barracoota nearly seven feet long. Being unprepared to deal with fish of that magnitude, we left him there, and sought another 'drop' near by, where, in less than an hour of indolent fishing, we landed fifteen or twenty fish—margate, porgy, and mutton-fish, the last-mentioned a splendid fighter.

The fascination of the 'water-glass' interferes a good deal with the catching of fish. I myself spent much time watching a school of jack which stayed around the boat for about twenty minutes within a few feet of the surface. I suppose there were five hundred and more; few of them would have scaled less than ten pounds, and very many were fully twice that weight.

One evening, while awaiting our cargo of 'Queens' at Hopman's Cay, we left the men at work cleaning the shells or beating out the week's catch of sponge in the shallows of a quiet bay, and went to visit the ocean hole about a quarter of a mile inland, an exquisite circular pool of dark-blue water nearly fifty yards in diameter, surrounded on all sides by high rocks almost like a wall, and quite perpendicular. On one side there are ledges of submerged rock

covered with oysters, which must be visible to a depth of nearly a hundred feet—an impressive sight. Eerie indeed are those depths, from which one might easily imagine the sea-serpent of our dreams raising its terrific head. Our arrival disturbed a sleepy, fawn-coloured owl, which flew lazily across the pool; and as we climbed down laboriously to the edge of the immaculate water we observed a large green turtle, which some one put into the pool years ago as a tiny creature, lazily paddling about on the farther side.

I being small of stature, the giant sponger who escorted me made easy the rough way for my tender frame as one would for a little child. I had already elicited wonder and respect by such simple arts as sculling a boat and making slight sketches of the village babies; but when I dived into that devil-infested pool I became something more than human. I became a magician and obeah-man of the first degree, and the awe-inspiring feat was told and retold in the village with many embellishments.

'My God! not for one hundred dollars would Ephraim have done it; but he done spring in head first right de middle of ocean hole, an' swimming across an' all about, not once, but many times, an' he so small.'

'He done do dat?'

'Sure, I seen he all about, an' nothing done touch him!'

My reputation as an obeah-man is safe in the Berry Islands.

It is curious that on some of the islands the curled-tail lizard is found in abundance, while others not a mile distant have none of them. I was anxious to obtain some specimens alive: to take back to New Providence. That, by the way, is another proof of my power as a magician, for what cannot be done with a lizard in a bottle, together with some of your enemy's hair, is not worth talking about.

A few days later Ephraim approached me on the subject of a sponger's trials. He and I were becalmed upon a moonlit sea one night, with eight miles to scull home. For a while the sail flapped despondently, but at last hung motionless and silent. All hope of a breeze was abandoned. Eight miles is a long way to scull a heavy boat after a long, hot day; but, remarking that spongers often had to scull twenty or thirty miles in a day, Ephraim set to it without too much grumbling.

'I done want to ask you something, sah. Dey's bad mans 'bout here, sah,' he began diffidently.

'What have they done to you, Ephraim?'

Ephraim paused. 'Times dey done obeah. I used to get work all about as a carpenter. I done build mos' de houses at Mr Honeywood's. Now I can't get a day's work anywhere. Obeah done it. Times was I catch plenty turtle. I too much de best turtle-catcher in dese parts,

but now all gone. Soon's I see turtle wid' de glass, and him lying on de bottom, and I reach out my han' for de net, he done gone choc away, and I never seen him again. Obeah done dat."

'Do they do much obeah here, then?'

'Sure, dey does. When you go sponging, and you hook up a sponge no good, and you t'row it away, dey come behind you' back and kneel on dat piece; you never see anoder sponge dat day sure! You catch turtle, and dey nick piece out de shell; you catch no more turtle. Sure dey does obeah. Dey done me dirt, an' I don' know why. Can you give me obeah against dat?'

'Perhaps I can,' I replied cautiously.

'I sure you *can*, since I seen you in de Devil's Pool.'

'You must not use obeah to injure any one.'

'I want to protect myself from obeah, an' I don' know how. I want to done no harm to none.'

What the crucifix is to the Catholic, the obeah sign is to the negro, be he Christian or pagan. Ephraim has lost confidence in himself, and the indolence of the mood prevents his success in any direction. If an obeah sign can give him back that confidence and energy, it will be a perfectly good magic for him. Faith is not wanting.

'When were you born?' I asked gravely.

With trembling voice he tells me 23rd May 1868. There is no sound but the splash of the scull in all this fairyland of duck, eight miles from camp—but close to the heart of Darkest Africa.

I add the numbers. 'Five is your obeah number, and May, being the fifth month, is your lucky month. Your birthday number is always lucky, and the obeah number of the year you were born in is also twenty-three. On the second, third, and fifth of the month you will be lucky; but on the first, seventh, eleventh, thirteenth'—

'Thirteen is unlucky. Dose are de unlucky days. Shall I catch turtle on de oders?'

'Your luck will not be good on those unlucky days. Go not forth to fish on them. Now, what do you chiefly want this charm for?'

'Turtle,' said Ephraim, without hesitation.

'A green turtle, then, I give you for a charm, Ephraim. Whom do you want the turtles for?'

'For me one, sure!'

'Enclose it in a circle, then, and your luck shall not escape. It must be painted on your sail—a three-foot turtle in a five-foot circle—and two black sponges.'

Then it occurred to me that obeah is no good without an incantation, so I repeated Virgil's celebrated charm for the beguilement of hawk-bill turtles, '*Arma virumque cano—primus qui viciit Arabia*,' with as much more as I could remember, terminating with a list of the Latin prepositions which, if my memory serves me rightly, govern the ablative case—'*A, ab, abque, coram, de; palam, clam, cum, ex and e; sine, tenus, pro, and prae*'—and that, after twenty years' search, is the first time I have found my classical education of any practical use.

'Dat sign done gone to frighten de men out on de "lake," sure. Dey won't do me no dirt when dey seen dat!'

'But remember, Ephraim, you must tell no one why the sign is painted on your boat.'

'I'll never tell till death catch me.'

'And you must envy no man his catch of turtle, or the sign may turn against you. It is not good to play with obeah.'

Ephraim was silent and serious. 'I understand, sah.'

The following day I drew the design for him upon his sail, and the same day some one ordered the next couple of turtles he took, and complimented him on his turtle-catching ability. My charm had begun its work in a small way, in Ephraim's opinion. I only hope it may continue, for he's a good fellow

## THE DUNES.

By GERALD B. HURST.

THE Ypres salient is the best-known portion of free Belgium—the Belgium that has never been conquered by the Hun. It is, however, without any of its civilian population to-day, and is (to a degree never before attained by that unhappy kingdom) 'the cockpit of Europe.'

The free Belgium accessible to the civilian has thus shrunk in effect to the northerly strip of land, some twelve to fifteen miles wide, that skirts the North Sea. This extreme left sector of the long line of the Allies, which ends at the beacon post of Nieuport Bains, touches the heart of its people. French, British, and Belgian

troops have held it in turn, and all are familiar with the gently undulating plain, that stretches along the sandy coast from the frontier of France to the Yser—the low, rolling Dunes, broken by patches of scrub, and dotted with green-shuttered cottages of one storey, and with the pleasure-resorts of a happier time. At Nieuport Bains and Coxyde, at St Idesbald and La Panne, the very names of the houses—*Les Mauves, Les Saules, Beau Rivage, Villa Eléanore, Villa Marie, Villa Louise*—are typical of the seaside. Across the dikes and dreary polders which girdle the dust and rubble of ruined Nieuport we can still see through field-glasses the casinos

of Westende and Westende Bains and the cheerful, red roofs of Middelkerke.

There was a time when Nieuport was the centre of the social life of west Flanders, but to-day it is only a mass of débris, devastated beyond all imagination. The watery trenches across the Yser, still retained by the Allies after the loss of the land north of Lombartzyde on the 10th July 1917, are probably the most miserable in Europe. The war-time capital of the Dune country is La Panne, not Nieuport.

Before the war La Panne was a small Ostend, with a long promenade facing the sea, and a few streets, more or less ill-paved, running south across the sandy waste towards the railway station of Adinkerke. It is now a strenuous miniature of Brussels. King Albert has a house on the shore. One large hotel has been turned into a Belgian hospital; another provides excellent dinners. The shops thrive. The pretty façades of the villas on the sea-front are almost impressive after one has seen the ruins of the little watering-places to the east.

It is only nine miles from the Yser to the French frontier, and La Panne and Furnes alone within this area can claim the status of small towns. South of the Dunes stretch damp, low-lying fields, cut by long avenues of poplars, and intensively cultivated right up to the very edge of the shell-swept zone. Two great military highroads run eastward through this country of sand-ridges and level fields to the front firing-line—full of traffic, and fringed with the graveyards, camps, dumps, and dressing-stations that crowd the 'back areas' of modern armies. Each will be a *via sacra* for all time to at least three nations.

The peasants who go from the scattered white farms of the neighbourhood in order to sell their vegetables at La Panne are as typical of Belgium as the *jas*—that is, the Belgian soldier—who lounges there in his heavy mustard-coloured overcoat and red-tasselled cap. They come into the place with their noisy go-carts dragged by dogs, and never miss the chance of a bargain. With all its dourness and courage, this is not a military nation. The Dune people, at any rate, are for peace and order by the nature of their history and by the cast of their temperament.

The Dune people are Flemings, not Walloons. They are silent, slow-moving, and mentally inactive. Their Roman Catholicism is profound. Western Belgium and French Flanders are full of wayside shrines to 'Mary, helper of the afflicted,' and other saints of the Church. In a ruined cottage we found two old samplers worked with the inscriptions, '*Grâce à Marie, pleine des graces,*' and '*Croyance, espérance, amour, sont les trois appuis de notre vie.*' It is only the abominations of the Hun that have stirred quiet souls from pacifism.

The Dune country was enshrined in French and Belgian imagination when the German

hordes were beaten back in the battles of the Yser. French dead lie thick in Coxys churchyard. Yet the patience and the tenacity of our own men, who have fought and fallen here, are also unsurpassed. There is no sport and no exhilaration of combat in such trench warfare as takes place amid the mud and the wreckage of the Nieuport front, but no sector has witnessed more endurance and fortitude.

Our men know little of British history. They have never heard of the Ironsides who fought the Spaniards near here for the possession of Dunkirk, or of the great battles waged in Flanders in the days of William III. and Marlborough. But our noblest imperialism is modern, and its proof lies at the Front.

Among the innumerable beer-houses that reflect the principal national taste, the sign '*Au Transvaal*' is curiously common; while many a British soldier has been billeted in Flemish lodgings decorated with pictures of Kruger, Dr Leyds, and 'the Boer delegates in Europe.' These relics of our last war are quite unrecognised by our men. All races have short memories.

It was at the only shop in La Panne which sells literature more serious in tone than *La Vie Parisienne* that we noticed a big soldier in a kilt talking fluent Dutch with the shop-girl. It seemed a miracle, till we found that our Scot was a South African Highlander. 'When I see that Boer there in King George's uniform,' said the American doctor who was with me, 'I take off my hat to the British people.'

So he should.

#### THE ISLAND HOME.

OH! my heart is ever turning to my wave-beat island home,  
And my thoughts are ever flying where my steps were used to roam.  
I can hear the billows thunder, as they crash with cannon's roar,  
And the white sea-horses charging in their wild race to the shore,  
Where the great gray rocks are standing, staunch guardians of the deep;  
Where a cloud of fluttering sea-birds build their nests and safely sleep.  
I can see the mist-veil sweeping o'er the ocean—and the while  
The sunlight shimmering thro' it, like a half-hid trembling smile.  
But I hear the west wind moaning with a soft heart-broken sigh,  
And a myriad whispering voices, slow-rising to a cry,  
Like the cry of homeless children, of mothers, wives bereft.  
Then I think about the shieling, and the old folk that I left  
Sitting yonder at the peat-fire, seeing visions—and the rest:  
The waiting eyes! the watchers!—and the broken, 'God knows best.'  
But I must cease those dreamings, and 'carry on' once more,  
Till the rider on the white horse proclaims that war is o'er!

M. F. BLACK.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

PERHAPS the habit of marking and celebrating the centenaries of great events, and of the births and deaths of eminent personages, has declined of late, and that for the good reason that the happenings of the moment seem to eliminate all considerations of past history. But overwhelming as are the present circumstances, lives that were lived long ago will always hold their lessons. This year two centenaries bulk more largely than others, as we reckon values in the way of influences upon life and progress; and we are the more attracted to them because of themselves they furnish a strange contrast, and lead one's thoughts to new speculations upon life's possibilities, the duties, the mysteries, and the harassing doubts with which this generation is so much tormented. These two centenaries seem to stand respectively for the things of materialism, and for the spiritual and intellectual emotions; they are those of Karl Marx, the German Socialist philosopher, founder of the International, and of Charles François Gounod, the immortal French composer. There is incongruity in the coupling of such names. The mind of Marx, keen as it was, subtle in its perceptions and analyses, penetrating in its reasoning and deductions, concerned with the slow economic progress of mankind and society towards a better light, absorbed in the study of the complex relations between capital and labour, the main material facts of existence and the struggle for it—this mind contained, so far as we know, little enough of music. And Charles Gounod, who, after Rome had laid its touch upon his spirit, turned for a time from music towards the Church, who late in life was all for solemn and sacred strains, and was seized with strange fancies, as when he would compose a splendid thing on his knees in the cathedral of Rheims—what could the gentle Gounod have had to do with thoughts of Socialism, of capital, and of labour? Yet the philosophy of Marx afforded a standard teaching and set up a strong influence in the world, one that will endure and be of great account, however the man may be condemned for his errors. Marx perceived the economic social forces that were acting and reacting on each other as no other had done before, or perhaps has done since; he

saw causes; he pointed suggestively to effects. If some of his suggestions have been falsified, many more have been confirmed; and peering anxiously into the misty future through the fiery curtain that hangs before it, men of thought and sincerity, whatever their personal politics, will often agree that in the realisation of some of the ideas of Karl Marx, modified perhaps, but embracing something of the principle, there is the best hope of the future. If civilisation, and the happiness and gentleness of life, are to endure and prosper, and glory be given to the Creator, a broader view of the world and humanity must be taken, barriers must be lowered, and in some form, widening continually, internationalism must increase. By the time the human race is all complete and content as one family, it may have troubles outside itself with which to contend. Ideas which not long ago might have been considered crazy nonsense must be looked upon at least as possibilities now. And Gounod, who may not have understood the meaning of economics—Gounod, born within a few weeks of Marx, stole gently upon a life so very different from that of the German Socialist that for a moment one is almost inclined to wonder again upon the strange diversity of the impulses of intelligence in this complex world. Marx saw around him a fierce struggle that was part of the grand social evolution of humanity, the end of which seemed so far distant and the process of reaching it so sordid, so grossly materialistic and unhappy, that hearts of super-strength were needed for fair hope. The essence of his teaching was that the lessons of history must be marked and learned, the features of the steady process of evolution noted, conditions and circumstances taken as they are found, and then the classes must struggle on. Struggle, hardship, misery, materialism, and the present, with more struggle ahead and a hope—that might be said to be a view of the Socialist philosophy thus put forward, and Marx himself could offer no prescriptions for any sort of salvation and no prophecy for the future save that the proletariat would come to its own in time. And there was Gounod wrapped in happiness all his days, his wondrous music murmuring tranquillity, materialism never for a moment in his being, a certain spiritualism there from the beginning to the end. Genius is not

generally happy; it is afflicted too much with doubts, unsatisfied longings, yearnings for what is beyond the practicable, dreams that do not come true, and simpler-minded, more rational and conventional friends who unwittingly are frequently an aggravation by want of sympathy. The great musicians have not often led happy lives; their genius is particularly of a tormenting kind. But to be paradoxical and yet understood, it might be said that in simple happiness, plain tranquillity, they would have been discontented and unhappy, and that in their unhappiness they have achieved that supreme satisfaction of genius which is marked by discontent, and the continual emotional activity which results from it. Gounod, however, was a happy man, and once he exclaimed, 'For me the first necessity is to be loved.'

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Karl Marx was a German, and though in his disposition and career he showed himself to be much of an internationalist, it has been held in France in most recent times by those who are outside Socialism that, for all his professions and all his Socialism, the German was strong in this man, and that he was no friend of the France from which he was expelled. However, the fact remains that Marx, whatever his faults of thought or action, was a forerunner in what is now a great world movement. The triumph of the spirit of Socialism, with the ideal of the equality of man, would represent perhaps the greatest feature in human evolution from the time when humanity first came to its own conscious existence and endeavour, and the strong immediately began to assert themselves over the weak. This forerunner, Marx, almost became a lawyer, as Gounod nearly became a priest. Such are sometimes the narrow margins between the world's profit and loss. His father was a lawyer; and, after studying at Bonn and Berlin, Karl was to have adopted the same profession, but he turned against it, considered the possibilities of becoming a lecturer in philosophy, and then suddenly, as is a common way with leaping and adventurous minds, threw himself into the profession which offered the best chances of self-expression, of propagating his views, and laying himself before the world. He was twenty-four when he assumed the editorship of a Democratic newspaper in Germany, and his experience in that capacity quickly convinced him that he knew far less of economics than, with his thoughts and impulses, he ought to know. He went to Paris, where there were Socialist stirrings as nowhere else in Europe at that time; but after two years he was expelled from the country. At Brussels he made some valuable connections, and set out upon an agitator's career. Wanting more knowledge and experience, and believing, as others have done before and since, that the safest place for a man engaged in difficult enterprises, upon which society does not always look with a kindly glance, is London, he came here. Per-

haps there has hardly been a man who has worked in the Reading-Room at the British Museum to greater effect or with farther-reaching results upon society, for it was there that he gathered practically all his knowledge (at the extent of which people have marvelled) concerning the economic development of Europe in these modern times. It was in London that he died thirty-five years ago. His book, *Kapital*, is still in the nature of a standard book of Socialist principles. Many of the thoughts expressed in it seem now to be obvious, simple truisms, so familiar with some of the main points in economics have people generally become through constantly hearing them dinned into their ears; but they were not familiar when Marx first stated them. Some other conclusions are scarcely accepted; but for the rest there is a close analysis of economic development, with morals pointed all the way, and the suggestion hanging continually above the statement that fate and destiny are carrying the economic movement on and leading Socialism to ascendancy; so men must understand it, and must be compatible with the forces that are working. The grosser agitator, ignorant of laws and necessities, and seeing only oppressors in employers, shrieks, 'Away with capitalists!' Then, as society and work now are, there would, of course, be nought but chaos and ruin. Marx avows that the social development of modern times is dependent on capital, and suggests that the overwhelming circumstance in modern history is the rise, culmination, and ultimate catastrophe of capitalism. Here is a movement or a tendency which by its own evolution prepares its doom. The economic case of the world and the social development of the people seem on the face to be inconsistent, even paradoxical. The full development of capital and the classes representing it involves, he says, the advance of Socialism and the proletariat. The rise of the capitalist class has had for its complement the growth of the class which constitutes the means of production. He set himself to study deeply, and to reason upon causes and effects in the relations of these two. He saw mysterious economic forces at work upon the evolution of human society, forces of tremendous, irresistible power which were carrying mankind along in a swirling current. Some giant purpose—for good, as we must believe—is to be achieved ultimately by it all, but only after a long-drawn-out and fiery process of conflict and suffering. Man, so brave and yet so little, and withal possessed so often of a sublime self-assurance that heeds not the hidden and overwhelming processes, is no fatalist. Rejecting the idea of the existence of these forces, he takes, as he considers, his destiny in his fingers, and with his proposals for higher wages, for shorter hours, for better dwellings, for the nationalisation of many things, he urges the world on to the millennium. Marx did not

say it all in this way, but such is the effect of of what he says. Among his many messages, or rather hints, was one virtually to take account of the hidden forces of economic tendency, to recognise them, and to shape policy, conduct, and thought so far as possible in accordance with them. That at least was wise advice. That mysterious force of economic tendency, which we see even in days of war—perhaps more than in others—bursting out, starting new fires in unsuspected places, is to be the master of the immediate future of history. It takes the power from kings and nobles. It comes to the people as something vague and little understood, as electricity and radium came to them once. Its action is strange. We see the great capitalist destroying the smaller capitalist, and the riches of the world being gathered into the hands of a very few. Law and politics, religion and philosophy, says Marx, are all controlled by the prevailing economic conditions.

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But to people in general, as apart from those who are most specially concerned with Socialist matters and ideas, Marx is perhaps best known by his association with the International, a thing of which, though it no longer exists, we have heard more during the war than we did before. Marx founded the International in 1864, as an international society of Socialists and the proletariat, meeting together once a year, and conferring, recommending, and acting for the good of the people; ignoring all frontiers, states, languages, races, and colours; regarding only the common brotherhood of man. When the Franco-Prussian war seemed imminent the International declared itself against it and war generally, solemnly protested against it, and recommended a universal strike in the event of its outbreak. The International should have been held in Paris in 1870, but, alas! the war then in progress prevented it. A few years later the movement flickered out and ceased. Since then there has been much talk of its revival. The saddest of all the Socialist reflections of the present time is that of lost opportunities, of the might-have-been. Whatever may be thought of the International of Marx or of the scheme for its revival, it is certain to all reasonable minds that here is the germ of a greater idea which some day, perhaps not far distant, must blossom and come to fruit. The internationalisation not merely of proletariats, but of all the people of the world, must happen in time. We have seen it coming, and this very war is one of the last resistances to its onset. The frontiers are falling. The League of Nations, of which we hear so much speculatively, doubtfully, hopefully, is a movement far greater than that of Marx towards the internationalisation of the world. Discovery and invention, the extension and the speeding up of communications of every kind—this, perhaps, more than any other cause—the mastery of the air, the

broadening of the mind of man by education, and the working of those economic forces, the tightening of commercial bonds, and the commercial interdependency of nations upon each other, forbidding isolation and affording overwhelming advantage from intimacy—these are bringing about the better and greater International which must surely prevail. There are some who seem afraid of the idea, are timid lest such a movement should diminish patriotism, lest their native country, absorbed more in the general world, should cease to make the old appeal to a man's heart. But has a man or a woman less affection for the hearth of home, or for the little village or town of birth, because the standard patriotic unit, as it might be called, is Britain? Nor shall we love England or Scotland less if, in time, more of the frontiers crumble and the old states of the world, with parts of the new as well, perhaps take hands together. We might know a better, purer, and more intense patriotism then. It would be honest and sincere. Some have thought with a sigh in these modern times that little enough did we hear of patriotism until the blast of war was sounded, and then this godly thing was exploited by the warmongers. A child may gather from an elementary history how inevitable is this tendency towards complete internationalism, and how fast it is coming on. In the distant times a man fought against his immediate neighbour, cities against cities, and then small states against each other. Think of the Venetians of the past and their warlike, commercial, and artistic glory, and of the states of Italy that were separate even until comparatively recent times. But their boundaries have fallen, and they are Italy. So in Spain with its Aragon, Castile, Catalonia, Andalusia, and other provinces, though the establishment of the wider view is a slower thing in Spain than elsewhere. Look at the welding of Germany from its various states—and so the tendency towards larger groupings, aggregations, works everywhere. So, in the same way, continuing the process, nations will join, continents will be made homogeneous, the world will be unified, and a grand International, beyond all the dreams and philosophy of Karl Marx, will be established. And it may result as the working of a law and from some new necessity. The old impossibilities exist no longer. When the blood of millions has soaked the soil we do not know of things that are impossible.

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The separations between the characters, the lives, and the works of those two men born in the same year, Karl Marx and Charles Gounod, seem to be nearly as wide as they could possibly be between two human intellectuals, and yet there are suggestions of community between the two. The lives and the works of both remain great forces. Music is one of the most powerful and unfailing influences. It appeals to all; it

affects a vastly more extensive people than any other form of art. International!—this is truly and completely an international art. But that of Gounod was the greater International, vast beyond all the imagination of Marx, for music has the world, and it reaches upward and beyond to heaven. Other forms of art often present to minds of low susceptibility a little coldness, dryness; but music is always and to all a hot and foaming flood. In his handling of the idea of those mysterious economic forces, which men must try to appreciate though they cannot control them, was there not even in Marx, materialistic as he was, a trace of a certain mysticism? Gounod ultimately was wrapped in it. Having won the gold medal at the Académie des Beaux Arts, he was sent to Rome to study, and there, like many another, he yielded to the strange and subtle influences of the Eternal City, and was held by them. The religious masterpieces of Palestrina fascinated him, and as he listened to them in the Sistine Chapel a spell came upon him. He fell under the influence of the Père Lacordaire. He approached almost to the very gates of a monastery, and the appeal of his mother, it seems, was what held him back. There was a period afterwards in Paris when, being choirmaster in the church of the Missions Étrangères, he wore ecclesiastical garments like the pupils at the Seminary of St Sulpice, and by a strange conceit he signed his letters as the 'Abbé Gounod.' In his later career he gave himself more and more to deep religious com-

position. In the middle period, when he was much in London, there were two instincts which were sometimes at war within him, one being that of the true and simple artist, with something romantic in his inspiration, urging him to tell in music elemental stories of human love; and the other the religious, the mystic, calling him to work on themes of religious intensity in the soul. We may trace both these instincts and influences in *Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*. These operas are immortal, everlasting; they touch the deepest emotions of us all. They are human, and yet, despite their terrific tragedy, there is a sense of gentleness in them, of sweetness. A note of Christianity is sounded at the end of each. When the struggle of Marguerite is over and she dies on her bed of straw, the celestial choir sings her to her new and heavenly happiness, and ere Romeo and Juliet die they appeal to God to pardon them. Sometimes the human in Gounod came momentarily by a strong expression; it was good that it was there, for religious depth and mysticism alone would not have yielded us that immortal music. One night he was witnessing his own *Faust* in the company of a friend. Marguerite, from the window of her house, was singing passionately of her love, when Gounod turned to his companion and said, 'Can you not feel a woman's hair about your neck?' He who wrote these operas, and such other deathless work, as the *Ave Maria*, gave finer service to a burdened world than many kings and statesmen.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER V.—THE SONG IN THE THICKET.

THE British centurion had not made one of the spectators at the amphitheatre that holiday. Bull-baiting had small attraction for him, and being in no mood for the society of his brother-officers, he had taken his rod and line and made his way to a little thicket lying in a hollow of the hills not far from the encampment. There a deep-flowing stream ran, whose waters often provided the cohort with sport and the mess-table with fish; and many a holiday had Cunobelin enjoyed upon its banks.

Although on this day his fishing did not meet with much success, he was well content to sit on a heap of withered leaves, handling his rod, and listening to the gentle murmur of the water, which he found particularly pleasant in his present frame of mind.

His encounter with Marius Tarquinius in the mess-hall that morning had left him disturbed in spirit. He was conscious that in yielding to the savage prompting within him he had been guilty of a breach not only of the code of civilised society, which he had hitherto prided himself on upholding with greater scrupulous-

ness than if he had been born a Roman citizen, but also of the commands of the faith whereof he had become professed while serving with the Eagles in the East.

The peculiar powers of its mandates had been able to hold him silent under all taunts and insults until that moment when Marius Tarquinius had dared to take the name of the legate's daughter upon his irreverent lips, and thereby goaded his comrade to strike a blow, not so much on his own behalf as for a woman he revered above all others.

The same new influence which had come over his life, curbing all its fiercer passions, had also exalted the weak and beautiful and tender things to a place in his estimation they had never held before. He could no longer regard a woman from the old standpoint of his forefathers, to whom she was but a beast of burden, a chattel to be bartered like a head of cattle; nor yet could he look upon her as a mere creation for men's pleasure, as it seemed was the standard of Rome in those days. The light of the new faith showed her as something higher, fairer,

weaker, and more tender, yet with a stronger claim upon the reverence of men than had been formerly conceded to her.

And the full homage of this nascent chivalry the British centurion rendered to Miniata Polla. She was, indeed, the only woman of quality with whom he had acquaintance as an equal. From the first her delicate refinement, her girlish beauty, her frank yet modest bearing had wrought very potently upon his simple nature. To hear her name bandied scornfully in the mess-hall by the young patrician, and her virtues measured by the low standard of Roman society, was more than his devout heart could endure; and he had followed the instinctive impulse which prompted him to take his enemy by the throat, after the manner of his forebears, and silence him by the right of his superior strength.

The knowledge, however, that he had proved himself an easy victor gave him no sense of triumph, but rather a feeling of humiliation, and made him wish to avoid his brother-officers this holiday afternoon, and seek solitude.

Although he no longer held the old belief of his race that malignant spirits dwell in every element of nature, the whispering wind, the rustling leaves, the babbling water had still their primitive power to subdue his senses to a worshipping awe. The old voices still spoke to him, but with a new meaning. What had once been fearful and terrifying, claiming propitiation in fire and blood and hideous rites, was now sweet and joyous, seeming ever to bid him rejoice and be glad in the beauty and wonder of the earth.

As the reassurance borne on the sound of the flowing stream and the sigh of the wind stole over him, the song that he had sung to soothe his stormy feelings after he had fled from the mess-hall, the song that had so haunted Marius Tarquinius, rose again to his lips; and the strange, appealing notes, expressing not exactly mirth, but a wonderful sort of gladness and triumph, floated softly through the hushed silence of the glade.

As he sang, his acute sense of hearing all at once made him aware that some one had entered the wood. He could faintly distinguish the sound of footsteps rustling through dead leaves and crackling over dried twigs. Breaking off in his song, he glanced round from the spot where he sat sheltered by a clump of bare alders to see whether he could discover who it was.

Presently he saw the tangled undergrowth being cautiously parted, and the faces of two women peered through the aperture—the one young, fair, and very lovely; the other dark, old, and wrinkled.

With a sudden leap of his pulses Cunobelin recognised them as the legate's daughter and her attendant, and sprang to his feet. The girl, seeing her presence was detected, stepped clear

of the bracken and thorn, and stood before him, wrapped in a woollen cloak coloured by a bright native dye.

'Centurion Cunobelin!' she exclaimed in surprised greeting as he saluted her. 'It is you! Pardon our curiosity. We heard a voice singing tunefully in the brake, and thinking that all the cohort were at the bull-baiting, wondered to whom it could belong.'

As she spoke she eyed him all the while in such a strange, intent fashion that his blood raced fiercely.

'I had no mind for the spectacle,' he answered, 'so sought this solitude instead.'

'Even as I have done, for bull-baiting is a sport I have no love to witness. But I trespass on your solitude'—

'The Lady Miniata is most welcome,' Cunobelin hastened to assure her in all sincerity.

'Have you good fishing?' she asked, glancing at his rod.

'Nay; scarcely a bite to my bait to-day.'

'Then I shall not spoil your sport if I stay and speak with you?' she asked with kindly consideration. Her intercourse with the officers of the legions was entirely free from all restraint or embarrassment. Her father was wont to term them affectionately 'my children,' and she regarded them all as brothers. 'My father has ridden with the tribune to see the site for the new encampment, so I am denied his company this holiday,' she added, in explanation for her presence.

When the centurion had again assured her of his pleasure in her company, she glanced about, seeking for a suitable spot where she might seat herself. Cunobelin, perceiving her design, quickly divested himself of his military cloak and spread it on a heap of bracken, begging her to make use of it.

She laughed lightly, accepting the offer, and thanked him for his considerate thought. 'But treat me not as one of Southern birth, who dreads this Northern soil. I, too, am on my native heath, centurion, though of Roman blood.' Then, clasping her hands across her knees and gazing into space, she sighed regretfully, 'A Roman who has never seen Rome!'

Cunobelin, half-sitting, half-leaning on a drooping alder-bough, looked at her with troubled sympathy. 'Do your eyes so desire to see the great city?' he asked in his blunt way.

'Ay, with a great longing,' she returned with energy, lifting her wide, black-fringed eyes to the gray sky. 'Oh, the sunshine, the splendour, the beauty—I would that I could see it! But my father is wedded to Britain. He has no desire for Rome. He says he would rather worship and serve her from afar. But I—oh, I hunger to see the wondrous city—Rome, my mother! I think my longing has grown greater than ever since your new comrade, Marius Tarquinius, described her glory last night at supper. I

look forward to hear further from him. He has indeed a most skilful tongue. You must find him pleasant company in the cohort—so lately come from Rome, and with so many entrancing tales.’

The Briton was conscious of a stab of jealousy on hearing Marius Tarquinius thus lauded, and seeing the expression of admiration and interest in the girl’s face as she spoke of him. It seemed as if she divined his feeling, for she added, ‘Doubtless his converse has not the same charm for you. But you have travelled far with the legions, centurion, and seen much. You have been in the East?’ She bent forward on her seat, and a curious, expectant light came into her dark eyes.

‘Ay,’ he replied; ‘for seven years and more I served with the 6th Legion in the Eastern Provinces.’

‘Then tell me,’ she said with eagerness, ‘did you ever hear of a wondrous man known as the Christus, a carpenter of Galilee, who could work miracles?’

‘Lady Miniata,’ he burst forth, with a note of exultation and astonishment in his voice which he could not control—‘you know of the Christus?’

‘Yes, I have heard of him; but such strange tales! I would fain learn the truth. Salome, my old nurse, is a woman of Judæa, and in her youth she says the Christus walked the streets of Jerusalem, and oftentimes she saw him. She has told me of many marvellous things he did: how he could cure the sick by a word, and restore sight to the blind, and even make the dead to live again. She says that he was known throughout the country-side for his goodness, for his tender pity to those in affliction, and his loving-kindness to all manner of men. All the common people loved him deeply; but the men of consequence, the priests and others, hated him, and stirred up the rabble against him till they clamoured for his death. So he was crucified without Jerusalem.’

Her voice fell, and there was a moment’s silence. ‘But then, Salome says,’ she went on in an awed voice, ‘it began to be rumoured that the Christus was not dead, but alive, and seen of men, and that death could have no power over him. Yet, though Salome sought him oft, she never found him, nor could ever learn the truth concerning him. But to-day, when we came to the glade and heard a voice singing, she said, “There is one who must surely know of the Christus, for he singeth the song the children of Jerusalem sang to his praise when he passed as a king in triumph.” So we hastened hither, thinking to find some stranger from the East; and, lo! it was you, centurion. Tell me,’ she said, raising an earnest face, ‘what know ye of the Christus?’

Cunobelin fell on one knee by her side as she sat on the crushed bracken.

‘Lady Miniata,’ he began in tense accents, ‘this I know—that He is the Most High God above all gods, and the King of kings!’

‘A King! A God!’ exclaimed the girl, awed and amazed. ‘You say so, too, even as Salome? She has told me that the Christus called himself a god and a king, and, though his countrymen made mock of him, in her heart she holds it true, albeit sore perplexed. But to me it seems incredible. A king . . . a god . . . yet suffering the shameful death of crucifixion!’

‘Even so! Yet why does it appear so incredible? It is but an old tradition fulfilled. Through all the ages has it not been a belief that a deity could assume man’s shape, and share in human passions and human toil, and even taste the bitterness of death in expiation for mankind?’

‘Yea, so I have learnt. But the gods have ever moved in majesty and power and mystery, filling men with fear, not as the Christus, who was lowly and pitiful, and lived obscurely among the poor and the outcast, having compassion upon their misery and pain.’

‘And does not such an example commend itself as more divine than that of the ancient deities?’

‘Yea, truly, it is beautiful and wonderful beyond belief,’ answered the girl musingly. ‘All that I have ever heard of the Christus draws me strangely, even as the gods of my forefathers and their rites repel me.’

She fell silent, and sat pondering. Cunobelin waited until she should speak again, watching her like a dog with eyes of passionate devotion, burning with the ardour of his faith, which had hallowed the love a man may bear towards a woman, and had made it as a thing sanctified.

‘Centurion,’ began Miniata, after some moments’ silence, ‘how did you come by this knowledge?’ She turned on him a regard so full of sympathetic interest that it was like a draught to his thirsting passion.

‘It was when I served in the governor’s guard at Cæsarea,’ he made answer. ‘A man of quality and learning, one Paulus of the city of Tarsus in Cilicia, was brought as a prisoner from Jerusalem to be tried before the governor for creating a riot. He was accused of belonging to the sect of the Nazarenes, of whom much evil was spoken by the Jews. But the Lady Drusilla, the Jewish wife of Lord Felix, had desire to hear what he should say in his defence. He was, therefore, brought before the assembled court to expound, which he did with such fire and eloquence that all were amazed and dumb-founded. It fell to me to be captain of the guard set over him during his imprisonment, which was of long duration, and oftentimes I held talk with him. But above all was I anxious to learn the secret of his strange powers. He was of mean stature, feeble of body, and well on in years, and had endured much ill-usage; yet he had the unconquerable spirit of a youthful warrior who feared neither life nor death, nor

bodily pain, nor any evil from man or malign spirits. And I, in whose breast burned the desire for glory under the Eagles of Rome, was covetous of his dauntless bearing and calm endurance, and begged him to initiate me into the mystery. And then I learned that he, too, was as a soldier, . . . even a great commander, but thirsting for the glory of an Empire that was greater than that of Rome; and that his King was the Christus who was crucified at Jerusalem, but who reigned immortal in his Kingdom beyond the world, and held dominion over all.

'His words, oh Lady Miniata, were like an onset of the conquering legions, so that I was overcome and fell a captive, to be subjugate unto his Lord and Master even while I served Rome. And he told me of the armour that could make a soldier proof against all assaults, and of the mighty weapons that were to make the conquest of the world—even of the Empire of Rome.'

'The conquest of the world?' echoed the girl, with wide, fascinated eyes. 'Of Rome? What are they—these weapons? What are they?' she demanded, amazed, looking on the stalwart frame of the centurion, who had risen to his feet, and now stood before her at his full height, blazoned with the trappings of the Imperial army that to her represented the greatest power and splendour of the world.

'Love and sacrifice,' was the answer.

'Love and sacrifice!' repeated Miniata, wrinkling her fair brow in perplexity. 'Love and sacrifice to conquer the world!' She smiled incredulously and shook her head. 'Not by that was our great Empire conquered.'

'Ay, in sooth it was,' returned the soldier. 'Men fought and died for Rome because they

loved her as their mother and their god. For her sake they endured the horror and hardships of warfare, and gave their lives that she might become great and powerful, and that others coming after, and hearing of their sacrifice, might be strong to uphold her and love and serve her and die for her too. And even so shall the Empire of the Christus be won. Do you understand, Lady Miniata?'

The girl's eyes kindled, and the colour rose on her fair cheeks. 'Yes,' she cried, clasping her hands together, 'I understand, for I am a Roman soldier's daughter. Love and sacrifice! Yea, truly, they can overcome all. Methinks it is indeed the faith for a Roman!'

Even as she spoke, her old attendant, who had been waiting at a little distance, approached and signed to her that it was time to bring her talk to a close.

'Ah!' sighed Miniata regretfully, as she rose to her feet. 'I must go. The daylight wanes. Yet I have not learned one-half of what I would know. Perchance we can talk again on this matter?' she remarked questioningly. 'My father is to tarry here a while to see the foundation of the new encampment. We may meet again.'

'It shall be my pleasure,' answered the centurion, meeting the eager eyes she raised to his, yet scarce able to control the tumult of emotion which her words and the hope for the future that they contained raised within him.

'Farewell, centurion! I thank you for your enlightenment. I shall think on what you have told me,' she assured him.

Cunobelin saluted her in military fashion as she passed from his sight beyond the alders, followed by her woman.

(Continued on page 567.)

## THE 'FLINCHING' OF THE WHALE.

By JAMES W. ALLAN.

WE are up in the Arctic regions, in Lancaster Sound, Davis Strait, on board the Dundee steam-whaler *Dawn*, and we are lying 'hooked-on' to the barrier floe which stretches across the sound. The barrier floe checks the whales in their progress up the sound, and we lie at the edge of it, ready for them. The conditions are ideal for successful whaling.

Alongside the ship a dead whale is moored, and the work of flinching\*—that is, stripping off the coat of blubber—is going on cheerily. Some men are down on the body of the whale, and, armed with long-handled cutting-instruments, are slicing off huge lumps of blubber from the surface of the 'fish,' as the men call it. These great chunks are being hauled on board by block and tackle worked by men at the windlass, who

go tramping round and round, singing a sailors' 'chanty.' The great 'speck-block' creaks as the enormous mass is slowly heaved up and finally deposited on the deck, where it is cut into pieces and thrown down into the hold, afterwards to be converted into oil.

Let us try to realise the atmosphere and surroundings of the flinching of the whale.

The ship is not anchored; she is 'hooked-on' to the floe by a wire-rope and toggle. The floe extends across the sound and stretches away ahead as a wilderness of rafted ice—a vast white field with its surface covered by great blocks and fragments of ice, which look like the ruins of buildings shaken down by some tremendous force. On both sides the sound is bounded by long stretches of high land. The sound is wide. We lie nearer the south side.

The day is hot; the sun is strong as on a fine

\* *Flensing* or *flinching* (Danish, *flense*; Norwegian, *flense*, to flay) is called 'flinching' by Scottish whalers.

summer day at home. It is the month of July, and the sun never sets, for we are in the season of perpetual daylight.

From the melting ice on the floe comes a peculiar odour—or, at least, olfactory impression—such as is experienced on passing a collection of newly washed linen put out to bleach on a sunny summer day; and one reaches the conclusion that it is due to ozone.

A curious stillness reigns up in this Arctic world—a stillness, but not an absence of sounds. Around the dead whale a mob of screaming sea-birds are gorging themselves with the fragments of 'cran'—that is, scraps of flesh—which are floating in the neighbourhood of the carcass. These birds are fulmars. The whalers call them 'mallies.' They are very noisy, very greedy, and very stupid. One sees them quarrelling and fighting over a scrap of offal while there is an abundance of scraps floating all around. If one mally seizes a fragment, others rush in and try to take possession, with screaming and flapping of wings. It is an amusing display of senseless greed and selfishness which is almost human. The noise made by these birds (which are always present at a 'flinching') is almost deafening.

But there are other sounds. The beautiful snow-buntings utter a peculiar cry which sounds like 'pree-ook, pre-ook.' From time to time a white whale or a narwhal comes to the surface and takes a breath, and so a succession of blowing, sobbing, and sighing sounds comes from the surface of the water. On the floe the white bear lurks, or prowls about.

The decks, our boots—indeed, everything—are smeared with oil from the blubber; there is 'fat' everywhere, and the sickly odour of 'whale' pervades the atmosphere. The flinching of the whale is an unctuous business.

But the great event in the 'making-off' of the whale is the bringing on board of the 'bone'—that is, the whalebone. This is by far the most valuable part of the spoil. The oil from the blubber no doubt has value, but nothing in com-

parison with the 'bone.' The success of a voyage is measured by the amount of bone secured; and the estimate of a captured whale is made in terms of the length of the bone—a ten-foot fish, a twelve-foot fish, and so forth. The value of whalebone at the time in which this scene is laid (1893) was very high; my impression is that it was well over two thousand pounds a ton.

As all hands on board a whaler have a share in the profits (known as 'oil-money' and 'bone-money'), it follows that every one takes a keen interest in the success of the voyage. The capture of a fine big black whale with long bone is a matter for satisfaction and rejoicing all round, from the captain to the cabin-boy. One 'side' of bone is brought up at a time, and the heaving on board of this enormous mass evokes the keenest interest.

If a young whale—a baby whale, called by the men a 'sooker'—has been captured, one may have whale-steak to tea! Whale-steak is dark and tender, perhaps too luscious. But before a 'sooker' is attacked the mother must be killed; otherwise the boats may be smashed to pieces by the infuriated parent. The whale, though such a huge animal, is of a timid and harmless nature; but when the maternal instinct is aroused in the defence of its young, it is as bold as a lion.

It is a strange life on board a whaler up in Davis Strait. Though many years have elapsed since the writer witnessed the scene he has tried to describe, the whole picture rises as vividly before his mind's eye as if it were yesterday, and in imagination the accompanying sounds and odours present themselves anew. There are the men at work on the body of the dead whale; the men tramping round at the windlass, singing their chanty; the creaking of the great 'speck-block'; the screaming of the mallies; the 'pree-ook' of the snow-buntings; the sighing and sobbing of the narwhals and the white whales; the 'caller' smell of the ozone from the melting ice; and the warmth and sunshine of a summer day, shed from an unsetting sun.

## E V O Æ.

### IV.

THE state of affairs became more obvious still in the days that followed. There being no village to which old Zecho could go to sell his wares, Sari was left with more freedom; and often North would find himself alone in her company. They would wander over the moor, and once they walked as far as the Teign Clapper Bridge, some distance from where the camp was situated.

Sari Zecho was beautiful, with the rich, fervid beauty of the Romany women when young. She was reckless and passionate, eager to give where

she loved. Intuitively North knew that the fate of gipsy Robin's happiness, in so far as Sari was concerned, lay not with the girl, but with him. Robin was doubtless waiting an answer to a question he had put when the caravan of the Zechos was last on Dartmoor. What that answer would be depended upon North.

He knew that the girl's wild heart had turned to him; only in fancy, perhaps, but still sufficiently to damage gipsy Robin's cause. What should he do? Had others been so fair to him that he need consider the feelings of a gipsy lad? Had one woman proved so faithful that he need care how he played with the heart of another? They

sat together by the stone bridge; nothing stirred, and they seemed to be alone in that wide expanse. Then he saw the hurried rise and fall of the girl's breast, while her brown fingers tore nervously at the bracken.

The cheery philosophy of old Martin flashed across him; he thought of the younger Zecho's laughing face. . . . When he spoke, the words were quite different from what his previous thoughts had been; they fell from his lips almost before he was aware of speaking.

'Sari,' he said, looking her frankly in the eyes, 'I like that young Robin. Your happiness lies in his heart; I know it.'

She turned her head to hide her scorching cheeks; then in silence she rose.

When they neared the camp young Zecho met them. He ran his eyes over his sister's face, next fixing them upon North. Long and close was his searching look, but North met it with one as full and as straightforward. The shadow that had been on Zecho's face suddenly vanished.

'I met Robin on the Bovey Road,' he said, turning to his sister. 'Maybe he's waiting for you—where you used to meet before.'

'I'll go to Robin,' the girl answered quietly, moving away.

Left alone with North, Zecho heaved a long sigh. 'A woman's heart goes willy-nilly!' he said. 'Once,' he continued more slowly, almost unwillingly, 'I was a little afraid.' . . .

'You had no need to be; nor ever will.'

'Ah, I might have known, brother. Forgive!' He wrung the other's hand; then, hastening towards the camp, he burst into a ringing song.

#### V.

In spite of the careless life, the unfailing cheerfulness and quaint philosophy of his companions, there were times when North's bitterness became more than he could endure. At such times he would go off by himself, walking for miles plunged in misery and despair.

On one such day young Zecho found him. North had flung himself among the bracken on a hillside which sloped down steeply to the valley below. Beneath trees so thickly interlaced that they formed an archway a stream wandered, its noise as it clattered over its stony bed reaching but faintly the hillside above.

Martin seated himself beside North, chewing a blade of grass in his strong teeth. 'Looking with a king's eye upon your great possessions, brother?' he queried.

'Great possessions!' North moved impatiently. 'Why, I believe I am the poorest man alive!'

'Poor—with *this*!' The gipsy flung out an arm in a sweeping gesture which embraced the earth and the sky, the hills beyond, and the valley beneath.

'*This*? What has *this* to do with it?' retorted North.

'Does it not *belong* to you, brother? To you, to me, to all mankind? Is it not ours to wander over wheresoever we will, to see and to enjoy? The sun is ours, the wind, the long white road that leads to the ends of the earth. The song of trees is our music, the moon our lamp when we sleep. Why, brother, we are kings!'

North gazed at him curiously. Struggling in his breast was an intense desire to unburden his heart to this care-free son of Nature. Perhaps from those untutored lips—lips that spoke through a golden heart, tender to all things weak, cheerful and full of courage and hope in the face of adversity—he would hear words that would act as magic upon the misery which gnawed at his soul.

'Martin,' he said after a long pause, 'what would you do if your life's work, something to which you had given all your strength and thought, were destroyed?'

'Well, brother, had I as many years before me as it had already taken to do this work, I would begin again.' Zecho tugged at the grass-blades and hummed between his teeth.

The dawning of a smile flickered on North's lips. Then a cloud, darker than before, descended on his brow. 'Say, then,' he began, a sudden fierce note throbbing through his voice, 'if a friend, one you had trusted, betrayed you, what of that?'

'A friend,' replied Martin, removing the blades from his mouth and speaking slowly, 'is so rare a thing, priceless because so rare, that there are many counterfeits, brother. He, the one you speak of, had never been the real thing.'

With his stick North flicked savagely at the bracken, striking down many a wild-flower and fern. He spoke again, tensely and with an effort. 'If—something—you loved very much—left you'—He stopped; a flame seemed to rise in his throat, burning his speech.

Martin shot him a swift, sidelong glance. 'Were it a dog, brother'—he began.

'No, no; I mean—a woman.'

Martin whistled softly. For a while he did not speak. When he answered it was in a voice both tender and grave. 'Our women seldom leave our men,' he replied. 'If they do, then I guess it's mostly the men's fault. You know,' he continued, his rich voice rising and falling, even as the sunbeams and the shadows rose and fell in the valley below, 'we men are the gardeners, women the flowers. We should guard them tenderly, carefully; otherwise comes some rough hand to pluck and spoil their beauties, and, phf, they are gone!'

He said no more. In silence the two men sat until the evening shadows chased away the sunlight from the valley. Then they rose and walked slowly back to the camp. Nothing was said. With inborn delicacy, the one wished not to intrude upon the other's thoughts; and North said nought, because it seemed to him

that there was nothing further to say. Instinctively he felt that his companion knew and understood, and, in his own way, had tried to soothe the hurt. Moreover, it appeared to him that the gipsy's simple words were charged with some magic by which his bitter thoughts were surely changing into something akin to pity for those who had wronged him

## VI.

Robin clattered into the camp that night, an excited look on his face. 'There's been an accident down on the Bovey Road,' he said. 'Come quickly.' He addressed himself to North.

Before he had finished speaking North was on his feet and setting out for the scene of the accident, Robin as his guide.

Robin had seen it all. A motor-car had collided with a great lorry, and had been wrecked. The driver of the car seemed unhurt, but the other occupant, a lady, had been carried, unconscious, into a cottage. One man had gone in search of a doctor, but in case he should be difficult to find or away from home, Robin had come for North.

Together they entered the cottage, but only North passed into the room where the injured woman lay.

He stood a moment on the threshold. As he entered a man rose swiftly from the side of the bed where he had been seated. They faced each other for what seemed endless ages, ages spent in a whirl of blind anger and hate. Neither spoke, and in that silence it seemed to North—and perhaps to the other man too, since he expressed no surprise at the meeting—that he had known all along, in a subconscious way, that they would meet like this one day.

North turned to the bed, the other giving place to him.

The injuries, though fatal, were internal. There was no mark to mar the flawless beauty of the woman's face. Only the pale, drawn lips showed that she suffered. Like a mesh of gold her hair was strewn over the pillows. How often had he kissed those strands, so fine and silky, in the first frenzy of his love!

A look from North answered the other man's silent question. A spasm crossed the latter's face; then, in a voice almost humbled, he asked, 'May I—stay?'

A pause.

'Yes.'

What use to deny when all that was dearest to them both would so soon be gone? What use anger and revenge at such a time?

On the borderland of death the woman's spirit lingered and looked back. Her eyelids lifted. Her eyes rested for a moment upon the two men, and the last look was for John North. A whisper, so faint and seeming to come from so far, fluttered from her bloodless lips: '*Gippy!*'

At that word a flood of crimson swept over North's face. That nickname, sole residue of happier days when she had teased him and so called him because of his Romany origin and black hair! Poignant memories overwhelmed him; remorse tore at his heart, breaking down the barriers of pride and hate. Now it seemed clear to him just how much he had been to blame.

For the gratification of his own selfish love he had taken away this child—for she had been barely more than that—from surroundings happy and gay. He had shut her up in a cold house in a dull country-side, and, on the excuse that he was working to gain fame for her sake, he had neglected her. As if any woman wants fame if it robs her of the companionship of the man she loves! She had lived amongst others gay and young as she was. He had expected her to bloom alone for him. Was it a wonder, then, that she had turned to Tony Foster—gay, light-hearted, gifted Tony—as a flower to the sun?

Again that fluttering cry, 'Gippy, forgive . . . us.'

What chance had anger against that appeal? 'Men are the gardeners, women the flowers.' Ah, dear God, how had he treated this blossom which had been entrusted to his care?

In an agony of remorse he bent his head, forgiving and craving forgiveness. With burning lips he kissed the tiny hands as a token of his everlasting love.

When, later, he stood face to face for the last time with Tony Foster, there was no anger or bitterness in his glance. The other had suffered too, and to his sorrow was added a load of shame.

When North spoke it was with a tone of finality, as one turning from an old life to a new.

'We both loved her; we both wronged her,' he said. 'Let us try in future to live—as men.'

The cloud of shame and despair lifted from the other's face; hope shone through, as though he, too, faced a new beginning.

## VII.

Many days later John North returned to the caravan on the moor.

For the last time he sat down with the Romany folk and partook from their platters. When the evening meal was done and they gathered round the fire, he told them all that had happened. They listened in silence; but in all the pairs of bright eyes that watched him there was no look of misunderstanding. When he had finished he paused a moment, and then added, 'To-morrow I leave you. You have taught me many things. Chiefly have you shown me those things I thought never to find again—courage, faith, and hope. I am taking Martin's advice—to begin again. I am going

to believe that there are other things in life besides the sorrows of one's own heart.'

At the break of day the caravan prepared for departure. The Romany folk were bound for a fair which was to be held in a town beyond the land of the Dart.

Slowly the caravan climbed the ascent from the moorland road. From the foot of the hill North watched it. When it had reached the summit it stood a moment, silhouetted against the sky. Beyond lay the undulating spaces of the moor; while, like sentinels of all time, majestic and solemn, rearing dark against the

breaking day, stood Hay Tor, Saddle Tor, and Ripon Tor.

In silence the Romany folk made their farewell. Old Zecho raised an arm, his sightless eyes directed down the hillside. North waved back in return, and then they disappeared behind the slope of the hill.

Slowly North turned away. Like a flame came the first shaft of sunlight breaking through the gray dawn-clouds. He heaved a long sigh.

'Evoë!' he murmured. 'After the rain, the sun!'

. THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### MECHANICAL FOOD-SERVING.

**M**ANY of us are familiar with the turntables which were to be seen years ago on the dining-tables of old-fashioned hotels in which the separate table system had not been adopted. These turntables were loaded with dishes, and the guests turned them round until the required viands were opposite to their plates. A further extension of this system consisted of a miniature railway, laid round a large table, which formed a feature of a private dinner given by an electrical magnate, trains of dishes being drawn slowly in front of each guest by an electric locomotive. It has remained for the Americans, however, to 'go one better' by adopting the conveyer to expedite the serving of food. This has been done in the restaurant attached to the huge factory of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N.Y., where three thousand five hundred meals are served every day. In its simplest form a conveyer consists of a moving band, which may be of practically any width and any length. The moving side-walks at the last Paris Exhibition were conveyers on a large scale. One would naturally expect that a conveyer in a restaurant would be employed to convey dishes or plates of food to each customer, but this plan is not adopted at the establishment referred to; in fact, it is really reversed, as will be understood from the description given below. Each employee, on entering the restaurant, buys a ticket which he exchanges for an aluminium tray. The tray is placed on one end of a conveyer which is moving slowly along the front of a steam-heated food-counter, having on it plates of fish, meat, vegetables, sweets, and drinks. The customer walks along with his tray, and helps himself to whatever he fancies. By the time he has made his choice the conveyer has reached the terminus, where the contents of the tray are checked, and the customer carries it off to his seat. Four conveyers are in use, and at the midday meal they are capable of serving seventeen hundred persons, the average time

taken by a customer from the purchase of a ticket to reaching his seat being under one minute. Before the conveyer system was adopted fifty waitresses were employed to serve approximately one thousand meals, and the staff numbered one hundred and fifty. Now the seventeen hundred midday meals are prepared and served by sixty-six persons.

### STUDY OF DEEP-SEA FISH AT THE SURFACE.

It is interesting to observe what an impetus has been given by the war to new development schemes and investigation-work having for its object the better feeding of the civil populations of the belligerent countries. Among these must be included a station for biological research opened at Messina at the end of 1916. A special feature of this station, of which an account was lately published, is formed by the almost unique upward currents, coming from great depths in the sea, which are caused by the sudden rise of the ocean-bed at the famous Strait of Messina. Many marine fish and animals which ordinarily live at great depths are brought by the force of the currents to the surface, where they are easily caught alive from small boats. Little opportunity has occurred hitherto for studying under normal conditions these deep-sea creatures, many of which possess means for producing light, while some can even vary at will the colour of the light emitted.

### EFFECT OF THE WAR UPON A REMOTE PEOPLE.

Almost every part of the globe has been adversely affected by the war. This aspect of affairs in connection with a remote region was recently brought out by Mr D. B. Macmillan in an article in the *American Museum Journal* entitled 'The Food-Supply of the Smith Sound Eskimo.' These people live entirely upon mammals, fish, and birds, which have to be caught or shot. For the securing of their prey, they have been dependent for many years upon imported implements, such as firearms, knives, and steel traps. Owing to the yearly Danish trading-ship's failure

to reach them in 1917, the Eskimo have been forced to revert to the inefficient hunting methods practised by their forefathers, which included the employment of bone arrows, ivory harpoon-shafts, flint knives, and other ancient weapons. Should these conditions last another year, Mr Macmillan expects a reduction of the tribe to a few individuals, owing to the difficulty of procuring food. The supplies of matches, tobacco, needles, thread, and similar articles have also been cut off, and the absence of these commodities will certainly accentuate the privations caused by the food shortage.

#### PLANTS WHICH EXTRACT THEIR OWN NITROGEN FROM THE AIR.

In a note published in this column in April, headed 'The World's Wheat-Supply,' reference was made to the early exhaustion of the supplies of nitrogenous manures needed to maintain the world's output of wheat, and the possibility of substituting for natural deposits nitrogen extracted from the atmosphere was touched upon. Although the discovery about to be described is not yet applicable to wheat, it may become so in the future; while its present application to leguminous plants should effect some economy in the use of natural nitrate fertilisers. The discovery consists in a method of causing peas, beans, clovers, and other plants known as legumes to manufacture their own supplies of nitrogen from the atmosphere. Small white lumps about the size of a pin's head are found upon the roots of such plants, and these lumps, according to a recent paper by Professor Littell McClung, quoted in *Popular Science Siftings*, contain bacteria which are constantly extracting nitrogen from the air circulating through the soil, and discharging it in a 'fixed' state ready for fertilising the parent plants. At the end of last century two investigators, Nobbe and Hiltner, discovered a process for increasing the production of these nitrogen bacteria, which were introduced into soil containing leguminous plants with astonishing results, thick clusters of lumps being produced on the roots, and the crops being nearly doubled. Nitrogen bacteria are now grown on a large scale, special cultures being produced to suit different plants. The procedure consists in gathering the lumps from the roots and feeding the bacteria on specially prepared jelly which serves as an incubator, vastly increased numbers being 'hatched out' by these means. After removal from the jelly the bacteria are mixed into earth compound, in which they will remain alive for some time if not subjected to sudden changes of temperature or exposed to sunlight. This earth compound is despatched in tins to farmers and market-gardeners, who add enough water or skimmed milk, with perhaps a little sugar, to make a free mixture. The seeds are then stirred in until they are covered with liquid. After removal from the liquid, they are

dried and sown *at once*. If the conditions of soil and planting are favourable, clusters of lumps will be found on the roots of the plants, and exceedingly heavy crops will be obtained.

#### EGG-PRODUCTION OF DOMESTIC FOWLS MEASURED BY COLOUR TESTS.

The importance to poultry-keepers of knowing which of their hens are the best layers must be apparent to all. Hitherto this information has been obtained by the somewhat tedious and cumbersome method of isolating individual birds or groups, and recording the number of eggs produced. This plan has now been rendered unnecessary, so far as one breed is concerned, by the investigations of an American, Dr A. F. Blakeslee, who has proved that there is a close connection between the amount of yellow pigment on the shanks and ear-lobes of white leghorns and their annual production of eggs. According to this authority, 10 to 20 per cent. of yellow on the ear-lobes in the month of October indicates an average production of one hundred and eighty-five eggs during the previous twelve months, while 55 to 65 per cent. corresponds with an output of only about one hundred and thirty eggs. The reason underlying these observed facts is thought to be the abstraction of yellow pigment from the body during the growth of the eggs in the ovary. The more of the pigment that is needed for the eggs, the less is there for deposition elsewhere.

#### ELECTRICALLY WARMED MATTRESSES.

Until recently the hot-water bottle has formed almost the only means employed for warming beds continuously. This device, however, has never been entirely satisfactory—in hospitals, at any rate—owing to the varying degree of heat produced. A bed warmed in this manner is often too hot to begin with, and gradually cools off until the bottles are exchanged for others freshly filled with boiling water. This operation inevitably entails a considerable amount of work and the consumption of a by no means negligible weight of coal. According to *The Lancet*, these drawbacks have now been overcome at the Treloar Cripples' Hospital, where the beds in two wards have been provided with mattresses containing electric heaters. The heat is produced by passing electric current through a wire embedded in each mattress, the effect being similar to that caused in the filament or wire of an electric lamp, which is made white-hot by the current. Naturally, by varying the size of the wire and the amount of electricity, any desired degree of heat can be produced. The escape of electricity from the wire is prevented by 'stringing' it with glass beads—glass being an excellent insulator for electric conductors—and the beaded wire is threaded into flexible metallic tubing before being embodied in the mattress. Switches for varying the amount

of current, and thus regulating the degree of heat, are provided for each bed, and the wire is so arranged that the heating effect is greatest at the foot of the bed, gradually falling away to zero under the patient's head. Devices are also incorporated to prevent any risk of fire, by keeping the maximum amount of current within safe limits. A saving of three hours a day in each ward, previously occupied in preparing and carrying round hot-water bottles, is said to have been effected by the adoption of these mattresses.

#### AMUNDSEN'S NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION.

In spite of the war, which is affecting the conditions in neutral countries to no inconsiderable extent, the arrangement that the Norwegian North Polar Expedition under Captain Roald Amundsen shall start from Christiania this summer has been carried out. The new vessel, named the *Maud*, which conveys the expedition, possesses many features of interest. She is rigged as a schooner, and has three masts. Her length is one hundred and twenty feet, and she is exceedingly 'beamy,' being no less than forty feet in width. These proportions should give unusual seaworthiness, and they remind one of the old-time sailing-ships that safely weathered the worst gales all over the world in the days of Captain Cook. The hull of the *Maud* is well rounded in every direction, so that it will rise up on to the ice if squeezed in the floes. Needless to say, the vessel is enormously strong, the keel being of oak beams fourteen inches square; while the timbers or frames, also of oak, upon which the planks are laid, measure fifteen inches deep by twelve inches wide. Moreover, these timbers are laid touching each other along the bottom of the ship, which gives an immense thickness of solid wood after the planking is applied. There is a skin made up of planking inside the framing, and another skin outside. The outer skin is of oak at the bottom and well above the water-line, the intermediate portion being composed of greenheart, a wood which withstands the chafing of ice better than oak. An auxiliary oil-engine of two hundred and forty horse-power has been installed, and this should be capable of driving the ship through any weather. The sails, however, will be used whenever this is feasible, with a view to saving the oil as much as possible. The engine is of a simple type, much used in Scandinavian craft, and known as a hot-bulb engine. It is far less complicated than, say, a motor-car engine, there being no valves and no electric ignition. Ports in the cylinder, uncovered by the piston at the bottom of its stroke, perform all the functions of the usual valves; while a red-hot bulb or plate serves to ignite the oil, which is sprayed into the cylinder through a jet. Above the rudder and the propeller a well is arranged, through which these parts can be lifted clear of damage when the ship is surrounded by ice.

One hundred tons of oil are carried for the engine, which is enough to propel the ship for about ten thousand miles at a speed of seven miles an hour. The officers are accommodated in single-berth cabins opening into the main saloon, which is heated by a very large stove. The route proposed is that followed by the *Fram*, through the Barents and Kara Seas along the coast of Siberia, with a view to entering the polar pack-ice about two hundred and fifty miles east of the New Siberia Islands, where it is hoped that the vessel will be caught in the current that runs across the Arctic Ocean.

#### CLOTHES FROM PEAT.

The various ways in which peat can be utilised as a fuel were referred to in these notes in September 1917, but many other uses for it have been discovered by the Germans, who, being hard pressed for fibrous and other materials, have investigated every substance likely to lessen the shortage. With this end in view the German Government, some time back, established a laboratory at Hamburg for the study of peat, with the result that it has been found practicable to extract from it fibre which can be bleached and spun for the weaving of carpets and cloths, some of the latter being suitable for making up into clothing. Stuffing for mattresses and cushions can also be made from peat, and in one form or other it is largely employed both in this country and in America as bedding for horses. Another use for peat is in the manufacture of artificial wood, which is prepared by adding wax, and consolidating the mixture in a hydraulic-press. The resultant product is very hard, and is not readily affected either by fire or by water. It is suitable for almost all purposes for which wood is now used; its cost, moreover, is distinctly less than that of the harder woods, such as oak, teak, &c.

#### TO PRESERVE STONE FRUIT.

A method of preserving stone fruit which does not necessitate the immediate use of all the fruit as soon as the storing-vessel is opened, but permits of its being consumed as required over a period of several weeks, should prove exceedingly useful in these days of sugar shortage. Such a method is given in the current edition of the Royal Horticultural Society's publication, *Fruit and Vegetable Bottling, Pulping, and Drying (with and without Sugar)*, Jams, Jellies, Cheeses, and Pickles, by Vincent and Georgiana Banks. The recipe is as follows. Get a large wooden box which will take one or more dishes and one or two jugs of water, according to the amount of fruit to be preserved. Pick the fruit when it is quite dry; weigh it, and put it in two layers (not more) on the dish or dishes; and for every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pint of water in a jug. Place both fruit and water in the box. Put about a teaspoonful of sulphur in a saucer, and when

ready to close the box, put a red-hot cinder on the sulphur (a match is not enough) and quickly shut the box up closely. Throw over it sacking or rugs to exclude all draughts, and to keep the sulphur-fumes in. Leave the fruit shut up in the box for two or three hours. At the end of that time transfer the fruit carefully into absolutely clean dry crocks, jars, or bottles, and pour the water from the jug (or jugs) over the fruit, in the same proportion as before, three-quarters of a pint to the pound (dividing it *without* again weighing the fruit). Cover the vessels to protect the contents from dust, and store them in a dry, cool, dark place. Fruit thus treated will keep unmildewed for a very long time, even after the jar has been opened. When the fruit is required for use, take it out of the vessel, and *place it for a few minutes in the oven or before the fire. After this it may be cooked in exactly the same way as fresh fruit. The water must not be used.*

#### THE IDEAL SERVANT-SAVING HOUSE.

The constantly increasing difficulty of obtaining domestic servants has naturally turned attention to two problems: (1) how they can best be wholly or partly dispensed with, where this is possible; and (2) how their services can be most advantageously utilised in households where they are retained. It is to the consideration of these two problems that the authors of a recently published book, *The Ideal Servant-Saving House*, have

devoted their attention. As local conditions made the servant difficulty acute in America at a much earlier stage than in this country, the writers, a widely experienced engineer and his wife, have wisely made use of their knowledge of American methods. Necessity being the mother of invention, American inventors have worked out a number of appliances which render the housewife more or less independent of servants. The builders of American houses have helped very largely, by the arrangements they have made, to facilitate the proper working of these appliances, and by having every agent that can be delivered by wire or pipe laid on to each house or flat. The authors have endeavoured to show how, even in this country, servants can be largely or entirely dispensed with, chiefly by the installation of better heating and cooking appliances, by the adoption or adaptation of American methods, and by the use of apparatus specially designed to reduce the labour of the housewife to the smallest possible dimensions, and to free it from all disagreeable features. The volume is a thoroughly practical one, and from cover to cover reveals the hand not only of the skilled engineer, but also of the capable and experienced housewife.

*To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.*

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

THE helm went over, and the port engine went astern, to bring the ship round short on her heel. She answered nobly, for there was a brief respite, followed by the thundering crash of three heavy seas breaking on board in quick succession as she came broadside on to the sea. And how she rolled! Fifty degrees either way without exaggeration, until we could scarcely stand on the bridge, while the lee edge of the upper deck went under, and we could see the white water creaming and surging round the bases of the funnels.

Presently the boat was close alongside, poised dizzily on the swirling crest of a wave at one moment, and the next sinking deep into a hollow, until she was hidden out of sight of the bridge somewhere under the curve of the hull. Many times we held our breath in suspense, expecting to see her stove in and swamped as the ship lurched drunkenly towards her, or else carried bodily inboard and capsized as she rose on a sea and the lee edge of the deck dipped under water.

But the men did their work well. They fended her off without mishap, and one by one, watching their opportunity, the occupants leapt

to safety, or were dragged on board with rope ends. There were sixteen of them all told—sixteen and Booster—the entire crew of one of the burning ships, and happy enough they were to be rescued. They were scantily clad, wet through to the skin, perishing with cold, and very much exhausted; but our men, tender-hearted as usual, vied with each other in forcing their spare garments upon them. Indeed, it was not very long before our guests, full of hot grog, ship's biscuit, and the inevitable salmon and corned beef, were smoking cigarettes on the mess-deck, snug and warm in their borrowed finery. Their distressing ordeal had certainly not affected their appetites.

We should have liked to salve the boat, for she was a stoutly built craft fitted with a motor; but the stories we had heard of German submarines lurking in the vicinity of boats with survivors aboard, with the idea of torpedoing any vessel which came to their assistance, effectually prevented our remaining in one place for longer than was absolutely necessary. So we left her drifting, and steamed back to rejoin our mates.

Until dawn we scanned the sea for the sur-

vivors of the other vessel, zigzagging to and fro and covering many miles, but our efforts were unsuccessful. They seemed to have vanished completely from off the face of the waters, and to this day we have never heard what became of them.

It was the same old story that our survivors afterwards told us; a tale of utter callousness and indifference to suffering—of what, indeed, practically amounted to wilful murder on the high seas.

'We were sailing along quite peacefully,' said the master, spinning us his yarn in the ward-room, 'when, just about noon on the day you picked us up, an ugly gray brute of a submarine suddenly appeared on the surface about a couple o' miles away to starboard. We'd nothing to fight with, no guns or anything, and couldn't escape; so we just backed our maintopsl to heave the ship to, and waited. But within a minute, though she must have seen what we were about, she was blazing away with her guns, and the shell came whistling overhead and flopping into the water all round.'

Some one interrupted him to ask a few leading questions about the size of the gun and the accuracy of the shooting.

'Never hit us once, except with splinters,' he answered. 'That wasn't their fault, though. They fired to hit—we could see that all right. So I ordered the boat out, put food and water into her, got the men aboard, got into her myself, and pulled away from the ship. Then they started lobbing shell at us in the boat, and Heaven alone knows why they didn't hit us. Anyhow, they stopped firing after a bit and came close alongside, pointing rifles and revolvers at our heads, and jeering like fools. "You can put the damned things down," says I; "you needn't be afraid; we're quite unarmed."—"The captain and mate are to come aboard," says an officer on the submarine's conning-tower, speaking excellent English.

'So we went aboard, the mate and I, and they demanded to see our papers, and asked all sorts of questions; but I don't think they got much worth knowing. "What food have you got in the boat?" the officer asks.—"Food!" says I. "You didn't give us much of a chance to get food!"—"That is just as well," he says, with an ugly laugh. "We want food ourselves, and might have borrowed yours! I've a mind to make you prisoners," that German officer goes on to say to the mate and me, scratching his chin. "If I hadn't so many other Englishmen aboard, I would take you back to Germany."

'I said nothing to that, because I couldn't think of anything to say. "Why the hell don't you answer me, you pig dog?" he suddenly shouts, mouthing like a madman and fumbling with his pistol.—"What can I answer?" I asks him, beginning to see red and longing to hit him in the face. He scowled at me and rapped

out an order, and before I properly knew what was up, one of his men got into our boat, got hold of our water-barricade, and emptied it overboard. "There," the officer snarls. "That'll teach you a lesson, you English swine!"—"You're murdering us!" says I, longing to get at him, though I knew there was another small water-tank built into the boat which he hadn't spotted.—"And what the hell do I care?" he sneers. "This is war, and my men will destroy your ship."—"Go on," I told him, a bit sarcastic; "there's plenty more where she came from." That was stupid of me, because he glared at me like a maniac, and pointed his pistol at my middle. I quite thought my number was up.

'However, he didn't shoot, and presently the boat goes back to the ship, leaving the mate and me aboard the submarine. Four Germans with pistols and bombs went in the boat, and after collaring all the grub they could find, they upset paraffin and petrol over the deck and set a match to it. Presently there was an explosion or two, and I could see the ship was starting to burn. The boat then came back, and the Germans got out of her and made our men hand out the tinned grub the blighters had stolen. "Get back into your boat," says the lieutenant to the mate and me; "and think yourselves lucky we have spared your lives!"—"Spared our lives!" says I. "There's bad weather coming on, and we shall never reach the land."—"Get into your boat!" he shouts, waving his pistol again. "What do I care if you don't reach the land? Get your own damned navy to help you! This is war! My ship is not an hotel for swine like you!" That officer was a fair corker, and could swear in English like a Thames bargee!

'Well, we got into the boat, and he got on to his conning-tower, and the submarine made off on the surface, with all her men laughing and jeering at us. "I will report the destruction of your ship!" was the last thing the officer called out to me. "Perhaps you will not have an opportunity to do it yourself. If you do get back, present my regards to the English Navy and to Sir Lloyd George, and tell 'em they'll all be starving in six months' time." He was a perfect gent, that he was! Then the submarine steamed off to the north-eastward towards another ship which was in sight, and an hour or two later we saw they'd set her on fire as well.

'You know the rest, gentlemen,' he went on. 'It was blowing fairly hard when we took to the boat, but towards the end of the afternoon it started to blow great guns. We rigged a sea-anchor, and put canvas round the gunwale to increase the freeboard; but she was so deep in the water with the men she had aboard that we shipped a terrible lot of water, and had to bail for all we were worth.

'Then it got dark, and there was nothing in sight except those two burning ships. It was a

pretty dismal prospect for us, I can tell you, for all the time the wind was increasing and the sea getting worse. Water kept coming on board, and before long the boat was full up to the thwarts. Presently the rope to the sea-anchor chafed through and the anchor carried away. We started in to say our prayers then, for we thought we were goners. But then, thank God! we suddenly saw your searchlights, and set to work to make our flare. We never thought you'd see it, for we'd drifted so far to leeward; but a bit later we spotted your red and green lights bearing down towards us, and when'—— He hesitated.

'I don't know if you've ever given up all hope, and then suddenly realised that your life is going to be saved, gentlemen,' he concluded huskily, 'but we could have shouted for joy when we saw you coming. We—well, we are very grateful to you, gentlemen; far more grateful than I can possibly tell you. We couldn't have lasted for more than another hour with that sea running. You saved our lives.'

'Pure good luck that we happened to be on the spot,' we assured him, quite truthfully, for it was more by good fortune than anything else, and no merit was attributable to us.

'Ay, that may be,' he agreed, with a nod. 'But if you hadn't turned up, we should have gone the way of a good many others; and, believe me, gentlemen, we are very grateful.'

His tale was told in a simple, seaman-like manner, with a complete absence of flowery language and ornamental flourish. But he was obviously sincere, and the look of gratitude in his eyes was more than ample reward for the little service that we had rendered.

In due course we landed the survivors, but Booster remained with us as a substantial memento of the occasion.

Now, Booster is a dog, an enormous creature, rather like one of Jack London's 'huskies,' with the build of a wolf. He weighs, to hazard a wild guess, something between ninety and a hundred pounds, and has a heavy, lupine head, a pair of the gentlest brown eyes I have ever seen, a curling, bushy tail, and a very thick coat, dark gray on the outside, and cream-colour beneath. Altogether a very engaging person, he rapidly became acclimatised to his new surroundings, though in the early days of his naval career he developed a passion for desertion. On one occasion, indeed, he absented himself from his place of duty for fully a week, during which we spent no small portion of our time and money in inditing reply-paid telegrams to the police authorities, and in concocting advertisements for insertion in the local newspapers.

In reply to various inquiries, we received the following communication from the Chief Constable:

'Re Dog Booster,' it started. 'I beg to state that, in accordance with your telegrams and

letters, the Dog Booster was discovered wandering at large in the town at 7.30 A.M. on the 17th instant. He was conducted to the Police Station, and was secured with a piece of rope. After partaking of a hearty breakfast, he slipped his collar and escaped. I much regret this most unfortunate circumstance, but the Police are on his track, and I will communicate with you further when the dog is found.—Yours faithfully, ——.

'P.S.—The collar may be obtained on application at the Police Station.'

Happy thought, that postscript! But what, I ask you, is the good of a collar without a dog to put inside it?

However, with the assistance of a friend who knew the assistant provost-marshal, the truant was eventually run to earth and apprehended by the military police; whereupon we received a telegram.

'Dog Booster now in custody at ——,' it ran. 'Please send escort when convenient.'

So the escort was sent, and the deserter brought back at the end of a chain. We were pleased to see him, but he hadn't even the grace to look ashamed of himself, though his escapade had cost me a pretty penny for telegrams, rewards, and advertisements.

(To be continued.)

#### THE VALE OF BIGGAR.

Thy brow is bathed in Clyde's encircling stream;  
Thy feet rest soft on Tweed's white-pebbled strand.  
Hills lift their crests; sunrise and setting gleam  
Are round about thee, oh beloved land!

The hill-burns pour their waters o'er thy breast;  
The weary hear their falling, and rejoice.  
Lovers of thine, who dwell from thee apart,  
Still feel afar the throbbings of thy voice.

Give us of grace, the love-awakened eyes,  
The vision, and fulfilment of Life's quest.  
Yea, on our hearts, 'neath summer-gilded skies,  
Oh wild rose of the morning, breathe thy rest!

May hawthorn-flowers adorn the passing years;  
The heather robe empurple autumn ways;  
Dews kiss thy fields, as if o'erwelling tears  
Broke gently from the font of happy days.

Teach us, dear vale, from morn till evenfall  
The charm of this glad hour we fain would keep,  
And give at last, when voices homeward call,  
On thy fair breast a long and blessed sleep.

GILBERT RAE.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE ELM-TREE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

#### I.

THERE were fifteen houses on the south side of Battersbury Square—fifteen houses so alike that it was as if some giant architect had poured stucco into the same iron mould fifteen times, had set his wet castings side by side in a row, and had pressed them together so that they should stick to one another. They had, as a matter of fact, stuck to one another for precisely seventy-four years.

The older trees in the square envied and hated them. For it is the nature of trees to go through their yearly course of change, to lose their leaf-children and see them swept away into heaps and piled into barrows, to grow from slim young saplings to gnarled old fellows that shed dead branches, and feel rather uncertain whether they themselves are quite sound at heart. But the houses never changed. They neither rocked in the wind nor lost anything of more importance than a slate or two.

And the hatred of the younger trees was mixed, not with envy, but with scorn.

'Poor things!' said a thin, pale birch on the evening of 30th April 1913. 'It must be very dull to be like that.'

But a very old elm that had first thrust its funny little nose out of the soil when there were no houses in sight shook its great head and shivered. 'They can never die,' it answered. 'They must always be there—just the same. I hate them!'

'They were never alive,' the young tree answered. 'It's fine to be alive in this wind, with the sap rising.'

But that night the wind swelled into a gale, and the elm—one of the oldest trees in London—was stretched full length across the lawns and flower-beds.

And at eight o'clock the next morning Miss Maria Strangeworthy looked out of the dining-room window at No. 14, and said, 'Good gracious, Elizabeth; the tree has fallen down!'

And Elizabeth, very old, but two years younger than her sister, came to the window, and said, after a decent interval of silence, 'What a mercy, dear Maria, that it did not fall

this way! It would certainly have struck the house.'

An elderly, hard-faced parlour-maid brought in the breakfast. 'The big tree has fallen, ma'am,' she said, addressing, as she always did, the elder of the two sisters.

'Yes, Janet. It was here when I was a little child. You had better call Master John. I hope he has not overslept himself. It is so bad for him to hurry to the station.'

John Strangeworthy entered the room, and kissed each of his aunts lightly on a withered cheek. He was a tall, frail man of forty-three, with gentle eyes and gray hair, and a thin, ascetic face. His mother had died at his birth, and his father, swindled out of every penny of his inheritance, had survived her for only two years. Since then John Strangeworthy had lived with his aunts, and, whatever character he may have inherited from his mother, who had been of humble origin, he had apparently been moulded into the Strangeworthy pattern of perfect gentleness and good taste, and willingness to do his duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him.

'The old elm-tree has fallen,' said Aunt Maria when she had poured out the tea. 'I can remember your dear father, as a little boy, climbing up into the branches.—You remember that, don't you, Elizabeth? We stood in the garden and screamed with terror.—I hope that egg is fresh, John. It is so difficult to obtain fresh eggs at all in London.'

John Strangeworthy assured his aunt that the egg was quite fresh. Then he said that he was sorry about the tree. It had been pleasant to sit in the shade of it on a summer evening. It was the only tree in the garden that really was a tree. Old? Yes, it must be very old—must *have been* very old, he should say. One could hardly speak of it as existing any longer.

'I think there must be plenty of sound wood in it,' said Aunt Elizabeth. 'Perhaps they will make coffins out of it.'

John Strangeworthy frowned. He was not yet old enough to talk calmly about death and coffins; nor was he young enough to laugh at them. His second egg—he always had two on

Thursday mornings—did not seem quite so fresh. There was a faint odour of decay about it. But he said nothing. He knew how very difficult it was to obtain fresh eggs.

They talked about the tree all through breakfast. It is wonderful how much people can say about a tree that they have known since they can remember anything. But no one seemed to look at the tragedy from the tree's point of view.

At 8.45 the old ladies left the room, and John Strangeworthy lit his pipe and strolled to the window to see whether it was a morning that would justify the wearing of his thick overcoat. Two errand-boys were staring through the railings at the fallen elm. A man was standing with one foot on the trunk, talking to another man who was testing the edge of a saw with his thumb. There was a coil of rope on the grass. The branches of the tree, spread out like the tentacles of a great octopus, seemed brown and twisted. The faint, tender green of the budding leaves waved to and fro in the wind. Here and there a white splintered gash, where a branch had broken, showed like a wound.

And then suddenly John Strangeworthy was sorry—not for the tree, but for all that young life that must die with it. All his days he had looked out on that square, but until a month ago he had never noticed the hideous cruelty of it—the spiked railings; the block of houses on the farther side, like a prison wall cooping in the shrubs and the trees; the smoke pouring from the chimneys against the clear blue of the sky, and showering smuts on the green of leaf and grass. The impression was so vivid for a few moments that it hurt him.

Then he became a Strangeworthy again. He decided that it would be a morning for his thick overcoat. He put on his boots, laced them up, and left the house. But, instead of turning to the right—the way to the station—he crossed the road, entered the garden of the square, and spoke to one of the workmen.

'Yessir,' the man replied. 'I'll cut you off a nice big piece. 'Ow'd that suit you?' and he laid his hand on a foot-thick branch, much as a butcher might point out a joint to a customer.

'About eighteen inches of it,' said John Strangeworthy. 'I've known that tree since I was a boy, and I'd like to have something made out of the wood.' Then he took half-a-crown from his pocket and placed it in the man's hand. 'No. 14,' he added.

'One of them sentimental blokes,' said the workman when John Strangeworthy had departed. 'Shouldn't wonder if 'e weren't in love.'

But John Strangeworthy had only been thinking of his aunts. It seemed to him that they would like to have some little trifle made out of the old tree. There were many such things in the house, remembrances of the past—some

of them purchased, some legacies from friends and relations who were dead.

On his way to the station, and even in the train, where he usually read his morning paper, he wondered what they would like. One can make so many things out of wood, either useful or ornamental. His fancy inclined to a box of some sort—for gloves or handkerchiefs, or merely for odds and ends.

And then, just as he was leaving St James's Park Station for the Government office where he had worked for twenty-three years, he remembered Aunt Elizabeth's remark about coffins; and joined with it, in some curious fashion, was also the memory of the square as he had seen it from the window, cruel, like a prison—an ugly box with the lid off it.

No, the presents should not take the form of boxes. Paper-knives? No. Knives were unlucky. Well, there would be plenty of time to think it over. The wood would have to be thoroughly dried and seasoned before it would be fit for anything.

## II.

At nine o'clock that same morning a girl looked out of the dining-room window of No. 15, and turning to her father, still seated at a very untidy breakfast-table, she said, 'You were right about that old tree.'

'Down at last, eh? Bad luck.'

'Yes, for the tree.'

'Oh, bother the tree! You know what I mean, Rona. It was the duty of that tree to fall against these houses and smash them to smithereens.'

The girl laughed, and shook her head. Her hair, cut short so as barely to touch her shoulders, flung itself out like a mop of fine red silk. Her brown eyes sparkled. She was youth incarnate. Even the creamy whiteness of her face suggested health and vigour. 'It is only the inside of the house that matters,' she said. 'Otherwise, who would live in Battersbury Square?'

Michael Genlis turned the thumb of his left hand towards the wall.

'Our friends next door,' he said. 'Rona, the tea is cold, and the toast is burnt, and this egg is rotten.'

'The cook got up late, father. She was reading your new book last night, and did not go to sleep until two in the morning— Oh, there goes that old dear from next door.'

Her father, big and strong and sprawling, as he leant back in his chair and looked at his egg, muttered something about a fool. The girl turned and glanced at the clock.

'Two minutes late, father. Something must have gone wrong.'

She turned to the window again, and saw John Strangeworthy cross the road, enter the garden, and speak to the workman. She even saw the transference of money from Strangeworthy's

pocket to the hand that closed on the coin so eagerly. She understood everything, and knew just which particular slice of the tree had been purchased. And there was a curious look of pity in her eyes. She glanced round at her father.

'He's bought a piece of the tree, father,' she said. 'Rather like buying the limb of an old dead friend, isn't it?'

'Sort of thing he would do,' Genlis grunted. 'Dead trees—dead lives—not much to choose between 'em.'

Ten minutes later the man went out to his work; and the two aunts, standing at the window next door, saw the great, rough, shaggy fellow stride down the steps with a pipe in his mouth, an old green felt hat on his head, and no overcoat to hide his loose, shabby suit of homespun.

'I wonder,' said Aunt Maria, 'what sort of work he *does* do.'

'It would be hard to say,' Aunt Elizabeth replied; 'but I am certain that he is not in a Government office.'

On an average, this scrap of conversation fluttered against the window-panes once a week. Sometimes it was Aunt Maria who wondered, and sometimes it was Aunt Elizabeth. Their curiosity was mild and lady-like. It could easily have been satisfied by a few questions put to tradesmen or servants. But the Strangeworthys would not have fallen so low—so far beneath the standard of good taste.

'The girl,' said Aunt Maria, 'might be sweetly pretty if she did her hair in a more becoming fashion.'

Meanwhile the girl who might have been sweetly pretty was standing by the fireplace, touching the wall above the mantelpiece with her long slender fingers.

'If I could break you down,' she was thinking, 'and just get one peep.'

She was always longing for that—for the breaking down of the wall, or that it might suddenly become clear as glass, so that she could see into the room next door. She had often pictured it to herself—a room with fine, slender old furniture, and dainty silver on the table and the sideboard, and a thin but rather beautiful old carpet, and portraits of Strangeworthys on the walls—all so quiet and restful—so dead. Yes, that was the word—dead.

So different it would be from the room in which she stood—the gorgeous, barbaric colouring of

walls and carpet and chair-coverings; the black furniture; the curiously twisted bronze figures on the mantelpiece; the lines of strength and brutality about everything, as though the room was for ever crying out that it was alive, and splendidly alive, and that the age of daintiness and prettiness was dead.

'Life!' the house was always shouting behind its dull, dead walls. 'Colour, and music, and life—fierce hot colour, and crashing music, and strong pulsing life.'

And the girl's heart danced to the piping of the house. She, too, was alive. There was hot blood in her veins, and her limbs were fine and strong. But she would have liked the wall to grow clear as glass, so that she could peer into the next room, as one might peer into a city of the dead. She would see old and beautiful things—things that had been thrust aside by the ever-quickenings march of life. It would be like some quaint fairyland—the two frail old women, and the man who looked as though no young woman had ever smiled on him. Useless, all three of them, without a doubt; isolated from the surging flood of progress; safe in their fortress of old associations, and proud of the old things that their forefathers had left to them; living on aimlessly in the belief that nothing more was asked of them but honour and kindness, and trust in God. And all the time great fires were burning beneath the surface of humanity!

The clock struck the half-hour, and Rona Genlis roused herself from her dream of a passing world. She went upstairs and put on her hat and boots, and went out into the square. She laughed as the wind beat against her face, and the sunshine poured down into her eyes. The men were at work in the garden, sawing off the branches of the tree. Full of the spirit of mischief, she asked for a log, paid the workman five shillings, and carried the lump of wood across the road to her house.

She would give it to her father. Already she pictured his face when he saw the unwelcome gift. He would put it on the fire, and they would both laugh, and watch it burn.

There is a certain hard cruelty about youth. But there was Scriptural approval for what Rona Genlis had done. The old elm-tree had certainly never borne fruit of any value, and the fallen branches of it were 'cumbering the ground.'

(Continued on page 536.)

## METHODS OF WORK OF SOME IMAGINATIVE WRITERS.

By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

THE sight of a good workman at his work is always interesting; and surely not least so when that work is creative. 'How and where were the masterpieces I have so enjoyed pro-

duced?' That is a question that must occur to many a sympathetic reader. Given the genius, to what incentives did the poet or the novelist have recourse, what surroundings did he most

affect in his periods of inspiration? The answers to those questions might reveal some curious facts.

Lord Byron, for instance, in whom the divine spark was allied with a more than common share of gross earth, worked, at one period, on a starvation diet of raisins and soda-water, judging, plausibly enough, as it would seem, that this was favourable to the liberation of the spirit. Again, the somewhat theatrical talent of Bulwer Lytton found stimulation from the midnight hour and a bed draped with black bugles. But a much more curious case than either of these is that of Théophile Gautier, one of the most luxuriously sensuous of poets and most highly finished of stylists. Here is the account of how he wrote his *Travels in Italy*, given by his friend, Maxime du Camp: 'This book, which one would suppose to have been thought out in retirement, in a library of works of reference, with plans of towns and catalogues of museums within reach, was actually written in a printing-house, amidst the clatter of the compositors, the noise of printing-presses at work, the hum of machinery, slamming of doors, and hubbub of a busy workshop. Not a note, book, or document did the author make use of. His memory surpassed belief, and he could draw on it at will without fear of being led astray. He composed without erasing or correcting. When he had finished ten lines, the overseer would clip them from the MS. and hand them to the compositor, repeating the process until the article or chapter was complete. Then, when the proofs were set before him, Gautier would indicate errors by marking them with his nail, and would go on his way, breathing deeply, like a miner released from his subterranean gallery at the end of a day's work. After the year 1850 (Gautier's thirty-ninth year) almost all his books were composed in this fashion.' So much, then, for the method of that fine poet, *bon enfant*, and inveterate joker, who attended the first performance of *Hernani* in a crimson doublet, and was fond of alluding to himself (not without due reason) as 'poor Théo.' Comfortless enough for most men, to have the printer's devil thus at one's heels might seem an arrangement less suited to Gautier than to any other. *De gustibus*, indeed! One never knows.

In refreshing contrast to this is the procedure of Robert Burns, as described by himself in a letter to George Thomson, the editor of his songs. He writes: 'My way is—I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down, and then look out for objects in nature around me that are in unison and harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I

have framed. When I feel my muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind-legs of my elbow-chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on.' To this vivid piece of self-portraiture Allan Cunningham has added a few touches by telling us that, as soon as Mrs Burns heard her husband hum to himself, she knew that he had something on his mind, and was prepared to see him snatch up his hat and silently leave the house. Once he was alone, and in the open air, his ideas flowed consecutively, words came at will, and he seldom returned without having completed his song, which he would then have his wife sing over, and would correct according to the singer's view of what was most singable, though rarely indeed consenting to sacrifice sense to sound.

The above refers, of course, to Burns's songs; but when composing *Tam o' Shanter* he worked equally in the open air and without writing-materials. The time was an autumn afternoon or evening—his favourite hour and season for composition—and the place a green walk by the side of the Nith, which there runs strong, and may well have been in flood from the autumnal rains. On this occasion his wife does not seem to have guessed how he might be engaged, for she had gone out with her children to look for him. What she saw, however, led her to think better of her purpose, and gathering the children to her, she withdrew without interrupting him. In the rapture of inspiration, Burns was pacing up and down, gesticulating and muttering to himself like one distraught, the 'tears happing down his cheeks.' It was one of the great creative moments of his life, and it is pretty clear that he beheld neither wife nor children, but only a vision of the Haunted Kirk, ablaze with light, and the witches' dance within.

Shelley, like Burns, found the sight of natural objects inspiring, but instead of resting content, as Burns did, with those nearest at hand, he would seek out rare and recondite varieties and combinations of natural beauty. At Marlow, at Keswick, in Wales, in Switzerland, most of all in Italy, he was ever in quest of earth's loveliest and most impressive scenes. Early in 1819 Shelley, then aged twenty-six, was living in Rome and working at his *Prometheus Unbound*, which both Professor Dowden and Mr W. M. Rossetti have pronounced to be his highest achievement. 'The second and third acts,' says the former of these authorities, 'were wrought out amid surroundings fitted to sustain his imagination at its highest endeavours.' The place was the Baths of Caracalla, a perfect wilderness of ruins, enclosing within walls of stupendous height six enormous chambers, interspersed with riven towers and winding

paths, the whole being muffled and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. But let Shelley himself describe it. 'Never,' says he, 'was any desolation more sublime and lovely. The perpendicular wall of ruin is cloven into steep ravines filled up with flowering shrubs, whose thick twisted roots are knotted in the rifts of the stones. At every step the aerial pinnacles of shattered stone group into new combinations of effect, and tower above the lofty yet level walls, as the distant mountains change their aspect to one travelling rapidly along the plain. . . . The blue sky canopies, and is as the everlasting roof of, these enormous halls.' From such surroundings as these, it would be child's-play for an imagination such as Shelley's to transport him to that 'lovely vale in the Indian Caucasus,' 'that pinnacle of rock,' and that 'forest intermingled with rocks and caverns,' which are scenes in his play. How lovingly he goes on to paint the details of his enchanted world!—the dizzy and dangerous staircase, for instance, which ascends to the summit of the walls, where flourish tangled thickets of 'myrtle and the myrletus, and bay, and the flowering laurustinus, whose white blossoms are just developed.' These forests in mid-air are threaded as by sheep-paths, of which one conducts to a little mossy lawn, 'overgrown with anemones, wallflowers, and violets, which scatter through the air the divinest odour, which, as you recline under the shade of the ruin, produces sensations of voluptuous faintness like the combinations of sweet music.' Among pictures of poets at their work, this unconscious self-portraiture of Shelley's is supreme, and, surely, to dream and to fashion *Prometheus* amid such surroundings must have been to come as near to Heaven as any mortal ever did!

I make no apology for introducing Schiller into my group of poets, for, had his countrymen laid Schiller's teaching to heart, it might have restrained their degenerate tendencies and saved them from their moral cataclysm. For years past Schiller's once great reputation has been upon the wane in Germany, where it has become common to sneer at him as the poet of women and of boys. And no wonder, since his influence could not possibly flourish side by side with that of Treitschke and his school! In Schiller moral earnestness and nobility of purpose were, if anything, rather overstrained, and it is this, not the want of these attributes, which constitutes his weakness. His method of production indicates strain; indeed, the means to which he resorted to stimulate Pegasus are at times rather painful to read of. For example, it used to be traditional in Weimar that he kept decaying apples in his room for the sake of the nervous irritation produced by the effluvium; and surely a poet must be hard put to it before he comes to that! Another story describes him as sitting at work with his feet in a tub of cold

water and a hot towel bound about his brow, to drive the blood to the brain. Such devices as these may have been mere experiments; here, however, is an account of his habits of work when writing the *Wallenstein* trilogy at Jena. 'On sitting-down to his desk at nights, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used to hear him earnestly declaiming in the silence of the night; and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such occasions—a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying opposite his little garden-house—might see him now speaking aloud and walking swiftly to and fro, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing; drinking the while, sometimes more than once, from the glass standing near him.' In winter he was to be found at his desk till four or even five in the morning, in summer till towards three; so that external darkness was clearly an object with him. He then went to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten. Infirm of constitution as he was, there is little room for wonder that he paid for these irregularities in languor and depression, possibly in shortened life. At a slightly later date, when he had moved to Weimar, where he died, he was often to be seen wandering, note-book in hand, among the trees of the Grand-Ducal Park, moving spasmodically and shunning interruption. Here one of his favourite resorts was a certain rocky path, where, within earshot of a murmuring brook and in the shade of sombre-foliaged plants, he could resign himself to thought. Poor Schiller! his self-appointed task was almost too heavy for him. And, like those greater poets than himself, Dante, Milton, Corneille, Hugo, he was denied the consolation of humour. Humour and *Sturm und Drang* are perhaps scarcely compatible. And yet, recalling his spirited picture of Wallenstein's camp, it might be fairer to say that, though humour had not been left out of his temperament, his pursuit of loftier objects led him to neglect its culture. May his countrymen yet return to the cult of Schiller, and profit by his doctrine! Another Continental poet whose method of composition excites compassion is Gérard de Nerval, who in the last sad days before his suicide was to be met with on the public benches of Paris, committing his verse to any stray scrap of paper the wind might blow in his direction.

The assistance in composition afforded to Schiller by wine was sought in laudanum by De Quincey, who rates its properties in this respect far above those of alcohol. Wine, says he in effect, hurries a man out of himself, whereas opium lights a lamp within his brain and gives him a god-like command of all his

faculties. De Quincey's appetising description of the interior at Grasmere, on a night devoted to absorbing the afflatus, is probably too well known to bear quotation. The date referred to is the winter of 1816-17, and the author insists that a tempest shall be raging, in order that the blazing hearth and curtained library may attain their maximum of cosiness by contrast. Nepenthe stands at his elbow in a decanter of a quart capacity, whilst a fair and kind domestic genius dispenses tea from what he would fain were an 'eternal tea-pot,' seeing that he intends to go on tea-drinking from eight at night to four in the morning. First to imbibe the deleterious drug, and then disperse it through his system with copious Bohea, was his process; and, though on the night in question a volume of metaphysics lay beside him, there is no doubt that some of the finest flights of his imagination were performed under similar impulsions. Visions of beauty and terror were at his command. But it is well to remember that opium does not create these things; it merely sets its slave a-dreaming. And the dreams of the unimaginative man remain unimaginative, though he should swallow decoctions from all the poppy-fields of Asia Minor. It is but fair to De Quincey to add that the section immediately following the passage I have paraphrased is headed 'The Pains of Opium,' and describes with terrific force the Nemesis of indulgence, the appalling struggle through which the victim has to pass in order to free himself from bonds too thoughtlessly assumed.

It has been given to few poets to enjoy a supremacy equal to Tennyson's. During his reign of well-nigh half-a-century there might be a Swinburnian sect or a Browning Society, but he was the national poet. As Pope had done before him, he summed up a whole age in himself, and it is good to note that, except among those whose critical judgment is obviously immature, his reputation stands undiminished. Tennyson's foibles were all on the surface, and masked a deep humanity beneath superficial misanthropy. His hatred of being observed or intruded on was notorious, and, as many who understood him imperfectly believed, was carried to laughable lengths. As a matter of fact, no poet ever laid out his life better in the interests of his work. Referring to his elusiveness, Mr G. G. Napier, author of one of the first books that dealt with a subject which called for specially tactful handling, has remarked that during the seventeen years (1833-1850) when he was engaged in writing *In Memoriam* next to nothing is known of his haunts. 'He was living almost in another world, communing with its spirits, solving doubts, following problems to the verge of the infinite.' This is sympathetic, true, sufficient, and as Tennyson would have wished it to be. For what goes further in the direction of circumstantiality is too apt to

degenerate into gossip. At another period the poet is stated, plausibly enough, to have turned night into day, his object being to avoid those jars which vex the creative mind and dispel the dreams it nurses. At the present day it is an open secret that the laureate was a good deal more human than the authorised memoir by his son would lead one to suppose. That he was one of the most bookish of poets is well brought out in the studies of the late Professor Churton Collins, which Tennyson is said to have resented, though quite needlessly, for his reading is always finely assimilated and made his own. Often he sat too closely over his books in the attic of lovely Farringford, or in the study at Aldworth with its superb view over the North Downs. And then, as Sir Henry Taylor's Autobiography reveals, he would become the prey of 'uneasy gloom and shattered nerves,' yielding to physical inertia, until a walk of six miles in a storm comes to be recorded as a proof of his retaining 'some sorts of strength and hardihood.' He was about fifty at the time. And yet, even in these moods, the mixture of the great and the child-like in his personality was singularly taking.

Among the creative imaginations generated by the nineteenth century—which include, be it remembered, those of Victor Hugo and Dickens—there were certainly few more remarkable or individual than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Nor, in my judgment, is there any more purely beautiful imaginative romance than that to which he gave the name of *The Marble Faun*, though his English publishers thought fit to alter it to *Transformation*. Though Hawthorne's figures are not projected with a tenth part of the vigour of those of the two other novelists named, they have a dreamy and moonlight character of their own which certain minds will always find most fascinating. Hawthorne himself has told how, in the intervals of writing, he meditated upon this book, his masterwork, 'on the broad and dreary sands of Redcar, with the gray German Ocean tumbling in upon me, and the northern blast always howling in my ears,' his object being that a complete contrast of scenery should throw into relief his recollections of the Italian landscape where the scenes of his story pass. This aim is surely a characteristically subtle one—perhaps unique in literature—but the completed work is proof of its marvellous realisation. No other writer of the period (1859) that I can think of has shown equal pictorial power, or left so superb a series of dissolving views. In his life of his parents, Julian Hawthorne has added a few details to the scene above described, relating how, a boy at the time, he would often accompany his father in these afternoon walks on the sands, and how, as they turned homeward, 'the dark mass of the little town, with the red sunset sky behind it,' would present 'quite a picturesque

effect of the solemn and dreary order.' And certainly that was a kind of effect dear to the dreamer of Salem.

It would not be difficult to add to these few examples of methods of work of imaginative writers. Keats turning out his daily 'stint' of *Endymion*, 'with as much regularity and appa-

rently as much ease as he wrote his letters,' and the painful labours of poor consumptive Pollok, are two pictures which rise before the mind's eye. But I have probably said enough to illustrate the play of idiosyncrasy in the profession which of all others gives most scope to individualism.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

By LETTICE MILNE RAE, Author of *The Stranger on the Aventine*.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE VICTORY ON THE WALL.

THE outer gates of the fort were about to be closed, it being the sunset hour, when Cunobelin passed in on his return from the thicket. Mechanically he acknowledged the salutes of the legionaries as he made his way through the wards to his own quarters, his whole being dominated by the experience of the afternoon.

His worship of Miniata Polla had hitherto been from afar, with neither thought nor hope of any nearer approach. But now that she herself had suddenly called him within the portals of her friendship, the whole world seemed transformed, so that he felt as if he were treading on air, and soaring in a region far remote from the clang of arms which was ever echoing within the gray walls of Borconium.

He was glad that certain duties claimed his immediate presence, and prevented him from taking part at the evening meal in the mess-hall. He felt he could not have endured listening to his comrades' talk, to hear accounts of the bull-baiting, and the jests and laughter that would break jarringly upon the sacred joyfulness of his thoughts.

Yet these did not hinder him from carrying out the work which fell to him that evening; they seemed rather to inspire him with renewed zeal. Cunobelin's profession of the new faith had never proved a stumbling-block to the performance of his duty under the Eagles of Rome. It seemed only to raise every act of daily life to a loftier level, and to urge him to greater faithfulness and loyalty in the service of Cæsar that he might be the more worthy of the higher service in which he had enrolled.

It was well into the night watch when he returned to his quarters to seek rest. A rush-lamp, burning on the table, shed a feeble light on the bare and simple chamber. A low couch, covered with the skins of beasts, stood in the deep shadow of one corner. The Briton's keen eye was at once attracted by the unwonted sight of a white object stretched upon it. This proved to be a large sheet of parchment, such as was used in the encampment for designing fortifications, held down by a stone at each corner.

His curiosity being aroused, he carried the

parchment to the table to examine it by the light of the lamp. Upon it he saw painted a rude caricature of a man's body, with an ass's head, fastened upon a cross. Below were the roughly scrawled words: 'THIS IS THE GOD OF CUNOBELIN. BEWARE! THE ARENA AWAITS!'

A wild gust of anger swept over him that any one should dare to offer such an insult, not only to himself, but to the most sacred article of his faith. Seizing the parchment in his strong hands, he tore it across, and twisting it up, flung it from him with a malediction upon the offender. Then, drawing his dagger from his belt, he paced the narrow confines of his dormitory, wrestling with an almost overmastering impulse to seek his enemy without delay, and avenge himself upon him even as he slept.

He had no hesitation in fixing upon Marius Tarquinius as the deviser of this peculiarly wounding sign that he had discovered his comrade held the banned faith of the Christians. The question of how he had done so did not trouble Cunobelin at the moment. It was enough that Marius had taken this gross method of acquainting him of the fact; and revenge was the sole thought which filled the Briton's mind.

But as the storm in his heart gradually spent itself in battling against the subtler forces which held his allegiance, he flung the dagger from him. Falling on his knees, he picked up the torn parchment, and smoothing it out, pressed his lips passionately upon the rude drawing, with tears starting in his burning eyes.

When the tumult in his heart had subsided somewhat, he threw himself upon his couch; but finding that neither sleep nor rest was possible to him in the oppressive narrowness of his chamber, he slipped the parchment into the bosom of his tunic, and seizing his cloak, strode noiselessly from his dormitory, and made his way to the ramparts, that he might breathe the cool night air and find peace beneath the dark heavens.

For a time he paced up and down the wall—which at that part was reserved exclusively for the officers of the cohort—meditating upon the incident. As the chill air blew upon him, calm-

ing his senses and restoring his usual serenity, he became conscious of the strange fact that he could neither see nor hear the officer who should have been on guard duty for the midnight watch.

The Centurion's Wall, as it was called, was the point at which the defences of the encampment were at their weakest, and as a post of honour the night-watch there was always detailed to an officer rather than to a legionary. It was a duty entailing grave responsibility and requiring the greatest vigilance, lest the enemy should creep upon them unawares and force a breach at this vulnerable spot.

Astonished, and somewhat alarmed, that he could not distinguish the dark form of one of his comrades silhouetted against the purple sky—the sight which usually met his eye when he happened to visit the ramparts at night—and that he could not even hear the tramp of his feet as he patrolled to and fro, Cunobelin hastened to investigate the matter, wondering if it were possible that the officer had fallen a victim to a stray arrow from a marauding tribe.

Passing hastily along the silent rampart, and peering through the darkness with his penetrating eyes, which, it was alleged in the fort, possessed the power of seeing in the dark, he presently distinguished a form lying at the farther end of the wall under the lee of a bastion.

Quickening his steps, he was soon bending over the inert figure that lay huddled against the wall, head drooping forward, and helmet covering his face.

Cunobelin slipped the fastening and removed the headpiece, to expose the fine aquiline features of Marius Tarquinius, with his black-fringed eyelids closed, not in death, but in a heavy sleep.

At Cunobelin's touch he stirred slightly and muttered incoherently, then fell sideways, his head resting now upon his arm.

For a moment his comrade gazed spell-bound on the classic profile with its noble brow and sleek, dark hair. The lower jaw hung down loosely, and the sleeper's breath came deep and regular through wide-parted red lips.

Marius Tarquinius awoke on his watch!

A grim smile played over the Briton's rough-cast features, and his eyes flashed with a glint of scorn and triumph. As a tried soldier who, by reason of his strenuous performance of every duty entrusted to him, and implicit obedience to the severe military discipline, had risen from the ranks of the legions to bear the centurion's vine-rod, Cunobelin could not but feel contempt for one who had failed in the first and most important duty of the Roman Eagles—the keeping of a ceaseless watch at the outposts of the Empire. Nor is it to be wondered at that a sense of elation rose within him, for deep in every human heart is the instinct to vindicate a wrong. And now, were not all the taunts, the jeers, the con-

tempt which he had undergone from the first coming of this comrade to that last rude thrust at the most sacred article of his faith fitly avenged? Marius Tarquinius would torment him no more. He would have to pay the grim penalty exacted by the Eagles from all found guilty of the unpardonable crime of sleeping on the watch.

Rising to his feet, the centurion drew himself up to his full height and folded his arms upon his breastplate, looking down like a victor in triumph upon his vanquished foe.

Yet, even as he stood so, there rose unbidden in his mind the recollection of his words to Miniata Polla that afternoon. Had he not told her of a world-wide conquest that was to be accomplished, not by sword or spear, the right of might, or power of the strongest, but by strange, new weapons that were subtler and mightier than all the legions of Imperial Rome?

How easy it had been to vaunt their magic power under the sweet encouragement of her glowing sympathy! But now, in the face of the enemy, how was it possible to rely on their strength, and cast from him those which he had tried and trusted of old? Was it not right and just by all the laws of the Empire that Marius Tarquinius should suffer the punishment he merited by this negligence? He was unworthy of serving the Eagles of Rome; he was a sluggard and a faithless servant. Ay, of a surety, he must suffer!

As the centurion argued thus with himself, his eyes strayed over the vast sweep of hills and moorland lying around the encampment, all shrouded in darkness, with neither moon nor stars to shed a ray of light. Then suddenly, out of the sheer silence of the night, a faint, almost imperceptible, sound came stealing to his super-sensitive ear. He held his breath and listened. Yes, he could hear it again! Something was moving out there in the darkness—moving steadily and stealthily. He leant upon the parapet and focused his piercing eyes upon the spot from which the sound seemed to proceed, until he felt assured that he could distinguish a dark mass moving on the hill-slope, and coming ever nearer, like a wave of the sea.

Although there was not another man in all the fort who would have supported his evidence and endorsed his conviction, he had no longer any doubt that one of the hostile tribes was approaching for a sudden assault. With an animal-like instinct, he seemed to scent the danger rather than sight it. Then, without a moment's further hesitation, he seized the trumpet which lay by the side of the sleeper, and blew the alarm in loud, clear notes. In an instant it was taken up all round the walls of the encampment, and repeated in the wards and colonnades below. The whole fort became alive with moving men, the bobbing of lights,

the tramp of feet, the clang of arms, and stentorian voices issuing commands.

And through it all Marius Tarquinius lay fast asleep.

In the excitement of raising the alarm, he had all but passed from Cunobelin's mind until the centurion stumbled now against his outstretched limbs.

The Briton, with all his senses keenly alert at the approach of danger, glanced down upon him with a sort of horror as he lay there all unconscious of the fate which awaited him. To be found asleep on the watch when the fort was actually being attacked! The magnitude of the offence appalled the centurion. All triumphant thoughts of personal revenge passed from him. He was overcome by a sense of pity for the gay youth, so careless, so self-assured, fashioned surely for better things than to go out in ignominy under the headsman's sword, execrated by his comrades for dishonouring the cohort, and scorned by the Empire as a worthless son.

Already the entire garrison was marshalled. The walls were being manned, and in another moment the culprit would be discovered. But Cunobelin was engaged in as fierce a fight as he had ever fought under the Eagles of Rome, a conflict in which all his physical strength and

courage availed him nothing against the might of the forces with which he strove.

'Marius Tarquinius,' he called suddenly, laying a cool, firm hand upon the sleeper's brow. 'Awake! Rouse yourself! You are captain of the guard to-night, and the fort is in danger.'

Marius opened his heavy eyes and gazed at him stupidly. 'Who speaks?' he mumbled. 'Let me be!'

'You have been asleep on your watch,' said the other sternly, taking him roughly by the shoulders to rouse him.

'Cunobelin!' exclaimed Marius, recognising him as his senses slowly gained consciousness. 'Great Jove! Unhand me, you dog!'

The centurion, who had succeeded in dragging him to his feet and setting his helmet upon his head, vanished into the darkness to take his place with his own century.

Marius stood rubbing his eyes, amazed to perceive that the bowmen were ready mustered upon the wall, only waiting the word of command to let fly their arrows. Then, as the keen night air blew upon his face, clearing his senses, he realised that it was no dream, but stern reality. The enemy had crept upon them even as he slept. And with a quaking heart he sped to his post of duty.

(Continued on page 580.)

## WILD LIFE IN CANADA.

By THOMAS A. KYDD.

**A**BOUT a year ago Canadian newspapers contained an account of an unusual act of bravery performed by two little children who reside on the great island of Vancouver, on the Pacific coast of the Dominion of Canada. This record of juvenile courage and devotion was in the form of an official report issued by the Department of the Secretary of State of Canada, announcing confirmation of an award of the Albert Medal of the second class to Doreen Ashburnham, eleven years old, granddaughter of Lord Ashburnham, of Sussex, England, and to Anthony Farrer, eight years old, both of Cowichan Lake, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

The adventure in which the little folks distinguished themselves occurred one day during the summer. They had set out, bridle in hand, to get their saddle-ponies from a meadow situated half a mile from a dwelling at Cowichan Lake. Suddenly a huge panther, or puma, sprang from the bushes upon the girl, hurling her to the ground, where she lay prone upon her stomach, with the ferocious beast standing over her, growling horribly and lashing its tail. Far from being terrified, the boy called to his companion in peril to keep perfectly still, and then jumped on the panther's back. This astonishing act of

courage in one so young diverted the animal's attention to his puny, though dauntless, assailant, and Doreen, who had also maintained her presence of mind despite the extremity, managed to regain her feet.

Meanwhile the enraged panther had attacked the boy, knocking him to earth with a blow on the face from its powerful paw. Then it began to maul him, clawing his back and head, from which the blood was soon streaming. The girl, although terrified, proceeded to beat the beast on the head with the steel bit of the bridle she had clung to. This measure having no effect, she thrust her little right arm into the panther's mouth, the cruel teeth sinking deep into the flesh of her forearm. With her other hand she beat desperately on the beast's face, until finally it desisted and slunk off, leaving its two victims, who were by this time in a critical condition.

A homesteader, who discovered the children, tracked the panther with a pack of dogs and killed it. The beast was seen to have been in a starving condition and almost blind. It measured seven feet nine inches in length from nose to tail.

Doreen and Anthony have fully recovered, but will remember their adventure with the panther for many a long day.

Instances of people being attacked by wild animals are, of course, rare even in the solitudes of the great northern districts of the Dominion. But in the mountain regions of the mainland of British Columbia, and the sparsely inhabited parts of Vancouver Island, a mountain lion scare does come occasionally to a little settlement. In the lonely parts of the eastern provinces a wild-cat or a bear may make a foot traveller taking a short trail through the woods anxious if he is unarmed, as is generally the case. But the native dweller in the outskirts, as a rule, has no fear of the creatures of the wild, although he will give a bear with her cubs a wide berth, and will not tempt fate by walking under trees in the bush when he becomes aware of the fact that a lynx is watching his movements from overhead.

One does not have to go far from the populous centres in Canada to be in virgin country that gives shelter to wild creatures, both large and small. Montreal is a city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, according to this year's directory estimates, yet there is game at its very doors. The St Angélique district of the Laurentian Mountains is but half-a-hundred miles north, and in its woods deer, bear, and smaller game are to be had in plenty. Hunters by the score try their luck every fall when the shooting season opens, and few return empty-handed. Venison from these northern hills is sold in butchers' shops in Montreal in late autumn and early winter at a price as cheap as beef, while bear-meat is at times also on sale. Jack-rabbits are plentiful in the winter, and partridge and wild-duck are quite common. The visitor to the secluded homestead is frequently regaled with meat from an animal that has fallen to the prowess of the settlers. As for lake and brook trout, they are a familiar breakfast dish in the regions where lakes and streams abound. Canada everywhere is a paradise for the hunter and the fisherman.

New Brunswick and the northern parts of Quebec and Ontario are famous hunting-grounds, but to find big game in abundance the far northwest is the place *par excellence*. The moose, the caribou, the bear, the musk-ox, and the wood-buffalo roam the northern wilderness to-day as they did a hundred years ago. Only the buffalo of the plains, or, to give him his correct name, the American bison, has been exterminated. Wolves still hunt in packs, and, though they are seldom caught sight of, their wailing cry is familiar enough to trapper and settler throughout a wide territory. Fur-bearing animals, such as marten, fox, beaver, and mink, abound, proof of which is to be found in the cargoes of pelts carried to England annually for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Mr Valentine Quinn, of Vancouver, last year completed a journey of five thousand miles east and west through the northern lands stretch-

ing from Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, to Fort Providence. Seated one afternoon in the office of Mr James Morrison, assistant general passenger agent of the Canadian Northern Railway, Mr Quinn expatiated on the game he had seen, and on what he had learned of its abundance. The country was literally teeming with wild life. Missionaries who had witnessed the annual migration of the caribou from the barren lands of the Yukon told him that the animals formed such a multitude that they took fully three weeks to pass the mission-cabins. In this extraordinary yearly trek there were horns as far as the eye could see. There is nothing to surpass the spectacle, which only missionaries, prospectors, and explorers in the solitudes up towards the Arctic Circle are ever lucky enough to witness. In its way it resembles the run of the salmon from the sea to the spawning-grounds up the great rivers of British Columbia.

Now there are tens of thousands of residents in the cities of the more settled districts of Canada who have never seen a wild animal in its native state; yet it is equally a fact that the Canadian who 'goes to the country' for his summer holidays sooner or later has his mild adventure with one or more of the living things of the wilderness. It may be a bear ambling through the woods, or a timid deer, which leaps in its first astonishment, and then bounds off to safety, with its little tail showing white as it makes its hasty departure from the presence of the enemy, man.

The writer, although all his life a dweller in Montreal, a community which promises before many years to number a million inhabitants, has had the good fortune on several occasions to come across game in its own haunts. Once when I was a boy of fifteen years or thereabouts I was staying for the school holidays at the little, half-Scottish, half-French village of New Glasgow, Quebec, some forty miles from my home city. It was late in August; the raspberry season had just finished, but blueberries were out in profusion. A party of half-a-dozen of us boys had gone with tin dishes to a blueberry-patch about two miles from the house in which we were living. The berries were so thick on the bushes that a gallon vessel could be filled easily within half-an-hour. The day was beautiful; we children were picking and eating berries, and shouting and playing about in our joy. A thick wood faced the field, and in our pleasant work and sport we gradually approached it. Suddenly one of the group stopped short, pointed a finger towards the edge of the wood, shouted, 'There's a bear!' and scampered off in the direction of the village. The rest of us gave one brief glance and did likewise. When we had gone half a mile we stopped, panting for breath, and gazed fearfully backward, almost expecting to see bruin galloping helter-skelter

after us. But the old fellow had evidently paid small heed to the diversion. There he was, reared up on his haunches, revelling in the feast of blueberries, of which bears are very fond. Awe-inspired and intensely curious, we stood at a respectful distance and watched. Bruin was stripping the bushes with his powerful and active forepaws, scooping great pawfuls into his mouth, which was dripping with the reddish-blue juice. One forearm moved after the other at a great rate, and the sight was so exceedingly interesting that the youthful watchers forgot their fright, though not their timidity, for we left our cans and returned home, where we were laughed at by the kindly village folks for our fears. An idler in the little cobbler's workshop volunteered to return to the scene of adventure for the tin pans, and we consented to guide him. He took the lead, however, especially when, after securing the abandoned articles, which had lost some of their contents in the first flight, he insisted on venturing to the very spot where the bear, a great black animal, in the pink of condition, had been glutting himself with the berries. There were numerous signs of his depredations among the blueberry-bushes, and the marks of his paws were easily discernible in the ground, which was not too dry. 'It was a bear all right,' replied our protector as the return journey was started.

On another occasion, just a few years ago, I came across a bear while fishing on Lac Ste Marie, a mountain lake in the Laurentians, a couple of miles from the little village of St Adolphe de Howard, Quebec. It was in late September, and I was alone in a flat-bottomed boat of the type much used in the province, known as a Verchères skiff. There was no one else on the lake, which has numerous bays, and is connected by a beautiful little channel—called the Suez—with Lac St Joseph, on which St Adolphe is situated. I was rowing slowly, puffing away at a

favourite pipe, and regarding at the same time my line, which was trailing from my rod behind the boat, and on which were affixed three flies—a paramachene belle, a grizzle king, and a bishop, all good trout-lures in that and the neighbouring waters. Suddenly my meditations were disturbed by a crashing sound on a great, fire-swept hill to my left. Startled, I stopped and looked up at the mountain, where I was relieved to see that the apparent cause was a bare tree-trunk, one of hundreds spread out in every attitude, which was sliding down among the others to a new position. I was about to resume my rowing, when another log began rolling, and on looking in its direction, I saw a black bear, of medium size, ambling awkwardly along the ridge of the hill, with head towards the ground, as if sniffing for some particular article of food. Now the bear was at least one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the lake, and the hill was at least that space from the water's edge, yet I seized my oars, turned the boat about, and made for the entrance to the channel leading to the other lake, a mile or so off. Never did I row so fast in my life. The boat literally flew through the water as I endeavoured to put as great a distance as possible between myself and the bear, which in all probability was a harmless and well-nourished fellow. I did not slow up for half a mile; and when I gazed back to the scene of my scare, Mr Bruin had disappeared. Feeling safe, I laughed loudly, and renewed my disturbed angling.

Deer I have seen in the wild not a few times, and mink, skunk, coyote, and such animals quite often. Canadians generally, barring those in such cities as Montreal and Toronto, who never venture far from urban surroundings, are familiar enough with the commoner species of the native wild animals. Game-life is to be met with in every one of the nine provinces of the Dominion. In some instances, indeed, it is as plentiful as ever.

## CAMOUFLAGED!

By ÆSCULAPIUS.

### I.

**I**NSINUATED among some superstructure near the bridge of the *Alcibiades* is a little chamber known as the Intelligence Office. The wireless department is constantly belching messages into it through a pneumatic tube. Such missives are not usually expressions of personal regard, because the two departments hate each other like poison.

The 'wireless bloke' fancies he is simply a tool in the hands of the decoding people; and, after all, it is not particularly interesting to sit for hours on a stretch in a stuffy office, with a metal attachment on one's head, and have

unintelligible groups of ciphers dinned into one's ears day and night. The decoder, or officer who translates them, on the other hand, looks upon the Marconi people as the authors of all his trials and tribulations, and heartily curses the Italian inventor and every one of his fiendish works and pomps, as they appear to him. Decoding-work has one compensating feature about it, however, which is denied the wireless-telegraphist. Officers who decode have the advantage of being 'in the know,' even though a good deal of tedium is involved in the process of acquiring such knowledge. It is not surprising, therefore, that the bored look with which they begin translating a signal

gives way at times to an illuminating smile of the best of cheer when something comes through affecting the vital interests of the wardroom. Then, indeed, the intelligence officer becomes a highly important personage in the eyes of his messmates, who are only too pleased to look upon the occasion as an excuse for another 'spot.'

Certainly Clerk Hardisty, R.N., who happened to be messed in the wardroom on account of the gunroom being closed, made the most of his opportunities in this respect. One evening in March 1917 this young officer was finishing the last dog-watch in the I.O. when the signal-bell rang. There was a whirring sound, and the writer-rating on duty opened the end of the pneumatic tube, and withdrew a crumpled piece of paper from the tiny bucket. 'Signal, sir,' he said, smoothing it out, logging the contents, and handing it to the young officer-clerk.

That embryo-paymaster had already locked the iron box containing all the confidential books and papers. This had been done preparatory to his handing the keys over to the officer relieving him at 8 P.M. Unlocking it again, Hardisty raised the heavy lid with the feebleness of one who had not yet dined. 'How the Admiralty imagine I can ever throw this wretched thing overboard, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy, is more than I can tell,' he grumbled, taking out the necessary decoding-book, and adding scornfully, 'As if they could ever capture a British ship!'

'C. in C. to *Alcibiades*,' the clerk translated. 'You are not to proceed until the arrival of the transport *Modena*. You will convoy this ship to Gibraltar, afterwards going on to your ultimate destination.'

'Messenger,' Hardisty called excitedly, putting the message into the despatch-box, 'take this to the captain at once.'

## II.

Hardisty selected a propitious moment for his announcement. He waited till after the wine had been passed. The convivial effect was all the young rascal could desire. In addition to libatory offerings far in excess of his present needs, his messmates assured him an unfailing supply should he be in danger of exceeding his wine bill. That was quite likely. The Admiralty wisely limits officers of his juniority to ten shillings per month, but this precocious (though generous) youth had been known to use up his meagre allowance in a single evening. To-night, therefore, Hardisty was feeling braver than Cæsar himself, in being able to look forward to the Ides of March with hilarious anticipation!

Moreover, the clerk's craving for sensation was gratified in another direction. The wardroom servants soon had the news all over the ship, and every one on board was thrown into a state of intense excitement, for the simple

reason that it knocked all their plans into a cocked hat.

The four-funnel cruiser was in Devonport, presumably on her way to a northern patrol. This being so, in accordance with Admiralty orders all unnecessary gear had been landed, and with it, of course, helmets and everything that smacked of climates on the near side of the equator.

The magic word 'Gibraltar' altered everything. It suggested to all the necessity of providing themselves with tropical uniforms. There was, naturally, a frantic scramble for 'whites' on the part of the officers and ship's company. If they had only known while on leave, it would have been easy enough to get them together. As it was, in the few uncertain days at their disposal, homes and storing-depots had to be wired, tailors intimidated, and shops invaded, until the very name *Alcibiades* was execrated by everybody concerned.

The ship's postman, too, a corporal of marines named Bassett, became incensed because he had to carry the parcels coming by mail. On the day of their sailing these assumed such huge proportions that, in desperation, he hired a taxi-cab to take the last lot down. On the way Bassett suddenly thought of a telegram he ought to have sent for the captain. With all the impetuosity of the true sailor-man, while the taxi was in full motion, the corporal opened the door in order to tell the driver to alter his course. Unhappily, that hinged necessity caught the wheel of a butcher-boy's tricycle, knocking it off, and breaking the axle. The anxious postman offered to give his name and that of his ship, but the driver of the taxi refused to budge until a policeman was called. In a towering rage, Corporal Bassett attempted to remove his bulging mail-bags. A scuffle ensued, in which several parcels were broken open, and the contents evacuated into the belly of the bag. To make things worse, one of the packages contained a bottle of Wincarnis; and ample evidence of the disaster which had taken place inside was furnished by the drab-coloured sack assuming a rosy hue. This so exasperated the marine that he made use of what skill he possessed in ju-jitsu, and sent the driver sculling along the pavement.

At this juncture a ponderous bobby appeared on the scene, and proceeded to take copious notes on the subject of the whole affair, including the evidence of passers-by. Then he told the wretched corporal he must accompany him to the police-station. Despite the postman's protests to the effect that it was extremely urgent for him to get back to his ship, the mail-bags, 'boosy' and otherwise, and all the worse for wear, were once more deposited in the taxi. The constable then bade the driver proceed to the police-station. Before actually doing so, however, the bobby gave in to the corporal's pleadings in one respect. He

telephoned from a corner shop, reporting the postman's detention to Mount Wise Signal-Station.

### III.

Meanwhile the cruiser, smoke pouring out of her four funnels, lay anchored in the Sound, a few cable-lengths off Plymouth Hoe. The Hoe is where Sir Francis Drake used to hold forth. There it was he made light of the approach of the Spanish Fleet with a 'There's plenty of time to finish this game, and to thrash the Spaniards too!'

The captain of the *Alcibiades*, however, was not so easy-going, especially as sailing-orders for himself and his fantastically painted convoy might arrive any moment.

Coming up on the quarter-deck, the skipper cast his eye about until it rested on the boat-deck. 'Why hasn't No. 1 picket-boat been hoisted in?' he demanded.

'She hasn't returned with the postman, sir,' the commander replied, searching the shore with his telescope. 'Hello! Mount Wise is making a signal to us.'

Mount Wise is the official residence of the Commander-in-Chief of Naval Forces, Devonport. From this conspicuous eminence flows forth an endless stream of signals, addressed to ships moored in the vicinity. Confidential messages are wirelessly in code, but where there is no particular reason for secrecy (as in the present instance) they are flagged or flashed, as may be found most convenient.

The chief yeoman-of-signals now came up with the result of his telescopic observations.

'Mount Wise to *Alcibiades*,' the captain read with clouding brow. 'Your postman is being detained by police on charge of assault.'

'Hell and damnation!' the skipper exploded. 'Recall the picket-boat, and tell the major of marines to send an escort ashore, and bring off the mail at all costs. I'm expecting an extremely important package by it.'

The Blue-Peter was hoisted, and soon the picket-boat, the coxswain of which is ever on the look-out for a recall signal, was alongside.

A sergeant of marines and two privates fell in before the officer of the watch for inspection previous to going over the ship's side. That quarter-deck potentate looked the escort over in a haughty sort of way, and ordered them to 'carry on' ashore.

### IV.

Quick decisions are sometimes made even by taxi-drivers, and by the time the ill-fated taxicab had arrived at the police-station its jehu had resolved upon a *volte face*. On the way there that cranky individual had had time to indulge in a few sober reflections. Formerly a taxi-driver in London, he had gradually slipped into that groove of citified thought where incidents such as had just occurred were magnified into an

importance compared to which holding up a ship bound for service in an important sphere of naval operations was a mere bagatelle. Bassett's ju-jitsu thrust, however, had shaken him a good deal, and he began to view with apprehension the possibility of the corporal's detention in Devonport. Even if the marine were sent to 'quod,' a time would come when he would be released, and then—well, anything might happen on these anti-aircraft nights; and Bassett was just the sort of man to exact revenge.

It so happened, too, that when they reached the police-station the inspector was having tea, and so could not be disturbed. There was a bit of delay, and an awkward silence, which added strength to the taxi-driver's qualms; and the entrance of the hefty sergeant and the two privates of the escort served as a last straw.

'Why should I deprive the navy of a good fighter?' was the old backslider's excuse for making the amazing recantation that followed.

### V.

The inspector came out of his inner sanctum, wiping his chops, and surveyed his audience. 'Well, what have you brought in, Blusterby?' he asked the constable.

'This 'ere corporal of marines, after causing damage to two vehicles, assaulted the driver,' the bobby replied.

'Do you prefer a charge against him, then?' the inspector inquired of the taxi-driver.

'No, sir. We were merely indulging in a bit of rough and tumble, sir. No harm was meant on either side,' the jehu said, winking slyly at the somewhat pacified Bassett.

The constable began to splutter.

The inspector glared at him. He had a son who was a bugler in the Royal Marine Artillery, and whenever possible he condoned the weaknesses of the Blue Marines.

'Dry up, Blusterby,' he said roughly. 'I've told you before you're altogether too officious in matters of this kind. It's people like you who create friction between the civil and military authorities. 'No charge,' he decided.—'You may go now,' he added kindly to the corporal of marines; and in order to make matters as easy as possible for Bassett, the inspector undertook to see that the captain's telegram, the cause of all the trouble, was despatched.

The *entente cordiale* was complete when the taxi-driver offered to convey Bassett and his escort down to the naval pier without charge.

The four of them, with the much-abused mailbags, were soon on board the *Alcibiades*.

The sergeant lined escort and prisoner on the quarter-deck, while he attempted to get the officer of the watch to notice him. That busy officer was on the point of seeming to do so, when 'sunset' was sounded. Everybody at once turned toward the White Ensign, and stood to

attention, the officers saluting while the flag was being lowered. When animation had been restored once more, the officer of the watch condescended to take official cognisance of Bassett's presence on the awesome deck.

'Let him distribute his mails,' he ordered the sergeant of marines, 'and have him brought before the captain when convenient. And if I know anything of the old man's cautious ways, he'll not bother about him on this side of the submarine area,' the officer of the watch muttered, as the marines conducted their charge 'below,' and the preparatory whirls of the propellers indicated that the ship was getting under way.

## VI.

There was an immense amount of clicking of heels and tenshuning when finally Corporal Bassett came up before the captain. This was some mornings later, when the *Alcibiades* and her fast convoy were somewhere off the Spanish coast.

'Corporal Bassett,' the sergeant of marines said sharply. He did not add 'off cap,' because this custom does not apply to members of the Royal Corps.

Bassett advanced from between his escort, stepping up briskly. He came to a standstill with such a degree of rigidity that the rapping of his right foot on the deck made a sound similar to the crack of a rifle-bullet.

'For goodness' sake, don't go through the deck!' the captain snapped in alarm, looking down at the recent varnish. 'Now that we're intact once more, let's remain so as long as possible,' he muttered, alluding to the sad knocking about his lobby had received at the Battle of Jutland.

The sergeant of marines saluted. 'Corporal Bassett, sir; disorderly conduct on shore whilst on duty in charge of ship's mails.'

'H'm!' the captain exclaimed, studying Bassett's zigzag record on the page before him. 'What have you got to say?'

'Well, sir, it was like this 'ere,' said Bassett, embellishing his narrative with all the latitude that marines consider their special prerogative. 'I goes ashore single-handed, and finds enough mails for a G.P.O. van, let alone a marine. I ses to meself, "I've got to get these aboard somehow," so I hires a taxi, and the only available one was a thing that ought to have been in dry-dock years ago. Anyhow, I chances it. It was no go, however, because the old 'bus was soon in collision with a meat-cart, one of whose wheels decided to go off on its own. Then a bobby came up, and wrote down all about it. "That fat-headed marine is responsible for this," the driver ses, waving his arms about like a Labour leader. "My boss will make him pay through the nose," the butcher's boy chimes in. "Serves him right for his clumsiness," the policeman ses. "Us people is the only ones who uphold the

dignity of the uniform." That was not the worst, sir. When I got rid of the constable, I tells the taxi-driver to hurry up, or else I should miss the boat. He ses, "Go to hell, and shove off with your bags. What the devil do sailors want with so much mail, anyhow?" That was more than I could stand. Me having the honour of belonging to the bravest of the brave, I could do no more than uphold the traditions of the Royal Corps, so I went for him, and laid him out, and asked him did he know he was talking to a Turkey'—

'Enough of this!' the captain cried. 'The thing that interests me is, what's happened to a parcel I ought to have received by that self-same mail?'

'That swab of a jehu's kick damaged a number, sir, but I have found the owners of them all except this, sir,' Bassett said, taking an oval-shaped mass of coloured silk out of his tunic, and spreading it dramatically on the deck. Where it was free from Wincarnis-stains the stripes of a flag similar to the American colours were discovered, with one solitary star in the corner.

'The Liberian flag!' was the involuntary exclamation on all sides.

The cat was literally out of the bag! By a process of swift mental deduction every one in the lobby surmised that the *Alcibiades* was off to Liberia. . . . It must be a special sort of mission, too, was their shrewd conclusion; otherwise, why should the skipper go to the trouble of providing himself with such an out-of-the-way country's colours? . . . No doubt they would be hoisted on approaching that part of the African coast for the purpose of ingratiating the citizens of the Black Republic. . . . The Gibraltar convoy was merely a preliminary diversion. . . . What a good thing it was they had got their whites! . . .

No wonder the captain was annoyed. All the black arts of the necromancer are brought to bear on keeping sailing-orders a profound secret these days. This is, of course, all the more necessary where one of his Majesty's ships has to put in at such a polyglot port as Gibraltar, situated, as it is, on the very confines of a neutral country.

'Confound you!' roared the irate skipper, scowling at the unfortunate Bassett; 'you've behaved disgracefully, and I'll have you relieved of your postman's duties at once.—Commander,' he added spitefully, picking up the soiled flag, 'remember there's to be no leave granted when we arrive at Gib, either for officers or for men, and no communication whatever held with the shore.'

'Very good, sir,' the commander agreed.

'By the right, turn—quick march!' the sergeant of marines stentorianised; and everybody left the lobby, sadly disgruntled at the idea of having to expiate the postman's follies.

## FLAX

*(LINUM USITATISSIMUM).*

By A. CARLTON STEELE.

THE botanical name of this plant simply means the most common lint or flax, one of the most beautiful as well as most useful of all plants. Every one can tell it by its graceful blue flowers 'when in the bell.' The Welsh and the Dutch consider its transparent blue flowers as emblematic of friendship, and the Egyptian predilection for the plant is said to have arisen from its azure blossom resembling the blue sky in colour. From the earliest ages its stems have been manufactured into cloth, and its seeds crushed for oil. It was long an important crop in this country; but the premiums offered by the Government till 1832 to foster its cultivation did not prevent its decline, it being found on the whole less profitable than corn. It is one of the most exhausting crops, so far as the soil is concerned. We have been in the habit, therefore, of importing a great proportion of our supplies. Flanders or Dutch flax is well dressed and of the finest quality. Russia normally sends us the largest shipments of flax, and Riga flax seems to deserve preference among those imported from that country. Some of the Italian ports, which used to obtain shipments from Russia, have for long been fully supplied on lower terms from Egypt.

The stringy fibrous stalks of the plant are the material from which linen, cambric, lawn, lace, thread, &c. are made. When the plants are at their full height and just done flowering—about the beginning of August in this country—they are pulled up and sorted, and the seeds and the leaves are stripped off by being drawn through a heckle, a machine like a comb. The stalks are now soaked in water for some days to destroy the green pulp and the outer bark. This is called water retting or rotting. They are then crushed between rollers to separate the various fibres, and are afterwards dried and drawn through a machine like a large clothes-brush made of wire, a process which draws all the fibres the same way and makes them straight and even. Nothing remains to be done now but to bleach them, and they are fit for the spinner. Flax to be used for more delicate articles, such as fine lawn, is prepared with much greater care and trouble.

The seeds of the plant, known as linseed, contain a great quantity of fixed oil, which is of considerable value. Linseed-oil is used for burning in lamps, as a constituent of linoleum, and as a drying oil in the arts. It is procured by expression, and after it is obtained a cake remains called oil-cake, which is extensively used for fattening cattle. Linseed soaked in water, and swollen to a jelly-like consistency, forms an

excellent stock for soup. Carron-oil, so much used in cases of burns, is composed of linseed-oil mixed with lime-water; and the powdered cake called linseed-meal is commonly used for making poultices.

Of all textile manufactures, linen is one of the most ancient and earliest mentioned. In Genesis we read that Pharaoh put a ring on Joseph's hand and clothed him in fine linen. The cloth in which mummies are wrapped proves its extensive use among the ancient Egyptians. A remarkable instance showing the great durability of the linen made in ancient Egypt is mentioned; some napkins found within the folds of the covering on a mummy were washed several times without injury, and then used, although they must have been woven several thousands of years before. Linen also formed part of the garments of the Hebrew priests; and the sail-cloth of the ancient Greeks, woven from flax, in texture might even compare with specimens made in this country at the present day. Among the Romans likewise linen articles of clothing were used. Panopolis (Akhmim or Eklmim in Egypt) seems to have been the Belfast of the ancients, for, according to Strabo, the manufacture of linen was chiefly conducted there. From the time of the ancient Egyptians up to the present day, the use of linen for clothing and other purposes has been continuous; and although the introduction of cotton manufactures checked its consumption for a time, linen has fully regained, if not exceeded, its former position as one of our great staples. The manufacture of flax first reached its greatest perfection in France and the Netherlands, where the incentive to produce fine yarns for the lace-makers improved its cultivation and preparation so much that in point of fineness of fibre they have not yet been surpassed. The linens of France, Belgium, and Holland have long enjoyed a well-deserved reputation. In 'lawn,' the finest kind of linen cloth made, the French are still unrivalled. Deriving its name from Laon, lawn was for a long time exclusively a French production, but now very fine samples are made in the north of Ireland.

In Scotland the process of making cloth from flax has been long known. Holinshed says that at the time of the Roman invasion the dress of the Scots was hosen of linen, which never came higher than the knees, and a cloak of linen in summer, and of wool in winter. At that time the linen was home-made, and it continued to be so till the eighteenth century. In the seventeenth century a considerable area in Scotland was employed in rearing flax, and at

that time linen was an article available in making payments of rent in kind in Scotland. The dressing and the spinning of flax formed important parts of the domestic duties of the wives of farmers and cottars. By a statute of James II. all wives of commoners were ordained to wear 'curchies,' a term which seems to be a corruption of the French *couvre-chef*. It was a square of linen cloth folded and put over the head, with the ends tied under the chin. Young women tied the two ends at the back of the head by passing them behind the ears. Sir Walter Scott alludes to this head-dress in *Old Mortality*. When Mause Headrigg was fleeing from Claverhouse's dragoons, she scrambled over a dike, and as she did so her curch or curchie flew off. The word also forms the basis of a Scottish proverb: 'Cleanliness is couthie, as the wife said when she turned her curchie.' A large trade in the coarser and inferior kinds of linen has long been carried on in this country, common sheeting and towelling being very extensively manufactured in Fife and Forfarshire. Early in the eighteenth century a Board of Manufactures was established for promoting and managing the trade in Scotland. Schools were formed all over the country for instruction in the manufacture of linen. French refugees skilled in the art were encouraged to settle at Picardy, Edinburgh, and helped greatly to promote the linen trade in Scotland. Shortly afterwards the British Linen Company was incorporated at Edinburgh for trading in all branches of the manufacture of linen. They started a bleaching-green at Saltoun, in East Lothian. Lady Fletcher of Saltoun was anxious to improve her country's manufactures, and travelled in Holland with experts dressed as flunkies. Her rank procured her access to the manufactories, and in this way the parish of Saltoun became acquainted with the weaving of the linen known as 'Hollands.' The Board of Manufactures also brought over from France experienced weavers of cambric (from Cambrai) to teach their arts, and skilled flax-raisers from Flanders to instruct in raising and dressing flax. Premiums were granted for the construction of bleachfields and for improved methods of bleaching, and awards were offered for the introduction of improved appliances for dressing. Dundee became the capital of the linen industry, and in 1819 a calender was erected at Douglasfield there to give a finish to bleached linens. The object of calendering is to impart to the cloth a soft and silky gloss, and since then calendering has been applied in Scotland to the finish of almost every class of linens.

Before the present war the linen trade of Scotland was in a sound condition. The centres of the trade in Scotland are Forfarshire and Fife, with smaller factories in Kinross, Perth, and Aberdeen. Dunfermline is the centre of the linen damask trade, and there are also

manufactories in Kirkcaldy, Perth, and Freuchie. Sheeting and towels are made in East Fife; heavy plain linens in Forfarshire, Kirkcaldy, and other towns in the east of Fife; and coarser linen goods in Aberdeen. Previous to the war the business done in linen in Scotland was estimated at about three million pounds per annum, Dunfermline alone accounting for more than a third of this amount; but now the trade is in difficulties owing to the stoppage of flax from Russia. When Riga fell the remaining great source of the world's supply of flax became the monopoly of the enemy.

Faced with the unprecedented crisis due to the shortage of flax, the Irish linen trade has decided to raise a guarantee of half a million sterling to launch a scheme for growing vastly increased crops in Ireland. The supply of aeroplane cloth and other linens required by the Government must be maintained. Five thousand acres of land—four thousand in Ulster, and the rest in other parts of Ireland—have already been taken, and Canadian seed sufficient to sow ten thousand acres has been purchased. It was resolved that the scheme must be supplementary to the sowing of flax by farmers, and that the fibre raised should be placed unreservedly at the service of the Government. A great inducement also was given to the cultivators of flax in Scotland by the offer of the Government to supply farmers with seed free this season. The movement has been heartily taken up in Fife, and extensive premises have been secured by the authorities at Walkerton, Leslie, and elsewhere, to be used as centres for the scutching—a process of separating flax from the stalk into distinct fibres—and the dressing of the fibre.

#### SINGING-TIME.

*Et, chemin faisant, nous rimons  
Nos chansons folles et moroses.*

ON our way from time to time  
String we oft a careless rhyme!  
Little things we hear and see  
Wedded to some melody.  
Sunny skies or song of thrush,  
Lovers' troth, a maiden's blush;  
Water gurgling through the sedge,  
Honeysuckle in the hedge;  
Children, in the summer days,  
Playing in the woodland ways.  
Joy and life in vagrant rhyme  
Garner we for singing-time.

On our road from time to time  
Weave we now a mournful rhyme!  
Wind in winter blowing chill,  
Dying beast upon the hill;  
Harried nests beneath the eaves,  
Broken vows and faded leaves,  
Hungry hours and foemen dire,  
Vacant chairs beside the fire;  
Strange and eerie sound or  
Shivered o'er at dead of  
Grief and death with  
Gather we for

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE PACIFIC PRETENDER—HENRY CARDINAL YORK.

By Major STRACHAN-CAMERON.

#### I.

THE church of Santa Maria in Campitelli holds no position amongst the show-places of Rome. Situate in an unfrequented piazza, of ordinary baroque type, unhallowed by age—as age is computed in Rome—it is altogether so common-place that the possession of a 'Miraculous' Madonna, alleged to have stayed a plague, would scarcely tempt the sight-seer to turn aside from his thickly strewn path. Were he to do so about the hour of evensong on any Saturday, he would find himself 'assisting' at a solemn service of prayer said, with the illumination of thirty candles on the high altar, 'for the conversion of England.'

Founded and endowed in 1749 by James Francis Edward Stuart, 'the Old Pretender,' as a thank-offering for the elevation of his second son, Henry, 'Duke of York,' to the cardinalate of the Roman Catholic Church, this service marks not only the spirit of pious gratitude actuating James, with whom piety and devotion to his Church were predominant influences, but also an interesting, though unrecognised, epoch affecting British history. The recent bitter disappointments of 1745 had convinced both father and younger son of the futility of putting their trust in princes. Henceforward, while not abating one jot or tittle of their claim, they would abandon all methods of force or scheming to effect the restoration of their House. In Heaven alone would they place their trust. Were England but converted to the 'true' religion, the return of the 'true' royal line would be a natural sequel. Charles Edward, 'the Young Pretender,' vainly scheming and dreaming in France, resented this attitude with intense bitterness, out of which an estrangement arose that lasted for eighteen years. He never again saw his father alive, nor to his own dying day did he entirely forgive what he considered '*insigne fourberie*,' 'this matchless treachery.'

A short ten minutes' walk from this church across the Piazza Venezia brings us to the Piazza SS. Apostoli, redolent with memories of the Stuarts. Facing up that piazza stands the palace of the exiled 'King James III.' and his saintly 'Queen' Maria Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland, in which were

No. 402.—VOL. VIII.

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born their two sons, Charles Edward and Henry, the former on the last day of 1720, and the latter on the 6th March 1725. Here, amidst such 'royal' surroundings and 'Court' life as papal recognition and liberality, backed by the efforts of devoted adherents, could afford them, the young princes passed their early days.

If contemporary portraits and descriptions are in any degree reliable, they were both gifted with uncommon beauty, but Henry was 'more dignified and spirited than his brother.' His appearance seems to have varied with his mood and the suitability of his environment. In an engraving which shows him in armour, occupying the uncongenial position of a commander of troops in 1745, his face appears heavy, dreamy, and almost sheep-like in its entire absence of expression; while the busts of later life convey the impression of a proud, dignified Churchman.

At the present day 'Ichabod' is writ large on this *palazzo*. Where were once the escutcheons of royalty, hang commercial sign-boards. The courtyard, in which resounded the tramp of the Papal Guard, on duty night and day, to pay due honour to the royal residents, is now a receptacle for rubbish, ornamented by the household 'washings' of the poorer families inhabiting the topmost storeys. There is one indication only of past glory. At the left of the entrance, a plaque, plain to the extent of meanness, bears the inscription:

Abitò questo Palazzo  
Enrico Duca, poi Cardinale, di York  
Che figlio superstite di Giacomo III. d'Inghilterra  
Prese il Nome d' Enrico IX.  
In lui nell'anno MDCCCVII  
S'estinse la dinastia de' Stuarti

('In this palace there lived Henry, Duke, subsequently Cardinal, of York, who, the surviving son of James III. of England, took the name of Henry IX. In him, in the year 1807, the Stuart dynasty became extinct.')

#### II.

After Charles had made good his escape from Rome, to undertake his romantic adventures in 1745, Henry, too, was smuggled through to Versailles in spite of the vigilance of Hanoverian spies. Here he found the loose life of the

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French Court entirely distasteful to him, while his strict morality and lofty ideas laid him open to the jeers of the courtiers. 'He may gain the Kingdom of Heaven by prayer, but never that of England,' they said of him. As potential leader of the French expeditionary force, then drilling at Boulogne and Dunkirk, Henry left Versailles to take up his command. Owing to French listlessness and perfidy, he spent many weary months watching the training of soldiers never intended to fight in the Stuart cause, and the equipment of vessels never intended for its support. Henry, indeed, never set foot in the kingdom which his brother was fighting to regain, and to the crown of which he in turn became claimant.

After the disaster at Culloden, it was due to Henry's exertions that the French king was induced to despatch two privateers to search for the ship in which Charles was known to have effected his escape. The search was long, but the ship was at length picked up, and Charles landed safely in Brittany on 10th October 1746.

Although the meeting of the brothers outside Paris was warm and affectionate, it is clear that Henry was feeling the call to a religious life growing strongly within him, and was casting about for some means of escape from his wholly uncongenial surroundings. In the letters which at this period Charles was writing to his father in Rome, he complains of his brother's reticence and want of confidence; but James himself was undoubtedly a party to Henry's plans.

The severance of the brothers was brought about by subterfuge. Henry, then resident at Clichy, issued invitations to Charles and his companions for a grand banquet at his house, which afforded him a pretext for absenting himself from their society on the plea of making needful preparations. When the day of the banquet arrived everything was ready on a scale of great magnificence, the guests finding only one thing wanting—namely, the presence of their host, who was by that time well on his way to Rome.

Henceforward the lives of the brothers lay on far deviating lines, as one thumb-nail sketch from Charles's later life will suffice to show.

The scene is a gala-night in an Italian opera-house. The beaux sport laced ruffles and swords with sparkling hilts, the belles are decked out in powder and patches; for we are in the eighteenth century. In one of the proscenium-boxes, brave in embroidery, sits the Grand Duke, surrounded by his suite. The corresponding box is empty. After the beginning of the second act the door of that box opens; an easy-chair is brought down to the front; a book of the opera, a bottle of perfume, and a golden snuff-box are placed upon the ledge before it. Anon enters unto these an infirm, staggering, broken-looking old man, with a splendid dress hanging in slovenly magnificence on his half-palsied limbs. He has a bloated countenance,

marbled with purple stains, a heavy eyelid, and a bloodshot eye which must once have been bright blue. Every feature is weary, drooping, and flaccid. His flabby hands are covered with rings; a crumpled blue ribbon crosses his breast; round his neck hangs another from which dangles a diamond star. He is more than three parts inebriated, as his querulous incoherence and the difficulty with which he retains his seat make abundantly manifest. The beaux and the belles do not seem to express much curiosity at the advent of this intoxicated gentleman. They merely whisper, 'The *Signore Cavaliere*—he is very far gone to-night,' or words to that effect.

### III.

It is a relief to turn from such a picture to the long, clean life of Henry, who had arrived in Rome to meet a warm welcome from Pope Benedict XIV., who himself conferred the 'tonsure' in the private chapel of the Stuart Palace on the last day of June 1747. This formal shaving of the scalp is not itself one of the holy orders, but precedes the reception into the religious state. Three days afterwards the Pope bestowed upon Henry the hat of a cardinal deacon, presenting him, with words of glowing eulogy, to the Sacred College, at the same time creating him 'titular' of the church of Santa Maria in Campitelli. Some six days later his initiation into the cardinalate was completed at the Quirinal by the curious ceremony of having his mouth opened and shut by the Pope, thus indicating his future authority for speech and silence, and by his being invested with the cardinal's sapphire ring as a token of the Celestial Kingdom. Although a prince of the Church, Henry was still a layman, for it is not an invariable rule that priests alone shall be made members of the Sacred College.

The celibate, prayerful life of a priest had had attractions for Henry since his early youth, and, after passing through the necessary 'minor orders,' he attained his desire on the 1st September 1748, fourteen months after his elevation to the cardinalate. Honours and valuable preferments were showered upon him. In Rome, in addition to his titular church, he was given the splendid SS. Apostoli, adjacent to the Stuart Palace, where his mother and father in turn had 'lain in state,' habited in all the insignia of royalty, and in a pillar of which his mother's heart is interred. He was granted as well the church of Santa Maria in Trastevere, one of the largest and most venerable in the city. Besides all this, he was appointed to the lucrative and important post of arch-priest at the Vatican Basilica (St Peter's), and held the position of 'Camerlengo,' an official of the first importance, executing his office, including the right to issue money, during the periods between papacies. Abroad, the French king conferred upon him the valuable sinecure

abbeys of Anchin and St Amand, while he also drew revenues from Church property in Spain and far-away Mexico. In order that he might hold Episcopal rank, he was consecrated Bishop of Corinth in *partibus infidelium*; and when the bishopric of Frascati fell vacant, he stepped into that very real and valuable diocese. He, however, resigned his nominal see of Corinth and also retired from Santa Maria in Campitelli to become 'titular' of his much more important church of Santa Maria in Trastevere. His final preferment was to the much-coveted post of Vice-Chancellor of the Holy See, which carries with it the Palace of the Cancellaria, one of the most imposing residences in Rome.

It has been estimated that his income must have amounted to nearly forty thousand pounds sterling per annum. Certainly he was at this period one of the richest and most powerful Churchmen in Italy.

At Frascati Henry devoted himself with assiduity to the duties of his diocese, both by example and by precept, requiring his clergy to be diligent in their various offices. Praying early and late, visiting the poor and afflicted, and distributing alms with princely munificence, he gained for himself an unusual degree of affection and esteem. A man of no great erudition, he fostered learning, and established at Frascati a splendid library, which continues to this day. He surrounded himself, not—as was so frequent among men in his position—with worthless parasites, but with cultured and pious companions, living, in a licentious age, a life absolutely unsullied by the vices of the times.

Nor did he neglect his titular church in Rome. Santa Maria in Trastevere bears his imprint, particularly in his special chapel to the left of the high altar, which is panelled and seated in carved oak, having the Royal Arms of England, with the Heraldic 'Crescent' of the Cadet, repeated again and again. His royal rank always bulked largely in his mind, and he was most punctilious in requiring recognition. His journeys between Rome and Frascati were of the nature of royal progresses. On such occasions he occupied a chariot drawn by six horses, driven at full gallop, attended by running footmen, who were trained to such perfection that they could always outstrip the horses, and who were sudden in quarrel with any disputing precedence.

The condition Charles had fallen into caused Henry the greatest distress, and in his letters he continually deplored 'the nasty bottle,' which he regarded as his brother's chiefest stumbling-block. In this relationship he displayed open-handed generosity. Charles's former mistress, Clementina Walkinshaw (Countess d'Alberstroff), who followed the Prince from Scotland, was already a pensioner on Henry's bounty; and when the final separation came between Charles and the unfortunate Princess Louise of Stolberg (Countess of Albany), whom as a girl of

nineteen he, a broken-down man of fifty-two, had married with the futile hope of raising an heir, it was out of Henry's purse the stipulated alimony was forthcoming.

Upon the death of Charles, Henry signalled his succession as claimant to the British throne by causing a medal to be struck, having on the obverse his own image, with the superscription, '*Hen. IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc.*' ('Henry IX. of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King. Defender of the Faith. Cardinal. Bishop of Tusculum'—that is, Frascati), and on the reverse a figure of Religion (with a lion crouching at her feet), supporting a cross, and gazing at a royal crown and a cardinal's hat, with the appropriate motto, '*Non desideris hominum sed voluntate Dei*' ('Not by the choice of men, but by the will of God'). He also 'touched' for the 'king's evil,' issuing a small coin in the character of a 'charm' against it.

#### IV.

During the dark days of the Papacy consequent upon the victories of the French troops, Henry displayed that open-handed generosity and devotion to his Church which had marked his career. To assist in raising the enormous indemnities levied by the conquerors he surrendered everything, even to his most cherished private possessions, which included a shield of solid gold given by the Austrian Emperor to his great-grandfather, King John Sobieski of Poland, and the great ruby of Poland, the size of a pigeon's egg, valued at fifty thousand pounds sterling. These sacrifices proved only temporary alleviations.

In February 1798 Rome was again in the hands of the French, and the Papal Court was dispersed. Fleeing first to Naples, Henry afterwards found refuge for a time in Palermo. However, the picturesque story that he, the pretender to the British throne, was conveyed thither out of danger by the British Fleet has no foundation in fact. There seemed to be no abiding-place for this harried prince-bishop, then in his seventy-fourth year. From Sicily to Corfu, from Corfu to Trieste, from Trieste to Venice he fled before the despoilers of his Church. Reduced to penury, his condition was represented to the British Crown, whence immediate aid was forthcoming in sums of five hundred pounds and one thousand pounds, while arrangements were made for an annual grant of four thousand pounds.

British might prevailing, the French were compelled to evacuate Rome, and for the first and last time the Union-Jack floated in triumph over the Capitol. The consequent return of Pius VII. to the Papal throne brought with it the restoration of Henry to his beloved Frascati, his return being welcomed by every demonstration of love and loyalty. The efflux of time

brought about his succession as Dean of the Sacred College, and made him *ipso facto* Bishop of Ostia and Velletri. He was duly installed in his new honours, being described as 'the sole surviving son of the unconquered and immortal James III., King of Great Britain, Scotland, and Jerusalem;' but his heart was at Frascati, where

he chiefly resided during the few remaining years of his life. There he died on 13th July 1807, in the eighty-second year of his age, having been for upwards of twenty-one years a persistent and consistent, though entirely pacific, pretender to the British throne.

*'In lui s'estinse la dinastia di Stuardi.'*

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER VII.—VICTOR AND CAPTIVE.

WHEN the tardy dawn had ushered in the new day Marius Tarquinius was amazed to find himself the hero of Borconium. The news spread rapidly through the fort that he had been on guard-duty on the Centurion's Wall, whence the alarm had been given, and enthusiastic congratulations were showered upon him by his comrades. Even the tribune had unbent to bestow words of high praise upon his subaltern for the prompt and efficient manner in which he had acted, thereby enabling the cohort to repulse victoriously what might otherwise have been a very serious attack of the fiercest and most formidable of the hostile tribes. The legate also had expressed his desire to interview the promising young Eagle whose exceptionally alert senses had proved so valuable to the garrison. He had made Marius's heart burn within him by informing him that his name would have special mention in the despatches, and that he would be recommended for the centurion's vine-rod.

All were deeply and favourably impressed by the extremely modest, not to say deprecating, manner in which the young patrician received the honours accorded to him. Much to the officers' surprise, he, who had ever loved to be the cynosure of all eyes, curtly refused to permit them to make any ovation in the mess-hall, and seemed to desire above all things that the matter should be passed over without further comment.

The obvious change which had been wrought on this usually high-spirited comrade in a single night's action was the subject of much speculation, and the idea was mooted that he must have received some secret hurt. Marius, however, repudiated the suggestion, and gave assurance that he was entirely unscathed, as indeed most of the garrison were, although the enemy had suffered severely under the shower of arrows which had met their advance and soon put them to flight, leaving the hillside strewn with dead and wounded, who were even now being dealt with by their victors.

But the gay, careless laughter of Marius Tarquinius seemed also to have fled with the defeated tribe. His bright eyes were heavy as a man's in pain. His silvery voice was silent in the mess-hall save when the surfeit of com-

plimentary words seemed to goad him to anger, and he flashed out with something of his former mettle, then retired from the company of his mess-mates, leaving them utterly at a loss to account for his strange conduct.

Only Cunobelin understood aught of its cause, but he maintained his customary aloofness, and went about his duties conscious that Marius's eyes had more than once sought his as they sat at table; but he had abstained from meeting them directly, and no word passed between them.

Cunobelin could not have denied that he was beset by a vague feeling of jealousy and resentment. It was not easy for him to stand by and see a man against whom he had a just grudge lauded and rewarded for his dexterity in accomplishing an action which he had not performed. At times, indeed, a sort of regret for his magnanimity came over him, but he strove to crush it down as soon as it had birth. He knew that in waking Marius Tarquinius he had acted almost against his own will, and because something stronger than himself had compelled him so to do.

Some hours after midnight, a few days later, as he lay on his couch in the darkness of his dormitory, the leathern curtain over the doorway was gently pushed forward, and some one noiselessly slipped into the room, holding a rush-lamp.

Cunobelin at once sprang from his couch to meet the invader, and was astonished to find himself face to face with Marius Tarquinius. Any question in his mind as to whether the Roman sought him with peaceful or with hostile intent was immediately resolved by his visitor's aspect. The shining military harness of the Roman officer was put off, and he wore a simple undress tunic, devoid of ornament, such as any plebeian might assume, which was suggestive, if not of humility, at least of humbled pride. His beautiful glossy hair, usually so carefully dressed, was tossed and dishevelled. His handsome face appeared drawn and haggard and ghastly in the dim, flickering light of the lamp. The bold, insolent glance of his eyes that the Briton had known well was gone; they looked into his now with a troubled, questioning expression in their dark depths.

'Cunobelin,' he said, saluting him formally in military fashion, 'your pardon that I thus disturb your rest.'

'You are welcome, Marius Tarquinius,' replied the Briton, returning the salute, all his former feelings of enmity disarmed by the courteous words and the gracious manner in which they were delivered.

'I have somewhat to say to you,' went on the other, with a note of gravity in his musical voice that was new to it, 'and have therefore chosen this untimely hour that we may talk undisturbed—if it be your will?'

The centurion bent his head in assent, and requested his visitor to share his couch.

'Cunobelin,' began Marius when the two had seated themselves, 'I am under a great debt to you—a debt that I can never repay.'

Cunobelin murmured some deprecating words, but his comrade continued: 'Yea, I know full well what happened, and am overwhelmed with shame. To you, and to you alone, is the honour due of having saved the fort; to me, only degradation. I was asleep on my watch—I, an Eagle of Rome!'

He leant his elbows upon his bare knees and covered his face with his hands, his voice and bearing showing plainly how acutely he was suffering, so that Cunobelin could not but feel pity for his fallen pride.

'It was the first time I had so failed. I had drunk deeply of British ale at supper, not guessing its strength, and was overcome. But I know that even had I not slept, it was not within my power to have sighted the enemies' approach with such marvellous promptness as yours. Yet I have to bear credit for your quickened senses. My tongue is tied, and I dare not speak. I, a free-born Roman of patrician blood, am become as a slave, bound life and limb to you.'

He raised his head with something of his former hauteur, and his eyes flashed with resentment as, overmastered by admiration and gratitude, he struggled with inborn contempt for the barbarian.

'Do not fear that I shall ever betray you, Marius Tarquinius,' returned the Briton quietly.

Again a flash of revolt leapt into the other's eyes. 'I know you will not, and yet—do you think it is light for me to owe such a debt to you, Cunobelin? I have had it in my heart to wish that you had left me to face my doom. It is a bitter draught for Marius Tarquinius to drink. Yet life with honour spared is much. I thank you for it. But I am amazed that you should have acted so magnanimously towards me. I have ever used you ill,' he acknowledged, with that generous frankness of spirit which had won the hearts of his comrades in the cohort in spite of his arrogant bearing. 'That very evening I had offered insult,' he added, glancing uneasily at his companion, half-fearing

to remind him of that incident which was very present in his own mind, 'yet you did not recompense me as I deserved. Wherefore?' he asked curiously. 'I was in the hollow of your hand.'

As Cunobelin offered no reply, he laid his hands upon the Briton's shoulders and looked searchingly into his face as if to read an answer for himself. 'Tell me, why did you wake me that night?'

The centurion turned his head aside as though he could not bear the earnest glance of those dark eyes. 'It was not I,' he murmured.

'Yea, by almighty Jove, I swear it was you, Cunobelin, and none other! Did I not see you through the darkness, and even with dazed senses recognise you? Why do you seek to deny it? You are strange—foreign to me, indeed. Did you not think to avenge yourself upon me?'

'Ay,' muttered the Briton; 'the thought was in my heart. But I was commanded to awake you, Marius Tarquinius. I dared not disobey.'

'You were commanded?' repeated Marius in amazement. 'Who commanded you?'

For an instant Cunobelin did not answer, but looked out upon the dim room where the lamp flickered fitfully, throwing great shadows upon the bare stone walls and flagged floor. Then, as if gathering courage, he faced his companion boldly and answered, 'The Christus!'

The young Roman stared at him with wide, incredulous eyes. 'The Christus!' he repeated in astonishment. 'The crucified one whom that outcast sect in Rome worships as a god? Are you moon-struck? What has such a one to do with me?'

'He is the King and Ruler of all men,' returned the centurion, with quiet assurance. 'He claims your allegiance, Marius Tarquinius.'

'Mine?' retorted the other, with a laugh of scorn. 'Do you think to persuade me to worship the crucified one as a god?'

'I proclaim the truth,' replied the Briton simply. 'It seems to me that you came hither to-night groping for a light to guide you.'

There was some moments' silence; then Marius turned to his companion with sobered expression. 'Yea, it is true I have sought you that I might question you upon this matter. I heard you singing the song of the condemned Christians in the arena, and knew you also to be one. I had evil intents against you; but now all is changed. I am your captive. You hold my life in your hands. Yet I am much perplexed. I would fain learn something of your motives, something also of this Christus who is reported to have great power over men even though he no longer lives. There are strange rumours abroad in Rome concerning this faith of the Christians. Some say that it reveals to the initiated the secrets of life and death. Yet all I hear of it passeth my under-

standing. 'Tis said that its emblems are a dead man and a woman with a babe—emblems of weakness, of nothingness, and yet—oh, strange paradox!—those initiated seem to become endowed with a strength, a purpose, and a serenity surpassing those of other men, as if they were indeed possessed of the secret of life, for which philosophers have sought in vain through the ages. Have I not witnessed these Christians in the arena pitted against the wild beasts? Great Jove! they might have put a legion of the Eagles to shame! I joined in Rome's scorn and mockery of their dauntless bearing, yet in the recesses of my heart I was filled with wonder, as even now I am at what you have done for me, who merited your vengeance rather than your aid. What means it, Cunobelin? Why do you and these Nazarenes act contrary to all the laws which govern other men?'

'Because we strive to follow the law of One who, though He assumed man's shape, was not man but God—the One True God above all others.'

'And what is his law that gives such strange power?' inquired Marius curiously.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

A contemptuous smile passed over the haughty features of the Roman patrician.

"Love your enemies, . . . do good to them that hate you." Tell me not that men obey such commands!

'Must not he who would be a good soldier obey the commands of the leader, lest the battle be lost?'

'Ay, in warfare, but'—

'Are we not soldiers striving ever against the enemies that beset us in this the warfare of our life?' interposed the centurion gravely.

'Ay,' assented Marius thoughtfully. 'True!

You liken life to a warfare, but of what avail are such commands against the assault of the foe?'

'You misjudge their strength, oh Marius Tarquinius!' replied the other. 'Yet I tell you that those who follow them have the victory. Under the banner of the Christus there is no defeat. Death itself is turned to triumph, and captivity led captive. Did you not witness this in Caesar's circus? Have you not but now confessed that you are as a captive to me because I did not recompense you according to your deserts?'

The Briton's deep-blue eyes glowed with unwonted enthusiasm, and his rough accents fell eloquently upon his hearer's ear, striking a chord within him that had never before been sounded.

Marius did not answer at once, but seemed to be weighing the matter in his mind; then he exclaimed with a ring of conviction, 'You speak a profound truth, Cunobelin! A light begins to steal upon me. Such philosophy might indeed lead to the secret of life. I would know more of this strange belief. Mayhap you will expound these doctrines further?'

'Willingly,' answered Cunobelin. 'It is the glad tidings for which men have been seeking throughout the ages.'

'I may not tarry longer now,' returned Marius, half-regretfully, rising from the couch. 'The dawn cometh nigh, and I mount the watch at cock-crow. I thank you for all your generous patience towards me, and shall ponder your words. Farewell!'

He saluted the centurion; then, taking the lamp from the table, he pushed aside the leathern curtain which covered the doorway, and passed beyond, leaving the room in darkness, but in his British comrade's heart the knowledge that he had found a friend in the Roman patrician.

(Continued on page 599.)

## A FAMOUS FRIGATE ACTION.

### THE PHENIX AND THE DIDON.

By H. W. HOUSEHOLD.

BY August 1805 Napoleon's plan for the invasion of England had come to nothing. His admirals had known all along it would, but Napoleon would never listen to them. He knew very little about naval warfare, but he would not believe that his lack of experience mattered. He would have it that warfare at sea followed just the same rules as warfare on land, and could be managed in the same way. On land his skill as a commander was matchless. Victory after victory had proved that. Unfortunately for France, he was confident that, if the admirals would only do as he told them, they would win

just as startling victories at sea. The admirals, however, knew better. They had seen winds and tides upset many a plan which on paper looked so well, but they could never get Napoleon to understand that winds and tides must be allowed for. An army can move in the desired direction on the day and at the hour appointed; but if the wind came from the wrong quarter a fleet might be unable to sail for weeks. For that reason fleets in the days of sail could not move according to time-tables as armies could. It was quite useless, however, to explain this to Napoleon, or to tell him, what was equally true,

that ships and crews that had lain blockaded in harbour month after month were no match for the British ships and crews, which had been continuously at sea. He would never listen, and he used such language to them as brave men do not like to hear.

He had intended that the French fleets at Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort, and the Spanish squadrons in Ferrol and Cadiz, which were closely blockaded by British admirals, should break out of port, throw their pursuers off their track by various devices, meet in the West Indies, and sail back, to the number of some fifty ships-of-the-line, to seize the Channel and cover the crossing of the army from Boulogne. The plan went to pieces from the start. The Rochefort squadron got away, and reached the West Indies; but when Villeneuve started from Toulon in the middle of January, he was caught in a gale, and forced back into his harbour for repairs three days after he had left it. There he had to stay for two months; and when he finally reached the West Indies, the Rochefort squadron had left again for home. The Brest fleet of twenty of the line, and the Spanish ships in Ferrol, never succeeded in getting out at all. When at last Villeneuve did get to the West Indies, he spent most of his time looking over his shoulder (so to speak) for that terrible Nelson, who, he was sure, would never quit him; and as soon as Nelson did appear, three weeks after the arrival of the French, the doomed admiral sailed for home again in a great hurry. He had taken a rocky islet defended by one hundred and twenty sailors, who lived perched up on the top of a cliff, and manned a battery of five guns that had been slung up out of a man-of-war; and he had captured fifteen sugar-ships, which had been foolish enough to put to sea almost under his nose; and that was all he had done. Napoleon had expected the taking of rich islands and the capture of prizes by the hundred.

As soon as Villeneuve reached Ferrol on August 1, 1805, Napoleon made one more attempt to carry out his great plan. Villeneuve was to sail across the Bay of Biscay to Brest, brush the blockading fleet aside, release the ships that were shut up there, and sail for the Channel. For a few days in August the admirals tried to make arrangements for the junction of the fleets, but Villeneuve knew that what seemed so easy to Napoleon winds and tides would make impossible, and, instead of sailing for Brest, he very soon turned the other way and made for Cadiz. As soon as Napoleon heard that Villeneuve had turned the wrong way, he gave up his plan, moved his army from Boulogne, and marched on Austria.

Now it so happened that the Rochefort squadron of five ships-of-the-line with several cruisers, when it came back from the West Indies, had been put under the command of a brilliant young admiral named Allemand, who succeeded in breaking out again in July, and was playing hide-and-seek with the British squadrons

on the edge of the Bay of Biscay, and doing a deal of damage meanwhile to merchant convoys. When he left he was given two rendezvous in the ocean, positions at certain latitudes and longitudes, one off Finisterre and the other off Ushant, at which he must cruise between certain dates, so that orders might be able to reach him. As he and his ships were wanted early in August for the new combination which Napoleon had planned, it was necessary to recall him, and Villeneuve was told to send word out and fetch him back. A single frigate, the *Didon*, of forty guns, with a crew of three hundred and twenty, commanded by Captain Milius, was all that could be spared for the errand—though it was always risky to send an important message by one ship only, because if she were captured the message would never arrive. And it was most important that this message should arrive, for when the day came to fight Nelson, it might just make all the difference whether Allemand and his five ships were there or not. As it turned out, they were not, and the fight between the *Phœnix* and the *Didon* was the reason. Because the *Didon* never reached them, Allemand's squadron remained at sea across the trade routes, playing hide-and-seek with the British squadrons that were vainly searching for them, until Christmas, when once more they turned up at Rochefort.

At the best, Captain Milius's mission was bound to be a very perilous one, for the two rendezvous had been badly chosen. They were much too near the British cruising-grounds. However, the *Didon* was a smart, fast ship, manned by a picked crew, and Captain Milius was one of the best officers in the French service; so all might yet be well. He was a man who would fight, and fight stoutly, if it was wise to fight; and he could be trusted to do what is the hardest thing of all for a brave sailor—to run away when it was wise to do that. On this occasion, if he could reach the rendezvous without fighting, it was his duty not to fight, for he must run no unnecessary risk.

Unfortunately it was not going to be easy to find Allemand. It happened that at the beginning of August an American ship, homeward bound from Bordeaux to Charleston, was making its way out of the Bay of Biscay towards Finisterre, the 'Land's End' of the Spanish coast. She came across one of Allemand's outlying cruisers, which sent an officer on board to get any news that the captain might be able to give of the movements of the fleets, French and British. He was asked what he had seen. Well, he had seen a British fleet of fourteen ships-of-the-line off Ferrol, and one of them had boarded him. That was enough for Allemand. The British fleet was much too strong and much too near. It was clear that he must not stay one moment longer at the Finisterre rendezvous, so he vanished once more into the ocean, and quietly made for his second rendezvous off Ushant, where

he was to remain till August 13. On the 7th Milius reached the first rendezvous, and, of course, found no Allemand. He found, however, a British frigate, which gave chase as soon as she saw him. This was the *Æolus*, a thirty-two-gun frigate with a crew of two hundred and thirty-three, carrying despatches to the admiral off Ferrol. Hers was not a fighting errand either, but none the less she chased. The *Didon* was a bigger ship, with her forty guns and her three hundred and thirty men, but she rightly ran away. The worst of it was that she had to run in the wrong direction, for the wind was north-east, and each mile that she ran before it took her a mile farther from Ushant and Allemand. There was none too much time, and with a foul wind those miles would take a lot of recovering. At nightfall, however, the *Æolus* found that the chase was carrying her too far to leeward of Ferrol, so she hauled off and bore up to the eastward. As soon as the *Didon* could safely do so, she got upon her course once more, and began to regain the lost miles in long zigzag tacks against the wind.

Early on the morning of the 10th another cruiser saw her, and immediately gave chase. This was the *Phoenix*, a smart little thirty-six-gun frigate, manned by a crew of two hundred and forty-five, and commanded by Captain Baker, one of the best cruiser captains afloat. She lay right across the course that the *Didon* should take. There was now no time to lose. Another flight southward before the north-east wind would make it quite certain that the *Didon* could not reach the rendezvous before Allemand had left it. And, after all, this ship that was coming down before the wind was smaller than the *Didon*—much smaller. To all appearance she carried only twenty guns. And appearances were confirmed by the captain of the same American ship from Bordeaux that Allemand's cruiser had visited a few days earlier off Finisterre. She had been boarded by a boat from the *Didon* just as the topmasts of the *Phoenix* appeared above the horizon; and the captain said that they were undoubtedly the topmasts of a ship that had called him on board the day before. She was a twenty-gun sloop, he said, but her captain and officers thought such a lot of her, and of themselves, that they would certainly not hesitate to fight a vessel twice her size. Now the American was saying what he probably knew to be false. He was something of a sportsman, however, and, unlike most of the Americans at that time, he seems to have been ready to do a good turn to the British. On going on board the *Phoenix* the day before, he had asked to be shown round the ship. She had been carefully disguised to look like a twenty-gun sloop, so that she might be a likely bait for just such ships as the *Didon*, and her officers were very pleased to have the chance of taking the Yankee round her. He was the very man they wanted, a gossiping fellow, who

would go about the seas talking of the twenty-gun sloop, whose officers had shown him round, and made such a fuss of him. Before taking him round, however, they made sure that he should be in the right frame of mind. They bought of him at an excellent price some cases of Bordeaux claret that he was carrying, and they entertained him royally. Like good hosts of that day, they saw that his glass was kept full. When, finally, he started on his tour round the ship, he was either so friendly that he did not want to count the guns too carefully, or so drunk that he could not count them. When he left to go back to his own ship, Captain Baker knew that his trap was nicely baited, for the American would tell every French ship that he spoke that the *Phoenix* carried only twenty guns. And, sure enough, the very next morning he was pointing her out to Captain Milius of the *Didon*, and telling him about those cocksure officers who would back their twenty guns against any French frigate's forty.

If Captain Milius had known the real strength of the *Phoenix*, he would probably have run away again, though time was pressing; but here, he thought, was a ship of only half his strength. He could beat her, capture her, and force his way through in a fight of an hour or two. So he hove-to and waited. At a quarter to nine in the morning the fight began. The *Phoenix* tried to get round to leeward, so as to make it impossible for the Frenchman to run away, but the *Didon* was the faster, handier ship. Three times the *Phoenix* tried, but each time the *Didon* crossed her bows, and poured in a raking broadside. The *Phoenix* then gave up the vain attempt, and ran straight at her to windward. At 9.15 the two ships were side by side, some thirty or forty yards apart, pouring shot into each other with every gun that bore. The *Phoenix*, carrying more sail, had come up with the wind at a good pace, and therefore soon passed ahead. The *Didon* at once manoeuvred to pass under her stern and rake her again. Captain Baker, however, had made his men lie flat upon the decks, and not much harm was done. The *Didon* tried to repeat the manoeuvre, but this time the *Phoenix* was too smartly handled, and the result was that the *Didon's* bow ran aboard the starboard quarter of the *Phoenix*, and the two ships were locked together. In this position neither ship could bring her broadside guns to bear. The *Didon* had a big thirty-six-pounder on her fore-castle, but the marines of the *Phoenix* kept up a steady fire on that, and the French sailors could not work it. Then the French, with their superior numbers, tried to board, but they were beaten back after a tough struggle. Meanwhile Captain Baker was doing all that he could to get a gun to bear. He had previously cut away the sill of his cabin window in the stern, so that it might serve as a gun-port, if just such an

emergency as this should arise; and he was now in the cabin with a party of sailors, laying out tackle for hauling one of the heavy guns into position. From the bows of the *Didon* there was a clear view into the cabin, and a heavy fire from the French muskets killed and wounded a number of the party round the captain. Baker himself had a narrow escape. A French sailor jumped upon the bowsprit, and levelled a musket at him from a distance of a few feet. Fortunately a young midshipman who was standing by saw the man in the act. He gave his captain a push just as the shot was fired, and the bullet tore the rim off his hat instead of passing through his head. The next moment the midshipman fired himself, and the body of the Frenchman dropped into the water.

At last the gun was hauled into position and fired. The shot swept the deck of the *Didon* from stem to stern. Twenty-four of the crew were killed or wounded by the first discharge. About half-an-hour after the ships had run on board of each other, the *Didon* worked clear, and began to move ahead. As the guns of the broadsides began to bear, a furious cannonade broke out again, and the *Phoenix* had the best of the exchange. Her crew were the better gunners. They had been constantly practised at the guns, and when the Government allowance of powder and shot for gun practice was exhausted, the officers, as they have done on many a ship before and since, had paid for more powder and shot out of their own pockets. The broadsides of the *Phoenix*, therefore, were more rapid, and they were better aimed. The sails and the rigging of both ships were by this time cut to pieces, and as the *Didon* drifted still farther ahead, both ceased firing, and began to refit as fast as they could. To the fastest would go the prize of victory, for the first to get under sail again would have the other at her mercy. It happened that the *Phoenix* had suffered very little damage to her masts and yards. The *Didon*, however, had lost her maintopmast, and, unluckily for her, her foremast was so badly damaged that, before it could be secured, the heavy rolling of the ship sent it overboard. The rigging of the *Phoenix* was soon knotted and spliced, and put into a serviceable state again, and it was possible to trim the sails and work the ship. So, refitted and ready for action, she headed once more for the helpless *Didon*. It was useless to resist, for the *Phoenix* could place herself where not a shot could touch her, and the French flag was hauled down after one of the most famous single ship actions in the history of the long war. Seventy-one had been killed and wounded on board the *Didon*, forty on the *Phoenix*. One of the wounded on the *Phoenix* was a boy of sixteen, a midshipman. He was sucking an orange like any schoolboy in the heat of the fight, when a French musket-ball, which had already passed through the head of

a sailor near him, went through his mouth, entering at one cheek and passing out through the other, without so much as knocking out a tooth. As the naval historian quaintly says, 'A pair of not unseemly dimples were all that remained.'

When the fight was over, it was necessary to refit both ships for the voyage home. This was no easy task on board the *Didon*. Her foremast had already gone, and her mainmast was now found to be so badly damaged that it too had to be cut away. As soon as the worst of the wreckage had been cleared away, the *Phoenix* took the *Didon* in tow, and steered for England. Three days later, however, they fell in with Villeneuve's fleet, then on its way southward for Cadiz, where it was to lie till, in October, it came out to meet Nelson and its ruin. The French gave chase to the two cripples, which had to turn about and run southward before them. The enemy, of course, gained fast, and at sunset they were nearly within gunshot, when suddenly, to Captain Baker's surprise and relief, the chasing ships drew off, and turned back to rejoin the main body of their fleet. The *Phoenix* and her prize then continued southward for shelter and safety at Gibraltar, but when they had got past Lisbon they ran into a thick fog. There is nothing more uncanny and unpleasant than, in a fog at sea, to hear sounds coming from other ships, close to you, but invisible. The danger of collision is great, but there were still greater dangers about the *Phoenix*. The ringing of bells and the firing of signal-guns in every direction told that a great fleet was passing. Fortunately the fog did not lift till it had got well out of sight, or the *Phoenix* and her prize would have found themselves in French hands. For it was Villeneuve's fleet again, as they learnt soon afterwards, when they were spoken by the famous *Euryalus* frigate, whose captain, Blackwood, stood at Nelson's side on the *Victory* at Trafalgar until the guns began to play. It would be madness now to hold on for Gibraltar any longer, with this great fleet to the south of them; so the hunted ships turned westward into the open ocean, hoping to get clear of all dangerous neighbours. Then, having got to a safe distance, they turned north once more for England. But they had not done with dangers yet. Captain Baker had less than two hundred men to sail the two ships, and keep watch over three hundred prisoners. It was natural that the French should make plans for recovering possession of their ship. Englishmen in the same position would have done the same thing. Fortune, however, was again on Baker's side. Some conversations were overheard by a man who understood French, and measures were taken to deal with the threatened rising. This proved to be the last excitement of the voyage, and the two ships reached Plymouth Sound and safety on September 3.

## THE ELM-TREE.

## PART II.

## I.

THE two old ladies were just a little frightened and disturbed at the arrival of the log. Never, so far as they could remember, had anything so crude and uncouth been brought into their house, or at any rate above the level of the basement.

Two servants, staggering under its weight, placed it in the dining-room.

'By Master John's orders,' said the parlour-maid. — 'No, ma'am, there hasn't been no mistake.'

'My dear Maria!' said Aunt Elizabeth; and they looked at each other. This was a situation that had never arisen before in their experience. It was almost like a break in the quiet, even orderliness of their lives.

'P'raps, ma'am, if we put it on the hearth-rug,' said the parlour-maid, 'or in the grate?'

'The grate, I think,' said Aunt Maria after a pause. 'Yes, that would be the most suitable place.'

'Not too near the fire,' said Aunt Elizabeth.

The servants placed the log in the grate, and left the room. The two sisters looked at each other.

'John has been just a little strange lately,' said Aunt Elizabeth timidly. 'I think something has unsettled him.'

'I do not know what it could be, sister.'

'But you have noticed—you have said nothing—but sometimes I have fancied that you have noticed.'

Yes, Aunt Maria had noticed. John had not been quite the same. Very small changes are noticeable in things that have apparently become permanent. Where there is growth, it is reasonable to look for change. But there is no growth in lives that are moulded on a regular plan. The two old women seated themselves by the fire, and stared at the log, and talked gently about their nephew. Nothing very much had happened, but he was not quite the same. He had recently bought a different kind of collar. He was not always quite punctual for meals. He had, on more than one occasion, returned with a halfpenny evening paper. That very morning he had been two minutes late in starting for the City. And at times there had been something curious in his eyes—something that Aunt Elizabeth spoke of as 'disturbing.' They could not define it more accurately—could not even say if it were a sign of happiness or of unhappiness. It was just a change, and only now and then—something stirring under the calm surface of his life.

'And now this ugly piece of wood,' said Aunt Maria.

They looked at the log as if they expected it

to reveal its secret. Then they looked at the portrait over the mantelpiece. And Aunt Maria folded her thin white hands on her knees, and something stirred in her brain—some memory of a man who had died in the trenches before Sebastopol.

'We are talking nonsense, sister,' she said after a pause. Then she rose from her chair, and walked slowly round the room, scrutinising the fine old furniture, touching it with her slim fingers—reverently, not because of its value, but because of its associations. 'Janet does not dust the room very carefully,' she said. 'She is getting old.'

But all the time she was thinking, 'I love these dear old things, and I love our quiet life, and nothing—nothing can possibly move me out of the house that I love.'

Then she returned to the fireplace, and stooping down, she touched the log with her fingers. The bark seemed very rough and hard after the smoothness of polished mahogany.

And then, suddenly, she seemed to understand.

'Dear John!' she said to herself. But she would not take her sister into her confidence. Let Elizabeth find out for herself, or wait until John returned from Westminster.

All day she hugged her secret to herself, and when John arrived, an hour late, she kissed him.

'Such a kindly thought, dear,' she whispered. 'Of course I understand.'

Then Aunt Elizabeth was told, and they sat round the fire and discussed the fate of the log. Aunt Maria was in favour of a photo-frame. Aunt Elizabeth chose a stand on which to hang her watch at night. 'And you, John dear?' she said.

'I thought of a good old blaze,' he said abruptly. And when he saw the look of horror in their eyes, he explained. 'I want nothing,' he said gently. 'I was only thinking of you when I bought the log. The rest must be burnt.'

In the silence that followed, the log spoke. A piece of the bark, on the side nearest the fire, broke off, and dropped into the grate. The sound was no louder than the tap of a child's finger on the hearthstone.

And then through the thin partition wall came the noise of a man's hearty laughter. One heard things like that in Battersbury Square—the playing of a piano, a voice singing or speaking too loud, the crash of an overturned chair, the too violent poking of a fire.

Aunt Maria glanced at Aunt Elizabeth. But Aunt Elizabeth looked with approval at her nephew, and her eyes said quite plainly, 'I am glad John does not laugh like that.'

And John Strangeworthy stared at the fire.

## II.

It was Michael Genlis who had laughed, when his daughter had pulled out her present from its hiding-place under the table.

'It will make a paper-weight,' she said.

He seized it in his great hands and lifted it as though it had been a twig.

'Or a dumb-bell!' he shouted, holding it above his head.

The girl looked at him admiringly. She loved his strength, his leonine head, his magnificent vitality. He pretended to drop the log, and caught it; and she clapped her hands.

'Before you go to bed, Rona,' he said, 'you can put it on the fire. I am dining at the club to-night, and the log will keep the fire in until I return.' He laid it down in the grate. 'The dead are coming to life,' he chuckled. 'One never knows. I should not be surprised at anything after to-day.'

'Father dear, you are sometimes so—so obscure.'

'Your friend next door—dead—coming to life.'

She shook her head and smiled.

'Please don't make fun of him,' she said.

'Fun? Fiddlesticks! He came to my lecture on the growth of social systems—sat in the third row, quiet as a sleepy old cat. I never gave a better lecture in my life; and when I had finished I said that I should be glad to answer any questions and make everything quite clear. And then he got up on his legs, and blushed and stammered, and I was so astonished that I got quite red and nervous myself.'

'I hope,' said Rona gently, 'that you were not rude to him.'

Michael Genlis drew in his breath and blew it out again, and slapped his great chest.

'He wiped the floor with me, Rona. He gathered courage, and spoke very quietly, very clearly, very slowly. He asked me questions—cunning, inoffensive little questions that led me into traps. He was courteous and humble and apologetic. But he made a fool of me all along the line.'

'Oh, how splendid of him!' cried Rona.

'Eh? What's that? Splendid! Yes; but if you'd been in my place you'd have lost your temper. It was like fighting with an oak bludgeon against a man armed with a rapier. He knew everything—seemed to have read everything. And then, when he had demolished all my arguments, what do you think the man did?'

'Sat down, father,' Rona answered.

'No, my dear, silly little girl. He began to answer his own questions—as I ought to have answered them if I'd had the brains and the knowledge. And it turned out that he was on our side, after all.'

Rona clapped her hands, and the short silken curtain of her red hair glittered in the firelight.

'Oh, the dear man!' she cried.

'And then,' Genlis continued, 'he slipped out of the room, and that ass Tomlinson got up and began to bray, and I had to listen to him.'

He turned to the wall and smote it with his great fist. 'And to think that that man is wasting his life in a Government office,' he shouted, 'and living with those two old tabbies! I'd like to smash the wall down, and pull him out of there by the scruff of his neck, and make him work for us.'

Rona seated herself on the hearth-rug, and laid a hand upon the log of wood. Then she looked up at her father and smiled.

'I expect,' she said gently, 'that by now he is thoroughly ashamed of having gone to your lecture. A man must break out once in his life, mustn't he? But if he cannot get free without hurting others, he is all the finer man for pretending that he has no longing for freedom.'

Michael Genlis turned on his heel and went out to his club. Rona stroked the log, and there was almost a caress in her fingers.

And, no more than six feet away from her, John Strangeworthy was moving his log—a little farther from the fire. And, strangely enough, neither of them was thinking of the 'growth of social systems,' nor yet of the logs. They were thinking of each other; they seemed to see each other as clearly as though no wall lay between them.

## III.

The green log in the dining-room of No. 15 was apparently furious at the manner of its final dissolution. It groaned and spluttered and spurted out jets of steam as it lay on its bed of red-hot coals. It had, perhaps, pictured to itself the glory of its death—the fine flame and the crackling roar up the chimney, and the glow of heat, and the brilliance of light that it would give to the world before it left it for good and all. One can easily imagine that it was not content to smoulder—a black weight damping down the fire in the grate.

Perhaps it had a separate entity now that it was severed from the rest of the tree, like those low forms of life that divide and subdivide, and so create fresh individuals by the mere process of division. But, in any case, the blood of the old tree was in it, and if it had hoped for an independent existence of its own, here was the end of it; and not a fine end either, however you looked at it.

The room was almost in darkness, but every now and then a piece of bark, dried by the heat, fell on to the coals below, and there was a tiny burst of flame. The light showed all the brilliant barbaric colouring of walls and curtains and cushions. Then it died down, and there was nothing but dim grays and browns and blackness. The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve, and some new strange force seemed to stir in the heart of the log. Steam hissed

furiously, as if from some vent that served as a safety-valve.

Then the piece of wood burst in two with a loud crack, and flung a red-hot coal on the hearth-rug. And Michael Genlis, careless about trifles, had left the evening paper on the rug. For a few moments there was only smouldering and smoke. And then there was a little tongue of flame.

'Ha-ha!' said the log to the house. 'See that!'

The house was silent. It was dead, but quite permanent—contemptuous, as all dead things must be, of the movement of life.

#### IV.

Rona woke from her sleep, coughed, and pressing down the switch of the electric light, found herself still in darkness. Then she heard a scream, and the door burst open, and a servant stood there with a lighted candle. The woman's face was hardly visible through a fog of smoke.

'Quick, Miss Rona—the 'ouse is afire!'

Rona jumped out of bed and flung open a window. The smoke thickened and poured past her like a gray-brown river. Another servant appeared, a pretty girl with tangled yellow hair. Rona, in the thinnest of night-dresses, put on a dressing-gown. Then she looked at the clock. It was half-past twelve, and she knew that her father would not be in until one.

'We must get out of this,' she said; and thrusting aside the servants, she went past them on to the landing, and descended half-a-dozen steps. But the smoke drove her back, and the younger of the two servants cried out that she was being choked to death.

'If we can't go down,' said Rona, 'we must go up.'

They went up another flight of stairs, and opened a window in the servants' attic bedroom. Rona looked out, and saw the roof sloping away to an edge of gutter; and, beyond the edge, the lights of London shone through the haze.

'We're all right here,' she said. 'They'll bring a fire-escape.'

'And if they don't, miss?' wailed Sally.

'Oh, then we'll just climb along the roof,' Rona replied with the unthinking but indomitable purpose of youth. 'And go down next door,' she added.

'It ain't in 'uman nature to do it, miss,' the elder woman shouted. And she peered out of the window till Rona pushed her back.

'Oh, Miss Rona, we'll be burnt alive!' screamed Sally.

'Rubbish!' Rona replied. 'This is splendid—the chance of a lifetime—a new experience. Sing—as if you meant it.'

The two servants wailed out the opening line of a hymn. Rona, perched on the sill of the window, looked towards a similar window in No. 14. It was exactly five yards away from her.

'Knot two sheets together,' she said to the servants. 'You can go on singing, but pull the knot tight.'

And then from the attic window of No. 14 a lean arm was thrust out, and it was followed by a head. The hair was neatly brushed, but there had been no further attempt at a toilet. The man's gray flannel night-shirt was open at the throat, showing his lean white neck. Rona was oddly reminded of some picture she had seen of Don Quixote, the most ridiculous and most beautiful hero of all time.

'I hope,' said a gentle voice, 'that you are all quite safe.'

'Safe as houses,' laughed Rona.

'An unfortunate metaphor, I'm afraid,' Strangeworthy replied. 'Won't you catch cold?'

'In the head, perhaps; but there's a nice warm air coming up the stairs.'

Strangeworthy thrust himself farther out of the window. The slow music of the hymn, not quite in tune, drifted out of the other window and came to his ears. He thought of shipwrecks.

'This is serious,' he said to himself, and then aloud, 'You're cut off, are you not?'

'Yes; we can't go down, and we can't go up, till we get wings.'

A great banner of smoke came rolling out of the window, and Rona was hidden from sight. Then he heard her cough—a horrible, choking cough, so it seemed to him. And when he saw her again she was leaning farther out of the window, gripping something that looked like a white snake, and pressing one hand to her mouth. Two other heads appeared—two open mouths screaming. Then the white snake coiled out towards him, fell softly on the slates, and slid down slowly into the iron gutter.

'You fools!' shouted Rona to the servants. 'You knocked it out of my hand.'

Another great banner of smoke unrolled itself. John Strangeworthy seated himself on the window-sill, measured the distance to the gutter with his eye, and then, rolling over on his face, gripped the sill, and allowed his body and legs to slide down the sloping roof until his feet touched the gutter. He lay there for a moment, spread-eagled and ridiculous, showing a considerable amount of thin, bare legs. Rona laughed, and then, gasping for breath, and bidding the servants copy her, she followed his example. She managed it more gracefully, but her legs were not long enough, and her feet touched nothing but the slates.

'I'm coming to you,' shouted Strangeworthy, and he moved quickly towards her, and caught her round the waist. 'Let yourself go,' he said softly. 'It's only a few inches.' She slid down until her bare feet rested on the gutter. 'Move this way,' he said, 'step by step.'

But, seized with a sudden terror, she could not move. He drew her towards him and forced her inch by inch towards the other window.

'All right,' he kept on shouting to the servants. 'You're quite safe. I'll soon come and fetch you.'

But there was no need for that. The end of a ladder suddenly rose up beneath the window of No. 15, and the brass helmet of a fireman gleamed in the moonlight.

'Look after the two women in the room,' said John Strangeworthy, 'and please do not interfere with us.'

The firemen cursed him, but Strangeworthy was beyond their reach. He had brought Rona under the window of No. 14. If a thousand firemen had suddenly appeared with a hundred ladders, he would not have let them rob him of the pride of victory. He stooped and picked up the white snake.

'Hold on for just one moment,' he said. Then he gripped the window-ledge, drew himself up into the room, and held out his hands to Rona. She came slowly up towards him, and tumbled over the window-sill into his arms.

Her face was white and her eyes were closed. He carried her out into the darkness of the landing. 'She will never know,' he thought, and he kissed her.

#### V.

Nothing makes so clean a sweep of the old order of things as fire—mental or material. The partition wall between the two houses had cracked and crumbled into fragments under the fierce blast of flames. Aunt Maria and Aunt Elizabeth, compelled to find a new home, and persuaded by their nephew to take a modern non-basement

villa in Hampstead, seemed suddenly to have lost their grip on ideas to which they had clung all through their lives. I think Aunt Maria described the state of affairs accurately when she said that it was like living in another world.

They were a little dazed and frightened at first, as all must be who come out suddenly from the darkness into the light. They blinked their eyes pitifully as they looked at a sunlit lawn, and clean white paint, and the colour of flowers. There can be no growth without pain, and they suffered. But with fine courage they faced the possibility of even greater changes than the destruction of their old home. They even accepted Michael Genlis as a suitable friend for their nephew, and they spoke kindly of Rona's pretty hair.

And when John Strangeworthy asked them if he might marry Rona, Aunt Elizabeth said that old folk had no right to stand in the way of young folks' happiness, and Aunt Maria, more generous, kissed him, and smiled, and said nothing.

But I do not believe that any one thought of the old tree on Rona's wedding-day. The log, fighting to the last for growth and movement, had perished, even in the hour of victory. Rona and her husband blessed the fire, but were ignorant of the cause of it.

And, of course, the dying elm-tree had not really intended to help them at all. It had merely hated the smug permanence of Battersbury Square.

THE END.

## SOUTH AFRICAN SALT-PANS.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THE wanderer in South Africa, especially in those vast spaces of the interior where the great game still roam deserts seldom footed by man, is occasionally confronted by immense salt-pans, the mystery of whose origin even scientists are not able readily to solve. Some of these, such as the great N'twetwe salt-pan in the northern portion of the Kalahari Desert, stretch for a hundred miles east and west, and extend for many miles from north to south. Here upon the vast glittering white expanse, as flat and as smooth as a billiard-table, you may take the latitude as well as if you were upon the sea. During the rainy season several inches of water cover these huge pans for a few days at a time. Then the African sun asserts its power, the water vanishes, and the pans stand bare again, their whiteness rendered yet more dazzling to the eye by the effects of the cleansing and by the renewal of the saline efflorescence. Not all the pans show pure salt, but on some, such as Chuantsa in the north Kalahari, a covering of

salt and lime an inch and a half thick is to be found. On the great salt-pan near Uitenhage, in the Cape Province, a thick deposit of pure salt is found, from which the settlers and natives have procured supplies from very early days, and which has been a source of profit to the Cape for more than a hundred years.

Many of the great northern salt-pans in Khama's Country, the Lake Ngami region, and the north Kalahari exhibit a smooth and glittering efflorescence of pure salt or of lime or nitrates. Some few are thickly covered with shells. These shells, as Livingstone long since remarked in his early explorations, are identical with those of the Mollusca of Lake Ngami and the Botletle River.

Upon these marvellously smooth expanses the mirages created by the effects of sun-heat are truly wonderful. Shining lakes of water, clumps of trees, islands, and other phenomena are shown with such life-like fidelity that one could almost swear that they are real. Ante-

lopes are distorted to the size of elephants, and other extraordinary illusions meet the eye of the traveller.

The heat upon these immense smooth expanses is terrific. I shall never forget my first experience when cantering over the pan of N'Chukutsa in the north Kalahari, on the way to the Botletle River; the mirages were marvellously clear and natural, and the sun-heat cast up from the smooth and dazzling surface was intense. Ten or twelve miles of such a crossing, in suffocating heat, with tired horses, towards the end of a waterless sixty-five mile ride, was a sufficiently trying ordeal. It was upon this very salt-pan of N'Chukutsa that Livingstone, Oswell, and Murray, on their way to the discovery of Lake Ngami in 1849, had a curious experience. As they emerged from the low forest of Mopani, which borders the pan, Oswell saw stretched before him what, under the mirage and the setting sun, he took to be the great sheet of water of which they were in search. He threw up his cap and raised a loud cry, which brought Livingstone and Murray hurrying to his side. It was, in sooth, no lake, and the water of Ngami still lay two hundred and fifty miles ahead of them!

If during the fierce heat of African day these salt-pans are hot and trying, at early morning when the sun is nearing the edge of the plains their beauty is very wonderful. The air is clear and cool; the sky is suffused with tender colour; the smooth, silvery vastness of the great expanse is laid bare before the eyes for many a long mile.

The game of the country much affect these solitudes for the salt or the salt 'brack' which they love to lick. If pure salt is lacking, they find on the edge of the pan a white limestone formation, from which they extract the saline flavour of which they are so fond. At brack-pans in the south Kalahari I have seen the limestone at the edges of the pan worn smooth and hollow by the tongues of myriads of antelopes which have resorted thither during untold ages of the past. On the smooth, soft, silvery efflorescence which covers the surface to the depth of an inch or two, you may note in perfection the spoor of the various beasts that wander over these desolate places of nature. Here are the soft pads of the lion; there the neat footprint of the splendid gemsbok, the ace-of-hearts-like slot of the koodoo, the somewhat bovine spoor of the great eland, the fairy-like prints of the graceful springbok, the yet tinier traces of the steenbok and the duiker. In another direction you may note where a troop of giraffe have trekked across the smooth expanse, their great spoor-marks, some of them a full twelve inches in length, suggesting somehow what may best be described as the imprints of a huge, elongated cow's foot—if such a thing can be imagined. Blue wildebeest, Burchell's zebra, ostriches,

roan antelope, hartbeest, tsessebe (sassaby), and other large game show by their tell-tale footprints that they too have crossed the pan during the night. At this witching hour of sunrise I have, from behind a screen of bushes, many times watched a troop of springbok at play. Their sham combats, freaks, and gambols are most engaging, as are the wondrous leaps, often half-a-dozen in succession, which they take—apparently from sheer delight of living and light-heartedness—bounding eight or ten feet into the air, with rigid limbs and arched necks, displaying at the same time the dazzling, fan-like crest of long snow-white hair, which normally lies concealed by a fold of skin upon the backs. These pranks and graces of the springbok are never so perfectly displayed as upon such an occasion. From the marks thus imprinted upon these smooth and dazzling surfaces you may easily learn, especially if you have a Masarwa Bushman at your side, the characteristics and the peculiarities of the spoor of most of the fauna of the desert. You could not find a more perfect object-lesson. If your own knowledge is lacking here and there, the Bushman can correct you in the minutest detail. He can not only tell you to within an hour when the animal whose footprints you see passed that way, but can inform you whither it was going and what its movements were likely to be.

I once saw, upon one of these great pans in the Lake Ngami country, a very singular and interesting piece of desert life. A Masarwa Bushman whom we came across on the middle of the pan had wounded a giraffe with a poisoned arrow, and was at that moment relentlessly jogging upon its spoor. A big animal like this does not succumb to poison for some hours, perhaps even for a long day or more. But once the Bushman has driven his feeble shaft home—a reed arrow, tipped with bone and smeared with yellow poison—he knows that the quarry—even so gigantic a beast as an eighteen-foot bull giraffe—is his, and with untiring footsteps he slogs steadily on in its wake. Later in our ride we met the Bushman's wife, carrying a baby, her family goods, a skin or two, some roots, and a few ostrich eggs filled with water. She was travelling contentedly on the spoor of her husband and the wounded giraffe. Her demeanour was fairly cheerful, though the pan was smarting to the eyes and suffocatingly hot; for she knew that at the end of a day or so's hard trek a mighty feast—a feast prolonged for a week or more—awaited her and her man.

Not only do the wild game of the desert haunt these pans chiefly at night, or trek across them from time to time, but even that great fowl of the wilderness, the pelican, has a considerable affection for them—why, I have never been able to discover. The long skeins of these birds which flocked every evening to the lake river (Botletle), when my hunting companion and I

were outspanned there, spent their days and nights much in the following manner. Every morning at sunrise they rose from the water where they had roosted and fished, and after executing marvellous and most beautiful evolutions high in the air, sailed slowly off to a salt-pan some miles away. Here they rested all day, apparently digesting their food, and absorbed in solemn contemplation. Towards evening, just as the wondrous sunset fired the western sky with a blaze of glorious colour, they sailed slowly back, executed anew their intricate aerial evolutions, and sank presently again in leisurely fashion towards the river, where they fished, fed, and rested themselves till daybreak.

It is a curious fact that at the side of every salt-pan in this desert country of the north Kalahari and Ngamiland is to be found a running spring of water. Such springs are always brackish and often very salt. I can well remember that in passing the great pan of N'Chukutsa, of which I have spoken, near the southern extremity of the Botletle River, the water was so impregnated with nitrate of soda or other nitrates as to be undrinkable.

There are many salt-pans in South Africa, between the southern shores of the Cape and the Zambesi, and it would be manifestly impossible in a paper of this kind to do more than refer to the more important of them. In the Cape Province the great pan at Uitenhage, the richest and most profitable in South Africa, lies a little to the north of Port Elizabeth. Thunberg, a famous Swedish botanist, who travelled at the Cape between 1770 and 1775, was, I think, the first to make this famous deposit known to Europeans. He visited it in 1773. He also describes a lesser pan in the district of Malmesbury, north of Cape Town, of which he writes: 'The crystallisation is the most powerful in the months of November and December (the Cape summer), and in the middle of the day between the hours of ten and three. During that time one may plainly see the salt, somewhat like the cream of milk, just crystallise on the surface, till, in consequence of its own weight, it sinks to the bottom. This saline encrustation is very fine, and yields a fine salt, which must be collected as fast as it crystallises, and is driven by the south-east winds towards the north-western side. Unless this be done the encrustation will fall to the bottom, in several different strata, forming a thick bed of a coarse-grained salt, which is frequently of a gray colour from the admixture of dirt, and is used for salting fish and meat. On the other hand, the fine salt, being cleaner and whiter, is used for the table only, and for salting fresh-butter.'

Dr Andreas Sparrman, another famous Swedish naturalist, who travelled in the Cape between 1772 and 1775, and Sir John Barrow (1797-98), both of whom wrote excellent books, describe the wonders of the great Uitenhage salt-pan.

Barrow thus writes of it: 'It is situated on a plain of considerable elevation above the level of the sea. The greatest part of the bottom of the lake was covered with one continual body of salt like a sheet of ice, the crystals of which were so united that it formed a solid mass as hard as rock. The salt that is taken out for use is generally broken up with picks, where it is about four or five inches thick, which is at no great distance from the margin of the lake. The thickness in the middle is not known, a quantity of water generally remaining in that part. The dry south-easterly winds of summer agitating the water of the lake produce on the margin a fine, light, powdery salt, like flakes of snow. This is as beautiful as the refined salt of England, and is much sought after by the women, who always commission their husbands to bring home a quantity of snowy salt for the table.'

Other well-known salt-pans in the Cape Province, besides those of Uitenhage and Malmesbury which I have mentioned, are to be found at Cradock, Port Elizabeth, Herbert, and in Calvinia and Namaqualand. In these last-named divisions, part of the old 'Bushmanland' region, some of the pans are very large, especially the one known as Commissioner's Salt-Pan, in the arid Calvinia country, discovered by George Thompson in 1823. This vast pan, some thirty miles in circumference, is described by the explorer as covered, when he first set eyes on it, with fine dry salt of a brilliant whiteness. Commissioner's Salt-Pan still lies amid its parched deserts almost as little known—save by the few back-country Boers who resort to it for supplies—as in Thompson's time nearly a century ago.

The estimated annual value of the salt-pans regularly worked in the Cape Province is over twenty thousand pounds. At the present time in some few places the salt is raised and evaporated in artificially heated pans, thus ensuring a regular and enhanced supply. From the great Uitenhage salt-pan as much as one hundred thousand bushels of salt have been taken out during the year, and the supply is still apparently inexhaustible. It cannot be doubted that if other salt-pans in South Africa were properly and scientifically worked, a good and paying industry might be secured. At the present time the total output of the Cape Province alone is some three hundred and fifty thousand bushels.

In the Orange Free State and the Transvaal some extensive salt-pans exist. The famous Zoutpansberg deposit in the north-western part of the Transvaal is one of the best-known pans in that province. In British Bechuanaland, also, some very large pans are to be found. One of the most important of these is the vast pan of Groot Chooaing, whence many Dutch colonists and Bechuana natives obtain their supplies of salt. This lies between Vryburg and Setlagoli. The name Chooaing is derived from the Bechuana word *lechooi* (salt), and the Boers have added

the prefix Groot (Great) to distinguish this pan from a smaller deposit in the same region. Numerous other salt-pans are to be found in various parts of South Africa, the enumeration of which would be far beyond the scope of this article. Many of the pans lie to this day almost utterly unknown, except to the few natives who make use of them. Mr Farini, in his book *Through the Kalahari Desert*, published in 1886, speaks, for example, of a salt-pan three days to the east of Rautenbach's Pan, near Mier, in Verlander's Country, in the southern Kalahari, which is described as about a mile and a half long by a mile wide, and having an average depth of salt of six feet. This depth may have been exaggerated, but there can be little doubt of the richness of the deposit, as Mr Farini saw a wagon loaded with salt from this pan. The lower Kalahari, in fact, as well as the northern portion of that vast desert, contains many pans which have hitherto escaped the notice of the few white travellers and hunters who have penetrated that region. Near Morokweng, in the southern Kalahari, I have lain at night by one of these little-known pans, where gemsbok, hartebeest, springbok, ostrich, cheetah, jackals, hyenas, porcupines, and other game came at night to lick the salt 'brack,' for which all animals, wild and domesticated, seem to crave.

On some of these pans, as I have pointed out, the salt produced by sun-heat and evaporation is wonderfully pure and white. Others are much less pure; while in others again the efflorescence is so much mingled with sand and mineral deposits as to leave merely a smooth, soft covering of silvery-gray hue clothing the hard surface. In yet other cases the 'brack' consists of a hard limestone formation, in which so much chloride of sodium (salt) is contained as to attract the wild animals which resort thither. These brack-pans or 'licks' are very common in the southern Kalahari. It is to be noted that even in the wonderful salt-deposits of Cheshire the brine is not a pure solution of chloride of sodium, but is mingled with carbonate of lime and sulphate of lime, which, not being soluble, subside to the bottom of the evaporating-pans. This deposit forms an encrustation known to the workmen as 'pan scratch' or 'scale.'

The origin of these wonderful salt-pans has been much debated by travellers and scientists, and, even at the present day, a solution of the mystery has not been arrived at.

As to the vast and numerous salt-pans of the northern Kalahari and the Lake Ngami region, Livingstone, who first won his reputation in that country, is still probably the best authority. Livingstone's theory was that before the Zambesi forced a passage through the basalt and made its way east to the Indian Ocean, it flowed southward and formed a mighty lake, of which Lake Ngami was the last relic. All this region has for ages been going through a steady process of

desiccation, and although in 1849, when Livingstone discovered Lake Ngami, there was a moderate depth of water there, the lake has, during the last few years, become yet further reduced, and is now practically a swamp. He says in his *Missionary Travels*: 'In every salt-pan in the country there is a spring of water on one side. I can remember no exception to this rule. The water of these springs is brackish, and contains the nitrate of soda. In one instance there are two springs, and one more saltish than the other. If this supply came from beds of rock-salt the water would not be drinkable, as it generally is; and in some instances, where the salt contained in the pan has been removed by human agency, no fresh deposit occurs. It is, therefore, probable that these deposits of salt are the remains of the very slightly brackish lakes of antiquity, large portions of which must have died out in the general desiccation. We see one instance in Lake Ngami, which when low becomes brackish, and this view seems supported by the fact that the largest quantities of salt have been found in the deepest hollows or lowest valleys which have no outlet.'

This extinct lake theory of Livingstone's is supported by a fact of which I have had frequent ocular demonstration when hunting in this strange and still little-known region of Ngamiland, and that is the frequent finding of fresh-water shells in so many parts of the country. Even on the plains of the lower Botletle, two hundred miles from the lake—which may well be described as the last puddle of a once mighty lacustrine system of fresh water—I have found these shells thrown out by the excavations of the ant-bear, the jackal, and other animals. Livingstone's theory seems to me to account very well for the immense salt-pans of the Makarikari and N'Twetwe, of the Ngamiland and Kalahari desert tract, and of the lesser ones of N'Chukutsa, Machanning, and others about Lake Komadau, the reed swamp in which the Botletle River now loses itself; but it scarcely seems to explain the many other salt-pans found in different parts of South Africa much farther south. Unless, that is, one is to believe that Livingstone's vast fresh-water lake system once extended all over southern Africa!

Be this as it may, the great salt-pans of this country, scattered here and there between the Indian Ocean and the Zambesi, are an extraordinary and very interesting feature of this portion of the African continent. The sense of space and solitude and mystery about the more remote of these smooth and dazzling desert pans has for the beholder a singular fascination. They lie there, these vast glittering tracts, unfooted, unaccountable, unknown, dedicate, as it were, to the wandering game and the wild Bushmen. So barren, so useless, is the country in which they occur that they seem likely to remain in their primitive desolation for generations yet to come.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE LOAFER.

By BART KENNEDY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

#### I.—DINING.

'IF there's one thing vexes me more than another,' he said, 'it's the loafer. I mean the man who persistently shirks work. No one can tell me that a man can't find work if he really wants it. But the trouble is that there are lots of men who would sooner beg, or sponge, or do anything rather than work. They ought to be flogged. That's the only way to deal with them.'

Bulliver paused and looked round the table. He felt that he had summed the matter up exactly. He was a clever-looking man, with the face of one who did himself well. He was dining with his fellow-members here in his well-appointed club. The table at which they sat was large, but it was not too large for every one that sat at it to take part in a general conversation. It was beautifully decorated with flowers, and waiters in neat liveries stood around in readiness to attend to the wants of the diners.

'You're right, Bulliver,' said a fat man with a winey face. 'The Government ought to interfere. Parliament ought to bring in a Bill to punish those who won't work. People who won't work ought not to eat;' and he signed to the waiter to bring him another large helping of roast saddle of mutton. 'Yes, you're right,' he continued. 'By God, I'd flog 'em!' His winey face took on a still deeper and more winey tinge as the feeling of indignation concerning loafers surged through him.

A general chorus of assent went round the beautifully decorated table. And Bulliver filled up his glass with champagne. It was a champagne of the splendid vintage of 1904, and it cost him thirteen shillings a bottle even here in his club. It sparkled and bubbled as he poured it into his glass. A glorious champagne!

'What sort of time did you have at the Riviera?' asked a sallow-looking, thin young man—a young man who looked as if no food, however good, would agree with him.

'Splendid,' answered Bulliver—'splendid! I was a month in one place, and did absolutely nothing but dream. I am not a poet; but really

the surroundings were so beautiful that I felt I almost might become one. Perfect day followed perfect day. I just loafed about doing nothing. Delightful!' And he finished off his glass as if to the memory of the dream.

'Ah!' said the fat man with the winey face. 'You're a good judge, Bulliver—a good judge. But were you ever in Granada?'

'No, I never was.'

'Then you should go,' said the fat man. 'I was there once for six weeks. I stopped at an hotel in the Alhambra. If you like a place where you can do nothing, and at the same time enjoy yourself, Bulliver, you should go to Granada, and stop at the hotel in the Alhambra. You talk of dreaming, my boy—why, that's the place where you can dream!'

'You're right,' put in a man at the end of the table. He had the look of one who had travelled a great deal. 'I was there once myself, and I stopped at the hotel you speak of. Granada is a most beautiful place—a place where life goes easy. No one ever seems to do anything in it—no one but the Americans, who are rushing round all the time, seeing things.'

Bulliver looked interested.

'Oh!' he said. 'What were you doing there? Taking it easy?'

'No. As a matter of fact, I was working. I was going through Spain as a special correspondent. But if you want a place where you can take it easy, that's the place;' and he looked over at the fat man with the winey face. The fat man smiled in the large and ample way peculiar to fat men. He was pleased to have what he said corroborated.

'I must go there,' said Bulliver. 'The curse of the age is its rush and its hurry. I do what I can to avoid it. If one takes it easy one lives longer. After all, a man has only one life. When he's dead he's done for.'

A murmur of approval went round. Bulliver's remarks usually commanded attention. They were, as a rule, apt and pithy and on the nail. He was one who had been saved from the murderous struggle for existence, for he had inherited two thousand five hundred pounds a year. He was nevertheless a philosopher. His

philosophy was, of course, based upon conclusions drawn from his own experience. But such is the way with all human philosophy. The philosophy of the wisest man is in reality but the mental garment that fits himself exactly.

The dinner was a delightful one. This particular club had a cook who was an artist. The saddle of mutton was as delicious as any that could be got in a certain famous restaurant in the Strand. And the soup, and the fish, and the entrée, and the savoury at the end of the dinner were all on a par with it.

The conversation had become general. Topics were touched lightly and dismissed. At times the whole of the men at the table listened to the remarks of one man; at times one man just talked to another. They talked together in the intimate way that men in clubs talk who are in the habit of dining at the same table. There was a passing of jokes and a flashing of dinner-table wit.

At last the conversation, after swinging lightly and disjointedly in many directions, came to the topic of the day—the topic that was in the minds of the general public. A great strike of the workers was being threatened. Those who laboured with their hands were beginning to show their teeth.

'I was in the City yesterday,' said a man with a deep, booming voice, 'in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill. And I saw the crowd.'

'And a pretty awful crowd it was,' put in a man from the end of the table.

'I should say so—dreadful! What they needed most of all was a wash. I should have liked to see the firemen playing the hose on them. Why can't they keep clean? Soap and water are cheap enough, God knows.'

'You're right,' said Bulliver, as he lit a Russian cigarette. The fact that his laundry bill each week came to much more than a labouring-man could earn didn't occur to him at the moment.

'Why the police allow these gatherings beats me,' remarked the man with the voice. 'Free speech is right enough, but inciting to riot is another story altogether.'

'Who was speaking?' asked the thin young man who looked as if his food did not take to him with kindness.

'Ned Millett.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the fat man with the winey face. 'There's a scoundrel for you, if ever there was one! Do you know that that fellow makes twelve hundred a year out of the working-classes? What was he saying?'

'Oh, everything,' said the booming voice. 'Down with this, and down with that.'

'Down derry down,' put in some one.

This profound witticism created a roar of laughter. And when it subsided Bulliver ordered himself a liqueur-glass of choice old brandy—alleged to be from the time of Napoleon. Still,

it was very good brandy indeed, and well worth the half-crown a thimbleful that the club charged.

'He advised the workers to use force. He said they would never do anything, or get anywhere, so long as they put up with things. I heard him with my own ears.'

'I suppose your ears were sticking well out?' gently remarked Bulliver. The sound of the deep, booming voice always annoyed him slightly. It was a positive, I-know-it-all kind of voice, and it usually drove Bulliver into rudeness that was inexcusable. But this was a club where a healthily rude tone prevailed, and the owner of the voice had to swallow the remark and wait his chance to get back at the maker of it.

'Something serious ought to be done,' said the fat man. He held a glass of port up to the light. He tasted it carefully. 'Something serious ought to be done,' he said again. He drank half the port. 'Ned Millett ought to be hanged,' he concluded, after putting down the glass.

'Do you know,' said some one, 'I was in Rascati's last week, and what do you think I saw?'

'A ghost,' put in Bulliver.

'No; I saw Ned Millett with two others at a table, dining. And what do you think? Why, Millett was actually'—— He stopped, as if the thought of what he had seen was too much for him.

'Actually what?' asked Bulliver.

'Why, he was actually drinking wine!'

The fat man with the winey face gasped.

'Are you sure?' he asked.

'Quite sure. It was champagne, too.'

The fat man's hand shook as he helped himself to more port.

'The scoundrel!' he ejaculated. 'That's a scoundrel for you. I suppose he gets it out of the twelve hundred a year that the working-classes give him.' Again he helped himself to port. 'England won't be safe till that fellow's hanged.—Waiter!' The waiter came quickly forward. 'Bring me a corona corona cigar.—The scoundrel!' he muttered. 'It's too bad. And champagne, too!'

'Well, cheer up,' said Bulliver. 'He can afford it. He gets twelve hundred a year, you know. Come on. Let's get up to the card-room.'

And Bulliver and the fat man and two others left the table.

## II.—HUNGER.

This man had the look of hunger in his face. The night before he had had no place to sleep. And he had been wandering aimlessly through the whole of the day, wondering where he could get something to eat.

There was nothing particular about him to

distinguish him from the ordinary type. He was a man such as one often sees in London, or indeed in any big town. He might have come from the working-class, or, for the matter of that, from any class.

He had no idea where to go or what to do. It looked as if he would be out on the streets another night.

But the idea of having no bed bothered him but little. What he wanted was food. He wanted something to eat. He could think of nothing else. He would have done anything to get food.

To be hungry in a great town, and to have no idea where to get food, is an experience that no imagination is vivid enough to realise fully. One might as well try to realise what being on the rack or what thrusting one's hand into a red-hot fire means. Deduction from facts ascertained from the outside is but a pale and misleading shadow when compared with deduction obtained from actual physical experience. And such deduction is incommunicable. Whatever power of expression one may possess, it is impossible to convey it. No one can possibly know what being hungry in a great town and having no idea where to get food means but one who has gone through it.

How was he to get food? How was he to manage? Where was he to go? What was he to do?

These questions repeated themselves in his mind continually.

It was now late—after eleven o'clock—and he was going along the Strand. Taxi-cabs and motor-cars and motor-buses were going along. He began to think about the people who were in them. All of them had food. All of them had some place to go to. None of them was like him—not one!

Not a single one!

He stopped outside a big restaurant. How the light from it glowed! How the whole Strand glowed! There was light everywhere. There was food everywhere.

A motor stopped in front of the restaurant, and the commissionaire came quickly forward to open the door. A man and a woman got out. The man was in evening-dress, and wore a monocle. The woman was young and good-looking. They were going in to supper.

Instinctively he pressed forward—why, he could not have told. The commissionaire turned and looked at him.

'Get away, you loafer!' he said threateningly.

### III.—INTROSPECTION.

True, he was a loafer. He admitted that to himself. He could get nothing to do; and even if he could, he was one who did not care for work. His ideal was to have a good time, and let others do the work. It was this thing in his temperament that had put him in the position

he was now in. Whenever he had had a job he had taken it as easily as possible.

Even now he would hardly have taken on a job if it had been offered to him. Of course, necessity might force him to take it on for a time. But after a while he would go on as he had always gone on. He had an instinctive aversion to work.

For the moment the pangs of hunger had left him.

He walked along the Strand towards Wellington Street, wondering about things.

No one worked who could avoid it, he thought. At least, they did not do any hard work with the hands. In his opinion, no one did work of any description if they could avoid it. He may have been wrong, of course, but he looked at the matter through a glass that was coloured with his own individuality, as all human beings do. Every man sees things differently.

Why was he without food and without a bed, whilst all these people who passed had food and had beds? He felt that the answer to his question lay in himself. He was weak in some way—or he was a fool. There was no getting away from that fact. He had not managed his life properly. One had to judge a tree by its fruit. Here he was in the full possession of his faculties, and he was destitute. Surrounding him were people who were not destitute, who had food and a place to go to. They must be cleverer and wiser than he was. Or they were luckier.

There couldn't be a great deal in luck, he reflected. And still there must be. There were men who were born into positions where they had everything they wanted without having to make any effort at all.

But the thought occurred to him that the men who were like this were really very few. There was a deeper reason than just luck for his being as he was. It must be that he was inferior to people in general. And still he thought that this could hardly be so. He was as intelligent as people in general; in fact, at heart he felt he was more so.

His early life came up before him. He had had advantages. He had—— But he brushed these thoughts away from him resolutely. Thinking over the past wouldn't help him now.

The reason he was in the present fix was because he was a natural born loafer. And, still, was this really the reason? There were others who were loafers, and who at the same time managed to avoid sinking as he had sunk. The whole thing puzzled him. Life was too much for him.

Suddenly the pangs of hunger fastened on him afresh. And he stopped thinking.

He just walked along.

(Continued on page 618.)

## SUBMARINE-STALKING BY AIRCRAFT.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT,

Author of *Submarines: Their Mechanism and Operation; Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War; &c.*

## I.

'ENEMY submarine sighted, longitude  $x$ , latitude  $z$ . Attempted to escape by diving, but too late. Bomb dropped, striking tail of submarine.' Terse reports of this character, in the ding-dong battle between submarines and aircraft, are now becoming so frequent as to verge almost upon the monotonous; and lack of detail makes the operation of putting the under-water assassin out of business appear almost a prosaic task.

For success the submarine relies mainly upon its *invisibility*. Yet too much stress may be laid upon this factor, because the supposed possession of this very attribute is leading to the submarine's undoing. As the field-rat goes in terror of the mongoose, so does the submarine dread an equally predaceous foe—the petrol-driven, bomb-carrying aeroplane. The U-boat cannot elude this vigilant and agile enemy, even when it seeks the sanctuary which the cover of water normally affords, for the simple reason that the airman, by virtue of his elevation, is equipped with the unusual faculty of being able to probe the deep. As a matter of fact, the scout of the air has as complete and as perfect a view of the submarine when it is travelling under water, even at a depth of a hundred feet, as if it were awash. Every movement of the under-water craft can be followed with the greatest facility, the aviator even being able to observe when the boat is varying its level or is coming to the surface. And what is no less important to the man aloft is the knowledge that the commander of the submarine may be absolutely ignorant of the fact that he is being stalked.

How comes it that the submarine is thus revealed to the man in the air? This is an obvious question, and the answer is very simple. If you stand upon the seashore at water-level, when the sea is as still as the proverbial mill-pond and the water is clear, and peer into the water at an angle, an object, say, twelve inches deep can scarcely be detected, and even then is barely recognisable owing to its abnormally distorted appearance. But go to the head of the adjacent pier and gaze vertically downwards into the water. Then you will be able to see the self-same object when submerged to a depth of six, or even more, feet, and it will be instantly recognisable owing to the entire absence of distortion. When you look into the water obliquely, as in the first instance, the line of sight becomes deflected as it enters the water—hence the distortion; whereas in the second case no deflection occurs, the object preserves its shape to the eye, and con-

sequently is readily identified. Finally, it may be explained that the field of visibility takes the form of a cone, with the eye constituting the apex. As one ascends into the air the base of this cone gradually extends, thereby bringing within the range of vision a steadily increasing area of the sea-bed; and, further, as one climbs upwards the depth of vision—that is to say, the depth to which one can peer into the water—increases.

The susceptibility of the submarine to detection from the air was realised in this country during the experiments with the *Baby Hollands*, the first submarines to be introduced into the British Navy. At that time captive balloon observations constituted part and parcel of the naval routine, because from the first it was acknowledged as essential to develop antidotal methods and practice simultaneously with the evolution of the under-water fighting-arm. Although the means for achieving this end were decidedly limited, some valuable and conclusive results were derived from the experiments then conducted. When, in the course of time, the airship and the aeroplane appeared upon the scene to oust the captive aerostat, the trend of combative measures took a fresh turn and assumed a greater significance. As the airship and the aeroplane were lifted out of the rut of experiment, researches in connection with aircraft and the submarine likewise became established, and investigations were conducted upon a far more ambitious scale.

The French and the German Admiralties pursued the same lines of experiment. Indeed, it was due to the data thus gained that Germany decided to set up a pretentious aircraft base upon the island of Heligoland. It has been asserted in many quarters that the aerial base was planted upon this island because it constituted a natural jumping-off place for any invasion of Great Britain *viâ* the air. But this is an error, as experience has since proved. The island of Heligoland has very seldom, if ever, been used as the starting-point for raiding operations either by aeroplane or by airship. The aerial craft maintained at this base are reserved expressly for the patrol of the 'wet triangle' and the surrounding reaches of the North Sea, in order to detect hostile submarines, complete arrangements for their reception, or frustrate their penetration to the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser.

## II.

Stalking submarines by aircraft might aptly be compared to stalking a blind bear, with everything in favour of the stalker—that is, presuming the clerk of the weather to be in no hostile mood. In the first place, the pace of the

submarine when travelling submerged is comparatively slow. The average speed is from ten to twelve knots, but for purposes of economising electric current it is generally lower, eight knots invariably being considered the most economical pace which can be effectively maintained. Owing to the severely restricted capacity of the storage batteries, or accumulators, a vessel is able to travel continuously under water for a few hours only, so that the under-water radius of action is strictly limited.

But a rate of eight knots reacts somewhat adversely against the average aeroplane, inasmuch as the minimum independent speed of the machine necessary to maintain dynamic equilibrium, or ability to sustain itself in the air, is far above even the maximum speed of the submarine. Until the aeroplane can hover, it will not become an ideal submarine-stalker. For the most part, when engaged in this duty it is compelled to sustain a wheeling movement in the air, in order to adapt its progress to that of the submarine travelling submerged, and keep its prey immediately under it. For two reasons the diameter of this wheeling circle must be restricted, although it cannot be reduced below a certain minimum, otherwise side-slipping may take place, to the jeopardy of the human hawk.

The enemy, in so far as the submarine's eye is concerned, favours a periscope giving an all-round view. But such an instrument has a grave disability. The central part of the field of vision, consisting of the area of sky immediately above it, is cut off. Consequently the range of vision possessed by the periscope is in reality but a ring, the field comprising the stretch of sea from a point a few feet away from the side of the vessel to the horizon on all sides. On the other hand, the vertical point of view from the aeroplane is continually moving along the course pursued by the machine in its flight. If the aeroplane is flying at a very low altitude it is quite possible for its cone of visibility to be so limited as to miss the submarine itself. This disadvantage can only be remedied by the flying-man ascending to such a height as will enable the submarine to be kept in sight throughout the whole of the wheeling movement.

A second factor which governs the diameter of the wheeling circle of the aeroplane is the vertical range of the submarine's periscope. If the wheeling circle is of large diameter, there is grave risk of the aeroplane coming within the periscope's line of sight and being detected by the submarine when it lifts its eye above water and takes a peep over the surface of the sea either to reconnoitre or to correct its bearings. Normally, if the commander of the submarine wishes to satisfy himself that all is clear in the heavens above, he must open his conning-tower hatch and investigate with his own eyes. But in so doing he puts himself at the mercy of the aerial stalker, who can execute a well-timed swoop and venture

sufficiently low to make absolutely certain of his prey with a direct hit. In more than one recorded case of the destruction of a submarine in this way, the aviator has daringly swooped from a height to launch his destructive missile from within fifty feet of the water—virtually at point-blank range.

The submarine commander, to secure a greater measure of security, may choose to travel at the maximum depth permissible to his craft, and to drive it under water for all he is worth, more particularly if he has already sighted his prey and is hastening to sink it with a torpedo. In such an event the vigilant aviator may be compelled to rise to a considerable height to maintain a wheeling movement which shall keep the U-boat constantly within his view. Then, at the crucial moment, he must make a sudden dive, so accurately judging his speed and distance as to bring him squarely above his quarry at the critical second for launching his missile.

By good fortune the aviator may satisfy himself that a submarine is coming to the surface, and may glide downward from an advantageous position while the action is in progress, and deliver his blow from the requisite level at the moment when the vessel offers the most favourable target. Even should the submarine sight its foe in time, it is scarcely likely to get away or to escape a severe mauling from the depth-charge let loose.

If the flying-machine is possessed of very high speed it is likely to follow quite different tactics. Even when he is travelling at high speed, so searching is the eye of the man aloft that a submarine will be spotted. Its long, lithe, dark form will stand out in the drab surrounding water as plainly as a black object against a gray background. In such a case the aeroplane will probably abandon all intention of itself destroying the marauder. Instead, it will observe what the submerged craft is doing, take its bearings, and note its probable course. This information it will transmit to other suitable means of offence within convenient reach. The details thus communicated are usually so precise as to allow the necessary march to be stolen upon the unsuspecting U-boat, and to ensure either its destruction or its capture.

Of course, the commander of the submarine may suspect that an aeroplane is lurking in the neighbourhood, or he may be unduly apprehensive as to his safety. In this event he takes advantage of the only avenue open to him. He seeks the sanctuary of the sea-bed, and lies low, like Brer Rabbit, until he concludes that the danger has passed or darkness supervenes. True, for one reason or another, it may be thought advisable to lie 'doggo' upon the sea-bottom for many hours, but this is not fraught with any great inconvenience. The enforced tedium may be relieved with cards or the doubtful company of the muse in the form of a gramophone, with one ear

ever on the alert for the sound of a passing vessel's propeller.

But lying dormant upon the sea-bed does not bring complete immunity from capture or destruction. If the airman is flying at a sufficient height he will detect the unmistakable outline of the submarine limned against the sea-bed; and there are means of disturbing the complacency of a sleeping submarine which render the seabed doubtful sanctuary in these times, as the skippers of our vessels specially equipped for such work could narrate, if their tongues were not tied. To-day the airman is perplexed by only one difficulty in such instances. Is the submarine a dead one—that is, one which has already been put out of business—or is it very much alive, and merely taking a breather? But it is better to be safe than sorry, and the steps taken to substantiate or disprove a discovery are extremely efficacious.

Submarine and aeroplane alike are baffled by darkness. At night the under-water vessel is as blind as a bat plunged into brilliant sunshine, while the aeroplane is but little better off. The periscope is useless, and the aviator cannot see into the water when night holds sway. Fog is another screen that afflicts the airman out for 'subs.' He has, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the submarine is also at a disadvantage under such conditions (the periscope being useless), and is compelled to rely upon the caprices of sound to guide it upon its murderous errand.

### III.

But it is the airship that constitutes the ideal sleuth-hound for tracking submarines. This vessel has the capacity to hover and to maintain a position indefinitely in the air, the propellers being rotated at a sufficient speed to offset drift and wind. It can also adapt its speed to that of the submarine without effort, and, being able to hold its poise immediately over a U-boat, irrespective of the latter's speed, it is in no danger of coming inadvertently within the range of its quarry's periscope. In hovering an airship's fuel consumption is comparatively insignificant. This gives it great advantage over heavier-than-air machines, inasmuch as even during the wheeling movements, with speed eased down to the minimum compatible with safety, the petrol consumption of an aeroplane is still appreciable.

When submarine-stalking there is no necessity for an airship to hang more than a hundred feet above the unsuspecting prey, if the weather is propitious. It must also be remembered that if the airship demands relatively calm weather in order to act most advantageously, similar conditions must prevail to enable the submarine to achieve its dastardly work most satisfactorily. It is true that the modern submarine has sea-going qualities of a high order, but when acting awash it is exposed to exactly the same conditions

as a surface craft of equal dimensions, and experiences great difficulty in laying its tubes for the discharge of its torpedoes.

For U-boat hunting the small airship, or 'Blimp,' as we colloquially call it, is eminently suitable. It must possess ample engine-power to maintain its poise in a moderate wind; while, of course, it must have prolonged radius of action, as represented by its fuel-tank capacity, to enable it to hold the air for many hours on end if necessary. It will not be until the war has run its course that we shall be apprised of the 'bags' of our aircraft, but even then it will come probably as a surprise to learn what our tiny airships have accomplished in this service. It is the relentless dogging capacity of the 'Blimp,' coupled with its suitability for co-operating with aeroplanes and other craft, that has struck such terror into the hearts of the enemy, who realises, more than he feels disposed to admit, how completely these craft have the drop upon his steel sharks.

### IV.

The submarine has no powerful protection against aircraft. True, it is fitted with anti-aircraft guns, or rather weapons which in cases of emergency may be elevated to fight foes in the air, but they are of little avail. They cannot be trained to the direct vertical (90 degrees). The submarine must angle for position, and both airship and aeroplane can manoeuvre so as to keep within the safety zone.

The safety zone is larger than one might suppose. While the submarine's guns are so mounted as to enable them to be trained through the 360 degrees of the horizontal plane, they cannot be elevated more than 80 degrees. Accordingly the aerial antagonist has a safety zone of 20 degrees at least—10 degrees all round the vertical. And from this safe position aircraft, more particularly airships, can rain down missiles with impunity. The German Admiralty, realising this inherent weakness of the defensive system of its submarines, endeavoured to counter it by mounting two guns on each vessel—fore and aft respectively. Although it is possible to maintain a cross-fire with these two arms, there yet remains a safety zone within which aircraft can keep. But the greatest disadvantage to a submarine which, when trapped, shows fight is the time occupied in bringing its guns into action. From fifteen to thirty-five seconds are required to perform this preliminary operation, even when the vessel has come fully awash, and this interval, brief as it is, is sufficient to enable the attacking aircraft to discharge its bombs and regain a safe elevation.

Another expedient which necessity has compelled the enemy to adopt to secure enhanced protection is the heavy armouring of the upper works of the submarine. But this vessel possesses delicate stability. It is not necessary to score

a direct hit to bring about a 'bag.' A powerful explosive charge dropped beside the *Unterseeboot* is quite sufficient to give it a roll from which there can be no recovery; while the resultant concussion is adequate, if within close proximity, to blow in the thin outer shell, and thus, by upsetting buoyancy, to render the craft unmanageable. To endeavour to strengthen a submarine by resorting to heavier armouring is merely to raise an old issue in a new guise—guns *versus* armour. The obvious retort to heavier protection is more aggressive power in the form of larger, heavier, and more devastating bombs, and these ultimately accomplish their end. It would seem as if the German Admiralty had abandoned the struggle, and come to the conclusion that a submarine, being beyond complete protection against aerial attack, must be left to its own devices. This is obvious from the frantic endeavours which the vessels make to get away, by the adoption of would-be baffling tactics or bluffing manoeuvres, in the hope that escape will ultimately be attainable by diving. But such escape is rather a forlorn hope. In other words, the submarine, when trapped, must trust to luck, or the incompetence of its attacker—a very meagre chance indeed, considering the calibre and the resourcefulness of the men who are delegated to the submarine-stalking game.

Then it must not be overlooked that aircraft constitute the most efficient means of directing high-speed surface craft, such as destroyers, of which the under-water vessel goes in dire dread. It is one of the defects of the submarine that it is slow in its movements, while its radius of vision, even by periscope, is decidedly restricted. With the periscope twelve inches above the water clear weather is essential to enable objects to be seen at a distance of two thousand yards.

Should danger be imminent the vessel must instantly submerge to a depth of thirty feet. If, at the moment the submarine lifts its eye out of the water, a thirty-six-knot destroyer is one thousand yards away, travelling at full speed, it will be on top of its victim in fifty seconds. Acting upon aircraft advice, the destroyer would probably be heading straight for its quarry at full speed before the U-boat had fulfilled its intention of gaining the surface. Even were the submarine to dive quickly and be thirty feet below, it would not be safe at the moment the destroyer raced overhead. There is the depth-charge to be faced and feared. This is dropped without the destroyer easing up in the slightest, and is a formidable charge of explosive. The chances are a thousand to one that the submarine would be sent to its last account or be so crippled as to be compelled to broach, when its end from gun-fire would be a matter of moments.

It is the relentless activity of our aircraft, combined with the airmen's fertility of resource, quick thought, and swift decisive action, that has forced the enemy to pursue his submarine operations some distance afield. The waters immediately washing our coasts have been rendered far too unhealthy for them. They have accepted defeat upon the ground which is pre-eminently their own, being successful in driving home stabs only here and there. They go farther afield in the knowledge that aircraft have not been despatched to operate in zones far removed from land. But it is only a question of time, and a pronounced increase in our aerial fleet will force the submarine to push still farther afield, where its work will be more dangerous and less remunerative, or compel it to abandon the Tirpitzian game from sheer impotency.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

CUNOBELIN'S surmise that the first link of friendship with Marius Tarquinius had been formed that night in his dormitory proved well founded. The bond between them strengthened daily, much to the astonishment of the other officers, who were not slow to perceive Marius's changed attitude towards the British centurion. No little curiosity was aroused as to how this had been brought about. Their tactful allusions to the altered relationship, however, did not draw forth the desired explanations, and they remained entirely ignorant of the peculiar circumstances which caused the haughty young patrician to seek the company of his hitherto despised British comrade whenever their duties permitted them a spell of leisure.

The attraction which drew them closer to one another was mutual. The half-bitter

gratitude and esteem which had first filled Marius's heart soon ripened into the deepest admiration and affection. With a Roman's in-born love of physical strength, he delighted to feast his eyes upon the powerful frame and iron muscles of the Briton, and to appraise his fearlessness and tireless energy both in martial exercises and in the chase. But dearer still were those qualities which were not seen by outward eye—the deep, strong nature, the unfailing sympathy, the humble yet valiant spirit which Cunobelin showed at all times. His garnered store of knowledge, too—not only of matters military, whereon he was no mean authority, but of that simple yet profound lore concerning birds and beasts, earth and sky, which he had inherited from his savage forefathers—was like a joyous venture into a wonderful, unexplored country.

when now laid bare to one bred in the artificial atmosphere of the Imperial capital.

But all Marius's admiration was returned in full measure by his British comrade. From the first the young patrician had irresistibly fascinated Cunobelin's impressionable mind. His classic beauty, his musical accents, his high-bred refinement had wrought potently upon the Briton; while Marius's experience in the cultured arts of Rome and Greece was like an opened treasure-house to the man who had known no other life since his untamed childhood than that of the Eagles of Rome.

During these days of deepening friendship with Marius Tarquinius no opportunity had arisen for Cunobelin to have any further intercourse with Miniata Polla. The memory of that afternoon in the thicket lingered with him like a dream of great happiness, and he looked forward eagerly to the hour when he might again hold such converse with her. Sometimes his whole day seemed transfused with brightness because he received a salutation from her as she passed through the wards with the legate, or even by the mere sight of her wandering on the hillside with her attendant, her bright-hued cloak making a vivid patch of colour against the sombre background.

Although Cunobelin talked much with Marius of the things which filled his heart, the name of the legate's daughter was never mentioned between them. With the one, she had only touched upon the outer edge of his consciousness, and been swept from it by the flood of impressions which had come upon him these last weeks; while to the other, his thoughts of her seemed beyond his power of speech, so that he could not even share with his friend the secret that she, too, was an eager inquirer after the sweet mysteries of the new faith.

Owing to the establishment of the new encampment, Cunobelin was aware that the legate's stay at Borconium was to be of longer duration than was usual, so he was content to wait in patience for what the days might hold for him.

The site, after due consideration, was at length decided upon, and building operations were commanded to begin without delay, now that the winter was over and milder weather had set in. A numerous force of engineers, builders, quarrymen, and British slaves had already arrived, and the legate performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod during the kalends of Aprilis, amid the acclamations of the cohort and the army of workers.

The duty of protecting the builders and their work from marauding tribes was detailed to the Third Century. Cunobelin experienced a keen sense of regret when he received the order. He knew that it would involve his being absent from the fort for many weeks, and thus cause not only an interruption to the pleasant tenor of friendship with Marius Tarquinius, but also a

deferment to his hope of meeting with Miniata Polla.

Marius was loud in his expressions of sorrow on hearing the news, and anticipated long, empty days when deprived of the stimulating presence of the British centurion, who seemed to possess the power of imparting to Marius's more indolent temperament something of his own Northern vigour.

To fill his leisure hours, however, Cunobelin, with kindly consideration, left with the Roman a precious roll of papyrus which he had received from that prisoner at Cæsarea who had been his instructor in the doctrines of the new faith, and which contained an account of the life, the words, and the deeds of its Founder.

Life was urgent and was lived at high pressure owing to the legate's presence, all the more so because there were rumours of unrest among the tribes, which called for greater vigilance and sterner despatch of duty; so that Marius had little spare time to bemoan his forlorn condition, or to enjoy the solace of the papyrus roll entrusted to him by his friend.

The Feast of Mithras, however, presently fell due, and was the occasion of an afternoon's cessation of work in the fort that all, save those on guard duty, might participate at the sacrifice of bulls which was offered on the altar raised to the great sun-god in a semi-subterranean cave on the Hill of Altars, a rocky ridge, not far distant from the encampment, which was dedicated to the worship of various deities.

The new forces that were at work in the mind of Marius Tarquinius made him feel, if not abhorrence, at least intolerance for the mystic magnificence and the hideousness of the rites of this worship, and he decided to abstain from joining in the ceremony.

The day was mild and beautiful with the sweetness of early spring. The encompassing hills were unusually free from enshrouding mists, and lay in slumbrous tranquillity under the soft blue sky. The atmosphere seemed to sparkle like running water, and the sun was warmer than Marius had felt it since coming to this land of exile.

For the first time he experienced a certain pleasure in his surroundings. The landscape, which had hitherto appeared to him a dreary, desolate waste, seemed to have assumed an almost home-like aspect under the genial light, and very pleasantly recalled to him the hills of Rome, gilded by a gracious sun set in a turquoise canopy of sky.

And also for the first time he felt no regret or resentment that he was here in this Northern clime rather than amid the luxury and opulence of the Imperial city. There was something in its rigorous austerity that appealed to his developing manhood and awakened eyes, and made him feel it was a fitter setting for a nation of conquerors than the splendour of Rome.

Yet, withal, the sunshine was more congenial to his Southern nurture, and had enticed him to the peristyle which adjoined the mess-hall. It was a long, narrow *loggia* built of whinstone, unrelieved by any adornment save for the skins of beasts that were thrown upon the seats and on the pavement. Its roof was supported by slender stone pillars, and the entire length of one side opened to the garden, which in this case was scarcely worthy of the name, consisting as it did of a small cultivated patch of ground (ornamented by some rude statues in wood or stone carved with doubtful skill by the legionaries), where a few hardy shrubs maintained a precarious existence. The peristyle commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and although open to the air, it afforded a shelter from the chill wind that was ever winnowing around Borconium.

As all the other officers had gone to attend

the sacrifice, Marius found himself in sole possession, and an unwonted quietness reigned throughout the fort. He had opened Cunobelin's prized roll of papyrus, and was earnestly engaged in deciphering the fine characters upon it, when the sound of a voice singing came floating to his ear through the stillness.

He listened, wondering. It was a woman's voice, not harsh and discordant as those of the legionaries' British wives that often rang shrill through the fort, but sweet and tuneful. Whoever sang seemed to be coming towards the peristyle. The air fell very clearly now, and sounded strangely familiar to his ear. Then, with a start of amazement, he realised it was the song he had first heard in Nero's Golden Circus in Rome, and again from Cunobelin's lips out on the hillside. And now, surely, it was sung by none other than the legate's daughter?

(Continued on page 614).

## SOME SCOTTISH GOSSIP OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By LADY SKERRINGTON.

### PART I.

#### I.

IT is probable that one of the first incidents of English history to become vividly impressed upon a child's mind is the Great Fire of London. The account of the glare, the excitement, the destruction, as the fire ate up house after house and street after street, appeals with a horrible sort of fascination to a child's imagination. But it is equally probable that not one person in a thousand has ever heard of the fire which, some years later, destroyed a great part of the city of Edinburgh.

Those who like to rummage amongst little-known and more or less unimportant scraps of British history may be interested to read an account, written by George Home of Kimmerghame, who was an onlooker, of the great fire of Edinburgh which broke out on the evening of February 3, 1700. The account is as follows:

'A very little after 10 o'clock, as I was sitting in the Lady Ryselaw's chamber, Bessie Hamilton, the lass in the house, came and told us there was fire somewhere about the meal-market. I went and looked out, and saw a light there, but thought not much of it. She came again, and told us it grew greater; so I went to the window again, and see it much greater, so as to perceive it was in, or near, my Lord Crosrig's, and that the Town Guards were at his door, and heard all our neighbours in a stir. I was once thinking to have gone to give what assistance I could to my Lord Crosrig, but the fire being just below where I lodged, and the wind south-west—which would, if it once broke out, certainly drive it in

at the windows of the lodgings under us—I put up what things I had, in my trunk and leather cloak-bag, and in a bundle in my tartan nightgown. I had sent my man (who did not lye in the house) to his bed, and was at a stand how to carry off my things, when Sir Andrew Home's footman—whom his master had sent—came to see if I had any use for him. A little after came my man upon the noise of the fire: the drums by this time beating ane alarm, and the bells ringing. They told me it had broke out in Mr John Buchan's, just in the story below my Lord Crosrig's; and that my Lord's family had been all in bed, and he just a-going, so that the fire was upon them before they could get any clothes on.

'My man got another man, and I came away, but had a great deal of difficulty to get through the narrow transe [passage] that leads to the Parliament close, there being such a crowd pressing in like a tide, and some stopping the way with burdens. I got out with pressing forward, and threatening those in my way. I went to Sir Andrew Home's chamber with my things, and sent back my man to make what help he could to those I left in the house behind me; but after ane hour's stay he came back, and told me he could by no means get up for the crowd in the trans.

'Aymouth, who lodged with me—as he told me afterwards—was forced to come off with his son in his arms, and his lady carrying his trunk. Sir James Cockburn and his lady got help by Swinton's and some other servants.

'I have reason to bless the Lord I was within when the fire began, for in a little I should not have been able to get up to my chamber, and so

should have lost all the writts of what I have, and all other papers of any value; besides some money, linnens, and other clothes. I was only at the loss of 21 ells of lianen I had given to my landlady to keep, which I designed for shirts, which I had no mind of when I came away.

'The wind being high, the fire soon broke in upon the land [tenement] where I was lodged; and, there being few, or no hands at the beginning, it gained such strength that it burnt down the Meal-Market: all the back land where I lodged, which was thirteen stories high, beside the cellars and garrets: the highest fabric of lodgings, I believe, ever was known. It advanced towards the Parliament Close and burnt out to the street: and if it had not pleased God the wind fell about 5 o'clock, and turned north-west, the whole town might have been burnt, as was the finest part of it.

'I walked out to see it about 2 o'clock on the Sunday morning. It was the most terrible sight I ever saw: the sparks were flying just like a shower of thick snow. I went to Sir Walter Pringle's lodging, and see the fire in the lower stories in the back land—where my chamber was—gaining from story to story: a very dreadful sight. Certainly it would be much more so when the whole thirteen were on fire together.

'About 4 o'clock my Lord Chancellor (the 1st Earl of Marchmont) came up to the Council House; and a little after, a party of the Foot Guards, to defend the Parliament House, which was threatened, the houses on fire being close to it and the Treasury room. But by building up the windows with the flag stones of the Close, and covering them with horse-dung, and continual throwing water on the place next the fire, the House was preserved. The fire got once into the roof of the Treasury Room, but the lead was pulled off, and water thrown in, which extinguished it. The Council called for Drury, the Engineer, to blow up some houses, but he would not undertake it. He is but an ignorant fellow, and deserves not his place.

'Sir Andrew Home and I, not thinking ourselves secure in his chamber, though on the north side of, and below the Cross, he had down his furniture and books, and sent them to the Canongate, and I took my things to my sister's chamber in the Lawn Market. The wind changing in the morning, and not being so high, the fire burnt more faintly.

'The Chancellor went home about 12 o'clock, at which time the Duke of Hamilton came up to the House, and made a great bustle as if all things were neglected, and met the Chancellor going home in his coach, and called to him: "My Lord Chancellor, pray come out and shew yourself concerned!" My Lord answered him that he had, already, given all necessary orders, and went on. The Duke went up and down, talking of blowing up houses, but after all, did nothing but make a noise

'Monday, 5th Feb. 1700.—The fire is put out for the most part, but the cellars, especially where the coals were, are still burning.

'I dined with my sister, and visited my Lord Crosrig, who is lodged in his daughter, Walliford's. He has saved little save his cabinet: most of his books and papers are burnt; and some, he says, of other people's: particularly, all Anne Cockburn's—his niece—and some of Blackader's and mine, though I do not remember he has any of consequence of mine. . . .

'Feb. 15, 1700.—Yesterday Sir Patrick Home was saying several were of opinion (which has been mine ever since the fire) that it has been a providence in God to send it, because the houses, though fair, were so very ill built they could not have stood, and might have fallen, and done much more hurt by killing people than the fire has done.'

A month later the writer of this account mentions that he was told by the Lady Hiltone that 'the night the fire was in Edinburgh the sky was so red and clear, all the Merse over (that is, in the Merse of Berwickshire), that people were astonished at it.'

## II.

In pre-war days the citizens of Edinburgh were accustomed to look upon the procession of the Lord High Commissioner, when he went to open the General Assembly, as quite a fine sight; but such a spectacle sinks into insignificance when compared with the pageantry that attended the arrival, in olden days, of the Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament. Then the excitement began directly he approached the Borders. The following account of the reception given to the Earl of Marchmont when he came to Scotland as Commissioner to Parliament is interesting, as it brings vividly before us those bygone usages. It also indicates that in those far-away days people suffered heart-burnings—just as they do now—when their friends did not receive as much honour as they believed that they deserved.

'July 7, 1698.—I went to Blackader where I found B. Home, who came from Edinburgh the night before. Sir John Home, he, and I went to Berwick. My Lord Polwarth was gone out of town before we came. We dined in the post house with Sir James Hall, Torwoodlee, Commissary Home, &c. After dinner we went out and met the Chancellor [the Earl of Marchmont was at this time Lord Chancellor of Scotland] near Godwishe sands [Goswick sands]. He got the guns of the town when he came in. He lodged in the Post-House. Sir John and I lodged at the Crown. I supped with the Chancellor: Cavers, and Deucher, and Mr Wedderburn were also there. We bespoke supper, and though neither Sir John Home nor I came, we paid our share.

'The Earls of Moray, Eglintone, Lothian, and Loudune, Sir James Ogilby, Secretary of State, now made Viscount Seafeld, and appointed to preside in Parliament, and the Lord Lorne, being last night at Belford, my Lord Polwarth and most of the company met them on the hill beyond Tweedmouth. They dined with my Lord Chancellor. The night before, Mr Thomas Grieve, the Mayor, and Aldermen waited on my Lord Chancellor, and made my Lord Polwarth a burgesse. They offered the same compliment to the Lords that came in the morning (for my Lord Chancellor was burgesse before). But Secretary Ogilby took it ill that, having been several times there before, they never had offered him the compliment before (though they have a law among them that no Scots man, unless a nobleman, can be made a burgesse). This did not satisfy the Secretary, who refused it; and upon his account the rest of the Lords did the like. They were commended by some for it, but I am sorry it should have fallen upon the present Mayor.

'After dinner we came from Berwick. The Town gave the bells, which is an extraordinary compliment; and the Governour the guns. At the bound road my Lord Dunglass and the two Laids of Wedderburn met us. The Chancellour and Secretary came out of their coaches to him, he having alighted from his horse. There was a number of gentlemen with him. At Ayton the custom-house office gave the Chancellour a glass of wine: most part of the company went off there.

'At night the Chancellour came to Dunglasse; the other Lords came to Dunglasse and got a glass of wine, and went on their way to Dunbar. I stayed and supped there (at Dunglasse); we had a very magnificent meat. Commissary Home and I lay at the Pathhead, in the Post-House, being afraid the house should be throng; but they seemed to take it ill next morning, telling me there was an empty room, which was designed for me. My Lord Crosrig came to us next morning at Dunglass from Haddingtone.

'My Lord went from Dunglass a little before 9 o'clock. Severalls met him on the road, and the Lords joined him again; yet very few of the East Lothian gentlemen came out. They dined at Haddingtone, at the Post-House. By the way to Edinburgh many met us: the Earl of

Home, particularly. At Edgebucling Brae the Magistrates of Edinburgh met the Chancellour; and on the way, the burgeses of Edinburgh and Canongate were drawn up in a hedge on horseback, which made a great company.

'It was taken notice of that the Earl of Annandale went to his house at Craigyhall that morning, and took the Earl of Ruglane with him. The Viscount Teviot came to Edgebucling Brae, but did not come forward, which, also, was noticed. None of his officers that were in Dunse came out to meet the Chancellour. We came to town betwixt 7 and 8 o'clock. It was noticed that he got not the guns of the Castle. Others in his station, yea, any Chancellour going to Court, or coming from it, used to get them.

'*Monday, July 11, 1698.*—I went with my Lord Polwarth to the Abbey, where I see some furniture they had put up, which is very fine. The hangings of the drawing-room have silver on them, and chairs of crimson damask. The bed of state is very fine: the curtains of damask, blew and white, &c., and lined with green satin, and orange fringes. I never thought blew and green suited well near each other. The chairs are like the bed. The hangings were not up. There are, also, two cabinets, two tables, two large glasses, four stands all finely japanned. I see the coach, which is very fine, and very high, but they say the painting was spoilt in the ship; but it is done up, but not so well. My Lady has, also, a very fine chair japanned. They tell me they have spent £1200 more than their allowance.'

A few days later, on July 19, the same writer records:

'The Parliament sat about two hours. It met at 12 o'clock, and it rose at 2, being adjourned till Thursday at 10 o'clock. I went to the Abbey in the Usher's coach: most part of the members dined there: there was a great crowd, and a great entertainment, yet the Earl of Tullibardine, the Earl of Annandale, the Viscount Teviot, and some others were not there—some on one pique, and some on another. I did not think it fit to sit down as long as I saw several members that got not room; yet others less interested than I, did. I dined at another table with Mr Blair, B. Home, Rentone, and several of the members.'

(Continued on page 616.)

## WEST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

By J. H. CLARK.

IT should not be inferred from the above title that we of these tropical islands are pre-eminently the children of superstition. In almost every country in the world belief in pixies or fairies, in omens and divinations, will be discovered amongst the poor and uneducated,

based partly on ignorance and irrationality; and when the various branches of belief are compared with each other, the student is almost forced to conclude that, in spite of apparent differences, variations, and modifications, they all possess a common origin.

At the same time, while we recognise the affinity between the fairy-tales and the superstitions of the West Indies and those of other countries—which indicates that the unlettered West Indian peasant must have heard the story of, for instance, the mermaid from the lips of his European master, and in his idle moments must have woven a fresh texture for himself by combining the fragments he originally inherited with the newer elements—it must be understood that sometimes relationship ceases altogether, many of the beliefs being purely local, having emanated, it would seem, from the imagination of the people alone.

Belief in the existence of what are called 'fairy-maids' (water-nymphs) appears to be on the decline, and the same may be said of many other idle fancies. Yet here and there, in quiet country villages, these water-spirits still retain a real place in the minds of the timid and over-credulous. But it is worthy of remark that when allusion is made to these fanciful creatures they are generally spoken of as inhabiting the streams and the pools, while mention is seldom made of the sea as their home. It is about the naiad one is unconsciously told, and not the mermaid who dwells 'in the purple twilights under the sea.' Having centred their thoughts much more round the naiad than round the mermaid, the superstitious islanders have lost the power of discrimination. Confusion has therefore arisen, and the two have come to be one and the same. The West Indian 'fairy-maid,' living in or near the silent stream, is simply the replica of her sister of the briny deep.

Many years ago, when the writer was a boy, several uncanny stories were told by the work-people concerning the nature and the escapades of the water-nymphs, and those tales inspired one's small heart with great fear.

During the second half of the eighties we lived on an extensive sugar-plantation in the windward part of the island of Tobago, which I shall call Ballyfolly. The scenery was delightful. Acres of green sugar-cane stretched far into the distance, forming, together with the red-roofed works and gray-coloured huts, a lovely picture. Clear streams meandered lazily through the fields, looking from afar like mirrors. Two miles away from the 'great house,' as the owner's residence is commonly called, was a fairly large and deep stream hidden in a small, lonesome wood. Its waters were, owing to their depth, of a bluish-green hue, and flowed along with a slow, sinister air. Sometimes, when the thick foliage overhead was disturbed by a passing breeze, splashes of sunlight would rest on the surface, while now and again silver-gray mullet leaped about playfully. It was an excellent place for fishing with a light bamboo rod and a crooked pin. But around that stream a great deal of romance had gathered, and my brother and I were warned by the labourers not to

frequent the spot too often. And the reason why that stream was given a wide berth by them was this. There lived on the estate an old woman, probably at the time an octogenarian, who rejoiced in the name of Kimmer, conferred on her presumably by one of the old Scottish masters. She used to emerge from her cabin every morning and hobble up to the house in order to receive her allowance of bonny-clabber. Her form was bent almost double, and her head was as white as the fluff of the silk-cotton tree. She told us how, many, many years gone by, as a girl she had had a most unpleasant experience near that haunted river. One evening, having gone thither to fetch a pail of water, she saw an extraordinary thing sitting on a stone. It was a fairy-maid, of exquisite form and beauty, engaged in the agreeable occupation of combing her shining locks with a comb as white as a pearl. The sudden arrival of the human Kimmer disturbed her ladyship. Casting herself headlong into the water, she disappeared amid a chaos of ripples. Needless to say, young Kimmer gave a terrified yell, and, flinging her bucket away, fled from the scene. So, then, no one at Ballyfolly cared to venture near that place alone at noon or at dusk, for at either of those two periods of the day the Lady of the Comb might be encountered. But they failed to remember that alligators were very numerous in that stream.

Before we leave the subject of the fairy-maid, reference may be made to tales repeated of children stolen by this treacherous being and carried down into her subaqueous haunts, never to be seen or heard of again. Yet mortal man, although sometimes suffering loss at the hands of these vindictive folk, felt himself greatly compensated whenever he came upon one of those rare combs, inasmuch as it meant that the finder would amass wealth without having to labour honestly for its acquisition.

While desiring to confine my observations principally to the island of Tobago, I may, in passing, note that on the north coast of Trinidad the lower classes, or those who are half-educated, often speak of what may be designated child-fairies, whom they, however, call by the singular name of *dwine*. It is asserted that these fairies are of small stature, in appearance very much like young children, dressed always in short coats, and wearing ridiculously large grass hats. You will be told that they are more frequently heard than seen, as they roam through the forests uttering a peculiar wailing cry, and are sly and meddlesome. The labourer working alone beneath the spreading cacao-trees in continual twilight may require another implement at a critical moment, and retiring to secure it, finds that it is not where he originally laid it down. A member of the community of *dwines* has shifted it. Again, at the eerie hour of midnight

a strange puling cry is heard round about a dwelling; it is one of those same gentlemen trying to make himself a nuisance. One wonders what connection they can have with the diminutive pixy of Devonshire, or how far they can be related to the famous Puck himself.

Reverting to Tobago, we are confronted with lesser superstitious ideas, which are both odd and amusing. For instance, it is considered ill-omened to open an umbrella in the house, or to perambulate a room on one's hands and knees. The boy or girl who is seen indulging in the above-mentioned mode of locomotion would be told to desist, as poverty and general misfortune might ensue.

If you are anxious to retain your friendship with other persons, you will not blow out the light of a candle with your breath. Just as the light is blown out, so will your mutual attachment be. A company of persons bidding each other good-bye at the same moment may inadvertently, while in the act of shaking hands, cause their arms to form a cross. Of course, they will all appear greatly amused and pleased, since the crossing of hands portends an early wedding. In the country villages it is considered bad form to visit a friend who is ill when one has just returned from a funeral. Such thoughtlessness is unpardonable, since it might hasten the person's death or cause him to grow worse. Indicating the position of a grave by pointing the finger is thought unwise, and to prevent the offending member from developing a whitlow it would be well to inflict a mild bite thereon.

The actions of animals and insects are closely observed by the superstitious. A horse entering a house of its own accord is a serious thing, which is certain to bring ill-luck to the inmates. Should a cock crow on the threshold, or a fire-fly flit into a room at night, it is the sure sign of a stranger's visit. The howling of dogs, the chirping of crickets, and the persistent whistling of a bird on a tree near by during the illness of any one foretell his approaching death.

Not very long since an elderly man now living in Tobago told me that the gentle dove

was at times the harbinger of bad news, and said that his words were backed by personal experience. Many years ago he was employed in the capacity of watchman on a small steamer which worked in the Gulf of Paria, Trinidad. The ship was one day anchored off the mouth of the Caroni River, a couple of miles from shore. Toward afternoon he was sitting on deck with some of the hands, when a dove flew on board, and lighted on the basket which contained his luncheon. The men said it was unusual for a dove to leave the forest and fly out to sea, and expressed the belief that their companion would shortly receive unfavourable news. Strange to say, it came. One of the crew who was ashore at the time was seen returning soon after in the ship's boat. On coming alongside he was heard to hail some one, and they quickly discovered that he had a message for my friend. This was it: 'A telegram has just come through from Port of Spain to the village saying your brother died this morning in hospital.' I think that old Fiddlesticks continues to fear the harmless dove, and always will.

When a woman, through ill-feeling, wishes to see her neighbour embroiled in a quarrel with some one else, or a household involved in a domestic row, she steals silently at night into the yard and scatters handfuls of Guinea or Malaguetta pepper about. Persons who, on getting up in the morning, find this pepper strewn about the floor of a room generally feel like lynching the culprit. They firmly believe that it can be the originator of a dispute, and a very bitter one, too.

Throwing ashes after your enemy who is leaving the neighbourhood means that you have kicked him far out of sight, and whatever execrations you may be inclined to indulge in at the moment will have very excellent effect. To enter a house while the clock is striking the hour is exceedingly auspicious, but to leave then would be to deprive the family of their good luck. And it is not unusual to be asked politely to defer your departure until after the timepiece has recorded the hour.

## MISS TRINKLE PLAYS A PART.

By ALMEY ST JOHN ADCOCK.

### I.

MISS EUPHEMIA TRINKLE and Miss Lavinia Crush had shared house for twenty years. It was a prim, little, white house; its windows, bulging over the narrow High Street of Winkledaan, were never opened on any occasion, even in the hottest weather. Its most spotless of spotless lace curtains, patched and darned and frayed at the edges, were drawn discreetly together, so that no prying eyes might

peer in, and no gossiping lips tell of the shabbiness of the sofa, or how threadbare the tablecloth had worn, or that Miss Crush and Miss Trinkle took tea out of odd cups and saucers when they were not entertaining company.

Miss Crush regarded her dear Euphemia as a convenient domestic accessory, very useful to polish the brass knocker and the large round door-knob and the high slit of a letter-box, very handy to sweep up the hearth and do the mending and the cleaning.

Miss Crush was a large, pompous woman, with a nose like a beak, and iron-gray hair smoothed back from her forehead over a frame. Her voice would fade away to a whisper in respectful awe of her family. She was connected with very wealthy people, and consequently very charming people, for wealth and charm were synonymous terms in Miss Crush's vocabulary.

'It's difficult for me to accustom myself to mixing with *her* class, you know,' she would confide, with hawk-like glance at poor Miss Trinkle. 'But when one comes down in the world, one can't pick and choose.' She threw out vague insinuations that Miss Trinkle's father had been—well, as a matter of fact, a coachman, my dear; and her mother had taken in dress-making to make ends meet—so she *heard*.

Little Miss Trinkle, flat-chested, undersized, florid of complexion, and going gray, with unmistakable wrinkles round her pale, nervous eyes, seemed to dwell in a delirium of apology. She was so humble that had there been an inferior quality of air she might have breathed, instead of encroaching on the air used by Miss Crush, she would have made do with it very willingly.

'Lavinia is so clever,' she would say, her head wobbling with rapture. 'She works so hard for the dear soldiers. I'm sure I don't know how the war would go on without her. The comforters and socks she's knitted, the committees she sits on! I think the King ought to give her a medal—I do indeed.' And she meant it, every word.

Only once in her life did Miss Trinkle act against Lavinia's advice. If she hadn't, there would never have been any story to tell about her; only a drab recital of dish-washing and dinner-cooking, with a little church work and an occasional tea-party thrown in. It was true, Euphemia had had her dreams in the past. There were several black-covered diaries locked away in her drawer that testified to the fact; there were thumb-nail manuscripts which heartless editors had refused to print; there were fragments of poetry. But they had all lain there many a year; and long ago Miss Crush had suppressed any self-expression of Euphemia's little cramped soul. At least, she thought she had; and so did Euphemia, until that day.

## II.

It happened in this wise. Miss Trinkle put on her spectacles one evening to look at a weekly journal the vicar sometimes passed on to them, and the first thing that attracted her attention was an advertisement: 'A lonely soldier wishes for a correspondent in England.' Her heart was overflowing with sympathy, and somehow the very simplicity of the advertisement appealed to her.

'Lavinia,' she suggested timidly, 'don't you think it would be nice to write to this poor young man? I do love writing letters.'

'What nonsense, Phemie!' chided Miss Crush. 'He wants a young girl correspondent, not an old woman. They always do, these men.'

'Oh!' quavered Euphemia, disappointed. She had not thought of that, but of course dear Lavinia was right. She must be; she always was. With a sigh of resignation she turned to the cookery recipes.

But the memory of that advertisement haunted her. She was actually worried in case nobody answered it, picturing how crestfallen the poor young man would be. Why shouldn't she just send a little note to cheer him up? She pondered over the idea as she went through the housework the next day, and when Lavinia started out to the meeting of the Advisory Committee for Women's Employment in the afternoon, Miss Trinkle sat down and wrote to him. She was all in a flutter at the thought of her own daring, and wondered if he would send a reply.

Days of suspense followed—days when Miss Trinkle watched the clock in a state of restless anxiety; days when the heavy step of the old postman made her tingle with delicious excitement. If a letter was slipped into the box, Miss Trinkle had snatched it up before Miss Crush so much as heard the familiar rat-tat. Or more often than not she waylaid the postman before he got to the house, with a bashful, 'Anything for us, Mr Bunch?'

At last it came—a green army envelope addressed in a flourishing boyish hand. She hugged it to her breast in speechless gratitude.

'Is that the post?' called Miss Crush from the front parlour.

'It's only one for me, dear, from—from my brother in Wales.' The frightened lie tumbled out almost before she was aware of it; but it satisfied Miss Crush. Miss Trinkle's relations were beneath her interest.

Miss Trinkle crept up to her bedroom and opened the letter. It was a long one, and there was a photograph with it.

'I had several letters, but I liked yours best,' wrote the boy; 'and I think I'd rather have one special friend than lots of acquaintances. We don't get much time for letter-writing in France, and I would, sooner than write a scrappy note to this person and a scrappy note to that person, tell you just everything. It is so nice to think there's some one cares about all you do. I have no one except an old uncle. . . . Your letter was awfully jolly, so young, yet so mature—you know what I mean. It makes me want to know more about you. What are you like? I am sure you are young and pretty. I am twenty-three. I imagine you with fair hair and brown eyes. Won't you send me a photograph? I am sending you mine.' . . .

Miss Trinkle glanced up from the page and caught her reflection in the dressing-table mirror with a shock of surprise—her purple-veined cheeks, her scanty, gray-streaked hair. Oh, she

ought to have told the boy she was old—old and ugly. How could she tell him now? What a fool she would make him feel! He would think she had purposely deceived him. Tears of mortification blurred the heart-breaking vision of herself. She dried them and looked at his portrait—frank, fresh, clear-eyed, wholesome, healthy, natural, and so terribly young. Lavinia had been right; she should never have written. Should she destroy his letter now, and take no more notice of it? . . . But she could not.

She wrote to him again that night, and tried to confess that she was forty-seven and hopelessly plain; she wrote it down boldly, fiercely—then tore up the sheet and burned it.

The letter that Private Peter Fambridge received was full of vivacity and gentle understanding, which made him fancy one moment that he was listening to his mother speaking, and the next that he was enjoying a joke with a girl whose youth bubbled over in every rollicking sentence.

'But she hasn't sent her photo,' he grumbled. 'I'll pester her until she does. I must know what she's like.'

### III.

Miss Trinkle looked wistfully through her photograph album. She could not possibly send him the latest portrait she had had taken; he would see at once what she was like, and lose interest in her. Her earlier ones were blatantly old-fashioned. He would guess her antiquity the moment his gaze fell on those baggy sleeves, or the frizzy fringe, or the plaid panniers. Last Christmas her niece in Wales had sent her a photograph of herself. It was the last portrait in the book, and Miss Trinkle sighed enviously when she looked at it. Here were youth and beauty and all those precious things she yearned to possess—for the sake of Peter Fambridge.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her; she shrank from it in horror. It was wicked; she couldn't do it—she could not tell an absolute lie to him. And yet he had said: 'It makes such a difference to know you are thinking of me. I could not bear to lose your friendship now. You seem to understand me so well—better than any one has ever done. Oh, isn't it good to be young, Euphemia? I hate anything old. I sha'n't mind much if I don't live to be old and stale and suffer from gout and indigestion.' . . . Miss Trinkle winced at the words. She suffered from indigestion, and had rheumatism every winter.

She took the portrait of her niece out of the album with shaking hands—afraid of herself, afraid of what she could stoop to so that the boy might be happy.

As time passed she grew used to her hypocrisy. When she wrote to the boy she felt as if she were in reality the pretty young girl he believed her to be. Those letters were the one joy of her life; they brought a glow to her eye, a

lightness to her step, which had never been there before. All day she planned what she would say to him, and directly Miss Crush went out of the house, she fetched her writing-pad from its hiding-place and wrote feverishly. She knew him heart and soul; she showed him that inner being which was herself. For a few blissful months she lived on the pinnacle of life, and nobody knew it but herself and Peter.

Later on he began to talk about getting leave. He would have to go and see his uncle; 'but I am coming to see you too, Euphemia,' he declared.

These things made Miss Trinkle uneasy. A warmth, an intimacy, had crept into his letters, a subtle sweetness that frightened her a little.

'God forgive me; where is it all leading to?' she prayed.

### IV.

One dismal day, when the rain pattered noisily on the pavements of Winkledean High Street and slurred against the windows of the little white house, Miss Crush put on her goloshes, and set off to her sewing-party under a capacious umbrella. As a matter of course, Miss Trinkle commenced to write as soon as she found herself alone. The minutes slipped away unheeded, and presently she was startled by a knock at the front-door.

They so rarely had callers that the thought of receiving visitors without Lavinia's assistance paralysed her. She went to the door, trembling with nervousness. A boy in khaki stood on the step. He smiled at her, shy, yet eagerly expectant. He was *the* boy.

'Does Miss Euphemia Trinkle live here?' he asked awkwardly.

'I am Miss Euphemia Trinkle,' she replied, too dazed for the moment to realise what was happening.

'Oh, but I mean—I'm named Fambridge, you see, and I've been corresponding with a young lady.' . . .

The colour came and went in Miss Trinkle's face; she could hear her heart thumping beneath her figured merino blouse. 'Yes, of course,' she stammered. 'It's—er—my niece you want to see. You—you'd better come inside.'

The boy went inside. She set him in the window-seat of the front parlour, and backing towards the table, crumpled up her half-written letter behind her back. A large blue-bottle buzzed against the window-pane.

'My niece has gone out,' she said, beginning to gain possession of her senses.

'Will she be long?' asked the boy, looking at his watch. 'I can wait for a little while, but I have to catch a train at five. I'm going back to France again this evening, you see, and I badly want to see her before I go.'

'Five?' repeated Miss Trinkle. Thank goodness, Miss Crush's sewing-party did not finish up

till half-past! It would never do for her to return and find him there. 'I'll make you some tea . . . while you're waiting,' she said.

The boy sat and sipped China tea and nibbled Miss Trinkle's burnt pastry, talking affably all the while, but glancing sharply through the window at every sound he heard in the street. 'You knew your niece and I had been corresponding, then?' he asked, possibly wondering why Euphemia had never mentioned her aunt to him.

'Oh yes; she's told me all about you,' said Miss Trinkle, abstractedly putting a fifth lump of sugar into her cup.

'Excuse my asking you, but do you—do you suppose she likes me?' he questioned.

'She wouldn't write to you if she didn't.'

'No, I dare say she wouldn't, unless she was just sorry for me, you know. She's so tender-hearted. The fact of the matter is, Miss Trinkle, I feel I know—Euphemia so well, as if—well, as if there's complete sympathy between us, and I wanted to see her to ask her—he hesitated, twisting the fringe of the tablecloth round his finger—to ask her if she'd be engaged to me,' he blurted out abruptly. 'Do you think she would? She's not engaged to any one else, is she?'

'Oh dear, no!' exclaimed Miss Trinkle, very much flustered. 'Oh no, she's not engaged to any one else, but—well—I—well'—

'I hope I haven't distressed you by suggesting such a thing,' said the boy, his candid blue eyes full of concern. 'I'd be awfully good to her, really; and I've grown to care so much for her, I feel I can't live without her; and that's the truth.'

'My poor boy!' cried Miss Trinkle, nearly weeping.

'Why? Don't you think she loves me?'

'I don't know. You must ask her—I mean, oh, yes, yes, I am sure she does.'

The clouds vanished from his face.

'How I wish she'd come!' he said. 'It's ten to five. I can't wait much longer. But I'm glad you think she cares for me. It has bucked me tremendously.'

She did not come, and he had to go without seeing her.

'Good-bye, dear boy,' said Miss Trinkle, in the passage. 'I have heard so much about you, I feel almost as if—as if I were your mother. Do you mind if I . . . I think she would like me to— And she bent forward and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

#### V.

Night after night Miss Trinkle lay awake, staring into the pitiless darkness, moaning, 'Oh God, what have I done? What am I to do?' Her duty stood relentlessly before her. She knew now that she must tell him the truth, the love-destroying, the life-destroying truth.

And the night came when she got up and sat humped over her writing-desk, a queer little bedraggled figure in a dingy dressing-gown, a couple of wispy plaits screwed round her head. In the flickering candle-light she looked very old and haggard. 'This is the price of it,' she said to herself, as she laboured over the difficult letter—the price of all the lying and deceit . . . but, oh, that he should have to do the paying!'

The letter was done at last, and sealed and posted. The limelight that had shone on Miss Trinkle's world, and had given her a phantasy of youth, flickered out, and the cold, wan, hum-drum light of everyday brought back old commonplaces. She noticed where the parlour carpet had worn shabby, the chip in the teapot-spout, the familiar cracks in the gilt and white china.

Two Sundays later she happened to pick up an illustrated paper and glance apathetically at the pictures. Surely she knew that face. Why, it was a bad reproduction of the very portrait she had hidden away upstairs. She looked at it with dim, uncomprehending eyes. Something within her seemed to grow tight and nearly strangle her. 'A Gallant Young Private Gives his Life for a Comrade. Private Peter Fambridge, Killed in Action on the 28th of Last Month.'

'Isn't the dinner ready yet, Euphemia?' called Miss Crush from the front parlour.

'I'm going to dish it up now,' answered Miss Trinkle, her voice strangely weak.

She had posted her letter on the 27th. It could never have reached him.

#### HOUSES.

If houses suddenly got up  
And ran about the street,  
If chimneys nodded 'How d'ye do?'  
And every shop had feet,  
I wonder where we'd live, and how.  
What fun to move about!  
'Is Mrs Jones at home to-day?'  
'Oh no; her house is out.'  
'Will she be back again to-night?'  
'I really cannot say.  
Her house is seeking change of air;  
It mayn't be back all day.'  
We'd go to bed in Grosvenor Square;  
At dawn the house would flit  
So silently we'd never know  
That we had gone with it;  
By six we'd be in Bridlington,  
Or Chester, or Torquay;  
We might be on a mountain-top;  
We might be near the sea.  
What fun, oh dear, what splendid fun,  
To pull the blinds and guess  
Where we had landed in the night,  
What might be our address!  
No need for horses, trams, or cabs,  
Or even aeroplanes;  
While we lay snug within our beds  
Our houses would be trains!

EDITH L. ELIAS.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE SERGEANT'S APRON-STRINGS.

#### A TALE OF THE MALTA HOSPITALS.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

#### I.—THE FEAR OF SARAH.

ALL Jock's frontal and flank advances towards friendship with his new neighbour had been repelled with impatient grunts. Defeat irritated Jock M'Gowan more than anything, and intensified his will to win. Yet he had to confess that all his reserves of conversation were already used up. Remarks about the weather and such like made no impression on the armour-plate of stolid dourness that faced him in the next bed.

Of course, there was little to appeal to in the way of features, for the sergeant who had been carried into the hospital that morning was wrapped in lint. There were only two peep-holes for his eyes, and an opening in his mask of cotton-wool for ventilation where his mouth ought to be. A whisper had gone round the ward that he had won the Military Medal, and Jock's impatience to hear his story was more feverish than ever.

'Weel, here's somethin' that wull rouse ye, onyway,' he exclaimed with a note of triumph in his voice.

The door of the ward had opened, and an orderly had entered with an armful of letters and papers.

'It's the mail frae Blighty, mon. Are ye no expectin' a letter?'

'Ay, worse luck!' came the muffled answer.

A smile spread over Jock's features. He had got an opening at last; he had broken through the Hindenburg line of silence.

'Frae yer sweetheart, maybe?'

'Maist likely. Some fool wrote an' telt her I wud be sent to Malta from Salonika, an' I expect there's juist time for her to hae replied.'

'Ye dinna look ower pleased at the thocht, sergeant.'

'No; nor wud you be. I ken verra weel what wull be i' the letter.'

'Maist o' us dae; but that doesna spoil the plesure o' seein' it in writin'. Some things we canna be telt ower often.'

'Aince is enough for what she's got to say this time.'

'Hae ye had a quarrel?' asked Jock, with the art of an expert fisher.

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'No. It's juist because we're such guid pals that I canna bear to read her words the noo. We were to be marrit after the war, but I'm thinkin' it wull be aff noo,' replied Sergeant M'Dougall.

'An' they say ye've got the Military Medal.'

'Weel, atween corsels, Jock,' said the new-comer, thawing out, 'it was a lucky fluke. I dinna deserve it. But, onyway, that wull no weigh wi' Sarah M'Kune. Though they were to gie me a' the medals i' the world, that wadna mak' up to her for my brakin' my word.'

'Did ye tell her a lee?'

'No intentionally. I meant to keep my promise; an' what I did was for the best, though it turned oot for the worst.'

'Weel, ye hae the satisfaction, onyway, o' havin' served yer country.'

'That's juist what I havena; an' I'll admit that's troublin' my conscience tae. At a critical moment I had to choose whether I wud keep my promise to Sarah or stick to my post; an' I pit her first, an' they're giein' me the Military Medal; an' she'll be giein' me the sack, to pit it in plain words.'

'It's a gey queer warld, I admit,' interposed Jock, 'but we maunna tak' too gloomy views o' it. If ye tell me hoo it a' cam' aboot, I'll gie ye my opinion.'

'Weel, before I left hame, Sarah pit her younger brither, Andra, under my chairge. He jined up i' my company to be near me. "Mind him, Davie," she said; "an' if ye bring him back safe an' soond I'll marry ye a' richt; but if onythin' happens to him through your fau't, I'll never speak to ye again." I promised her faithfully to look after the lad. Ye see, he was the Benjamin o' the family, an' she had been a mither to him. They had lost theirs at Andra's birth, an' Sarah, bein' the oldest, had to bring up the rest; an' richt weel she has done it. When Andra listed it a'maist broke her heart, though I cud see she was secretly prood, an' she was mair content when she knew that he was i' my company. When I kissed her good-bye, she said, "Noo, Dauvid, remember that's the last kiss ye'll ever get frae me if ye fail to

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be a real faither to the laddie." So ye see, Jock, what's at stake.'

'Ay,' was the response; 'I understaund. Ye cam' under a great obligation; but I hae nae doot that ye carried it oot a' richt.'

'Did I? Weel, ye'll ken better when I hae telt ye a'. I looked after the laddie a' the way oot to Saloneek. Nae mon cud hae kept his promise better. Then cam' the time when we were sent up the line, an' I was thinkin' mair aboot Andra than onythin' else. I kept him beside mysel' as much as possible. Aince or twice we had a hot time o' it, but he cam' through it a' richt. We had oor horses wi' us there, an' ae day we got the order to gang oot an' find whar the enemy was. We hadna ridden far when we cam' to a river. There had been a great deal o' rain, an' the water was comin' down in a fierce torrent. It was juist as much as we cud dae to get across it wi'oot bein' swept awa'. On reachin' the opposite bank we spread oot. I took Andra wi' me, an' went down the side o' the river a little way, when suddenly I saw a big force o' the enemy advancin' towards us.

'My first thoct was Andra, an' in a moment I realised that the best thing was to send him back. Besides, it was my duty to despatch a messenger to the rear wi' the news. "Ride as fast as ye can," I said, "an' gie them warnin', while I gang after the ithers an' inform them." I watched him turn his horse's heid towards the river, an' plunge into the current. The water was deeper at that point, an' I held my breath as I saw him battlin' wi' the stream. Wi'oot thinkin', I had sent him into danger, an' I thoct that moment o' Sarah an' my promise. In fact, I forgot a' else, an' stood there rooted to the spot, unable to move until I would see him safely ower.

'Then a' o' a sudden horse an' rider disappeared, an' I cud only see the muddy waves rollin' along, an' dashin' themselves against hidden rocks. A few seconds later the horse cam' to the surface wi' an empty saddle, but there was nae sign o' Andra. It was then I forgot my duty to my country an' my comrades. I ocht to hae left the laddie to his fate, an' galloped along to warn the rest. For a moment I hesitated, but the thoct o' what Sarah wud say an' dae if I allooed her pet brither to droon o'er cam' a' my scruples. I felt I maun get Andra at a' costs. Sae, jumpin' to the ground, an' takin' aff my tunic, I dived in. I'm a ground swimmer, an' I had nae fear o' mysel'. I made strecht for whar he had disappeared. Here the stream had narrowed, and, I saw, was rushin' towards a big tunnel cut in the hillside. I thoct that Andra might hae been dashed against ane o' the big boulders an' got stunned, an' sunk oot o' sight. I dived aince or twice an' touched bottom, but cud find no trace o' him.

'I was gettin' desperate noo, sae I dived again. This time I felt somethin' catch me on the leg, an' grip it sae that I cudna draw it up. Then my airm got held i' the same way, an' there I was a prisoner under the water. Feelin' wi' my free haund, I soon discovered the cause. The enemy had laid barbed wire along the bottom o' the stream, an' I had got entangled in it. It's bad enough when ye are up against it afore a trench wi' guns blazin' at ye, but I think it was ten times waur to be caught by it under the water. I knew my only chance depended on keepin' cool. Gradually I worked mysel' aff the spikes and rose to the surface, not a moment ower soon, for my heid was throbbin' like a steam-engine, an' I was chokin' for want o' breath. It was wi' deeficulty I managed to reach the bank I had left an' scramble up on to the rocks.

'Hoo lang I had been i' the water I cudna tell. Perhaps twenty meenits. When I looked round I saw things had changed. A large number o' the enemy were a'ready across the river. I cud see them racin' along on the opposite side. Where the rest o' my company had gane to I had nae notion. What was troublin' me maist at the moment was the thoct that Andra was lost. At the spot where I had landed I was under the shelter o' a cliff, an' fairly weel oot o' sight, an' I lay for a few moments to recover my breath. The Bulgars were noo atween me an' oor ain lines, sae I was cut aff, an' at any second might be discovered.

'Sae I crept in atween twa boulders, where I was hidden, an' every noo an' then I wad cautiously raise my heid an' hae a glance at what was gaein' on. To attempt to recross the river was impossible, for I wud be seen by the enemy on baith sides afore I got half-way ower, an' if they didna pot me i' the water, they wud finish me aff when I landed. As I watched I saw aboot half-a-dozen men drag a machine-gun into a position aboot a hundred yards up the hill behind me. Firin' had a'ready begun on the ither side. Oor chaps must hae got warned somehow, an' they were gisein' the Bulgars a hot reception.

'Suddenly I heard footsteps near me, an' as I dodged oot o' sight I saw an officer walkin' along the bank towards me. I think he was the yin in charge o' the machine-gun party. He may have got a glimpse o' me frae above, an' come down to see who I was. Fortunately the spot was very rocky, an' I had a guid hidin'-place. He stopped juist a few yards in front o' me, on the edge o' a sma' precipice owerhangin' the stream. He seemed to be examinin' the barbed wire which I had twisted an' broken an' brocht to the surface, an' which the current was knockin' aboot. Then an idea suddenly cam' into my heid'—

'Sergeant M'Dougall, here's a letter for you.' It was the orderly who spoke. He had stopped

in his rounds, and from a bundle threw a letter on to the sergeant's bed.

'Ay, it's frae Sarah, as I thocht,' said M'Dougall, as he turned it over in his hands. 'A gey fat ane, tae. When Sarah is angry she has aye plenty to say, an' I can tell by the feel o' it that it's packed wi' bitter words. When they took me to the dressin'-station after I had got my wounds, who should I meet there but Macpherson frae oor ain parish! Though I was dazed at the time, yet I can remember tellin' him what was on my mind—hoo I had sent Andra to his daith. I shud hae held my tongue, for I heard afterwards that the chiel had written to Sarah an' telt her a' I had said in my semi-consciousness, an' that I wud be sent on to Malta. That is why I hae been expectin' this letter. Macpherson aye had a grudge at me because I got promotion afore him. Besides, I think he had an eye to Sarah himsel', an' wud dae me harm there if he cud. I shud hae been on my guard wi' him; but then I hardly knew what I was sayin'. Sae that's the reason o' this bulky letter.'

'Ye had better open it an' read what's intil't,' suggested Jock, whose appetite for scandal was rather keen.

'Na, lad; it can juist bide its time. I ken a' that's in it a'ready, for Sarah has a grund gift o' language, an' I'm in nae hurry for her scoldin'.'

'Weel, then, gang on wi' yer story. Ye left aff at a maist excitin' place,' urged Jock, whose eyes were glistening with excitement.

'Oh ay! I was tellin' ye aboot the Bulgar officer staundin' richt in front o' me. It was a spot that cudna be verra weel seen frae where the machine-gun party was, an' richt below there was a deep pool. Wi'oot makin' a soond I crept up behind him, an' wi' a mighty shove pushed him intil the water, an' jumped in on tap o' him. I was aye a grund swimmer, an' can dae a'maist onythin' i' the sea. I sat on tap o' his heid an' held him under. He made a struggle for it; but it was nae use. When he was unconscious I hauled him ashore. I dinna think he was richt deid, an' I dressed mysel' in his uniform. He was a clean-shaven mon like mysel', sae at a distance it wud be easy to mistak' me for him, especially when I was wearin' his claes. I started to continue the way he was walkin', an' cam' richt oot frae under the shelter o' the cliff, until I was seen by his ain men, but they didna seem to suspect onythin'. A little farther on was a bag o' haund-bombs, which Andra had been carryin', an' which he had left behind when he plunged intil the river on his message to the rear. These I picked up in as unconcerned a fashion as possible, an' began to climb up to where the gun was. Only, I made a detour sae as to approach frae the back. When I got near, the men were a' grouped roond it. Seemin'ly it had been posted

there to defend the crossin' o' the river, if we shud by any chance drive their attack back an' they had to retreat. Weel, I cam' richt up till I was sure o' my aim. Then I pulled the pins oot o' three o' the bombs, an' I gave them the surprise o' their lives. The last sicht they had was a vision o' their officer, as they took me to be, staundin' there an' flingin' bombs at them. I let them have the three on tap o' yin anither, an' a' that was left o' them got anither three on tap o' that, an' then I was left alane wi' the gun.'

'My certes, sergeant! ye earned yer medal richt enough,' exclaimed Jock.

'As the gun had been placed there for later use,' continued M'Dougall, 'it was a bit isolated. Besides, it was fairly weel hidden frae view, sae that the Bulgars cudna see a' that was gaein' on, an' wud think that a shell or twa had burst near its position when they heard the noise. Noo that I was in command, I wondered what wud be the best thing for me to dae. I kenned hoo to haundle a machine-gun fine, an' there was plenty o' ammunition lyin' ready. Juist at that moment I saw oor khaki men advancin' on the Bulgars who were holdin' the opposite bank o' the river. The Bulgars had their backs to me, an' were a guid target. Sae I turned the gun on them, an' swept their line. Fegs! ye ocht to hae seen their surprise. They shouted an' waved wildly, thinkin' their artillery had made a mistake, but I continued to mow doon officers an' men. They broke an' fled in disorder, wi' oor horsemen at their heels. Of course, I had my time o' it a few meenits later. They saw that their gun had been captured an' turned against themsel's, sae they tried to rush me, but I held them. Then they knocked me oot wi' shrapnel frae a gun farther back. But oor boys saw the game, an' hurried up in time to keep the position. I was carried back; an' the first thing I knew was Macpherson speakin' to me at the dressin'-station, though, as I said the noo, I was only half-conscious. An' that's why they're giein' me the Military Medal.'

## II.—SARAH'S LETTER.

'I'll hae a wheel through the wards while ye read yer letter,' said Jock, slipping his feet over the bed, and pulling the invalid-chair towards him. 'Ye can tell me a' aboot it when I return. Ye'll no mak' it any easier glowerin' at the address. Gang ower the tap at aince, mon. Open the envelope an' face the worst. I'm sure ye never hung back like that when there was a push on. Words won't kill ye.'

'Ye dinna ken the kind she uses or you wudna say that,' was the reply, as the sergeant still moodily fumbled with the letter.

'Weel, I'm awa'. Get yer greetin' ower before I come back. The ward is gloomy enough the noo wi'oot any mair lang faces.'

So saying, Jock got on to his chair, and by

pulling the spokes began to propel himself towards the door. Wherever he went, he was a welcome visitor. He had always a word of cheer and a laugh ready, and the nurses said he did more good than many a dose of medicine. He possessed a wonderful memory, and never forgot a face. He was nicknamed the 'Hospital Directory.' If information was required about any of the patients, Jock was the one to apply to; his knowledge of a man's 'back numbers' was almost uncanny. When a new patient arrived Jock had always a touch of low-fever until his curiosity was satisfied, and few could defend themselves against the guile of his questions.

From one ward to another he passed on, exchanging smiles with the nurses and sallies with the wounded. At last he pulled up at one cot with an air of interest. 'Ye're a new patient?' he said, with a question in his tone, to the young lad who lay below the blankets. 'When did ye come in?'

'This mornin',' was the reply in a Scots accent.

'Ye're aff the hospital-ship frae Saloneek. I see yer name is'—Jock rose up to look at the board—'Andra M'Kune. My, that's strange!'

'What's strange aboot that? It's gey familiar to me,' was the laughing response.

Jock liked humour, and a twinkle came into his eye. 'Maybe; but it's i' the wrang place, if I'm richtly informed. It shud be i' the obituary column, an' no on a hospital roll.'

'Sae ye get yer information frae Berlin, I see. It has the mark o' bein' made in Germany, for it's false.'

'I got it frae Sergeant M'Dougall, an' ye ocht to believe him.'

'Oh, I'm sae glad to hear o' him. I thocht he was still at Salonika. I tried to get into touch wi' him there, but oor hospitals were far apart. Tell him I'm here.'

'He'll no believe me either. Between the twa o' ye, I'll soon hae nae faith i' mysel'. He saw ye bein' drowned afore his verra eyes.'

'Dauvid mak's ower anxious a faither,' laughed Andrew M'Kune, with such frank heartiness that Jock joined in too, for he understood the reference. 'Ye see, my sister Sarah, who has spoiled me since I was a kid, pit the fear o' daith on him that he shud look after me; an' it's a staundin' joke i' the company that I'm tied to his apron-strings. He'll no alloo me oot o' his sicht, an' he treats me as if I were a baby an' didna ken what to dae. Of course, he wud imagine that I was lost when I didna come up to the surface again; but that's because he doesna ken me richt. I used my wits i' the water, an' I'm gettin' a D.C.M. for it.'

'There's no muckle o' ye, as far as I can see frae here, an' there's no enough down on yer lip for a razor; but what there is o' ye doesna need much shapin'. Ye've grown to brains, young

mon. Frae what I hear o' yer sister Sarah, I think ye tak' after her.'

'She's done maist o' the shapin', onyhoo,' was the laughing response; 'an' she has a knack o' makin' things turn oot as she wants them, whether they be puddin's or men. She'll mak' a guid job o' Dauvid afore she's done. He's as putty in her haunds.'

'But what did ye dae i' the water? Hoo did the sergeant lose sight o' ye? Why did ye no come to the surface?' Jock volleyed his questions, for he was sorely puzzled to account for Andrew M'Kune's reappearance, especially when M'Dougall had been so emphatic on the point that he had entirely disappeared, and that he could not possibly have reached the bank without his seeing him.

'Ye see, we had been oot scoutin' twa days afore,' Andrew resumed, 'and had passed this verra spot. At that time there was no spate, an' the stream was quite sma'. I took a guid look at the lie o' the land, an' fortunately I remembered the exact position o' everythin' when not only my ain safety, but that o' oor line there, depended on my gettin' information to the colonel as quickly as possible. I had juist got aboot the middle o' the river on my way across, when I was able to see through a gap i' the bank what was takin' place behind a rise i' the ground that blocked the sergeant's view. Ye see, I had been carried doon a guid way wi' the current, an' sae I saw roond the hillock. The sicht startled me, I can tell ye, for there was the enemy in large numbers a'ready across the river. They must hae gone ower farther up, an' extended doon. They were halted in a gully, an' sae oot o' sicht. Possibly some o' oor fellows had seen them, but been shot afore they cud gie warnin'. Gin I were to land an' try to reach oor lines by a direct course I wud hae had to run the gauntlet o' a fire at close range, an' I considered that my chances that way were nil. Then I remembered the tunnel through the hill, which I had noticed when last there. It was perhaps fifty yards in length. If I cud get to the ither side o' this hill I knew I wud be clear o' the enemy. To climb it openly wud be to expose mysel' to fire frae many points, an' wud likely prove fatal; sae I considered that the only way before me was through the tunnel. I knew it was a big risk; but I'm as guid a swimmer as the sergeant ony day, though he doesna think sae. I slipped aff my horse, allooin' it to swim ashore as best it cud, an' dived into the stream. I struck barbed wire, but somehow got carried through it wi'oot catchin'. I expect the force o' the spate had broken it up i' the centre o' the current. Next moment I felt mysel' bein' sucked doon an' forced along like an express train. I was i' the tunnel noo, an' the water was hissin' in my ears, an' sometimes I was knocked an' rubbed against the sides. It seemed that it wud never come

to an end, an' I thoct mair than aince that I wud hae to gie in; but I held my breath, an' at last I felt the push slacken, an' I was shot oot into a wide river-bed, an' cam' to the surface where I cud touch bottom. I tell ye I never realised what a mouthfu' o' fresh air meant until that moment. For a hail meenit I did naethin' else than breathe juist as if I was thirsty an' drinkin' at a fountain. Then I waded ashore, an' didna lose much time in gettin' to oor lines an' giein' the warnin'. Oor force was sma' at that point—no a fourth o' the Bulgars; an' if they had rushed us, an' ta'en us aff oor guard, they cud hae cut us up. As it was, the colonel had juist time to mak' some hasty preparations for them, an' when they cam' on, it was them that got the surprise; especially when, a short time after, ane o' their ain guns opened on their rear. Ye'll hae heard hoo it was the sergeant's daein'. He's cool-headed an' strong-wulled enough when he's no wi' Sarah, an' we are a' prood o' him. Though I didna feel onythin' at the time, my airms an' legs were badly cut wi' the barbed wire, an' I had to be sent doon to hospital. Blood-poisonin' set in, an' at one time the surgeon thoct that he micht hae to amputate my airm. Hooever, the worst's past noo, an' I'll soon be a' richt.'

'Weel, it's a maist astonishin' story o' pluck,' exclaimed Jock, as in a deliberate manner he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction. 'An' hae ye let yer sister Sarah ken that ye are safe, an' did ye tell her a' that the sergeant did? She'll be a prood wumman.'

'Ay, ye may be sure o' that. An' I said that it was Dauvid's daein' that brocht me the chance o' the D.C.M. If I had remained wi' him, we

wud possibly hae been cut aff an' killed like the ithers; but the hail thing has turned oot maist fortunate. The mail is juist in, an' it has brocht me a letter frae Sarah. She's fairly aff her heid. Mair sae, because Macpherson had written her sayin' that I was drooned, an' that it was the sergeant's fau't. But she had got my letter at the same time, sae Macpherson needna show face at her door again. He was ower anxious to tell the warst.'

'Ay, he's owerreached hissel' this time,' responded Jock. 'Noo, I must be aff an' see hoo the sergeant has got on wi' the letter he was afraid to open.'

So saying, Jock M'Gowan started on his homeward journey, and as he wheeled his chair along he was in too great a hurry to stop and give the usual cheery nod and word to the men in the cots.

'Ere comes the non-stopping hexpress,' was how one Cockney greeted him; but Jock hurried on.

'Weel, what news frae Sarah?' he asked as he drew up at the sergeant's bed. Though he could not see it, he knew that there was a smile under the cotton-wool that masked the face.

'It's the greatest letter I hae ever had,' was the exuberant reply. 'Andra is safe'—

'Ay; he's i' the hospital here, an' I've been talkin' to him,' Jock interrupted.

'Dae ye tell me? That's graund. An' the best o' it a' is she's gi'en me the credit o' havin' planned the hail thing. Andra has played up like a mon.'

'He has that, sergeant,' said Jock, adding, with a twinkle in his eye, 'It's time ye took him aff yer apron-strings.'

## THE OSTEND RABBIT.

THROUGH long generations the back-yard rabbit-hutch has been the desultory hobby of the schoolboy, and the righteous suspect of the sanitary inspector. A limited number of adults have raised rabbit 'fancying' to a respectable and even profitable minor industry, but as an adjunct to the larder the tame rabbit has never been regarded seriously.

National considerations have now brought him from obscurity and contempt to what promises to be an important and permanent place in the food list of the people. The Food Controller has advised the keeping of rabbits as an emergency ration, but he has apparently overlooked the fact that the same shortage of material foodstuffs that is causing anxiety to poultry-keepers must present a serious obstacle to those disposed to act upon the official suggestion. But, just as the scarcity of many standing items in the domestic food list has led

to the search for and discovery of substitutes, so the grain and the kitchen-garden produce hitherto regarded as necessary to the back-yard rabbit can be largely dispensed with by an adaptation of the system known as the Ostend method of rabbit-rearing.

The Ostend rabbit is not a breed, but a system. Its success depends upon an intelligent appreciation of the fact that the rabbit is essentially a wild, self-supporting animal; and the nearer it can be brought to its natural conditions, the easier it is to raise, and the better it will thrive.

Originally the so-called Ostend rabbit, as reared in large quantities by the peasants of Belgium and Flanders, was, by choice, either a Flemish Giant, an animal that will often scale over fourteen pounds; the misnamed Belgian hare, which will average ten pounds; or a cross between these breeds. But during the past

quarter of a century the Ostend breeders have discarded these niceties of distinction. Much interbreeding with any large rabbit has produced a variety of types which it would puzzle an expert to trace to a definite origin, for the only points of resemblance are largeness and rapidity of growth. Indeed, many Ostend breeders have ceased to regard great size as a desideratum, since an animal weighing between four and five pounds has satisfied the demands of the English market. The more thrifty French and Belgian housewife, however, prefers the larger rabbit, and the result has been that the Continental and the English trades were catered for by different breeders. The year before the war the English market absorbed seven hundred tons of Ostend rabbits, averaging five hundred rabbits to the ton. The profits of the breeders were not large, eight francs per dozen being a middle price.

The Ostend system is easily applicable to the conditions prevailing in this country at the present time. Its essentials are a much larger hutch-space than the British rabbit-keeper considers necessary, scrupulous cleanliness, recognition of the fact that the rabbit is a dainty feeder, and an ample supply of green and dried green food in the shape of grass and weeds which can be obtained for the cost of collection from any hedgerow and open space. Rabbits will thrive on a diet of gorse, green sticks, sow-thistle, groundsel, pimpernel, fennel, bindweed, hogweed, and wild parsley. In fact, British rabbit-keepers who are adopting the Ostend system are discovering that there is practically no limit to the weeds that the rabbit will eat, though, of course, there are many neglected by the animal when more dainty fare is available. Other easily obtained foodstuffs are the vine of French beans and scarlet-runners; shoots of leaves from prunings of vine, poplar, mulberry, lime, and willow; and particularly the tops of blackberry-bushes. There are a few weeds and leaves that are dangerous, such as the deadly nightshade, sorrel, peach-leaves, and yew.

If a regular and sufficient supply of this diet is provided, it will make an ample substitute for the now expensive vegetable and grain food that convention rather than necessity has made customary. The Ostend rabbit is mainly fed upon the wild products of the fields and the

highways, and in the country of its origin millions of pounds of good meat were produced on this diet. But the Flemish breeder was careful and systematic. He did not keep his animals cramped in a malodorous box barely large enough for the doe without her young. The floor-space allowed for her was rarely less than six square feet, and facilities were provided for frequent exercise in the covered shed or open yard. The doe also received extra food and greater care, on the sound principle that a healthy parent will beget healthy progeny. As the young are fed by the mother for six or seven weeks, and are fit for market in thirteen or fourteen, they are a charge on the food-supply for a comparatively short period only. In fact, the Flemish rabbit-farmer calculated on the food costing nothing but the labour of collection, which was mainly done by the children.

The rabbitry usually consisted of a large shed or partially covered-in space, with the breeding-hutches arranged along the walls. Often they were floorless, being placed on a bed of dry sand or earth, which makes for healthy conditions and easy cleansing. In the centre of the shed or yard a heap of sand provided a miniature warren, about which the young ones spent most of their time after leaving their mothers. In fine weather a portable fence of wire or string netting was sometimes led from the rabbitry to a grass plot or garden where the young could feed profitably under natural conditions during the greater part of the day. Such fences were often led quite long distances to the garden or grass plot of a friendly neighbour. But whatever the system, the main object was to provide the young rabbits with as much fresh air, sunshine, and freedom as possible, thus bringing them as near to their natural conditions as circumstances would permit.

A doe of the breeds mentioned would produce four litters a year, averaging eight each, or about a hundred pounds of dressed rabbit-meat. Given a sufficiency of grass, weeds, and tree-cuttings, helped out by the domestic vegetable refuse, this average may be confidently expected by British rabbit-breeders, always provided that regular attention, strict cleanliness, and dry housing are recognised as absolutely essential to the health of the rabbits.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE DOVE IN THE EAGLES' NEST.

MARIUS was reflecting upon the extraordinary circumstance of hearing that song again and from so unexpected a quarter, when a slender figure clad in a robe of dusky blue, with dark gold hair blown by the breeze, appeared upon the steps of the peristyle. The singing broke off in an exclamation of surprise and

dismay as Marius Tarquinius rose to salute Miniata Polla.

She stood still as a statue, glancing at him in silent confusion, a scarlet wave of colour dyeing her face and neck, and in her dark eyes a startled yet fascinated gaze. Then, mastering her instantaneous thought of flight, she returned his

greeting with such composure as she could muster.

'Your pardon, Marius Tarquinius! I thought to find the peristyle deserted to-day, so brought hither my spinning. The sun falls so pleasantly here.'

'Then why hasten away, Lady Miniata?' returned Marius. 'Let me rather withdraw'—

'Nay, I cannot remain,' she cried, stretching out her hand to stay him as he began to roll up the papyrus. 'This is your rightful domain. I am an invader, and must retreat.'

'Then let us come to terms,' smiled Marius with charming ease, not unwilling to enjoy her society. He seemed to see her now through other eyes than those with which he had first beheld her. He had been blinded then by the glamour of Rome, but now he saw clearer, and saw, too, that his comrades had not been wrong in praising the beauty and the simple charm of the legate's daughter. 'The peristyle has room enough for two, and if my company will not displease you, we may enjoy the rare pleasure of this sunshine together.'

Miniata still stood on the step like a fluttered bird, her heart hammering within her. Had it been any other officer of the cohort, she would have had no thought save to enjoy his society as freely as if there were a bond of blood between them. All her life long she had been accustomed to look upon every man who wore the crested helmet of Rome as her friend and brother; but as she glanced at the elegant figure, the fine classic features, and dark glowing eyes of Marius Tarquinius, she was keenly aware that he was not to her as other men. Some new element which she could not explain had suddenly entered her life—something which filled her with an unwonted shyness, but also with a sense of exhilaration and a desire to venture into the unknown. He attracted her magnetically. From the very first time that she had seen him her girlish imagination had been captivated by the indefinable winningness of his personality. The wonder and the glitter of Rome seemed to hang about him like a mantle. The tones of his voice played upon her senses as a skilled player upon his instrument; while his singular beauty fascinated her eyes so that it was a delight even to glance at him through lowered eyelashes.

'If I do not disturb you, I should like to stay,' she ventured, deciding that it would be pleasurable to linger a while and regard him unobserved. She seated herself upon the couch which Marius had drawn forward for her. 'But pray do not heed my presence. I have my spinning. You are doubtless at some work,' she added, glancing at the papyrus roll which lay half-uncurled upon the table.

'Nay,' smiled Marius, 'twas a pastime on which I was engaged, not a task.'

The remembrance of that song which had died upon her lips as she appeared in the

peristyle filled his mind, and a sudden desire seized him to share with her the secret of what the papyrus roll contained.

'I was reading,' he said, taking it into his hand, 'a marvellous history—an account of the life and deeds of him who is known as the Christus.'

A light sprang into the girl's eyes, and her whole expressive face brightened as if the glow of sunset had fallen upon it when she discovered this bond of sympathy between them.

'Oh, Marius Tarquinius,' she exclaimed, 'you, too, have heard of Him? Is it not wondrous—wondrous sweet and alluring, this new faith?'

'It hath much to commend it,' he agreed.

'Have you accepted it as yours?'

'Nay! But I confess that I am half-persuaded to abandon the gods of my fathers, for this Christus seems to me more worthy of honour than the great Mithras to whom they make sacrifice to-day.'

Miniata shuddered. 'A hideous rite!' she murmured vehemently. 'It has ever repelled me, even as this new faith draws me with its message of love.'

'Yes, it moves me also,' returned Marius; 'so much, indeed, that Mithras lost a worshipper to-day. I could not make invocation at his blood-stained altar.'

'I am glad,' said the girl, looking up at him with bright, approving eyes.

Marius smiled at the simple directness of the speech. As she met his gaze the blood rose on her cheeks again like a flame of fire.

'I am glad because,' she continued hastily, to cover her confusion—'because you are thus at leisure, and will perchance tell me of Rome. I have so long desired to hear more from you. Tell me, are there many who know of the Christus in Rome?'

'Yea, a goodly number,' he answered briefly. His face hardened, and he stooped swiftly to adjust the strap of one of his sandals. The thought of those Christians in Rome disconcerted him. The recollection of Cæsar's birthday celebration in the Golden Circus rose in his mind with sickening effect. What would this girl think of such a spectacle, when the rites of Mithras caused her to shudder? And yet, had not he looked on with amusement and fiendish delight? What would she think of him if she could know? The very thought of that day seemed to put an immeasurable distance between them. And yet a great desire to stand well with this girl had come over him.

To win the adoration of women had been the effortless business of his life in Rome; but now, under the innocent glance of Miniata Polla's eyes, he was keenly conscious that what had charmed the wantons of the Imperial capital would be wholly repellent to her unsullied nature. She had asked him to tell her of

Rome, but of the Rome in which he had moved and taken delight he dared not speak before her.

'What shall I tell you?' he asked, almost shamefaced, rising from his stooping position. 'Rome is so wide a subject, I am at a loss where to begin.'

'Oh, tell me of the sunshine and the blue sky; of the flowers and the orange-groves; of the fountains, streets, and palaces! Or, say, tell me of the ladies of Rome—my countrywomen whom I have never seen!'

Again Marius's heart sank. The ladies of Rome! He quickly reviewed them as one after another of his acquaintances rose to his mind: Berenice, the voluptuous beauty, whose name was a byword of scandal; Octavia Pamphilia, brilliant, but venomous as a scorpion and cruel as a tiger; Poppæa, Nero's mistress; Lydia Metella, vain as a peacock, heartless as a stone. How could he speak of such as these to the legate's daughter, who had breathed only in the pure atmosphere of this green isle? Even the spectacle of the Christians in the arena would be preferable; there at least had been something worthy of Rome—chastity, unwavering devotion, and a valiant facing of fearful odds.

Yet speak he must, even if he had to invent fictitious characters. She was waiting expectantly, watching him with eager eyes, while her fingers worked deftly at her spinning. Then, with happy thought, he remembered those matrons whom he had hitherto despised and ridiculed for the integrity of their conduct, in whose boudoirs he had never lollèd, whose eyes had never looked into his with sensuous passion; and so he fell to telling Miniata Polla of such women as Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Aulus Plautius, the late Imperial legate to Britain, whom rumour reported tainted by the foreign superstition; and of her ward and friend, the beautiful British princess, Claudia, the wife of the Senator Pudens—names that in

later years were to be numbered among the first in the Christian Church at Rome; and of the gentle Octavia, Nero's neglected consort, who also, it was whispered, had 'leanings' towards the new doctrines.

Miniata listened with deep interest, breaking in at times to question him, eager ever to hear more of their surroundings, of their pleasures, duties, and pastimes, till the day waned and the sun began to deepen towards decline.

At length, as their eyes strayed out upon the prospect of hills stretching beyond the walls, they saw the bright sunset glow reflected dazzlingly upon the brass breastplates and helmets of the legionaries marching down the hill-slope from the altar of Mithras.

'They are returning,' announced Miniata with a regretful sigh. 'I could wish their absence had been twice as long that I might have quenched my thirst for news of Rome.'

Marius laughed pleasantly. 'Would you not be weary of me, Lady Miniata?' he asked, bending towards her with tender regard.

Again their eyes met in a long gaze, so that both might read what was mirrored there.

'I would it were beginning, not ending,' was her answer.

'The sun sets now, but it will shine again on another day,' returned Marius with a meaning glance.

The girl's eyes sparkled, and her lips smiled with happy understanding. Gathering up her spindle and wool, she rose and held out her hand. 'Farewell until that day of sunshine, Marius Tarquinius!'

He stooped and kissed her hand with graceful deference.

In a moment Miniata was speeding towards the legate's quarters, her face glowing as the sunset, and her heart beating like the tramp of the marching men as they filed through the gateway of Borconium.

(Continued on page 629.)

## SOME SCOTTISH GOSSIP OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

### PART II.

#### I.

IT is, perhaps, unreasonable, but any one perusing old diaries or letters is apt to experience a shock of surprise on realising that people in the olden days, which we look upon as almost barbaric, thought and felt and acted very much as we do now. There is something almost eerie in reading odd scraps of gossip jotted down long, long ago, detailing the joys and the sorrows, good deeds and evil deeds, love-making and funerals, of people whose very names have been long forgotten, yet recording events which might have happened yesterday.

The wooing by Sir John Swinton of that ilk of the daughter of the then Lord Advocate, Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, seems to have aroused much interest among his friends. Sir John was a widower, and as his first marriage took place in 1674, and he began paying his court to Miss Stewart in 1697, he can scarcely have been in his first youth; and we gather also that he cannot have been a very thin-skinned person. The account begins on September 29, 1697, when things seem to be going smoothly:

'Sir John Swinton has now gained his mistress, the Advocate's daughter, and there is a minute of a contract signed between them.'

By October 15, however, clouds had begun to gather :

'Miss Margaret Home came and sat with me a good while this night. She tells me, as do others, that Sir John Swinton's marriage is like to blow up. They say the Advocate's daughter has told him that, though she will obey her Father in what he commands her, yet if the thing be left to her own choice, and that death were laid in one balance, and he in the other, she had rather choose death; and that her affection is otherwise engaged. I know not what truth is in this, but I see him very pensive all Tuesday, and he went to the country on Wednesday.'

'October 22, 1697.—Mr Andrew (the youngest son of the Earl of Marchmont) told me in a secret that James Scot—the Advocate's last lady's nephew—had sent to him to come and be witness to his marriage on the Advocate's daughter—she whom Swinton is in suite of; that they design to marry privately this night, without asking the Advocate's consent. Mr Andrew acquainted my Lord Chancellour with the invitation he had got; but he ordered him to write to Mr Scot that he could not wait on him at present, he having some business of his father's in hand. This is an old intrigue, before Swinton came in play, and it seems there has been mutual engagements betwixt them. Mr Scot either went, or gave out he went to London, so 'tis not known he is here.'

Evidently the intended marriage was not accomplished on the day intended, for on October 27 we find :

'Mr Andrew Home tells me Swintone will get the Advocate's daughter yet, the Advocate having threatened to ruin James Scot and his family, if he marry his daughter, and Mr Scot is gone to London.'

So, in spite of his pensiveness and the lady's plain speaking, Sir John was not to be turned aside from his purpose. However, one is glad to find that the lady escaped from the unwelcome union after all.

'November 10, 1697.—Mr Andrew told me the Advocate's daughter was married to James Scot, but that it was not known, and Swinton was still courting her,' &c.

We do not learn when Sir John discovered the truth, or what was the lady's fate afterwards; but Sir John certainly did not remain long inconsolable, as on February 17 following he married Ann Sinclair, a daughter of Sir Robert Sinclair of Longformacus. It may interest some to note that the second daughter of this marriage married Dr Rutherford in Edinburgh, and was the grandmother of Sir Walter Scott.

## II.

We are accustomed to hear people talk about the violent and rough manners of our Scot-

tish forebears; but a little delving amongst old documents teaches us that in this matter, as in many others, it is wise to avoid generalisation. There is, of course, no doubt that roughness and violence did exist in those old days—indeed, they are not altogether things of the past; but by the better class of Scotsmen they were deplored then, just as we deplore them to-day.

If people take the trouble to speak at all about the Scots as they were in olden days, it is generally to say something disparaging about them. They would have us believe that not merely were they a violent and mannerless race, but uncouth withal, and indifferent to the ordinary usages of society. But although some people may display bad manners, it is no evidence that such manners are approved. A few scattered notes that were written by a Scottish laird about the year 1700 will help to illustrate this.

'December 29, 1699.—When I went to the street I met with William Proven, who told me my Lord Provost (who was married yesterday) desired I might dine with him. I excused myself, being engaged to Dr Stevensone; besides, I thought it was too short warning. He said he had been at my chamber, but nobody would answer. I told him I had not been abroad all the morning.'

'June 19, 1705.—Towards evening Sir John Swinton's lady sent in a servant desiring Robie [the writer's young son] might come out that she might see him. I thought this a little extraordinary, that anybody should call for my son without calling for me; yet I was going out to wait on her till, by chance asking for Sir John, the servant said he was in the coach with her. Then I thought there might be some slight designed in the case, and bid the boy [the servant] tell them they should be welcome to come in. He [Sir John] pretended being late, and several things. I bid him [the servant] tell them again, if they would come in they should be welcome, otherwise I would not send him [the son] out. So he [the servant] went out, and they went off. I have rarely seen such breeding, to come to a gentleman's house and call for his son, and at the gates, and not a word of himself. Looks as if I kept a boarding school, or seeking a quarrel!'

These two anecdotes would rather lead us to suppose that the standard of etiquette was distinctly higher in those old days than it is now; and it is to be feared that if the writer of that entry could visit us to-day, his ideas on the subject of good-breeding would receive some severe shocks.

## III.

A pleasant, friendly feeling seems to have existed in old days in Scotland betwixt landlord and tenant. The landlord attended the

weddings and the funerals of his tenants and servants, and took a kindly interest in their troubles. The following reflection, written down on June 17, 1694, by a Scottish laird after he had had a long talk with one of his tenants, indicates that the Scottish peasantry, even two hundred years ago, must have been shrewd and intelligent:

'I find it is a gentleman's interest, who is conversant in country affairs, to hear country people, especially the most intelligent, talk of business. They think of nothing else, and so are ready to make more solid remarks than gentlemen, who are more taken up with other things.'

But shrewd common-sense was not lacking in the upper classes either. The two following replies to requests for advice might serve as useful models at the present day, though they were spoken many, many long years ago. In the first case, a friend asked what course the writer would advise him to pursue, as his daughter wished to marry one man, while he wanted her to marry another.

'May 5, 1704.—I told him, if I were to determine the case, he might be sure the parent's inclinations would always balance me; though, if I were in the parent's place, I would be loathe to impose on my child.'

In the second case, a friend told the writer that a match had been proposed to him.

'He asked my opinion about it. I told him I had made a resolution never to give advice in marriages, &c.'

A pleasant little touch of kindness and goodwill comes to us across the wide gap of years, and shows us that a woman's lot in those days was not so hard as many people would like to make out.

'October 3, 1698.—MEM. Dr Trotter was here on Saturday and spoke to me of a match with Julian, and desired my countenance. I told him that my sister's part was to please herself in a choice: mine, to see provisions, &c. I wait to speak to the Chancellor in it.'

So, through good days and evil days, in those long-past years, men and women acted their little parts in life's drama. The staging was somewhat ruder than it is now, but the acting was much the same, for the passions that sway the human mind do not change. They survive through the ages, though the actors—even the men who felt those passions most poignantly—having played their parts and made their bows to the audience, pass one by one away behind the curtain, to be, in most cases, as completely forgotten as the play in which they had borne a part.

## THE LOAFER.

### PART II.

#### IV.—BEGGING.

'OH, yes,' said Bulliver, as the porter was helping him on with his coat. 'I know all about that. But look at the fag of it.'

He was talking to the man who looked as if he had been a great deal round. They had come down from the cardroom, and they were going home.

'You had quite a run of luck, Bulliver—quite a run. How much did you win?'

'Oh, about twenty-five pounds. But look at the fag of it. Why I play cards I don't know. It always tires me. What I like to do is to take things easy—absolutely easy.'

'Why are you always so ready to play, then?'

'Foolishness,' answered Bulliver—'foolishness. Man is, of all brutes, the most complicated. What I really like is peace and quiet and calm. I love to do nothing, to loaf, to dream. You ask me why I am always so ready to endure the fag of cards. And I ask you another—Why is man such a mass of contradiction? Why, oh, why?' He turned to the porter. 'Get us a taxi,' he said.

'No,' said his friend. 'We'll walk. It'll do you good.'

And they left the club together.

'Tell me of this ideal spot of yours,' said Bulliver, 'this Granada. I should like very much to go there. You mentioned it at dinner. And two or three times to-night, as I was playing, the thought of it came to me. What is it like? Is it really, as you say, a dream paradise? Come, tell me all about it.'

'It's impossible. But I'll do as well as I can. It's a wonderful jewel of a town set in the midst of great mountains. And the sun shines there as I have never seen it shine anywhere else. In it guitars are always sounding. I hear them sounding even now as I tell you of it. No one ever does anything. The people are the most delightful I have ever met. They are picturesque, and idle, and lazy, and gracious. Life goes on in a vague, enchanted way.'

'What about the Alhambra? What is it like?'

'Ah, the Alhambra! It is the crown, the glory, of this wonderful town. It overlooks it, is just above it. In it are great, cool, green elms under which you can sit and sit through the whole of the day. And as you sit you can hear the music of the water as it runs down from the great mountains, the Sierra Nevada. You can see in the distance the snow-covered tops of the mountains. They are as mountains seen in a dream. The Alhambra itself is as if

woven from a dream. It is a place of enchantment.'

'I say,' exclaimed Bulliver, 'what's the best way to get there?'

'Oh, by boat to Gib. It's a four days' journey from the Thames. When you're at Gib you can cross the bay to Algeciras. From Algeciras you can go by train to Granada.'

'When's the next boat?'

'There's one to-morrow. I had occasion to look it up yesterday.'

'Look here!' said Bulliver. 'Let's go, you and I.'

His friend laughed. 'Ah,' he said, 'I should be pleased! But there is a little difficulty. I've got to earn a living.'

'A living!' echoed Bulliver. 'I have often wondered what it must be like earning a living. It must be a bore.'

Again his friend laughed. But this time there was a grimace in his laughter. He turned and looked hard at Bulliver.

'I should say it was a bore, Bulliver. Why, my good boy, you don't know you're alive. You know nothing. A bore, indeed! Look here! As a matter of fact, it's no bore at all, Bulliver. It's most interesting, is making a living.'

'Is it? Oh, well, perhaps it is. But, so long. I must turn down here.'

And they parted.

The night had become chilly, and Bulliver turned up the big collar of his overcoat. The smooth, warm touch of the fur of the collar round his neck was soothing. He liked this particular overcoat of his very much. It had cost him fifty pounds.

'I wish he wouldn't get at me so much about having an income,' he said to himself. 'He never misses a chance to do it. But he's a good sort. I like him. If he only didn't have Socialistic ideas, though! Still, there you are. Everything has its drawbacks. He's a good sort, but he's cursed with the agitator's line of thought. Damn agitators! They are the ones that cause the mischief. Why can't they let things go on as they are? The world would be all right but for the busybodies that live in it. Why should I be got at just because I've got a little money? It isn't my fault. I didn't make Society. And even if I didn't have a penny, what difference would it make to things in general?—Hello! What do you want?'

A man had stopped suddenly in front of him. They were near to a lamp, and the man's face showed up white and haggard.

'Excuse—excuse me,' stammered the man, 'but—well, look here. Will you help me? I'm hungry. Will—will you help me? I've'—The man's voice broke off.

Bulliver was not really a bad sort. He was simply one who didn't know. The reason why he was not sympathetic with people who were

in want was because he had no real idea of what they had to put up with. It is admitted that knowledge is power. But it is more even than power. It is sympathy.

'Why should I help you?' asked Bulliver in a hard, even voice. 'I don't know you from Adam. Why don't you work?'

Ordinarily he would have gone on. He would have paid no attention to the man. But at the moment he felt in an argumentative mood.

The man came a little nearer to him. 'Work,' he said—'work? Why, I can't get work. I've tried everywhere. I'm up against it. I'm hungry.'

'Nonsense,' said Bulliver harshly. 'There's work for every one. But the fact of the matter is that it isn't every one who will work. Some people would sooner steal or beg. Why do you beg? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Sooner than beg I'd starve, or throw myself off the bridge.'

The man shrank back. The hard tone of the one from whom he had asked help cut through him. He was crushed and humiliated. He was about to turn away, when there suddenly flamed up in him a feeling of resentment. He became filled with a deadly anger against this well-dressed man who not only would not help him, but who took it upon himself to insult him. He could have killed him.

'Little you know about it!' he exclaimed bitterly. 'Little you know what hunger means. If you did, you wouldn't talk like that.'

His attitude had become threatening. But Bulliver was not afraid, even though the street was now deserted. And the notion came to him to argue with this man—to see what he was made of. He would argue with him, and after he had finished he would give him something—perhaps a shilling or half-a-crown. As already pointed out, he was not really a bad sort.

'How do you mean I don't know?' asked Bulliver.

For answer the man glared at him.

'What do you mean?' asked Bulliver again.

'What I say. You don't know what hunger means. It is you, and your like, who drive men to desperation.'

'But why don't you work? Isn't it better to work than to beg like this? If I were in your case, man, I'd work. I would do anything rather than beg.'

'Oh, would you?' said the man. 'Would you, by God? Suppose you could get no work? Suppose you couldn't even get a chance to steal? What then, my friend? What would you do then?'

The sense of human dignity that lies in all men, however deep it may be buried, had come up in him. He would talk to this man straight and hard. It was bad enough to be hungry and forlorn and alone. It was bad enough to have to be forced to beg. But to take insult!

It was too much. He would just let this fellow have it straight.

'You see,' began Bulliver, 'when men'—

'Never mind what I see,' interrupted the one who was destitute. 'People such as you, who trample on a man when he's down, are worse than murderers. You have all your wants supplied.'

'How do you know?'

'Oh, I can tell. I can feel it. You have eaten to-day, and I have not. You—you know nothing.'

He paused, and the thought flashed into Bulliver's mind that this man used the very words that his friend had used a little while ago. Was it true? Was it true that he knew nothing? What, after all, was the use of arguing with this man? It would be better to give him something and go on.

'Now, look here,' said Bulliver. 'If'—

'I can do without your lecture,' interrupted the destitute man. 'People such as you go along through life seeing nothing. And, what is worse than that, people such as you want to see nothing.'

'See here!' said Bulliver thoughtfully. 'I don't deny that there may be something in what you say. There is something in what every one says. But—well, you seem to be a man of education. I should say you had been to a public school. How is it, now, that you are in such a fix?'

'Curse you!' exclaimed the man. 'Curse you and your speculations!'

He was thoroughly roused. He had forgotten that he was hungry and destitute, and that he was a beggar. He felt that he could kill or do anything. This well-dressed man in front of him embodied the cruelty of the world towards those who were down.

'Look here!' said Bulliver. 'It's all right. I'll give'—

'Go to the devil!' exclaimed the destitute man; and he turned suddenly and walked down the street.

'Say! say!' cried Bulliver, going after him a few paces.

But the man kept on walking, and in a moment was lost in the darkness.

(Continued on page 633.)

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin*, *O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE STORY OF MATTHEW CONOLLY.\*

#### I.

A CASUAL inspection of the smiling, rufous countenance of Matthew Conolly, sometime skipper, Royal Naval Reserve, would hardly have led one to believe that there had been any sadness in his life.

Imagine a man in the late thirties—a short, stocky, deep-chested little man with rather bowed legs, a typically rolling walk, a voice like a bull, and a deep-throated laugh like the baying of a bloodhound. His clean-shaven face was tanned the colour of dark mahogany by wind and spray. He possessed a thick thatch of curly hair, graying a little over the temples, an everlasting golden stubble on his cheeks and chin which no razor ever seemed wholly to remove, a pair of twinkling gray eyes half-hidden behind bushy, untidy eyebrows, and a perpetual smile.

It was his smile, indeed, which was most attractive, for somehow his mirth was so genuine and spontaneous that it became infectious. At one moment he would be looking at you with a rapt expression—his head sideways, with one ear cocked forward like a listening dog. Then would come a slow wrinkling of his chubby face and a screwing up of

his eyes. Next came a short, explosive bark, followed by the deep, gurgling 'Huh! huh! huh!' of his laughter.

He laughed whole-heartedly with his mouth open, so that you could see his white, even teeth. He laughed because he was really amused, not out of mere politeness at somebody else's joke; and however down in the dumps you might be feeling, you were somehow constrained to laugh with him.

The first time I met him was in a railway-carriage, where, as Dick, the Sealyham, was occupying his usual travelling billet, a portion of the luggage-rack overhead, we came into conversation about dogs. Thence we drifted on to the sea, to ships, and to Matthew Conolly himself, he volunteering the information that he was off on seven days' leave to visit his wife and child, who lived somewhere up the line.

I did not take kindly to his clothes, I must admit. He was resplendent in mufti—a wonderful brown suit, blue spotted necktie, a stiff white collar constricting his bull-neck, and a pair of the shiniest brown boots I had ever seen. He clutched a pair of brown kid gloves and a silver-mounted walking-stick in one calloused, sunburnt hand, and held a cigar in the other. A black billycock hat, rather too small for him, was perched on his head, while the 'southern' portion of his white waistcoat

\*The incidents here described, though fictitious, are truly typical of the part being constantly played by our brave fishermen-volunteers.

was adorned with what a jeweller would call a 'massive gold albert' almost the size of a ship's cable. It was summer, and at intervals he mopped his shiny face with a purple silk handkerchief.

It did not need the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes to name him a seaman the moment one saw him. There was no mistaking the tanned, leathery appearance of his skin, and the network of tiny puckers and wrinkles round the corners of his eyes. And even if one missed the significance of these, there was always the faint blue anchor tattooed on his right wrist. Moreover, his high collar and shiny boots caused him obvious discomfort, which showed clearly enough that he was used to homelier attire.

And so, being carriage-mates for an hour, we talked of dogs, ships, the sea, the war—all manner of things, including the growing of sweet-peas and potatoes. He told me proudly of his wife and 'little nipper.' He spun the yarns of some of his adventures at sea during the war—adventures which knocked my humdrum experiences into a cocked hat. And at times there came that deep, infectious laugh of his, which made me laugh with him.

The next time I saw him his shiny red face was framed in the wheelhouse window of a steam-trawler elbowing her way into a lock crowded with many others of her species. She was a disreputable-looking little trawler called the *Guiding Hope*. Her hull was streaked with rust, her funnel caked with spray-salt, and her ensign blackened and unrecognisable. Only the little gun mounted on its platform abaft the funnel was really clean. And her men were thoroughly in keeping with their vessel. They looked a veritable gang of pirates, and all of them, except the wireless operator, a beardless youth of the R.N.V.R., to whom a razor was not a necessity, gave abundant evidence that they had omitted to shave for several days. But what else could one expect when their little ship had just come in from the patrol-grounds of the North Sea?

'Good-afternoon, Mr Conolly,' I hailed him when his vessel was safely secured.

'Good-afternoon,' he answered, screwing up his face to remember who on earth I was, and where we had met.

'Did you have a good leave?' I asked.

'Ah!' he said with a smile; 'now I remembers. You're the gent wi' the li'l dawg in the railway-carriage. How's the li'l dawg?'

'Very well, thanks.'

'What you done wi' him?' he wanted to know. 'Nice li'l dawg, he was.'

'He's at home,' I answered. 'I hope you found your wife and child quite well, and that you had a good time yourself.'

'Middlin' good, thank 'ee,' he grunted, scrambling ashore. 'But seven days' leave isn't much good to a man like me. All the time I keeps

sayin' to meself, "Only six days more;" "Only three days more." I counts every minute; and what wi' hoein' the garden, plantin' the vegetables, an' playin' wi' the kid, my leave is up before I properly realise it's started.'

I nodded in sympathy, for I was afflicted in the same way myself. Leave, in these days of war and strenuousness, is all too short.

And for a time, until the lock-gates opened, and with a screeching and a hooting on their whistles the group of trawlers scrambled through like a flock of sheep into the basin beyond, we walked up and down the jetty, yarning away about the things which interested us. He told a good story, did Matthew Conolly, and had a droll way of telling it.

I met him many times after that, and learned something of his history. He was one of those men who improve vastly on acquaintance, and I must say I liked him much better dressed in his simple naval uniform than in the rather flamboyant garments he affected as a civilian and a gentleman at large.

He was an orphan, and had never known his parents. His childhood had been spent with the family of his maternal uncle, and for the first five years of his life all went well, for his uncle and aunt brought him up as their own son, and came to love him. Then his aunt died, and the widower married a masterful lady of dubious charm and uncertain temper, who cordially detested Matthew. Later on, when more children arrived, he was the black sheep in the fold and an interloper, and more than once his sturdy independence of spirit involved him in serious trouble with his 'aunt-in-law.' She behaved harshly to him, and never gave him a fair chance, while there was always a subtle difference between his treatment and that of his cousins. It was not a question of money, for Matthew's uncle Timothy, a grocer with a good connection, was tolerably well endowed with this world's goods; but although the cousins were well dressed and cared for, Matthew's clothes were always thin and threadbare, and his boots full of holes. The other children were sent to private and most genteel 'scholastic establishments,' where they were taught dancing and deportment, but he picked up what little knowledge he could at the Board school.

His uncle, completely under his wife's thumb, was either too timid or too busy to remonstrate.

One would not dwell upon these details were it not for the fact that these early years of hardship and cruelty must have had a great effect in forming Matthew's character. They taught him independence and how to fend for himself, and at the age of thirteen, after a particularly stormy interview with his aunt, he marched out of the house without a penny in his pocket, and deliberately cut himself off from the only relations he had in the world, never to return.

Uncle Timothy, to do him justice, tried to

induce the truant to come back, and, when this failed, offered to finance him. But Matthew's reply was characteristic.

'Dere Uncle,' he wrote in his scarcely legible hand, 'I have gone on a ship and am happy

here. I don't want no money. Tell aunt I won't come back.—MATTHEW.'

And three years later the uncle died, and the boy was left without a real friend in the world.

(Continued on page 639.)

## THE NEW PADRE AND THE KING'S REGULATIONS.

By S. W. KING.

ON the morning after his painful encounter with the C.O.,\* the new padre appeared at breakfast minus his bandages. The adjutant hailed him as he entered the messroom.

'Come along and sit here,' he called out genially, pointing to a chair beside him. 'Well, padre,' he began, as the other took the proffered seat, 'I'm glad to see you look little the worse for your accident of yesterday.'

'Oh, I'm nearly all right again,' said the padre, with a smile. 'By the way,' he went on, 'it was very good of you to give me a bed in your room last night.'

'Not at all, padre; you were welcome,' the adjutant said courteously. 'I expect, though, your own doss-house will be ready for you to-night. Rum place to sleep in, isn't it?'

'What place do you mean?' asked the padre. 'My bedroom?'

'Of course. But perhaps you won't mind sleeping in the vestry?'

'In the vestry!' gasped the astonished padre. 'Do you mean the church vestry?'

The adjutant grinned. 'There is no other vestry that I know of in the camp,' he replied.

'But, good gracious, I can't possibly sleep there!' exclaimed his horrified listener.

'Why not?' said the adjutant coolly. 'Your predecessor managed to sleep there for six months.'

'Then I don't know how he ever dared to do it,' the padre blurted out indignantly. 'To me the idea seems almost immoral.'

'Well, you may be right,' said the adjutant good-humouredly, as he rose from the table. 'I have slept in a church before now,' he added rather maliciously, 'and I don't recollect that moral scruples interfered in the least with my rest. However,' the busy man smilingly concluded as he moved off, 'if you really have conscientious objections to the vestry, I dare say we can fix you up somewhere else.'

His breakfast finished, the padre betook himself to the anteroom, where he found several letters awaiting him. Having read and answered them, he determined to go for a stroll round the camp.

It was raining when he went outside. He ran over to the adjutant's hut, where his things were, and appeared a moment later, his head completely hidden under a large open umbrella.

He had gone only a few yards, when he met the C.O. Changing the umbrella to his left hand, the padre courteously took off his uniform-cap with his right.

'Good-morning, sir,' he said pleasantly.

The C.O. stopped abruptly, stared, and then replied with a very red face, 'Ah! is that you, padre? Good-morning—good-morning.' Then he fled. Having gone some little distance, he stopped, turned furtively round, and gazed after the retreating form of the padre.

I happened to be coming up behind him at the time, and I distinctly heard him murmur, 'Good Lord! what the blazes will he do next, I wonder?'

Two orderlies sitting on a bench not far away witnessed the meeting between their colonel and the padre, and hugged each other rapturously.

The adjutant, coming out of the orderly-room at exactly the right moment, also saw the meeting, and promptly invited the assistant adjutant to leave his work at once, and come out too.

I drew a sketch of the whole scene before going to bed that night, hoping to send it with this story to the publishers. But the C.O. called me an 'interfering fool.' He also said it would be 'devilish awkward' if the Germans ever got to know the exact position of our orderly-room. He will not even allow me to send a little picture which I drew of the adjutant's face as he stood just outside the orderly-room door.

'Better not, Stewart; better not,' he said, kindly but firmly, when I asked him. 'That little drawing of yours might fall into the hands of the German military authorities, and I don't want every bally Hun in the trenches to recognise my adjutant when they see him.'

His refusal was a sore disappointment to me, but I bore it bravely.

'Very well, sir,' I said, my face a mask; 'I won't send it.'

To return to the padre. After greeting the C.O., he put on his cap and slowly continued his stroll.

I hurried after him.

'Beastly morning, padre,' I began, as I caught him up.

'It is,' he replied mechanically.

Glancing at his face, I saw that his thoughts just then were neither with me nor with the weather.

\* See 'The New Padre Arrives at Camp' in the July number of *Chambers's Journal*.

'I ran after you,' I continued somewhat diffidently, 'to ask you if you would care to accompany me round the camp.'

'Thanks; it's very good of you,' he said in the same tone as before.

Feeling rather crushed, I was about to leave him, when he suddenly asked, turning to me, 'Did you see the colonel stop and speak to me just now?'

'I did,' I replied truthfully.

'Did you happen to notice his face at the time?'

'I did,' I said again.

'Did it give you the impression that he was a little bit put out about something?' continued the padre, as though he were cross-examining a witness in court.

I told him I would not deny that it did.

'Do you think,' he went on inexorably, 'that it was I who offended him—I mean, by anything I said or did just now when I met him?'

Instead of answering his question, I said, 'Have you, padre, ever heard of a document entitled *The King's Regulations*?'

'No. Why?'

'Oh, nothing!' I said carelessly. 'It's just an interesting little book, that's all. You ask me,' I continued, 'why the C.O. was put out when he met you. I will tell you. In the first place, the C.O. hates umbrellas.'

'Oh!' the padre said feebly, promptly closing his.

'And, in the second place, you saluted him by taking off your cap. He hates that too.'

The padre blushed. His feelings were hurt.

'But I only did it,' he protested, 'out of ordinary politeness. After all, the colonel is nearly twice my age.'

'Quite so,' I said kindly. 'I thoroughly understand and appreciate your motive. That does not alter the fact that you did a thing which the C.O. hates. You took off your cap.'

We walked on in silence for a few moments. Then the padre meekly asked, 'Why does the colonel object to our using umbrellas?'

'Because,' I answered, 'he thinks they are unbecoming. It is, of course, a ridiculous objection; but then the C.O. is a ridiculous man.'

'What does he mean by "unbecoming"? ' my companion asked again in the same meek tone.

'Simply this. Black and khaki are not, in his opinion, a suitable combination of colours. That is all.'

The padre favoured me with such a long look that I grew uneasy. All, however, that he said was, 'Then it's the colour of the umbrella he objects to—not the umbrella itself?'

'Exactly,' I agreed with haste, glad to escape so easily.

'Well, why not have khaki umbrellas? That ought, surely, to be simple enough.'

I hesitated. I had not bargained for a question of that kind. But the padre's eyes were on me

again. Truth to tell, they were beginning to worry me. I thought of asking him to be good enough to remove them. Then I pulled myself together.

'By Jove, padre!' I exclaimed joyfully, 'that's an excellent suggestion of yours. What made you think of it?' I added, glancing reverently at his face.

It was expressionless. So was his voice when he spoke.

'Do you think,' he said slowly, 'I might mention it to the colonel at lunch to-day?'

I trembled exceedingly—much as Isaac did, in fact.

Already my stories and sketches had induced the C.O. to take a keener interest in my welfare than was customary. But if ever he came to hear of my little conversation with the padre about umbrellas! The perspiration broke out on my forehead.

'Well—er—I don't know that that would be a very wise step,' I began hesitatingly. I was feeling my way. Suddenly I felt it. 'You know,' I went on confidently, 'what a shocking temper the Old Man has at the best of times. At least, you don't—but you will.' I paused for a moment to allow my words to sink in. 'Meanwhile,' I added significantly, 'knowing the C.O. as I do, I feel it is only my duty to inform you that the bare sight of an umbrella as large and as black as yours is will have put him in a rage which may last many days.'

It was a long speech, and, I admit, a clever one. The effect on the padre was top-hole.

'Very well,' he said sadly. 'I shall wait till the colonel is in a better mood; though I must'—

'That's right, padre,' I broke in quickly. 'That's altogether right. It would, indeed,' I added softly, 'distress me beyond words if the old fellow were rude to you on your very first day in camp.'

'Though I must confess,' continued the padre, looking at me coldly, 'that what you say about the C.O. astonishes me. I thought him such a nice man.'

'Of course you did,' I agreed heartily. 'So does everybody who doesn't know him. But, look here,' I went on, pointing to the rain, 'it's coming down pretty heavily just now. Suppose we go indoors, where we can talk in comfort?'

The camp church happened to be close at hand. We went into the vestry, and sat down on the padre's bed. The padre put his umbrella under it.

'Thanks,' I said warmly. 'You must understand,' I began solemnly, ignoring my companion's quick look of astonishment, 'that what I am now about to say will be told you in your capacity as a clergyman. You will, therefore, give me your word not to mention it to the Old Man!' The padre bent his head in token of assent. 'After your sacred promise,' I went on, 'I see no reason to prevent me from telling you all that is in my

heart. All about the C.O., I mean. It is, of course, of him I wish to speak,' I continued, with a glance at my companion. 'There is water,' I said, 'trickling from your cap on to your nose. You may take it off, if you wish—your cap, I mean.' The padre hastily removed his cap. 'To go on,' I said. 'The C.O. is a tyrant—an unmannerly tyrant. He has forbidden us—bidden us, mark you—to take off our caps under any circumstances—in the open, of course,' I added hastily, seeing the padre glance nervously at his. 'He won't allow us to remove them even in the presence of a lady.'

'Dear me!' my companion exclaimed feebly.

'Even so,' I said. 'It has come to that. And the reason he chooses to give for his degrading behaviour is that with our hair cut so short we might catch cold. He also says that he will never allow a mere convention to interfere with the health of his officers and men.'

'You do not think, then, that is the real reason?' asked the padre.

'I do not,' I said. 'The real reason, I am convinced, is this. The C.O. is a vain man. He is therefore, of course, a ladies' man. Further, he is painfully bald. Do you see the connection?' I asked with a knowing wink at my companion.

'I do not,' he replied coldly.

'I should have thought it was quite obvious,' I said airily. 'You learnt logic, I suppose, when you were at college?'

'A little.'

'That will be enough. You will need only a very little to be able to follow my reasoning. Let me state my—er—syllogism: The C.O. is a vain man. All vain men are ladies' men. *Ergo*: The C.O. is a ladies' man. Am I clear so far?'

'Quite,' the padre acknowledged.

'Being a padre,' I continued, 'you naturally know all about ladies. You will, then, agree with me when I say that ladies are romantic. Now, a bald head is not a very romantic object, is it?' The padre wearily shook his head. 'The C.O.,' I went on, 'knows that as well as you do. He is bald, as I have already said. Therefore, he keeps his hat on when he meets a lady.' Complacently I looked at my companion, but as quickly looked away again. 'To make his own behaviour appear natural,' I said hastily, 'what does he do? Why, he'—

'I think,' put in the padre dryly, 'you told me the answer to that question five minutes ago.'

'What does he do?' I repeated firmly. 'Why, he issues an order to the officers and men under his command that they are not to take off their caps when saluting a lady.'

'You have now reached the point from which you started,' said the padre in his coldest tones. 'Do, for goodness' sake, get on,' he added rudely. 'I don't wish to take up more of your time than is absolutely necessary.'

'My story is almost finished,' I declared weakly. The padre's manner frightened me.

'I am glad to hear it,' he said.

'I was only going to add,' I explained humbly, 'that obviously the C.O. must be able to give a good reason for such a strange order.'

'I am under the impression that I have heard the "good reason,"' said the padre grimly. 'It has something to do, I think, with short hair and colds, and a mere convention not being allowed to interfere with'—

'If you don't mind,' I broke in hastily, 'I think I'll be off. I have a lot of work to do, and the C.O. is a very hard man.' And I made for the vestry door; but my companion's voice stopped my flight.

'One moment, Stewart,' he said. 'Before you go to your work, will you be good enough to answer two questions?'

'What are they?' I asked cautiously, my hand on the door-knob.

'The first question is: "Why are officers and men in uniform not allowed to use umbrellas?" And the second is: "Why, when they meet female acquaintances, are they forbidden to take off their caps in salute?"'

There was a pause.

The padre and the liar looked each other straight in the eyes. Then simultaneously both burst out laughing.

'I think, padre,' the liar found himself answering, 'I'm going to like you.'

'And I you,' said the padre heartily.

With a sudden mutual impulse they shook hands. Then they left the vestry.

That night, after mess, I found the padre diligently reading in the anteroom.

'May I ask what you are reading?' I said.

'Certainly,' he replied, with a grin. '*The King's Regulations*.'

#### A PIECE OF WRECKAGE THROWN UP AT WATERGATE BAY, CORNWALL.

FROM what dim caverns of the engulfing main

Were these old timbers cast upon the shore,

With barnacles and slime and old sea stain,

The sloughs of time beneath the Atlantic roar?

Long since a galleon parted fair and free

From Italy to western oceans bound;

And this poor remnant marked with 'Napoli'

Shows the last bourne those brave adventurers  
found.

What was thy cargo, where thy ports of call?

Was thine a quest to probe the Spanish Main?

And is thy prize where oozy sea-worms crawl,

Or didst thou search the Indies all in vain?

None read the secrets hid beneath the wave;

No eye can trace the ruthless ocean's store;

But thou hast found an unrecorded grave

Where storms are stilled and hopes beguile no  
more.

OSWALD H. HARDY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

WHEN you look along the gallery of the world's great generals, those who seem to have bent the destiny of peoples, you may sometimes reflect that in appearance they have one common characteristic: they are cold, hard, stern. You may call it strength, if you please, but it is not quite that, or not that alone. A strong man may be of kindly mien; a gentleness repressed may peep for a moment from behind the mask. In the look of many of these men there is the suggestion of a certain crude remorselessness, of materialism, of simple, hateful selfishness. There was nothing kindly upon the countenances of Cæsar and Napoleon. Wellington, a lesser general, had such a simple coldness upon him. Kitchener was as hard of look as Bonaparte himself. But how should it be otherwise? There can be nothing surprising that men whose lives are given to soldiering—a little statecraft mixed with it at times—whose business, after all, is bloody destruction (even though good and glory and preservation may be the aim of it); men who are educated and paid to fight and kill, and not to read poets by the banks of streams, or wander through woods in thought, or rhapsodise upon sweet music—it is not surprising that these men should have a steely, heartless glance, the facial mark of militarism. They are not invited to cultivate such fine emotions as light the countenance and signal the spirit that urges humanity on to higher things, that sees the conquest of the fearful problem of life and futurity in the heart and soul, and not in sword-thrusts and bursting bombs. Perhaps, sometimes, appearances have belied these great generals. We know that some of them have had fine tastes, that the æsthetics have not been beyond their range, that the hardness and the materialism have often been but a second nature sprung from lifelong habit, and that beyond and buried there have been a kindness and a tendency that in another life might have led on to a different splendour. But General Foch, who is in full command of by far the greatest army that has ever been gathered, the army of half a world and not a nation, is somewhat different from others. On his countenance there are indeed sternness, resolution, reserve, and strength. The lines are strongly marked; trials

and care have cut them. His eyes are deep set and penetrating, the lower lip and the chin are formidable. But there is a certain Latin smoothness, flexibility, and gentleness upon the face of this generalissimo, betokening, as our fancies, a man of heart, of kindness. The human touch is upon it. There seems to be indicated in him something of that human simplicity which, after all, stands for the best and greatest in mankind; for the finest men have preserved in their natures much of the innocence and the belief, the sincerity and the wonder, that filled them when they were little children.

\* \* \*

One likes to think of General Foch in a way like this, for in him, in his skill and his judgment, his valour and his action, there is reposed the best hope of humanity. All the civilised nations that would have us toiling, troubled humans struggle through the dark mysteries of life and progress, in the conviction that in ultimate destiny there is a state for man that is beyond his present thought and imagination, now have given to General Foch at the crisis of the struggle, the most fateful moment that has been known since mankind came into being, the guardianship of the cause. The fate of hundreds of millions of people, of nations, of races and civilisations, of all things in the world now and after—some would dare to say of eternity itself—is entrusted to this man who rose from the sunny south of France, who played as a child in the shadow of the Pyrenees, and left it to become a soldier and fight for France when the present enemy of the world struck foully at her nearly fifty years ago. In the past some have thought of responsibilities and spoken of them in certain cases as being 'tremendous.' Responsibility is indeed often a crushing thing; but what a responsibility is here! A giant bigness of heart and mind is needed to carry such a truly appalling burden. Statesmen may prattle, Cabinets decide, nations may labour, and men and guns be given in infinite numbers to the battles. But at the crowning hour, when all the Ministries are far away, when the nations have supplied their best and their all, the fate of the case, the issue of it, rests largely with one man in supreme control upon a blood-stained

part of Europe. A slip, and the world may fall. He is a brave man who faces this tremendous task and responsibility. He surely is the most important man in the world to-day; it might be argued that he is the most important man the world has known. And if upon him there is cast the greatest responsibility, and if he is the finest general on the side of the fighting Allies, and, as one would say, in Europe or the world, there is this thought to be added, that he may be the last of the generals. If the idealists have their splendid way, if the nations should sit together at council tables, and if war should be abolished—hope indeed!—then General Foch will have been the last of the generals, and the one who made himself the last.

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Foch no doubt has exact knowledge of the place where he was born, but, not regarding the matter as of immediate importance, he has not troubled to correct certain mistakes that the admiring Parisian chroniclers have made, for they vary somewhat in choice of spot, though the locality is certainly Tarbes, or somewhere round about, and the year was 1851. An interesting reflection is provoked upon the circumstance that so much of France's best blood comes from the south. Among the generals, Joffre was one who sprang from there. The education of Foch was begun at Tarbes, and afterwards he went to St Étienne. Then he was prepared at the École St Clément in Metz for the Polytechnic School, where, after serving in the war of 1870, he was admitted in 1871. Next he attended the Cavalry School of Saumur, in 1878 he was made captain, and in 1884 was admitted to the Superior School of War, to which in 1896 he returned to fulfil the duties of professor of general strategy and tactics. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel two years later. Foch had made a good place for himself in the military world; he was a fairly successful man, and one of ambitions; yet when the present century began—but yesterday, as it seems to many—this man upon whom so much depends was, after all, but a lieutenant-colonel, and there are many soldiers of that rank. Even France was taking but little note of him. Foch was not depending on influence or adventitious circumstance to help him on, and his coming was not heralded. He was making his own way. It is a little odd to reflect that in 1900 he was, indeed, dismissed from his appointment at the Superior School of War. General Bonnal succeeded General Langlois as commandant of that institution, and the new broom began an extensive sweeping, as the result of which Foch was one of several professors who were sent elsewhere. But it was said and realised that his doctrines had made a special mark at this School of War, and that he had exercised a permanent influence upon the teaching of tactical systems. France realised that she had

great need of this man, and began to watch him closely. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in 1907, and shortly afterwards was appointed commandant of the School of War. Seven years back he was raised to the command of the Thirteenth Division at Chaumont, and soon afterwards to the distinguished and highly important command of the Twentieth Corps at Nancy. There he was when war broke out, and we know what has happened since—or some of it. During the battle of the Marne he hurled the German Imperial Guard into the marshes; then he led his forces during the long and bloody battle on the Yser, and organised the liaison between the French and the British armies. The success of the Somme offensive in 1916 was largely due to him, and by the end of that year he had been entrusted with several missions both in France and in Italy. He directed the Anglo-French troops that were sent to the aid of the Italians when the Austrians and Germans made the wild rush that resulted in the Isonzo retreat. When M. Clemenceau rose to power as Premier, it was evident that he had made up his mind to have Foch at the general head of things on the Western Front. Long before we knew of it here, but when some had a suspicion of what was about to happen, they were declaring in Paris that Foch was to be generalissimo, and in effect was that then. The confidence of M. Clemenceau—so generally a cynic, with no obvious and complete trust in many persons or things—in his Foch has been a very interesting phenomenon. When war problems were to be solved in the early part of this year the French Premier would look around for Foch, and take him with him to great discussions, saying petulantly, 'I must have Foch! I can't do without Foch!' Clemenceau is a man of marvellously keen discernment, and he plainly indicated that he believed Foch knew more about war, and the possibilities and the necessities thereof in the present instance, than any other general fighting on the side of the Allies, good as some of the others were.

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Foch forms a peculiar personality. Something of his private ways comes from one in Paris who has seen and knows them. It is said by certain of those around him that he is sometimes suspected of a far-distant Celtic origin. It is urged in these speculative quarters that his name suggests a Celtic source. They say that *foex* in Celtic means 'fire,' and that it is from *foex* that Foch has come. Let us add that his name is pronounced with the last letters soft, as Fosh. If his ancestors were of the name of Foex, which stood for 'fire,' how would not Balzac, they say, have revelled in this circumstance, believing as he did in the predestination of names! And Foch has the blue eyes of the Celt, even though, being of the Midi, his complexion is so dark. Some say that he has also

a touch of the Basque in him, and that for years he lived within sight of the Spanish border. He is a man of simple tastes and careful discretion in his speech. He distributes his time between his military labours, his family, reading, and sport. A man of much culture and wide reading, he is especially devoted to history, as to which his knowledge and his memory are astonishing. It has been suggested earlier that as a rule generals are not conspicuous for their appreciation of the arts. Sometimes they may display a certain lofty and ignorant patronage of them, and it is a habit with invaders to steal the enemy's pictures when opportunity offers. They are as the tokens of success. But Foch, though arms have taken up his thoughts for most of his life, has a genuine love and appreciation of the work that arises from the higher minds and spirits of men, and for the beauties that are given to the world. As a youth he used often to frequent the house of Gustave Doré, with whom his family was on some terms of intimacy, and he met Rossini there. He came to experience a taste for the works of the composer of the *Barber of Seville*, but he loves best the old French musicians like Couperin, Lassus, Blavet, and Rameau. And, as regards tastes and affections, it may be added that he has a reputation for being a connoisseur in old furniture. At the table, we are told, he is a man of frugality and few marked tastes. He will eat anything that is placed before him without complaint of *chef*; he sips a little wine, with some coffee to follow, but avoids liqueurs and spirits. Indeed, if he has any special attachment at all in matters of food and drink, it is for fruits. And we of Britain mark well that he is a sportsman. Foch is a great, if not a mighty, hunter. When the motor-car first became a practical machine for locomotion, and enthusiasm for its adoption set in, Foch was swept along with the torrent, and automobilism became a passion with him for a time. But presently he recovered, and went back to his horses, admitting that, after all, they were the nobler if not the faster things. Never does he experience a keener sense of exaltation than when on a fine morning his favourite chestnut, which is described as a golden chestnut, and which pricks up his ears at the name of *Cresus*, is brought round for him, and when his foot is put to stirrup. It is a fine animal, pure-blooded and an acknowledged beauty, one that he bought in 1913, and that has never been long out of his company since then. On horseback, riding through the forest, the generalissimo is completely contented, for he is a lover of nature in her every manifestation, and rejoices in the view of many splendid trees. Next to war, in fact, it is probable that Foch knows more of trees than anything, for he has made a deep study of their characteristics, their cultivation, and their utilisation. If the conversation in a group in which he is temporarily situated should perchance

turn to gardening, Foch, in enthusiasm, will speedily direct it on to tree culture; and in times of peace, when he takes a holiday at a favourite little place of his by Finisterre, he spends most of his time in tree study and in tree inquiries among the youth and the old age of those parts. This has nothing to do with war—save that tree destruction in the battle areas is surely the most pathetic thing of all next to man destruction, and Foch must feel it so. It is not a usual taste in generals, or indeed in many other people, and it is a good one. Every man has some bad habit, or there is a general fault about him; and, as we have spoken only of the good points of this generalissimo, let it be added accusingly and without mercy that in a land where smoking is often practised to excess, and at a time when there is more of it than ever before, Foch is one of the champions. You do not see him without a cigarette between his fingers; but an old smoker, who really smokes for the love of nicotine, might say peevishly that, after all, this general, despite his everlasting cigarette and the electric installation he has had put in his war automobile to rekindle it, because of his continually allowing it to go out, is but a trifle with the herb. He may allow the light to be extinguished half-a-dozen times. It is doubtless because he is thinking.

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The general has the reputation for being a little distant, very reserved, with those who do not know him well. Others will say he is taciturn until one is intimate with him. When he is busy with war and its works he is a man of very few words. His orders are given most briefly. He makes fewer addresses to the soldiers than they would like, and, as some would say, would be good for them; but it is urged that in this case it is a certain shyness that restrains him, for such addresses are invariably and inevitably accompanied by demonstrations of popularity, and these are things that the generalissimo cannot bear. But set him in a circle of his friends at night when work is done and there is some relaxation, and they will tell you that there is nowhere a more delightful and good-hearted companion than Foch. His tongue will slip unloosened; he will begin to tell a story; his heart and his manner will warm; and, ere he realises it, he is away in the country or over there in Russia or in England, and is recounting his adventures in divers places in those lands. Before he turns in at night, he has a way often of giving himself up for a while to thoughts upon some great problem that is before him, especially if it is a case of deciding upon one of various courses. He will meditate much and deeply upon it, and then will retire to bed without having reached any decision. Thus, as we say, he sleeps on it. A process of the distilling of decision from the materials that are collected in the mind goes on apparently

during the hours of sleep, when there is no human wilfulness or prejudice to interfere with them, and in the morning the essence is complete. After rising Foch knows his decision without further thought. He says that often he recalls the subject for the first time when he looks at himself in his mirror during the act of shaving, and knows the result. This is a little curious as part of a man's habit or system. His is a keen judgment, and in the matter of anticipations we may class him as a careful and discriminating optimist. If he believes in a thing, he believes in it very much. He has the faith which will translate mountains. There have been moments in recent operations when some have thought that Foch had been optimising to excess, but he is justified. He told the British Premier at the beginning of this year's German offensive that if there could be such a thing as an independent free-lance general, with a choice of armies, and he were the man, he would assuredly for the future operations prefer the French and British set of soldiers and positions to those of the enemy; and later, when things were not apparently proceeding very well for the Allies, he sent a message to Downing Street that the chieftain there should be informed that he, Foch, still considered that his cards were the better set. The German offensive had just been well established when a man of some importance from Italy was admitted to his headquarters one day, and had some questions to ask. He found Foch possessed of a remarkable *sang-froid*. It was near to the end of a day, but outside there was continuous excitement, and motor-cars were dashing up, and speeding away again, in such number and with such haste as indicated the tension of the time. But Foch was so cool. He sat in his chair, stretched out his legs, and had the manner of a man who had earned his repose. And he murmured then, 'The Boche waves are breaking on the banks. To hold them back, however, is not all. We have ample resources, and we shall do something more. We may be satisfied with the way in which things are going.'

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In some quarters lately there have been statements of the military views, principles, and instructions of Foch by himself, that have been taken as newly written, whereas they have really been extracted from the two highly important volumes that he prepared during the time he was director of the Superior School of War. They are entitled *The Principles of War* and *The Conduct of War: Manœuvres in Battle*. Remarkable works are these, and a strong personality, with marvellous perceptions, and strength of belief in them, is revealed in these pages. He puts a saying of Napoleon as a preface to the first of them: 'It is not genius that suddenly reveals to me what I must say or do in a cir-

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## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER X.—RIVALS.

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Ever since their unexpected encounter on the Feast of Mithras, something of the eternal message of spring, the hope and the gladness of life and youth, had echoed as never before in the hearts of Marius Tarquinius and the daughter of the legate.

In spite of the pressure of the young officer's daily routine, opportunities for meeting proved frequent. Often, when Marius fulfilled his duty of overseeing the archers' practice, the way to or from the butts was rendered all too short by the company of Miniata Polla, who took occasion to choose the well-beaten track towards the targets for her morning walk with her attendant. At each meeting, brief though it might be, their spirits seemed to unfold more and more to one another under the sunshine of mutual attraction and understanding, even as the fronds of bracken on the hillside were daily unfurling beneath the pale sun's rays.

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frank and demonstrative, Marius was eager to impart to his friend the secret of the new hope and aspiration which had come into his life, knowing well that Cunobelin shared the cohort's affectionate regard for the legate's daughter, but all unsuspecting of his deeper passion.

Not until the month of Juno had decked the thorn-trees with white blossom, and strewn the thicket with blue hyacinths and pale anemones, was the Third Century relieved by the Fifth from the duty of guarding the building operations at the new encampment.

It was towards sundown when the returning century approached Borconium. They had skirted the base of the thicket, and were now making their way up the winding track that led through a sea of gorse in lavish bloom to the south gate. Cunobelin rode with his fellow-centurion in the rear of the marching legionaries, whose helmets, spears, and breastplates flashed dazzlingly in the evening sunlight, that lay like a golden haze upon the hills.

It had been a holiday afternoon in the fort, with the usual bull-baiting in the amphitheatre, but as the hour of the evening roll-call was at hand, the holiday-makers were now bending their steps towards the gates. The Third Century had already passed several hot and dusty groups returning from various pursuits. Some carried trophies of sport in fur or feather, while one man clambered up the heath-slope with a large otter slung on his back, followed by the hunters carrying staves, their tunics bearing evident traces of immersion in the river.

The officers acknowledged their salutes as they went by, their horses at a walk. The thicket lay below them now, and they were almost level with the topmost branches of the trees, all clothed in the bright green verdure of early summer.

Cunobelin's eyes rested upon them lovingly. The glade had come to be like a sacred place in his thoughts ever since that holiday when Miniata Polla had sat by the murmuring stream and talked with him about the new faith. And now that he was once more to be within the same encircling walls with her, might not such happiness be his again? And this time would not the flowers be springing around them, and the sun be breaking through a green tracery of arching boughs, and the sky be blue even as the sky of Rome? His heart leapt at the joyous imagining.

At that moment, as the track turned sharply, a woman in sombre-hued garments climbed up the steep incline from the thicket through the gorse and gained the road. She stood waiting at the side till the marching soldiers should pass, and Cunobelin recognised Miniata Polla's dark-skinned Hebrew attendant. As he came up she flung him a rapid, intelligent glance, then looked along the road as if in search of her charge. The Briton's gaze rested on her with keen interest. He could never see her wrinkled face and gentle, liquid eyes without remembering

that in the flush of youth she had looked upon the Christ.

Her presence there betrayed to him the fact that her mistress must be near at hand, and on turning the bend of the road he beheld, a little ahead, the slender, lily-like form of Miniata Polla, clad in a summer robe of white, her dark gold hair rippling about her like a cloak.

By her side was one of the officers of the cohort, apparently holding her in talk as they walked slowly up the hill. For a moment Cunobelin was too absorbed in the sight of the girl to pay much heed to her companion. But as his gaze followed them he realised with a start of surprise that the handsome figure with the graceful bearing and the buoyant step could be none other than Marius Tarquinus.

The rhythmic tramp of the approaching century, falling on their ears, caused the two to stand aside at the edge of the road. Cunobelin could see their faces now, though they were turned towards one another, their talk apparently deeply engrossing their attention.

The Briton's keen eyes did not fail to note that they had come from the thicket. Marius was carrying a fishing-rod and a bunch of fish on a string. Upon his helmet was fastened a cluster of hawthorn-blossom, and round his neck a garland of wood anemones. The girl's fair white dress also bore traces of having been among lush grass and mossy banks. A trail of burr adhered to her flowing tresses, and on her head was a chaplet of marsh-mallows interwoven with pale young sycamore. A festoon of gay-coloured wild-flowers twined about her waist and shoulders, and in her hands she bore a sheaf of blue hyacinths, so that she might have appeared as a veritable emblem of the month of Juno.

The legionaries were now marching past them at a steady pace, ten men abreast, the officers following a step or two behind. As they came up Marius stood at salute, with a smile upon his face. His eyes the while eagerly sought those of his friend, but he knew he could exchange no word with the centurion on duty. The girl smiled in welcome, and waved her hand gaily as they rode by. Cunobelin sat his horse like an image carved out of stone, his deep-blue eyes gazing straight before him, and not a muscle of his face moving as he returned Marius's salute.

Presently, when they had left the pair behind, his sub-centurion turned in his seat and looked back, then laughed lightly. 'Ha, ha! A change of tune there! The Roman beauties are vanquished, and our young friend is seeking to charm the Lady Miniata. By Venus, I could swear that he is succeeding well! Didst mark the blush upon her cheek and the coronal around his neck?'

Cunobelin ignored the question, and continued to stare at the glancing helmets of the legionaries in the rear line. Yet he saw them not. A savage passion of jealousy had suddenly gripped

his heart like a vice. Everything was black before him, as if a dark cloud had come down upon the summer evening, shutting out the sinking sun. In his mind's chaos two figures alone stood out with taunting clearness—Marius Tarquinius and the Lady Miniata. They looked into one another's eyes, and talked as if a bond of friendship, or something stronger, was sealed between them. Marius Tarquinius, his well-beloved comrade, his most dear friend, had stepped in before him and usurped his place! Small wonder that the world looked black and all the summer beauty faded away.

Had it been anywhere else than in the thicket that Marius had chosen to spend his hours of leisure, Cunobelin thought he could have borne it; but in *his* thicket, *his* sacred place, and with the girl of his dreams—was it not unendurable? Even the rod that Marius carried was *his* rod. He had begged him to make free use of it during his absence; but now, in the hand of Marius, standing there beside Miniata Polla, it seemed to turn into a dagger that stabbed him.

In a maze, scarce knowing where he went, Cunobelin passed into the fort. Dismissing his century, he went to report their return, then sought his own quarters.

Striding along the echoing stone corridor, he dashed aside the leathern curtain of his dormitory and flung himself prone upon the couch.

How long he lay there he could not have told. It seemed for an endless length of time, during which a tumult he could not control raged within him; yet in reality it was only for as long as it took Marius Tarquinius to reach the officers' quarters after taking leave of the legate's daughter in her father's portico.

Cunobelin was aroused by hearing the Roman's musical voice singing out his name as he came along the corridor with quickened steps. Starting from his couch, he stood to his full height, with a grim, drawn face, to await his rival. In an instant the curtain was pushed aside, and Marius sprang upon him with outstretched arms, greeting him with all the ardour of his Southern

blood. Eagerly he poured forth a shower of questions concerning his friend's welfare, blind to his cold, restrained demeanour.

The genuine sincerity of his welcome proved like a cooling balm to the Briton's tormented spirit. Gradually, under the melting power of Marius's dark eyes and magnetic charm of voice and smile, the canker of his heart was soothed, and a sense of shame and disdain of himself came over him that he could have given way to so savage a passion.

A summons to the evening meal in the mess-hall put a stop to any intimate talk for some hours. It was not till the twilight was lost in deep-blue night that Marius was able to confide to his friend the news of the greatest event in his life during the absence of the Third Century.

Walking to and fro in the glimmering starlight on the Centurion's Wall, but out of the beat of the officer on guard duty, the young Roman laid bare his tender feelings for the legate's daughter. Every incident of their friendship, from that first meeting in the officers' peristyle on the Feast of Mithras to this last afternoon in the thicket, was related with disarming candour.

Cunobelin listened, silent and inscrutable. Every word that Marius spoke was like a stab to his heart; yet also was it a silencing seal. No hint of his own passion, he resolved, must pass his lips or betray itself in any manner. The wound might bleed, but the poison was gone from it; their friendship could blossom fair as before.

'I am unworthy, oh my friend!' ended Marius, throwing his arms about the Briton's neck in his impulsive fashion, and looking into his grave face. 'But you, who have led me towards the higher ways and taught me to see the beauty of the best, say, do I not well in thus daring to aspire towards her—in making her my lodestar, in the hope that one day I may win her if she will?'

Cunobelin could scarce make answer. Only a half-stifled murmur escaped his lips: 'Ay, ay—the highest—love and sacrifice!'

(Continued on page 646.)

## THE BURMA WOLFRAM-MINES IN TAVOY.

**BURMA** is the largest wolfram-producing country in the world to-day. Most of this valuable ore comes from Tavoy, situated to the south of Rangoon, and within a day's steam of it if the tides of two rivers happen to be propitious, which they generally are not. At the present time one of the most ancient of British Indian steamers is employed on the run. The accommodation is cramped, the passage melancholy and slow. Passengers have to tranship in the Tavoy River to a steam-launch to get to the town, and are turned out on a muddy bank, often at night, to find their way as

best they can to the houses whither they are bound. Rome was not built in a day, and though British rule was established in Tavoy just ninety years ago, it is only in quite recent times it has become a place of importance. Improvements in the primitive landing arrangements are going along rapidly. Some day there will perhaps be a steamer running which will be able to get to the town, and dispense with the transhipping business; and before the middle of the century there may be a railway laid to Maulmain, which the progressive Siamese Government may be glad to continue to Bangkok, for

Tavoy constitutes a sort of half-way house on the road from Burma to Siam, yearly frequented by traders during the dry season.

One reads in old Indian geological reports complaints of the abundance of wolfram, and misgivings that it would be likely to interfere materially with the profitable working of tin in many localities. Its value was not then known, of course, and no one imagined that the British Government would ever be buying Bolivian wolfram at one thousand pounds a ton, or Tavoy wolfram at two hundred and ten pounds. These high rates have naturally stimulated production, and made wolfram-mining in Tavoy a very paying industry.

In some of the larger mines in Tavoy good quarters are being built for the staff and miners, but the smaller mines are equipped in a very makeshift fashion. The buildings are mostly of bamboo with thatched roofs, little better than coolie lines. Owners are reluctant to tie up money in expensive buildings, when they think the future of wolfram is so uncertain. The difficulty and the cost of building are great, and are constantly increased by the competition of various owners all anxious to get the work done within a limited time.

The miners are largely Chinamen, working after their own fashion, taking up a patch of sluicing-ground, or a tunnel upon the wolfram-lode. They undertake all the work—mining, cleaning, and delivery—being paid generally so much per rics (3·6 lb.) by the mine management. Tools and explosives are provided free, and the mine has to maintain ditches or drains to bring water to the sluicing-ground. When underground work is being carried out, a cross cut is usually made along the length of a lode, where it crops out on the side of a hill. Explosives are generally used to break down the lodes, which in Tavoy are invariably quartz, with a little mica showing, mainly on the sides; the wolfram in crystalline form is scattered irregularly through the quartz. When clearing out the adit, Chinese miners examine all the lode stuff for wolfram, or what they think signs of it, inside the lumps of quartz. These they break up small, washing the result clean with water in an inclined trough; the light quartz sand washes away, leaving behind the heavy minerals, wolfram and tin, at the head and the bottom of the trough.

Tavoy offers no exception to the rule that wolfram is usually associated with tin. In some mines there is as much as 20 per cent. tin; more commonly under 10 per cent.; whilst a very few mines have practically no tin. Wolfram in Tavoy occurs in modified oblique prisms, almost black in colour, and of a splendid lustre when broken from clean underground quartz. In 'alluvial' and on the surface it is shining to dull in appearance. In all cases the structure is lamellar, and the ore breaks with an uneven fracture, being brittle. It can be readily

scratched with a penknife, showing a dark reddish or brown streak. Its composition is tungstate of iron and manganese—tungstic acid, 75–76; protoxide of iron, 9–20; protoxide of manganese, 6–12 per cent. Its specific gravity is 7·4 to 7·9; that of tin is 6·5 to 7·1, so that they are practically inseparable by washing. But separation is now effected in Tavoy by an electric separator. The mixed ore is crushed small, and separated by being passed across fields of varying magnetic intensity.

The winning of wolfram and tin on the hill-side workings is a more difficult and dangerous operation, and there have been some fatal accidents. The area selected is commanded by water led from the nearest stream by a ditch. These ditches are in some cases several miles long, and are carried in iron or wooden flumes over interrupting gorges or streams (liable when in flood to cause damage to the ditch), and along precipitous hillsides, on which it is unsafe or too costly to cut out a ditch. Below the patch of ground to be worked, a nearly level ditch is cut which is the 'ground sluice' into which, and along which, all the wolfram-tin dirt is washed. Men placed above the ground sluice, and below the watercourse, dig and break down with hoes the intervening ground, which the water carries down into the ground sluice, so that the heavy minerals may settle, whilst the stream of water carries off the lighter clays and sands. At the end of the ground-sluice is a wooden trough which acts as an extension to it, and maintains the sluice-bottom, which is liable to be cut away and deepened if not protected. Higher up the sluice, men shovel up the stones into a wire net held in both hands, so as to sort the fragments carrying wolfram from worthless stones and rubbish, which would otherwise collect in the ground sluice, and prevent it serving its purpose as a place of deposit for the valuable heavy minerals. In the sluice-box the 'dirt' settling is constantly being raked upwards, so that the running water may carry off what is light and worthless. The whole operation is firstly to free, and secondly to catch while keeping free, the minerals of value.

There are numbers of Indians from most provinces working at the Tavoy wolfram-mines, but they cannot stand the constantly wet feet which the work necessitates. The Chinaman, who feeds generously on pork, and who has warm tea several times a day, possesses more stamina, and seems in his element. The work is undoubtedly hard and trying, but at present prices it pays well, and no Chinaman under such circumstances minds hard and constant work.

The scenery in many parts of Tavoy is very beautiful, but off the few main roads getting about in the rainy season is trying to the white man. The rainfall every year is about two hundred inches—more or less. Leeches and mosquitoes abound in most places, often on hill-

sides where you would not expect them; whilst patches of low-lying ground may be practically free from them.

Tavoy, with wolfram at fifty-five shillings per unit, as against thirty shillings before the war, is 'booming' at present; but doubts are sometimes raised as to how long such prosperous times will last. There should be little doubt that its valuable steel-hardening qualities, found so useful for war purposes, will be in large demand even in peace-times, and with the constant experimenting now going on, new uses may be discovered for wolfram of which no one has as yet thought. The world's entire output of steel is now devoted to war uses, and it can hardly be doubted that when peace is restored there will be a need for machinery for peaceful purposes and domestic use, which will keep engineering-shops busy for years after peace comes. When

that is the case there will be as certainly a demand for wolfram, so that producers in Burma have no cause to be nervous as to its future. An alloy of aluminium and wolfram, known as 'partinium,' is now largely used in the construction of the bodies of motor-cars, and experiments in America have proved that for acid-resisting alloys wolfram is necessary.

Whilst the prices of other metals are always quoted by the ton (except gold and silver, which are quoted by the ounce), what advantage is gained by following the German plan, and quoting wolfram by the unit? Since the war most Britishers talk of the North Sea, not of the German Ocean, and we might at any rate, for uniformity, if for no better reason, have wolfram priced by the hundredweight or the ton, and leave others, if they want to, to work out the cost in German weights.

## THE LOAFER.

### PART III.

#### V.—FALLING.

HE was falling through the air. But to his mind had come an extraordinary quickness and clearness. He was living in a most strange and intense way. He was falling and falling, and still the details of the scenes in the midst of which he had lived through the last few hours were presenting themselves to him. He saw the passing, countless faces of the people of London; he saw the streets and the lights; he heard the manifold sounds. He saw the bridge over the river; he saw himself mounting the stone step to the parapet; he saw the river with the lights reflected upon it; he saw himself in the act of hurling himself over the parapet.

He was in the air now—falling. And he began to wonder at the length of time it was taking him to reach the water. He had thought, as he was in the act of hurling himself over the parapet, that it would take but a second for him to reach the water. But he had been mistaken. It seemed as if some power were holding him up in the air, some power were staying the very flight of Time itself.

Why did he not reach the water? he wondered. He knew that he was falling. He could feel it. And still at the same time it was as if he were being held suspended in the air.

A myriad pictures of the past were crowding themselves into his mind. But all of them were detached. All of them were separate and distinct from one another. All of them were clear as crystal. His mind itself was a blaze of light. This falling through the air had awakened him in a way inconceivable. He understood everything now. He knew the reason of things.

He ought not to have thrown himself into

death. There was no reason for it. He had felt that the suffering he had been enduring was intolerable, and he had thought to end it. And so he had flung himself over the parapet.

But why—why had he done so? Life was a wonderful thing, even though one suffered. To live was above all things. Suffering meant nothing.

He was still falling. Was he never going to reach the surface of the water? What could it mean? Was he really falling? Had he, after all, hurled himself through the gate into death? Surely it could not be so.

How clear everything was to him! He had gone behind the veil.

He was still in the air. He was still passing through it. He could not understand it. Why should it take so long a time to fall so short a distance?

Some miracle was happening!

A great sound began to arise around him. It came very, very slowly. And now it seemed as if he had stopped falling.

#### VI.—THE RIVER.

A stifling darkness was closing in upon him. He was choking; he wanted to breathe. The clearness had gone from his mind. He was struggling desperately. He just knew that he was down under the water, and that was all.

Suddenly his head was above it, and he took in a great breath of air. Air! Dazed though he was, he realised that he had never known what air meant to a man till now.

He found himself swimming. The great shock he had received through striking the water was passing away from him. The water did not seem to be very cold. And in a moment

he was himself, cool and collected. He was a good swimmer, and he would just make for the bank of the river.

How foolish he had been to attempt to kill himself! he thought. He was strong and at himself, and he had his life before him. His being destitute was his own fault. And even if he was destitute, killing himself was madness. How had he come to attempt it? And then the thought of the man from whom he had asked help came to him. Curse him! This man had said that rather than beg he would throw himself off the bridge! It was the saying of that which must have put the idea of committing suicide into his head. From that idea had come the mad impulse. Yes, he had been altogether mad. He remembered now that the man had called after him as he went away—likely enough meaning to help him. But he had become so enraged at what the man had said to him that he would not stop to give him the chance. He had acted like a fool!

Things would be altogether different from now on. He would just get out of the river and begin life afresh.

He was striking out boldly, when suddenly something seemed to grip him. It was as if a hundred hands were clutching him at once. He was turned round and round.

He knew well what it was. It was the current! He would have to be careful now, for he was experienced swimmer enough to know the ways of currents. Getting out of the grip of a current was a difficult business. It gripped and held and carried one along. On each side of a current were walls, as it were, of dead, still water. He knew quite well what he had to do. He had to work his way slowly and carefully through the living, gripping current till he got to the edge of the dead water. Once within this water, he was safe.

The lights on the Embankment were passing him—passing him quickly. He saw them coming up and going behind him. The current was running out to the sea.

The blackness of a great arch loomed up in front of him. The roaring sound of the water was in his ears as he was swept through it.

The current was now sweeping him towards the east bank of the river. He tried desperately to work out of its grip. And once he felt himself just on the edge of the deep, still water. But it gripped him again and carried him out into the middle of the river.

Again the blackness of a great arch loomed. Again the roaring sound of the water was in his ears as he was swept through it. If he could only work out of the current!

Suddenly he felt that his strength was going. He began to get nervous. And—well, the river seemed to be getting wider. The current had got him. It would carry him on and on! Death would get him, after all!

What was that? Some dark object was going by his side. It was also in the grip of the current. It was strange that he had not noticed it before. He forged his way slowly towards it. It was a small boat with a square stern, that had broken away from somewhere up the river.

Hope was with him now. He was all right. Luck had come his way!

He tried to board the boat. But he was unable to raise himself over the stern. The power had gone from his arms. He had become exhausted.

However, things were not so bad, after all. At the very worst he could hang on to the boat till daylight came. A rope of a good length was trailing from the boat, and he managed to get it round him, just under his armpits, and knot it.

He was safe enough now. He held on to the side of the boat. But he did this just to steady himself, for the rope sustained him.

He was all right! The water was colder than it had been, but he was all right—if the cold would allow him to last till the light came.

On swept the current. On it swept, carrying the boat and its burden.

#### VI.—THE LOAFER.

Bulliver was lounging on deck, smoking a cigar. That very morning he had gone and booked a passage to Gibraltar on this luxurious P. and O. liner. He was bound for the wonderful, sunlit Granada. The accounts he had heard of it had kindled his imagination. He wanted to go somewhere where he could take his ease, where he could be quiet and dream. The rush and the bustle and the roar of London had got on his nerves. He was glad to get away from it. In fact, if he never saw it again it would trouble him but little. It was a place where people did not know how to live. They were always rushing around doing something or another. And what they were doing amounted to nothing in the end. These hurrying, bustling people dropped out of life, and other hurrying, bustling people took their places. He was tired and sick of it all. He would go and live in a place where the people had a different philosophy of life. And it might well be that London would never see him again. He loved ease, but even when one had money it was impossible for one to enjoy it in the midst of people who were always on the scramble.

What a beautiful day it was! The sun lit up gloriously the waters of the mouth of the Thames. And the ship was running smoothly on an even keel. He felt that he would enjoy the four days' trip to Gibraltar. He was one whom the sea never bothered even in its rough moods. He was a good sailor.

He went over to the port side and sat in a deck-chair. He wanted to finish his cigar in ease. And as he sprawled in the chair he fell into a half-doze.

Suddenly he was roused by the sharp calling out of a voice. And then came other voices.

There was some kind of a commotion on the ship, and he got up to see what was the matter. The liner had slackened speed.

He went over to the starboard side. An officer was standing there in the midst of a group of excited Lascar sailors.

'What's the matter?' he asked the officer.

'A boat out there, drifting,' was the reply. 'And there's a man in the water by the side of it. His face can be seen plainly. He is dead. Here, take these glasses;' and he handed them to Bulliver.

Bulliver raised the glasses to his eyes and began to adjust them. And whilst he was doing this he had an odd feeling. In it was a sense of repulsion. He did not want to see what was to be seen. He had never before looked upon a dead man in the water.

The drifting boat seemed now but a few feet away from him. He could see every detail with the utmost clearness. The man's—

Why, he had seen the man's face somewhere before! He lowered the glasses suddenly.

No, it surely could not be! But it was certainly like the face of some one that he had seen somewhere. He raised the glasses and looked

again. Well—well, it was no one he knew. And perhaps he was wrong. The face surely only bore a general likeness to some one he had seen!

He handed the glasses back to the officer.

'What are you going to do?' he asked.

'Oh, we'll go on,' said the officer. 'We've signalled to the tug-boat off there that's coming now to take charge. It's a mystery to me how the boat drifted so far down without being noticed. I wonder what was wrong. It may be a case of murder—of foul play.'

The liner began to get up speed, and Bulliver went off to his cabin, which was on the port side. It was a deck cabin, one of the biggest and most luxurious on the ship. He mixed himself a stiff brandy-and-water, and after drinking it he lit another cigar.

'Poor devil,' he said—'poor devil! There's a lot of hard luck in life. Why was he tied up to the boat in that manner? What could be behind it?' He shuddered. 'It looks as if there were foul play in the business,' he concluded.

He mixed himself another brandy-and-water.

'How odd!' he said. 'How odd that the face should seem familiar to me!'

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### THE LARGEST SHIPYARD IN THE WORLD.

WHAT is now the largest shipbuilding yard in the world, situated at Hog Island, Philadelphia, was recently described in *The Engineer*, from which the following interesting particulars are taken. Covered building-slips for no fewer than fifty standard ships of eight thousand tons deadweight capacity (about five thousand gross tons) have been laid down, and the owners of the yard, the American International Shipbuilding Corporation, have already contracted to build one hundred and twenty vessels of two standard sizes. Eight hundred and fifty acres of land have been acquired, with a water frontage of two miles, and a maximum width of one mile. Work was begun at the end of September 1917, and was continued throughout the winter, which was unusually severe. One would naturally suppose that excavation-work would have been suspended when the ground was frozen, but the difficulty was overcome in characteristically American fashion by laying steam-pipes over the scene of the digging operations, and using almost unlimited volumes of high-pressure steam. In this way many weeks' delay were saved. A great deal of work remains to be done to a ship after it is launched; and to cope with this necessary work seven fitting-out piers have been constructed, each one thousand feet long, and capable of accommodating four ships. Hence

fifty ships can be built at one time, while twenty-eight others are being finished off, ready for sea. The results expected are an output of one ship every two days. Needless to say, the work will be carried on continuously, day and night, the workmen and the staff being divided up into eight-hour shifts. The speed with which this shipyard has been built completely eclipses all previous efforts in this field, the first keel being actually laid four and a half months after the turning of the first sod, and twenty-six thousand men being engaged in ship-construction within five months. Included in the equipment are seventy-five miles of railway; twenty-five locomotives and five hundred wagons; a compressed-air installation requiring fifteen thousand horse-power; six hundred electric motors aggregating twenty-eight thousand horse-power; water-mains, sewage-works, and sewers for a population of thirty-five thousand; a gigantic heating and ventilating system; and numerous other items. The larger ships being built measure four hundred and fifty feet in length, with a breadth of fifty-eight feet, and a depth of forty feet. Curved surfaces have been avoided so far as possible, even the decks being flat instead of having the usual rise in the middle. 'Fabrication' is being resorted to on a very large scale, some three thousand five hundred engineering-works being employed in manufacturing the different parts. So scattered are the sub-contractors that delivery by rail takes an average of twenty days. Pre-

sumably the cost of building the ships is to be defrayed by the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, as the owners of the yard are to receive, instead of profits, fees of roughly eight thousand two hundred pounds for each of the smaller vessels, and thirteen thousand pounds for each of the larger boats.

#### THE WHALE AS A SOURCE OF FOOD.

Since a note under the above heading appeared in our June issue, more information has come to hand with regard to the preparation of whale-meat on the Pacific coast of the United States. The pioneers of this new industry were the American Pacific Whaling Company of Bay City, Washington, which placed whale-meat on the market last summer, some eighty tons being sold, mostly at Seattle, San Francisco, and Portland, though small consignments reached Chicago and New York. The meat is chilled, and put up in boxes containing three strips of about forty-five pounds each, ice being packed with it in the railway trucks when it is sent long distances. A twenty-five-ton cold-storage plant, a refrigerator for fifty tons, and a five-ton ice-machine were laid down by the company in August 1917, and it intends to market at least five hundred tons during the current year. According to the *Pacific Fisherman*, only the humpback and the finback whales are utilised for human consumption, the meat from other species having been found unsuitable. A considerable amount of whale-meat was also sold last year by the Victoria Whaling Company, much of it being sent to Canada, and the company has established a cannery which is expected to pack fifty thousand cases this season. A rapid extension of this branch of the industry is considered probable, as all authorities agree that special preparation and cooking, such as can be carried on only by experts, are essential if this new foodstuff is to be made thoroughly attractive to the palate. Whale-meat has distinctly 'caught on' in the United States, it having figured largely at a luncheon given to thirty members of the American Museum of Natural History at New York in February, while it formed a prominent feature of the menu for the Press Club dinner at Portland. Moreover, the municipal authorities of the latter city have arranged for a regular supply to be sent to their market during the whaling season. A New York hotel now makes a regular feature of whale-steaks, for which there is a steady demand. The meat is bought in a frozen state, and thawed out as required. There is no taste of fish about this wholesome and nourishing food; indeed, it rather resembles beef, though darker in colour, and with a somewhat 'gamy' flavour.

#### A CENTRIFUGAL GUN.

As boys, most of us slung stones with a sling made of two strings and a piece of leather, which

was swung round the head until a high speed was attained, when one string was liberated and the stone flew off at a great pace. In this device the stone is projected by centrifugal force, and many attempts have been made to apply the principle involved to the projection of bullets in warfare, but hitherto little success has been achieved in this direction. A centrifugal gun has now been invented, however, that appears to give much more promising results than any of its predecessors. A description and photographs of this gun were recently published in *Popular Science Siftings*, from which we gather that thirty thousand shots a minute can be fired from it, provided that the bullets are poured into a hopper fast enough. The inventor, Mr L. W. Lombard, claims that a range of over a quarter of a mile can be covered by this weapon. A disc driven at a high speed by an electric motor is the essential part of the machine, the bullets, which are of steel and round in shape, being fed to the disc near the centre, where they are caught in grooves and whirled round at the rate of many thousands of revolutions a minute, to be shot out at the periphery with a very high velocity. The disc is carried on the motor-spindle, and both motor and disc are mounted on trunnions, so that the 'elevation' can be varied for different ranges, as in the case of ordinary guns. According to the inventor, his centrifugal gun can be fed with bullets through a trough from a distance of one hundred yards, while its control at this or even greater distances would offer little difficulty. It should be practicable, therefore, to fix such guns on the parapet or the parapets of a first-line trench, and work them from a trench in the second line.

#### A HUGE SUBAQUEOUS CONCRETE PIPE.

Large pipes of ferro-concrete, chiefly for carrying sewage, have been laid for years past both in this country and abroad, notably one at Norwich, measuring thirty-six inches in diameter, and extending for several miles. The cost of such pipes is roughly half that of cast-iron or steel pipes, while, so far as is yet known, they are practically everlasting. There has recently been laid at Cleveland, U.S.A., an outfall sewer of ferro-concrete pipes in twenty-foot lengths, of which the inside diameter is no less than seven feet. Moreover, the pipes run along a trench in the bottom of Lake Erie for a distance of three thousand four hundred feet, the lengths having been guided into position and the joints made by divers. In a rough trench under water, which has been prepared by dredgers, it is impossible to guarantee that the pipes will be level; consequently the joints have to be of the ball-and-socket variety, to allow the pipes to accommodate themselves to any irregularities of alignment. Previous ferro-concrete pipes with joints of this type have had cast-iron ends, but those about to be described were so large that it was decided to form the

ends of concrete, cast-iron moulds being used to ensure accuracy. The pipes are cast on end, and the steel reinforcement consists of steel bar hoops placed at intervals of four inches, and held in place by eight vertical bars. The resulting cage is mounted upon the cast-iron moulds for the lower end. A split cylinder made of steel plate, forming the outside mould, is then slipped over the cage, a similar mould being passed down the inside. The concrete is now poured in and allowed to set for a few days, after which the moulds are removed and the finished pipe can be handled, although several weeks have to elapse before it is hard enough to be placed in position. Each pipe is 'bell-mouthed' at one end, the inside of the mouth being part of the inside of a sphere of which the centre coincides with the centre of the pipe. At the other end is a spigot which fits into the bell-mouth of the next pipe, a tight joint being effected by means of a thick coating of asphalt paint. The pipes were carried out to positions over the trench in barges, and lowered by a powerful jib crane. Up to two thousand four hundred feet from the shore the pipe is continued at the full diameter. Then it gradually tapers down to forty-eight inches during the last thousand feet, and openings are arranged at intervals for the escape of the sewage, this plan being adopted to spread the discharge over a considerable area of the lake.

#### AN OSCILLATING-TOOTHED LAWN-MOWER.

Considering the length of time that hay-cutting and corn-reaping machines have been employed by farmers, it is surprising that the principle upon which they work has not long ago been applied to lawn-mowers. The cutting part of a hay-cutter consists of two long, thin knives, having large teeth on their cutting-edges, and ground flat on one side, so that the upper one can slide over the lower. Supposing the teeth to coincide with each other, it is easy to see that the grass between the various pairs of teeth will be cut when the upper knife is made to slide over the lower. These knives project outward from the side of a frame carried on wheels and provided with shafts for a horse. When the mower is drawn along, suitable mechanism connected with the wheels oscillates the upper knife at a high speed, and the grass is mown the full width of the knives, the principle being similar to that of the clippers used by barbers for cutting hair very short. Lawn-mowers are now being made with knives of this type in place of the customary revolving cutters, and the new machines, which have been invented by Mr C. T. Bishop, offer several advantages over the older type. For instance, the knives being right in front and of greater width than the wheels, the machine will cut close up to an obstacle and along the edges of a lawn. Moreover, it will mow grass of any height or coarseness; hence a lawn that has been neglected for months can be

cut at one operation, instead of needing a preliminary preparation with a scythe.

#### THE WETTEST PLACE ON EARTH.

On the authority of Mr D. H. Campbell, of Stanford University, a new rainfall record has been established in Waialeale, in the island of Kauai, Hawaii. According to the *Scientific American*, during the five years 1912-16 inclusive, an average of no less than five hundred and eighteen inches per annum has been measured at this place, which is seldom free from rain-clouds, while the precipitation is almost continuous. Hitherto Cherrapunji, in Assam, has had the largest recorded rainfall, with a yearly average of four hundred and twenty-six inches for the last forty years. The rain there, however, is by no means evenly distributed throughout the year, as three hundred inches are accounted for during June, July, and August; while the records show on one occasion thirty inches a day for five successive days. Compared with those for the British Isles, the above figures are enormous, the average rainfall at Greenwich being about twenty-five inches, while in certain parts of the Lake District—one of the wettest portions of the kingdom—it is between seventy and eighty inches.

#### ADVENT OF THE AIR-POST.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the suitability of the aeroplane for the conveyance of passengers and merchandise, there can be none regarding its fitness for carrying mails, and only war demands for pilots and machines have prevented the establishment of air-mail services between this country and France. In Italy, letters have been carried regularly by aeroplanes between Rome and Turin for some time past. A similar service has been started between Vienna, Lemberg, and Kieff; while another between Vienna and Budapest was begun early in July. According to an excerpt from the *Pester Lloyd*, recently published in *The Times*, concerning the last air-mail service referred to, an aeroplane is despatched from Vienna early in the morning, and arrives at Budapest between seven and eight o'clock, the return journey being timed to begin between four and five in the afternoon. Special stamps, showing the Parliament buildings, are issued for affixing to packages despatched in this way. A postal air service is also to be established from Budapest to Arad and Kolozsvár, the intention being to extend the system to Odessa, if certain difficulties can be overcome. As might be expected, the advantages of carrying letters by air have not been overlooked by our enterprising cousins on the other side of the Atlantic, who inaugurated aerial mail services between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington in the middle of May. Of this service an interesting description is given in the *Scientific American*.

Curtiss biplanes, modified in certain particulars, and fitted with engines of one hundred and fifty horse-power, are used, the weight carried being three hundred pounds. These machines were provided by the War Department, but larger aeroplanes, capable of carrying double this load, are to be used later on. At present relay machines and pilots are stationed at Philadelphia, so that the mails are carried in two stages. Intermediate emergency alighting-grounds have been provided at four points on the route. Letters, books, and parcels, with combined length and girth measurements not exceeding thirty inches, are accepted at the rate of twenty-four cents (about one shilling) an ounce, and special stamps of this value are affixed. With regard to these stamps and those previously mentioned, one can easily imagine that pioneer air postage-stamps will fetch big prices among collectors in a few years' time. Aerial post developments are also taking place in Norway, where the Norwegian Air Route Company has been formed, with a capital of about one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, for carrying mails, passengers, and goods by aircraft on regular routes. This undertaking is backed by several influential men in Norway, including Dr Nansen, who has been elected president.

#### THE SALVAGE OF SHIPS SUNK BY THE ENEMY.

When the existence and the activities of the Salvage Section of the Admiralty were recently given some measure of publicity, many of us were surprised to learn that no fewer than four hundred and seven valuable merchant-ships, mostly sunk by enemy mines or torpedoes, had been raised and put into service again between October 1915 and the middle of June of this year. Moreover, not only had the ships themselves been saved, but in many cases their cargoes of food or war material had been wholly or partially recovered. In the main, two methods of salvage have been followed. According to one, a number of huge wire-ropes are passed under the ship, and their ends are made fast to special lifting-vessels moored over the wreck. The interior of these vessels is divided up into tanks, which can be filled from the sea, thereby bringing the decks nearly down to the water-level. The lifting-ropes are then made fast, the water is blown out of the tanks by compressed air, and the vessels rise, lifting the sunken ship with them. The manoeuvre is generally carried out at low-water, so that the rising tide gives an additional lift; then at high-water the lifting-vessels with the wreck are towed into shallower water, where the submerged boat grounds, and the operation can be repeated. In this way a sunken vessel can be brought inshore until her deck stands out of the water, when it becomes comparatively easy for divers to patch her hull so that the water can be pumped out to enable her to float. A vessel weighing nearly three thou-

sand tons was recently salvaged in this way, sixteen wire-ropes slightly less than three inches in diameter, each of which was guaranteed to stand a strain of two hundred and fifty tons, being used for lifting her. This method of salvage, however, is only applicable to comparatively small vessels, the boat referred to being the largest yet lifted by such means. Moreover, the ship in question was sunk in protected water, where there was little risk of attack by submarines. Vessels sunk well out at sea, in water not too deep for diving operations, will no doubt be dealt with after the war. Many ships, however, after being struck by mines or torpedoes, remain afloat long enough to be towed into shallow water by 'rescue tugs,' or, if their machinery is not destroyed by the explosion, they may even proceed to the nearest beach under their own power. In such circumstances the deck is generally out of the water at low-tide, so that, after divers have patched the hull, the water can be pumped out. For this operation a special form of pump driven by an electric motor is employed, the motor being so constructed that it will run under water; in fact, the water is purposely allowed to circulate through the copper coils to keep them cool. This piece of apparatus is an immense advance upon the older salvage machinery, owing to the fact that water can be forced up to any height, though it cannot be drawn up from a depth more than about twenty-eight feet below the pump. In one case the uppermost deck of the vessel to be salvaged, which was uncovered at low-tide, was fifty-seven feet above the bottom of the ship, so that under the conditions previously existing the pump would have ceased to work when the water had fallen to a depth of twenty-eight feet or so below it, though the vessel would then have been only half-emptied. The under-water motor and pump, however, having been lowered into the stokehold at the bottom of the ship, pumped out all the water without difficulty. Another advantage of the under-water electric pump is that it can be left in the water when the tide rises or bad weather comes on, the only precaution necessary being to disconnect the three-cored electric cable which supplies current from the salvage ship. For raising a large vessel a number of pumps are used, as some thousands of tons of water may have to be removed in two or three hours. At present the largest pump in use has a delivery-pipe eight inches in diameter, and is capable of raising three hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty tons of water per hour, according to the height of the point of delivery above the bottom of the ship.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

## CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

## II.

IN spite of his step-aunt's prognostications, Matthew flourished exceedingly. He started his career as a fisherman with everything against him, and without influence of any sort or a soul in the world to give him a helping hand. He was the lowliest of the lowly. By the time he was twenty-one, however, partly perhaps by luck, but due more largely to his own dogged determination, indomitable pluck, and inherent capacity for hard work, he had become the 'second hand' of a steam-trawler, his skipper's trusted second in command and right-hand man.

He seemed somehow to possess a natural, inborn instinct for the sea, that lucky quality which enables men to know the North Sea even as the palms of their own hands, to gauge with certainty the whereabouts and the habits of the fish, and to grope their way in and out of the fog-wreathed fastnesses of the fishing-grounds with no sight of the sun, and nothing but an occasional cast of the lead to guide them. It is an instinct, nothing more nor less; but with some men, especially North Sea fishermen, it is as unerring as the sense which enables a dog to single out his master in a crowd, or to know his way home from a distance. Matthew, moreover, had already passed what examinations were necessary to qualify him for a command of his own. He was hard-headed and thrifty, too, so that he saved money and forged ahead while others still lingered by the wayside.

People thought well of him professionally, and realised that he was a man with a future, but he was not spoilt by his popularity.

Soon after his twenty-fourth birthday his opportunity came, for old Amos Buckley, the skipper of the *Guiding Hope*, was swept overboard and drowned in heavy weather on the Dogger, and Matthew stepped permanently into the dead man's shoes.

Within three years he was part owner of the *Guiding Hope*, and had acquired a substantial interest in various other craft. He had bought and furnished a house, and then, in his usual methodical way, had cast around for a wife. He soon found one, a gentle-voiced, soft little woman who loved him with every fibre of her being. And secure in the affection of a woman whom he idolised, and who possessed the un-failing knack of drawing out everything that was good in him, Matthew, who had never known a mother's love, discovered a new happiness and savour in life. Gone were the bitterness and drudgery of existence. He now had something tangible to live and to strive for,

something that increased a thousandfold when John Conolly, his son, made his appearance.

When the war came and the call went forth for volunteers to man the fishing-craft taken over by the Admiralty for use as mine-sweepers and patrol vessels, Matthew, with many others, proffered his services. The powers that be accepted him gladly, presenting him with a warrant as skipper, R.N.R., and the wherewithal to purchase a blue uniform suit with brass buttons, and a peaked cap with a gold badge embellished with laurel-leaves, a royal crown, and the foul anchor. They appointed him, moreover, in command of his own *Guiding Hope*, informed him gaily that he was liable to trial by court-martial if he ran her ashore or collided with another vessel, and gave him to understand that he was now an officer of His Majesty's Navy, with all the might and power of the Service to back him up, and to help him to enforce a new and wholly unfamiliar discipline upon those he commanded. But his crew, when they heard of these things, merely laughed. They became positively apoplectic with amusement the first time he appeared among them in the glory of his naval uniform, and opinions were divided as to whether he should be addressed as 'Your Worship,' 'Mr Conolly,' with the accent on the 'Mister,' or merely 'Sir.'

And Matthew, for his part, became answerable for all his doings to those set in authority over him, beings resplendent in gold lace, who sat in offices ashore and dictated orders in a terse, decisive way which rather jarred on his nerves until he got used to it. They were regular naval officers, whom he had to call 'Sir;' officers in whose presence he was expected to doff his headgear, and whose orders had to be carried out to the very letter without question or demur. They treated him with respect, however, addressing him always as 'Mister Conolly,' a civility to which he was quite unaccustomed.

He soon became acclimatised to his new mode of life, and speedily discovered that his seniors, for all their brusquerie and occasional asperity, had an intense sympathy with, and understanding of, those who, like himself, had offered their little all in the service of their country. They were out to help and to advise, to get the utmost out of their subordinates without offending their susceptibilities; but woe betide the laggards, or those who did not do their job!

And, lo! in course of time, when Matthew found himself bereft of his own personality and absorbed into a multitude of skippers from Hull, the Tyne, Aberdeen, and Fleetwood—men speaking every dialect of the British Isles, but all employed in the great game of strafing the

Hun—he found the work greatly to his liking. It was scarcely more strenuous than life in peace-time, for they worked to a hard-and-fast routine of so many days at sea, followed by a shorter period in harbour. They no longer fished, but some were employed on sweeping the fairways clear of mines for the passage of the mercantile traffic up and down the coast, while others were despatched farther afield to patrol the spots where Fritz, the German submarine, might strive to carry on his evil handiwork. Sometimes it was dull and monotonous, at others intensely exciting; but it was always risky, and Matthew delighted in it.

The *Guiding Hope* was now a man-of-war, provided with a White Ensign and an evil little six-pounder Hotchkiss gun. Her men, who had signed on *en bloc* for the trawler section of the Royal Naval Reserve, were subject to the Naval Discipline Act, and wore naval uniforms, albeit they still exhibited a partiality for coloured mufflers, ancient tweed trousers, and unspeakable blue jerseys when their senior officers were not about. They drew their naval rations—beef, bread, and vegetables; jam—which did not appeal to their hardened palates; and good, honest naval rum, which warmed the cockles of their hearts. It was the rum, indeed, which involved Matthew in his first little contretemps with the authorities, and, to judge from his own description of the episode, the scene must have been rather diverting.

It appears that they obtained six weeks' allowance of stores at a time, and, in their supreme ignorance of the King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, successfully disposed of the rum in ten days. It was good stuff, that rum, and a glass of it, hot and mixed with very little water, was very comforting before turning in, wet through and tired after a night-watch on deck.

'My good sir,' exclaimed a rather excited and very purple-faced victualling paymaster when he came to scrutinise the *Guiding Hope's* accounts, 'you seem to have issued the spirit ration when and how you liked! Don't you realise that the allowance is half a gill per man per day?'

'Can't say I did, sir,' answered Matthew, smiling in his inimitable way. 'I don't know them regulations; and, besides, we never had nothing to measure it with. I serves it out in an or'nary half-pint tumbler. Half a glass at midday, and another half when they wants it.'

The paymaster's eyes protruded visibly from his head. 'Lord, Mr Conolly!' he gasped, 'did they remain fairly sober?'

'Sober, sir! Of course they did. A little drop like that wouldn't hurt them. They're not children!'

The naval officer breathed heavily. 'They must be pretty hard cases,' he went on. 'However, I can square it up this time; but, for

Heaven's sake, don't get doing such things again, or you'll get us both into serious trouble. You draw six weeks' allowance at a time, remember—just sufficient to keep you going by issuing the strict service ration. Good-morning.'

So Matthew, rather perplexed, retired.

Really, the Royal Navy was a peculiar sort of profession, and until he got used to it he often found himself butting up against its strange customs and traditions. Who was to know, for instance, that it was not customary for an officer to partake of liquid refreshment in a quayside hostelry with his men; that one must not wear a pin in one's tie or a flower in one's button-hole in uniform; and that it was the correct thing for a junior officer to enter a boat first and to leave it last, ignorance of which piece of naval etiquette involved him in a slight difference of opinion with a retired and rather peppery officer wearing three rows of gold lace?

Then there was the huge tome called *The King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions*, a massive compilation which even laid down the correct length for the men's whiskers and the dimensions of their trousers, and made Matthew feel quite dizzy to look at. So he merely glanced at it once, locked it carefully in a cupboard for safe keeping, and, like a wise man, never opened the book again.

'I reckon them regulations wasn't put together for the likes o' me,' he observed with a twinkle in his eye.

I am inclined to agree, for, from what I saw and heard of him, I should imagine that Matthew Conolly was a law unto himself.

(Continued on page 650.)

## THE PAGAN ALTAR IN THE CRYPT AT YORK.

THOU monstrous remnant rooted in the soil,  
Flattened for sacrifice or holy rite,  
No hand has dared to use thee for a spoil  
Or shape thy mass to base the temple's site.

Rather the hands that raised this glorious pile  
Revered man's searchings for the eternal goal,  
And left thee, as the solemn ages file,  
A timeless record of the Pagan soul.

'Mid Roman tombs by Saxon arches spanned,  
Time-hallowed relics of our ancient days,  
About thee now the Christian altars stand  
And join thee in a synchrony of praise.

OSWALD H. HARDY.

### \*•• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

By G. J. WEBSTER.

#### PART I.

##### I.

WHEN the Gold Mines Consolidated sent Jack Selby to Cordoba, the directors of the corporation did not mention to him that a revolution was brewing in that Central American republic. Possibly they themselves knew nothing of it; or perhaps they did not consider the rumour sufficient reason for postponing the consummation of a deal which they had had under advisement for some time—namely, the purchase of the Dolores property, a group of mines belonging to a gentleman named Jacinto Alfaro, of the city of San Miguel, in the Rio Negro Province of Cordoba Republic.

'Get ready to join the P.S.N.C. boat *Trinacria*, sailing for Panamá on the 10th,' said Morgan, president of the G.M.C. 'She will get you to Cochisla about the 25th. You may, perhaps, be delayed there; but, in any case, you should reach San Miguel by the middle of next month. Ask Palmer about it.'

That was all that Jack got out of 'The Old Man,' who knew that several 'gold mines,' in the shape of 'wire-pullers,' were awaiting his convenience in the outer office.

So Jack went to Palmer for further information concerning his mission and the object thereof. Palmer knew more about Cordoba and the city of San Miguel than all the other members of the G.M.C. rolled into one. Having spent the best years of his life there and in the adjoining republics, Palmer had been invalided back to 'God's Country,' where he arrived, plus a good deal of experience, and minus his health. The former proved invaluable to the G.M.C.; while the latter no one missed but Palmer.

Palmer, 'the Pessimist,' put Jack wise as to Cordoba and its people. Not that Jack himself was a novice, by any means, when it came to dealing with South or Central Americans. It had always been his desire to visit Spanish America, an ambition which the G.M.C. had gratified upon more than one occasion. Spanish was almost as familiar to Jack as his native tongue. His mother, who died during his infancy, was of Spanish extraction, and this, perhaps, accounted in part for the facility with

which her son mastered the Castilian tongue, and his willingness to undertake a mission to any part of Latin-America.

When, in due course, Jack Selby rode into the mining-camp of 'Los Dolores,' he saw a collection of adobe huts surrounding the usual machinery of a mine; also several frame buildings, one of which was distinguished by a sign that read 'Escritorio.'

Sliding off his mule, he walked into the room, the door of which stood wide open, and was greeted by a somewhat cadaverous-looking individual, who rose from his desk and came forward. Jack looked into a pair of clear, keen, gray eyes, and knew at a glance that their owner was a man to be trusted.

'This must be Mr Selby, I guess,' said the cadaverous one.

Jack grasped a sinewy hand, and said: 'Yes, sir; and you are'—

'Will Price, the manager of this outfit, and mighty glad to see you,' said the other, with a squeeze of the hand that would have made Jack squirm had he not given his new acquaintance an equally hearty grip. 'Let's go up to the house,' said Price. 'Breakfast will be about ready, I guess.'

They went across the sun-baked *cancha* to where stood a long, low frame building. The shadow of the wide veranda was grateful, and a surprise awaited Jack, for a wholesome-looking American girl stepped out from a doorway and came forward. Price introduced him to his sister, Mary.

After breakfast Price and Jack smoked their cigars in the cool shade of the veranda. Stretched at their feet lay a narrow valley, with the Dolores River winding its tortuous way amongst the verdure that clothed the floor of the valley. The sky-line was composed of mountains whose distant peaks melted into a sky of tropical blue.

Price pointed out the road to San Miguel, a white thread across a garment of verdure. Hill and valley were clothed with the luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation characteristic of Central Cordoba at an elevation of ten thousand feet. To Jack the whole scene held a suggestion of

mystery—of hidden treasure; of pack-mules laden with silver-bars and gold-dust; of Spanish Dons and picturesque buccaneers—in fact, all the glamour and romance which we associate with the Spanish Main. It seemed to strike a responsive note in his nature. Or perhaps the Spanish blood that ran in his veins responded, as had that of his ancestors when they first explored this very land, and risked their lives for the sake of the treasure it yielded.

Next day Price took Jack down into the mine. The workings were old and in rather bad shape. The only activity in the way of mining was confined to an adit which Price was running into the hill-side with the idea of connecting up with the main shaft. Jack saw at a glance that the mine had been 'gophered,' that is, the owner had been going after the pockets of high-grade ore instead of sinking a main shaft and running cross cuts in the orthodox way. However, these are technicalities into which we need not go.

'The main point is that the gold is there,' said Price. 'All the property requires to put it on a paying basis is modern machinery, combined with modern methods, and plenty of capital.'

'Well, the G.M.C. can give us all three, if they decide to buy,' asserted Jack. 'But what about the titles?'

'So far as I know, they are O.K. Alfaro has owned the property for some time. I believe, though, there was a lawsuit in connection with it, but that can be said of almost every rich mine in Central America.'

'Yes,' said Jack. 'Unfortunately that is the risk of investing in this kind of property. One has to be mighty careful.'

Inwardly he resolved to scrutinise very closely the titles to the Dolores mine, in view of Price's information, before exercising the power of attorney conferred upon him by the G.M.C. to enable him to sign the deed of sale—which was all that remained to be done to complete the purchase of the property, except, of course, the payment of the purchase price, which had been arranged for through the Banco de Cordoba, in San Miguel, subject to Jack's approval.

Jack's intention was to spend several days at the mine, take his own samples and assay them, and, in short, thoroughly familiarise himself with the property before interviewing the owner. His plans, however, were a little upset when Price announced, about a week after his arrival, that Alfaro and his daughter were due to arrive at Los Dolores the following day.

That evening Jack learned something about the man with whom he would have to deal.

'Don Jacinto is all right when you know him and his little ways,' began Price.

'Which means?' inquired Jack.

'Well, for one thing, he has the devil of a temper when put out. You want to go easy with him. Let him think he is getting his own

way, and then you can do almost anything you like with him.'

As he spoke Price's eyes avoided those of Jack, who realised, more through the other's manner than his actual words, that the management of the Los Dolores was no sinecure under the Alfaro régime.

At the same time Mary Price told Jack all she knew about Rosa Alfaro, Don Jacinto's daughter.

'Her mother is dead,' she explained—'died when Rosa was still a child. She was English, and Rosa has inherited certain qualities from her mother which, I'm afraid, her father fails to appreciate.'

Jack's sympathies were aroused at once. He had a fellow-feeling for the Señorita Alfaro, by reason of her mixed parentage. For had not he himself suffered from the same kind of misunderstanding when, during his boyhood, certain traits, inherited from his Spanish mother's side, would persistently crop out. Flashes of almost uncontrollable temper upon the most trivial of pretexts had resulted in spankings, which the ordinary boy would have accepted as a matter of course, but which Jack had resented with all the smouldering wrath of a high-strung and somewhat revengeful disposition. His cool-blooded American father had no use for the boy's tantrums, and had deemed it his duty neither to spare the rod nor to spoil the child. If it had been difficult for him, under the guiding hand of the kindest and best-tempered of fathers, how infinitely more trying must it be in the case of a sensitive girl and a man of this Alfaro's apparently hot-blooded nature?

'How old is the Señorita Alfaro?' asked Jack.

'Nineteen,' said Mary; 'but that is equivalent to at least twenty-three years of age outside of the Tropics, say in a climate like that of the States.'

'And talk about a beauty!' exclaimed Price. 'If you are of a susceptible disposition, Selby, you had better keep on the right side of Don Jacinto, for, as a rule, he hasn't much use for the average gringo.'

Jack laughed. 'Oh, well, as to that, I myself am half a Spaniard.'

'Really?' said Mary, with a twinkle in her eye. 'Then you and Rosa should have much in common.'

## II.

'Aha, Don Guillermo, *como le va?*' shouted Don Jacinto Alfaro, as he walked in upon Will Price next day. 'You see, I have kept my word, and here I am. But what have you done with the Mr Selby?'

Price sent a boy to tell Jack of the owner's arrival. Jack, who was in the act of completing an assay, sent back word that he would join them presently.

'Mistake number one,' thought Price, as the

boy delivered the message. Alfaro raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. Price kept the native busy discussing the work and its results until Jack put in an appearance.

The meeting between the suave Cordoban and the downright American augured ill for the success of Jack's mission. Perhaps the description of Rosa Alfaro and her relations with her father may have prejudiced Jack against the owner of Los Dolores; but it would hardly account for the violent dislike which he took to the smoothly-spoken native. And, we must admit, Alfaro's manner was tinged with the same aversion towards the American. Price did his utmost to smooth matters over, and he was partly successful. Jack, moreover, remembered his employers' interests, and tried to dissemble; while the Spaniard, who very much wished to bring the sale of the mine to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, unbent to the extent of hoping that Jack was favourably impressed with Cordoba, and especially with Los Dolores.

'I thought to save time by bringing the title-deeds along with me,' said Alfaro, when they had reached the point where the business in hand was under discussion; 'and also, I have ready the deed of sale, in case you should wish to sign it and have me transfer the property to you in the name of your company.'

'Thanks,' said Jack; 'but there are a few things to discuss before signing such a deed.'

'Of course, of course,' said Alfaro with an expressive movement of his small white hands. 'I merely thought it good policy to have the deed ready. I understand you are empowered to close the deal and pay over the money!'

'Yes,' answered Jack; 'once I am satisfied as to the advisability of doing so.'

'Perfectly,' said Alfaro, with a suspicion of a sneer. 'Then suppose you examine the title-deeds, while Don Guillermo and I look over the workings.'

With that he walked abruptly out of the office, leaving Price to follow, which the manager did, after casting an expressive glance at Jack.

The titles were of the usual voluminous and long-winded description, characteristic of the country, and especially of a property that had changed hands so often as had Los Dolores. Jack proceeded to dig out from a wealth of verbiage the records of former owners, and the manner in which Alfaro had acquired title to the mine. There were several points requiring elucidation. Jack made a note of these, and had come to the conclusion that he had better consult an attorney in San Miguel, when Alfaro and Price returned from their tour of inspection.

In answer to the owner's inquiries, Jack asked him to explain an apparent discrepancy in the deed. To his surprise, Alfaro seemed considerably taken aback, and hesitated before replying. When finally he did so, the explanation struck

Jack as being a particularly lame one. He demurred, and the other flew into a rage.

'A mere technicality,' he snarled, 'of no importance whatever.'

If he thought to bluff the American, however, he was mistaken. His words and manner only served to make Jack more than ever determined to sift the matter to the bottom, though for the time being he deemed it expedient to let the question drop. He handed the deeds back to Alfaro without further comment, whereupon Price locked the bulky document in his safe, and proposed they should go in search of the ladies.

On the way to the house Alfaro and Price talked politics, while Jack went on ahead of them. He walked into the living-room, expecting to find Mary Price there as usual, but as he crossed the threshold he stopped abruptly. Facing him sat a girl. She looked up as he entered, and their eyes met. For a moment they remained thus, each absorbing the other, without speaking or even smiling. It was the most wonderful sensation that Jack had ever experienced. For the moment he could not have told whether she was beautiful or homely, dark or fair, tall or short. Only he knew her eyes were of a marvellous shade of dark-blue that was almost black, and fringed with heavy, dark-brown lashes. It was a fascinating sensation, but it lasted for only the briefest of moments.

'If you will allow me to pass, Mr Selby, I will introduce you to my friend, Señorita Alfaro,' said Mary Price, as Jack stepped aside. Then the wonderful eyes sparkled, but without losing a fraction of their depth. They sat down, and while they talked, Jack had time to admire the shapely head, the proud carriage, and the perfect figure of the señorita.

Their conversation was upon the most ordinary of topics. She asked him about his journey, and he inquired if she had ever been in the United States.

'No. I have visited relatives in England, and went to school in France, but still have to look forward to seeing your country,' she said in pure English, with just that slight rounding of the consonants peculiar to the English of a Spaniard. This led them to talk of their parents, and opened up a subject of conversation that lasted until Mary announced that breakfast—corresponding to our lunch—was served.

During the meal Alfaro monopolised most of the conversation. He spoke with the finality of one accustomed to having his own way. When Jack had the temerity to express an opinion at variance with him, he took no notice whatever of the American's remark. Jack happened to glance at the señorita, and was rewarded with a smile, which seemed to say, 'Never mind what he says; I agree with you.' After that Jack addressed his remarks to his *vis-à-vis*, quite content to allow Alfaro to play the autocrat, so

long as his daughter could be induced to consort with the democrats.

That evening they had a visitor, an American planter named Collins, who owned a rubber-plantation a few leagues to the east of Los Dolores, and a corresponding distance nearer San Miguel. From the many admiring glances Collins cast in the direction of Mary Price, Jack rightly conjectured that a pretty good understanding existed between them. Later in the evening Price informed him that his sister was engaged to Collins.

'And Bert is a white man, if ever there was one,' said Price.

Collins must have noticed the under-current of feeling that ran between Jack and Alfaro. Jack and he were smoking a cigarette out on the veranda, and admiring the moonlit valley, when Collins, with that freemasonry which obtains between Americans abroad, observed: 'I say, Selby, of course it is not my affair, and you must excuse me for butting in, but if you are here to do business with our friend Alfaro, be careful not to rub him up the wrong way. You know, both Price and I are very anxious that your people should buy the Dolores mine. I would hate to see the deal fall through on account of Don Jacinto's vile temper.'

'That's all right, my friend,' said Jack. 'I mean to put the deal through if it can be done, and if the titles are O.K. If we can get it without the prospect of endless future litigation, the mine will be ours all right.'

'As to that,' said Collins, 'if Alfaro remains in power, there will be no trouble about the titles. You know, might is right here. Alfaro is backing General Dieguez, or, rather, Dieguez is acting under Alfaro, who hopes to be elected

President of the republic at the next fake election, now that the former administration has been kicked out.

'Holy smoke!' exclaimed Jack. 'Do you think there is a revolution brewing?'

'Brewing!' said Collins. 'Do you mean to tell me that you don't know about it?'

'Never a whisper,' said Jack.

'Why, I guess it's all over bar shouting,' said Collins. 'A week ago General Dieguez took charge, and announced a change of government. Nominated himself *Presidente Interino*. But every one knows Alfaro is back of him, and will elect himself President as soon as convenient.'

'And what if we should buy the mine and Alfaro loses out?'

'Not much fear of that,' said Collins, 'unless the navy takes a hand. There was a rumour that the *Almirante Silva*—their one and only cruiser—was off Cochisla with a regiment of government troops aboard. If it is true, and the troops remain loyal to the late government, they may yet turn the tables upon our friend Alfaro, and we shall see some fun, or I'm very much mistaken.'

Next day Jack sounded Price as to the political situation. 'What's this Collins tells me about a revolution?' he asked, when he got Price away from the others.

'Why, you needn't bother your head about it. So long as we keep in with Don Jacinto, and his party is in power, the revolution won't trouble us here at the mine. We get used to that sort of thing,' added Price, with a grin. 'Even if General Vasquez arrives from Cochisla with his troops, he happens to be a good friend of mine, and will protect us.'

(Continued on page 661.)

## THE LITTLE SEA.

By Captain C. S. GOLDINGHAM, R.M.L.I.

'NOBODY travels south of Naples,' say the Italians, and not many foreigners know the Little Sea—or knew it before the war; for it has gained in importance since Italy ranged herself on the side of the Entente Powers. Yet in every school atlas that land-locked sheet of water is marked, on which the Italians are building one of the greatest naval dockyards in Europe. A few years hence the Little Sea will be confined within embankments of stone; quays will rise where the waters now creep along the hot sand; and warships will berth where the fisherman's boat is moored to-day.

It is from the north-west, where the lower spurs of the Apennines stretch southwards, that the Little Sea should be approached, along the old road from Rome. The one-time highway is scarcely more than a track now, to be traced only with difficulty, half-lost as it is in the

herbage which clothes the moors. Here and there, where the limestone outcrops to the surface, it is deep rutted, worn by iron-shod Roman wheels. But they have been silent many years. More than twenty centuries ago, grimly triumphant in the face of opposition, the Romans built the road, every yard of it dewed with the blood of fighting men, that their legions might flash along it for the castigation of the Tarentines, those stubborn Pythagoreans who were ever dissatisfied, ever ready to revolt from the Roman yoke and solicit aid from Greek or Carthaginian. The blood-stained waters of the Trebia wrung from Tarentum a sullen obedience to the victors; but the splendour of Rome passed away; Byzantine, Saracen, and Norman in turn possessed the Little Sea; and to-day the road lies derelict.

It runs too straight for modern use, rising and

dipping tirelessly, taking no account of gradients, going straight for its objective. In places the short moorland turf has grown up and covers the track with a green carpet, for there is little coming and going upon the road to-day. The grassy spaces are gay in springtime with purple anemones; among the gray rocks *cistus* flaunts, crimson or white, with a heart of gold; and the nakedness of the boulders is hidden by rosemary, its colour borrowed from the deep sky, where tiny clouds swim like swan's-down upon a still pool. In shaded spots asphodels rear their spikes of waxen flowers, like stars at twilight; and in the air is the scent of thyme as the dry bushes are crushed under foot. Silence is the keynote of the land. There is a hush over all nature. The note of a bird is never heard, nor the hum of bees. Only a rare magpie flutters on ahead for awhile, and then sweeps suddenly out of sight. The road dips into a ravine, cool and shadowy beneath the twisted pine-trees which cling to the slopes; the sunlight splashes upon the boulders, and lies in golden bars across the soft carpet of pine-needles; then up once more into the dazzling brightness of the moors.

In places the Italian peasant has tamed the moor. It is his own word—tamed—and an unduly harsh one to apply to this rosemary-clad land. A grove of olives stretches in a vista of gnarled trunks which stand in ordered rows, and through the lacework of gray leaves a farmhouse gleams white. Here for the first time signs of life are met with. A couple of big dogs rush out, snarling, hackles lifted. They mean business, and brandishing a stick is useless; but stoop down and make as though to pick up a stone, and they wheel round and withdraw on the instant.

Beyond the olives rises the long slope of a hill crowned by some little walled town that is purely medieval. It has all the economy of space of an early woodcut. Not a house strays outside the walls. These are no showy ramparts with ornamental machicolations, quaint gargoyles, and heavy leaden roofs as one sees on the *châteaux* of Touraine. The fortifications of a Calabrian hill-town are severely plain and workmanlike; flanking towers, designed for use and not for show, provide the sole relief to the plain wall face. But above the wall peep the red pentroofs of old houses; and straightway, as you gaze, the clock slips back five hundred years, and you people the long slope which leads up to the gate in the walls with busy figures—craftsmen in sober-hued garments, peasants in ragged hoods, men-at-arms in steel and leather, a noble on his horse. The slope is silent now, for the lure of Western gold has completed the depopulation which malaria began, and to-day the south of Italy is half-deserted. Where formerly stood flourishing towns, whence emanated many of those lovely little printed editions of the

classics whose slender *corsivi* are such a delight to the eye, there remain perhaps a hundred or two of houses. Gone are the craftsmen, gone, too, their printing-presses; but their work remains to testify to the one-time greatness of this forgotten corner of southern Italy. There are no inns in Calabria, and if you travel you must carry everything you require on the back of a mule, and 'chance' your night's lodging. The simple treasures of Magna Græcia are not catalogued in guide-books. You must seek them out; and, when found, how can they compete, to the mind of the hurried globe-trotter, with the splendid remains of the north? No wonder nobody travels south of Naples.

As you trace the road, wading through the rosemary, it leads you into a deep valley; and here, where a low wall of rock rises steeply, is one of those medieval rock dwellings, with its attendant chapel, the examination of which is pure delight. The dwelling itself, hewn out of the soft limestone, is very ordinary. There is an apartment for the human inmates, slightly raised, and divided by a low wall from the outer room, where the cattle were herded at night for protection. The slots in the sharp exterior angles of the walls, through which passed the leathern thongs by which the beasts were tethered, remain still, worn and broken; and one corner, whose blackened surface is made visible by the light that filters down a shaft cut through the rock, which served as a chimney, shows where the dwellers made their fire. But if they were content with simple quarters for themselves, they lavished all their rude skill upon their chapel. It is vaulted and pillared in the limestone rock, the nave—if so one can term the tiny space from which the chance! is screened by two pillars—open all along one side. The walls are frescoed with sacred subjects—angular, realistic figures drawn in earthy reds, crude ochres, and faded greens. These paintings are Byzantine; but one would like to imagine that the child Giotto, sheltering within the chapel from the noonday heat while his sheep browsed outside the door, adorned these walls with as yet untaught skill. There is a virility about these crude figures which is very different from the emasculation or the doll-like expressions of the figures of the Italian schools of the later Renaissance; and as one looks, one understands the motive which impelled that group of nineteenth-century realists to break away from tradition and adopt as their ideal that of the painters and craftsmen who worked before Raphael. Scattered among the moors there are many of these rock dwellings, each with its chapel adjacent, in which the inhabitants of the country took refuge from the Saracen invaders.

The track climbs steeply, and as you come over the crest of the hill, becomes one with the modern road. A very different scene unfolds

itself. A fertile plain, where farmhouses gleam white among olive-groves and vineyards, provides a setting for the Little Sea. Far away below, some miles distant yet, the island city of Taranto stands sentinel at the gate of the Little Sea; for Taranto is completely surrounded by the sea, though joined to the mainland by a long, low bridge. Beyond it lies the *Mare Grande*, where the islands of St Peter and St Paul glow like specks of gold in the shimmer of blue water. Peace broods in the hot afternoon sunshine. This is the country of Horace—a land where it is always afternoon. There are meadows where marguerites grow in wild profusion, and the cattle stand in the deep shade, lazily tail-switching. Almost it might be England on a summer day—until the un-English sound of cow-bells is borne faintly up to you, or as you emerge from a clump of trees, the fresh green riot of a fig-tree on a sunny wall dispels the illusion. The anemones which grow here among the young corn are like bits of the blue sky fallen to earth, and the waste spaces hold thickets of dog-roses and a tangle of big, rich thistles. Off the long white road, laced with the shadows of the olives, away to the left is a marsh where clumps of reeds grow and the air is odorous with mint. Tradition has it that this is the site of the Fountains of Galæus. But the river whose glories were sung by Virgil and Horace has vanished, even as the singers. The marsh is dry in summertime, and of the stream not a trickle remains to-day; though Gissing says he tracked it and heard its waters mingle with the Little Sea.

The ruins of a mighty Byzantine aqueduct, standing solid, and when viewed from a distance seemingly impervious to the ravages of time, stretch across the plain to Taranto and the Little Sea. The Saracens who sailed across from Sicily in their galleys a thousand years ago must have seen in the shallow waters and on the shores of the inland sea just such scenes as you will find to-day. Mussel-fishing and the

making of pottery have been carried on in the same manner without a change for ten, perhaps twenty, centuries. Rows of stakes, hung with grass-ropes upon which the mussels collect, stretch out from the shore, and are scarcely discernible below the surface of the transparent water. Perched at his ease in the fork formed by two stakes lashed together, the fisherman lazily draws in the ropes and picks off the shellfish. Seen thus, with his trousers—the only incongruous modern note—tucked up above his knees for wading, he might belong to any age. Primitive huts, tent-shaped structures formed of a framework of branches covered with disused and rotting grass-ropes, stand at intervals along the shore. As for the potteries, the vases and the tiles which are made here and laid in rows upon the hot sand, are of the old Roman shape and pattern.

Greek though Taranto was by origin, and the capital of Magna Græcia, there remains to-day no single relic of old *Tapas*. The Greek element has vanished; neither among the people nor in the country is it to be traced. Architectural relics of the rule of Byzantium are numerous, but the Norman occupation, though of later date, left its mark mainly in the destruction of everything Saracenic—infidel, that is to say; and yet of the varied races which have possessed the Little Sea, it is the Saracens, the people whose stay was merely transitory, whose impress is strongest, or at least most noticeable, upon the people to-day. It is to be seen in the dark, hawk-like features of the peasants, in their nature, which is precisely that of the indolent Arab, and in their language. Very dire must have been the ravages of these invaders. Details of their dread work are lost in the mist of centuries, but the word 'Moro' is still the local epithet of abuse. Signs of their occupation of the country still remain in a few tall, slender palms, all that are left of the groves for which Taranto was once famous.

## EAGLES OF ROME.

By LETTICE MILNE RAE, Author of *The Stranger on the Aventine*.

### CHAPTER XI.—ALARMS AND EXCURSIONS.

**ALTHOUGH** Cunobelin had resolved that Marius Tarquinius must never divine his secret, his devotion to Miniata Polla remained strong and deep as before.

A ray of brightness and hope was shed across his shadowed path when, next morning, on leaving the legate's presence after reporting to him the progress of the building operations, he found himself face to face with Miniata in the portico.

Her lovely flower-like face broke into a glad smile of welcome, and she stopped him with

kindly words of greeting and inquiry. After some moments' talk about his absence and the new encampment, she remarked with simple sincerity: 'I am glad you have returned, Centurion Cunobelin, for I have been longing to talk with you again. There is so much that I would ask you concerning the new faith. When can it be?'

'When you will, Lady Miniata,' he answered in a voice that was rendered hoarse by the tenseness of his feelings.

'Nay, alas! it cannot be when I will,' she

returned, smiling and shaking her head, 'for then it would be now—to-day—to-morrow—every day. But then I fear I should take you from your duty, and that would not be to your liking, centurion. My father says you are the most devoted soldier in all the garrison.'

The Briton's eyes glowed at her words of praise, and at the hope she held out for him.

'It is true my duties leave me little leisure, Lady Miniata. But next holiday,' he ventured, 'if you will, we may talk at length. Mayhap in the thicket again?' he added questioningly, a rare smile lighting up his grave face.

'That will be pleasure indeed! When will it fall due?'

'In twenty days,' replied Cunobelin with rapid calculation.

'So long?' she said meditatively. To the man's eagle eye it seemed as if a shadow came over her face. 'Anything may befall before then. You may go on a march.'

Cunobelin smiled, experiencing a great uprising of joy that she should evince so much interest on his behalf.

'There is no talk of such an order,' he replied.

'Then to our meeting, centurion!' she cried brightly, raising her hand in salutation. 'Farewell!'

She passed on her way between the stone pillars of the portico, and was about to disappear behind the curtains of the inner apartment, when involuntarily she turned her head and was surprised to see the Briton still standing where she had left him, looking after her with a pleading, adoring gaze like a dog's, a gaze which she could not interpret, and which filled her with vague uneasiness.

Cunobelin went about his duties in a dream of happiness all that day and for many days after, in spite of the feeling of unrest which hung over the garrison owing to persistent rumours that 'the Little People were busy,' as the saying was when the savage tribes were reported on the war-path.

The rumour was only too amply confirmed a few days later when a peaceable subject-tribe, blood-stained and terror-stricken, appealed to their Roman conquerors for protection, demanding vengeance for the wrongs they had suffered at the ruthless hands of the Little People. Seven promising male children had been carried off, besides four marriageable females, and a great number of cattle; whilst most of the survivors had hideous mutilations to show in corroboration of their woeful plaint.

A council of the chief officers of the fort was called to consider the course of action to be adopted. The questions of how strong a punitive expedition would require to be sent out against the offenders, and whether the cohort could

undertake it without reinforcements, were not to be lightly decided upon. The scared tribesmen reported the enemy to be moving in prodigious numbers, and armed to the teeth with all manner of weapons. But the terror which their very name inspired among their more peace-abiding neighbours frequently gave rise to greatly exaggerated estimates of the Little People's numbers and strength, necessitating a proportionate discount from the statements given.

The council unanimously decided that a reconnoitring party must be sent out to discover if possible the true state of matters.

Cunobelin, who took part in the council, and was indeed the proposer and strongest supporter of this step, volunteered for the service. After some consultation between the legate and the tribune of the cohort, his offer was accepted. His acute senses of sight and hearing, his native knowledge of the country and the ways and the speech of the people, together with his natural fearlessness and long experience with the legions of Rome, all seemed to render the British centurion the most fitted in the garrison for the difficult undertaking.

His own proposal was that he should go out alone, that he might thus more easily escape detection should he come unexpectedly upon the enemy. This suggestion was refused, however, and it was decided to select another officer to accompany him.

There was a certain amount of heart-burning among the junior officers when the decision became known among them. Not a few were covetous of the honour. The glamour of adventure lured them after the dull routine of life within the fort, as well as the hope of promotion and visions of the *corona aurea*, or 'the chain of gold.'

Cunobelin was sitting in the officers' guard-room after the evening meal, inscribing orders upon his waxen tablet, when Marius Tarquinius, evidently a prey to some strong excitement, demanded his attention.

'Cunobelin,' he began, 'you are my well-beloved friend, and I yours. Is it not so?'

'Even so,' assented Cunobelin, wondering what the query preluded.

'Then, as you love me, my friend, will you not put forward my claim before the legate and the tribune as being the only man in all Borconium who must accompany you?'

The Briton could not forbear to smile at his boyish eagerness.

'You know,' continued Marius, 'that you have more influence with the tribune than any other of the cohort. He has respect for your word and for your discrimination, and also the legate has a good opinion of you. . . .'

Cunobelin raised his hand with a deprecating gesture. 'Make me not to blush beneath your flattering tongue, my comrade!'

'Tis no flattery, but the truth,' maintained

Marius stoutly. 'And all are saying in the mess-hall that your good word would win any man the honour. My well-beloved comrade, will your love not do this for me, your friend?' he ended, slipping his arm about the Briton's neck like a coaxing child.

Cunobelin looked doubtfully before him and scratched the edge of his tablet with his stylus. 'I would do much for you, Marius Tarquinius,' he answered soberly. 'But ask not this of me. If you are chosen, right glad shall I be to have you with me; but do not ask me to help you to it.'

'Wherefore?' demanded the other, amazed at his attitude.

The Briton raised his head and fixed him with his deep blue eyes. 'Because we go into the unknown, Marius Tarquinius. There are countless dangers. . . .'

Marius interrupted with gay, care-free laughter. 'I know,' he cried; 'and I pine to taste them. Here am I, an Eagle of Rome, who have never left the nest. I must try my wings. There is always danger. But who fears to face it? Not

I!' Again he put his arm caressingly about his friend's neck, and leant his beautiful face towards the Briton's rough-cast features. 'Cunobelin,' he said in his pleasant, musical accents, 'I must do something to make me worthy of her. I must make my name to win honour for her. I must do something in the service of the Eagles so that I may dare to ask her hand of the legate. I am untried and unskilled, but, with you for my guide, I would learn . . . I would strive. Your eagle eyes shall become mine, and your ears mine too. Say that you will do this for me . . . for my sake and for hers!'

Cunobelin stared at his waxen tablet. He seemed to see the words 'for her sake' graven there. It was a more subtle appeal to his heart than even the charm of Marius Tarquinius's eyes, voice, and words.

'Leave me,' he answered almost sternly. 'I shall ponder it.'

And Marius withdrew, knowing well that victory was his.

(Continued on page 664.)

## THE HAY-BOX AND KITCHEN ECONOMY.

By H. M. LENDIS.

NOW that not only foods, but also the means of cooking them, are rationed, the housewife finds herself confronted by a problem that will test her intelligence and, it may as well be admitted, her serenity at times. Before the war, if we wanted a cup of hot milk on returning from the theatre, we put the little electric plunger into the porcelain cup, switched on the current, and by the time wraps were shed and gloves removed the milk was ready. Almost as quick, but not as convenient, was the gas-stove. Now electricity, gas, and the household ration of coal have to be used cautiously.

Accepting the changed conditions in the conviction that here is a definite way of expediting victory, let us inquire if there is not some simple and efficacious means of cooking food that will ensure the retention of the highest food values, and at the same time effect the further kitchen economy of a reduced fuel bill. Take as a test the hot milk that may be required immediately on returning home from some duty, and make the test as severe as possible by assuming that the house is servantless, that the electric plunger is out of the question, and that rigid economy is being practised with regard to the gas-stove and all the fires. In such a case the fire will have been allowed to go out, or it will be so dull that it will not boil a pan of milk.

Suppose, however, that there is in the kitchen a hay-box (called also a Norwegian nest, or a Norwegian oven), a highly valuable possession but little known in this country. And let it be

assumed that before leaving home you deposited in this hay-box a covered pan containing milk which has been brought to the boil. On your return pour the milk into the porcelain cup, and it will be found still so hot that it must be sipped with caution. Here is an economy of fuel, time, and energy, and it is effected by the simplest, cheapest device imaginable.

The hay-box is not an innovation in my house. It is a family institution of sixty years' standing. It was introduced to us by a sea captain who sailed between an East Coast port and Scandinavia; and when I was a girl our hay-box was a sea-chest which had belonged to the captain. One day a new cook arrived, and on entering the kitchen during the preparation of our evening meal, my mother noticed that the hay-box had disappeared from its accustomed place beside the long dresser. On interrogation the new cook said, 'Oh, I had it taken up to the nursery this morning. I thought it was the children's play-box.' Though the manifold uses of the hay-box were demonstrated to the cook she would have none of it, declaring a distaste for new-fangled ideas. But there is nothing new in the world, certainly not a Norwegian nest. It is now fifty years since this contrivance was introduced in the French Navy.

If there is a sceptic in the house, or if the family sensibilities are apt to seem excessively refined when fresh methods of cooking are alluded to, it is perhaps better to call the home-made hay-box the Norwegian oven. Our grand-

mothers were reconciled to the Dutch oven, though now one seldom hears it mentioned. The hay-box is the antithesis of the refrigerator, in that while the latter is designed to keep the heat out, the former is devised to keep the heat in. The Norwegian oven should be a well-made wooden box with a lid, or a tin trunk. Provided that the hay is tightly packed, and that those responsible for the cooking have reasonable supplies of courage and imagination, the results will be reliable and satisfactory. The whole point in making the hay-box is in the closeness of the packing, the nest or hole for the pan being literally hammered into existence. The hay which surrounds the cooking-vessel may be helped out with tightly twisted balls of newspaper, with old felt or old blanket, with anything the house affords, but all must be solidly packed. Between the pan and the lid of the box there must be a cushion of hay to keep in the heat. Be sure that the cushion of hay is three or four inches thick, and that it fills the whole of the space. Probably two small hay-boxes are better than one box large enough to hold two pans. The box may be made altogether of tight rolls of paper; but this type does not retain the heat so effectively. The ideal box is lined firmly with paper or felt, and completed with sweet clean hay. With care, the only cleaning it requires is an occasional exposure to the sun.

In preparing the food for the hay-box the essential matter is the boiling-point. All dishes must be boiling briskly when put into this cooker, and the box-lid must be promptly closed. In the experimental stages it is advisable to give everything a fairly long start. It will soon be found, however, that many dishes require less than five minutes' preliminary cooking. Roughly, it may be taken that the food cooked in the hay-box needs thrice the time demanded by familiar methods. When people are arriving at different times for a meal—war work in a household making this inevitable—and in consequence it is necessary to keep a previously cooked dish hot, it can safely be put in the dry chamber of a double pan in the box, where it will retain its palatable qualities for many hours.

Double pans of all sorts lend themselves admirably to hay-box treatment. A fair-sized pan with a hot-water jacket will assure considerable heat for twenty-four hours. Any ordinary saucepan serves, however, if the handle is not too awkwardly bent. Casserole dishes cook food deliciously, but they should be taken from the oven rather than from the stove top.

Oatmeal porridge may be counted on as an early hay-box achievement. Prepared by five minutes' boiling at night, and left in the box until breakfast-time, it is particularly successful. Some thought must be exercised in making ready the dishes for the hay-box. It is clear, for example, that pulses necessitate a longer start

than soft fruit, which only needs to be brought to the boil. Split peas and their kind may have one hour on the stove and three hours in the box, or they may have a few minutes' boiling followed by an all-night spell in the cooker, and be taken out the following day, the process being repeated a second night. Meats and stews should be given a generous start on the stove, particularly if whole onions and large pieces of meat are included. As a rule it is best to have a vessel that is three parts full of boiling water or food. The time for the preliminary boiling should be reckoned from the moment when jets of steam can be seen, and not from a mere simmering; and the lid must remain in place till the dish is cooked.

An excellent plan for stock is to boil for a short time and box for two hours, and then repeat the whole process. With fish bones and vegetables, by the way, a peculiarly good soup can be made in this fashion. New potatoes should be boiled one minute and boxed one and a half hours. Winter potatoes in their skins need three minutes' boiling and about two hours in the box. Sago and tapioca should be made to boil and then boxed for two hours. Rice, too, is placed in the box as soon as it boils, and given two and a half to three hours. Macaroni is best boiled for ten to fifteen minutes, and boxed three hours. Whole apples ask for one minute for boiling and six or seven hours in the box. Suet is perhaps the only food to which the hay-box will not adapt itself, the reason being, of course, that it should be kept at boiling-point throughout to be properly digestible. To cook bacon for the convalescent digestion, an appetising way is to boil a piece weighing, say, two or three pounds, for thirty minutes, and box for twenty-four hours—that is, to leave it until it is cold. In the case of *réchauffés* the hay-box is a boon, as it does not toughen meats; and it is possible to be more than reconciled to macaroni and chopped ham, to rice curries, and to hashes and minces when their flavours are intensified by the cooker.

A delicate fragrance is obtained in both savouries and sweet puddings by a final browning in the oven on bread-baking days. On the other hand, it is sometimes desirable quickly to prepare ingredients for a sweet on the stove, afterwards putting them in a hot casserole dish in the box. This is applicable to layers of fruit and rice, or pudding-bread and sauce, or anything which has to be left to blend flavours.

The hay-box is a capital device for the slow cooking of invalid's beef-tea, barley-water, and so on. Jam and chutney can be helped on their way after coming to the boil.

Years of usage have proved the hay-box a good friend in times of kitchen pressure. It saves the reputation of the soup on difficult

days, and it keeps the coffee hot, while enhancing its flavour. Baked potatoes may be folded in a cloth and left in the nest a little time, when they will peel very effectively. The boxed food can often be taken direct to the table, but it is frequently desirable to re-heat before serving.

The hay-box may yet win for itself a position as one of 'the triumphs and trophies of cookery.' What matters it that it will not turn out a mayonnaise such as was the delight of Richelieu, or a sauce such as brought fame to Béchamel, *maître d'hôtel* of Louis XIV.? Simple fare is the only diet for days of war. The achievement is to cook the food obtainable in the best way at one's disposal, and to her who can do

this successfully Robert Buchanan's lines seem applicable:

In her very style of looking  
There was cognisance of cooking!  
From her very dress were peeping  
Indications of housekeeping!

If the hay-box will not turn out Béchamel sauce, it will make as fine an onion sauce as that for which a French prince once obtained *éclat*. It will make food rations more palatable and nutritious, and it will most certainly reduce the inconvenience threatened by the enforced reduction in the consumption of coal, gas, and electricity. In a word, the hay-box is a particularly practical and patriotic little thing to have in the house.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

### III.

SEVERAL times during the night the low, pulsating throb of distant gun-fire, borne seaward on the gentle offshore breeze, had sounded from the westward. Sometimes the upper sky in the same direction sparkled and scintillated with a myriad tiny dancing flashes, now orange, now ruby-red, as anti-aircraft shell soared upwards and burst. Occasionally the arch of the heavens was illuminated by the bluish-white beams of many searchlights, miles away over the edge of the horizon, which opened and closed, rose and fell, like the exploring fingers of some giant hand.

Once or twice the deep rumbling thuds of heavier explosions came to the ear like rolls of distant thunder. They were caused by bombs, Zeppelin bombs, but their detonation in no way disturbed the equanimity of those on board the armed trawler *Guiding Hope*, stationed on her patrol at no great distance from the coast.

It was 1918. The war had been in progress for nearly four years, and men serving in the North Sea had long since become accustomed to air-raids and other abominations of war. For all the notice they took of the illumination in the sky, indeed, it might have been an innocent firework display.

During the afternoon the air had suddenly become turgid with wireless as the vessels on the outlying patrols reported the raiding Zeppelins approaching the coast. Some time after sunset, moreover, those on board the *Guiding Hope* had counted no fewer than five of the huge, sausage-shaped monsters sharply silhouetted against the darkening evening sky. They had come streaming in from the eastward in a rough V-shaped formation like a gaggle of geese at fighting

time. They were flying at a good twelve thousand feet, but their advent did not pass unreported.

And now, at half-past two in the morning, the dawn was slowly breaking out over the eastern sky, and Matthew Conolly, rather sleepy about the eyes, and swathed to the neck in a variety of woollen garments and mufflers, watched through his wheelhouse window the blackness of night slowly giving way to the brilliance of daylight. He held a large basin of steaming cocoa in one hand and a lighted pipe in the other, and alleviated the monotony of his watch by alternate gulps of the hot liquid and puffs at his pipe.

'I wonder where them things have got to,' he grunted to the helmsman beside him, screwing his head round to probe the still dark horizon to the west. 'There hasn't been no firin' ashore this couple of hours or more.'

The scant discipline and the rather free-and-easy methods which obtained on board the *Guiding Hope* would scarcely have passed muster on board the smallest regular man-of-war of His Majesty's Navy. But then the *Guiding Hope* was not a regular man-of-war. She was distinctly irregular, and rather prided herself on being a paid volunteer. Moreover, Matthew had known most of his crew for years. He had grown up with them, so to speak, and the fact that the ship now flew the White Ensign instead of the Red was no reason for his changing the habits of a lifetime. His men's affairs were his affairs, and as often as not he addressed them by their Christian names. Except when there was work in hand he treated them with an easy familiarity which would have caused the most junior midshipman of the Royal Navy to observe that discipline had gone to the dogs. But discipline,

in its outward and visible form, at any rate, had never existed on the *Guiding Hope*, and I do not think she suffered much through the lack of it. The hearts of her men were essentially in the right place, particularly when there was work in hand.

'They're 'alway 'ome by this time!' opined the man at the wheel, an incorrigible pessimist. 'We never seem to 'ave no luck nowadays!'

'What, in bringin' 'em down, George?' Matthew queried.

'Ay. Shootin' 'em down, like the murderin' swine they are! Bin killin' a lot more innercent wimmin an' kids this trip, I s'pose!'

The skipper noisily disposed of the dregs of his cocoa, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand; but further conversation was broken short by the opening of the door and the entry of the wireless operator.

'We've been ordered to look out for damaged Zeppelins, sir!' he exclaimed, thrusting forth a paper.

'Ah, that's a bit more like it!' grunted Matthew, his face beaming. 'Read out what they says, boy.'

'To all ships and auxiliary patrol vessels,' the youth read. 'Look out for two Zeppelins damaged by gun-fire. Last reported steering east in area nineteen. Flying low.'

'Zeppelins!' the helmsman suddenly burst out. 'And if that ain't one o' the skulkin' swabs comin' out o' that dull patch on the 'orizon I'll give any one a pound o' bacca!' He released the wheel and pointed with an air of suppressed excitement to the westward.

The skipper looked up, seized his binoculars, and levelled them in the direction indicated. 'Holy smoke, George!' he muttered, after the briefest inspection; 'you're right. That's one of 'em, sure 'nough!'

'Course I'm right, skipper,' grinned the irrepressible George, with ill-concealed triumph. 'Aven't you always said I got the best pair o' eyes in the ship?'

Matthew had made no such wild statement, but was now far too preoccupied to pay attention to George's vapourings.

'Hard a-starboard!' he ordered hurriedly, still busy with the glasses. 'Steer straight for her, George!—You, boy,' turning to the wireless operator, 'you go down an' tell Moxon an' the others to have the gun ready. Tell 'em we may want the boat, too!'

The operator disappeared as the *Guiding Hope* swung round.

Now a Zeppelin in flight high in the air and a Zeppelin seen close to the surface are two very different objects. The first is reduced by space to almost miniature dimensions, but this one, with her great yellow length floating at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and her stern a bare hundred and fifty feet above the water, seemed, as they approached her, liter-

ally to block out the horizon. She loomed monstrous and ungainly through the slight morning haze, bigger by far than the largest ship ever dreamt of.

She was still struggling to ascend, circling round and round like a winged bird—sometimes broadside on, now heading towards them, now away. She was evidently badly damaged, and the end was not far distant, for even as they watched she was slowly sinking, while her pointed stern dipped lower and lower as the blunt, unwieldy bow reared itself heavenwards.

The *Guiding Hope*, quivering like a jelly as the men in her stokehold plied their shovels and the engineers opened the throttles wide, was coming up hand over fist. But away to the west-north-west a cloud of smoke heralded the arrival of another vessel, also steaming down at full speed to be in at the death. She was the only other competitor in sight, and it was evidently to be a race between her and the *Guiding Hope* as to who should be there first.

'Open her out all you know!' howled Matthew down the engine-room voice-pipe. 'Let her rip, Jim!'

And Jim, who was perfectly well aware what was happening, did let her rip.

From eight thousand yards the distance rapidly dwindled to six, from six thousand to four, from four to a bare mile.

The great airship still struggled awkwardly to escape, the engines in the foremost gondola roaring out in sudden bursts as they strove to lift her, and the blast from her propellers ruffling the calm surface of the water like a cat's-paw of wind. Through his binoculars Matthew could soon see splashes in the water as things were jettisoned to lighten her. She was dying gamely, with the white, black-crossed ensign of the Imperial German Navy still hanging limply from her stern, and the huge, black Maltese crosses and the number on her yellow belly showing clearly in the light of the risen sun. But all the while she was coming lower.

Boom! went the trawler's six-pounder, as, yawing a little to bring the weapon to bear, she summoned the airship to surrender.

The shell pitched across the Zeppelin's bows and burst in a little pillar of spray and a puff of smoke.

Boom! again; a little closer this time.

The roaring of the airship's engines suddenly ceased, and in an instant her stern fell until it touched the water. Next the after-gondola dipped into the sea, and the huge bulk of the monster, pivoting on the rear portion, settled slowly down until she floated on the surface with her bows cocked up and the foremost gondola hanging in mid-air.

Crash! went the *Guiding Hope's* gun again, and a ragged hole suddenly appeared in the flimsy fabric of the airship's bows as the projectile drove its way through without exploding.

Again the gun fired. Two more holes appeared close to the first.

They were about to fire another round when a man leant out of an opening in the foremost gondola, waving something white.

'Kamerad!' came his shout. 'Kamerad! Save, Englishman, save!'

Matthew smiled grimly. 'I've half a mind to kamerad the whole boilin' lot of you!' he muttered to himself. 'I'd scupper you all for tuppence, damn murderin' pig-dogs!'

Nevertheless, he stuck his head out of one of the side-windows of the wheelhouse and belowed lustily for Moxon, the second hand.

'Charles,' he said, when Moxon arrived, 'get the boat out, an' go rescue them blighters. Look out an' take pistols with you, an' if they cuts up rusty or gives trouble, you knows what to do. Them in the foremost bird-cage, the one hangin' in the air, 'll have to jump overboard.'

'And suppose they won't come,' Charles suggested.

'If they won't, tell 'em I'll plug at 'em with the six-pounder until I sets her afire. I reckon they'd sooner have wet shirts than be frizzled in burnin' gas, or whatever it is she's fille-l with. But don't stand here yarnin', Charles. Smart's the word! There's this other perisher comin', an' she'll want to have a say in things unless you look lively!'

The 'other perisher' was a trawler like the *Guiding Hope*, and Matthew was anxious to make certain of his prisoners before her arrival on the scene. But she was coming up fast.

'And will you try towin' her home?' Moxon inquired as he lowered himself on deck.

'May have a try at it after you've taken off them Huns. Nice li'l' job towin' a thing like that,' he added, eyeing the enormous bulk of the airship and then glancing aft to compare it with his own tiny vessel. 'Nice li'l' thing to keep in the cow-house at home to let the kid play with on Sundays!'

George, the helmsman, who was feeling rather pleased with himself, gave vent to his amusement in a chuckle. 'Don't you go forgettin' that if there's any honour an' glory attached to this 'ere, I saw 'er first, skipper,' he said. 'It was due to'—

'Go away, you old gargoy!' laughed Matthew. 'Any silly fool could sight a thing like that. What are you out after, a V.C., or a medal for bravery?'

'No-o,' came the somewhat sheepish reply, for George was rather crestfallen at Matthew's indifference. 'I thought—leastways, I 'oped, as per'aps me likeness would come out in the *Mornin' Mirror*!'

The skipper stared at him as if his sanity were questionable, and then burst out into a roar of amusement.

'Yer see,' the would-be hero went on to

explain in a throaty whisper, 'it's the wife. She's set 'er 'eart on bein' intervooed!'

'Interviewed?'

George nodded. 'Yus,' he said. 'Ever since Tom Witton, 'oo lives down our road, 'ad 'is missus intervooed an' 'is photo in the *Saturday Noos*, there's bin no 'oldin' my old woman. Tom Witton was blowed up by a mine, an' goes to 'ospital with 'is face all covered in band-ages. "Gallant 'ero 'oo was six hours in the water afore bein' rescooed," they labels 'is likeness. Gallant 'ero!' with a snort of contempt. 'Bloomin' loonatic! Any'ow, I'll bet 'e didn't go swimmin' 'cos 'e liked it! But they calls him a 'ero, all the same.'

'You're jealous, George!'

'No, it ain't me, skipper. It's the wife. I'm a modest sort o' bloke.'

'You looks it, George,' murmured his commanding officer. 'There's no holdin' the womenfolk, is there?'

'No, skipper; there ain't, an' that's a fact!'

Matthew grinned. 'I can't waste time talkin' about 'em now,' he went on, putting his head out of the wheelhouse window.

'Hi, you sodgers!' in a roar like a bull of Bashan, 'if you don't look lively with that boat, the other feller'll nab them prisoners!'

This was the last thing the *Guiding Hope's* men wanted. They had never seen a real live Hun at close quarters, let alone a Zeppelin Hun; and a Hun of any species was well worth striving for, if only as a curio. So in less than five minutes, by which time the rival trawler had come within half-a-mile, the boat was half-way across to the Zeppelin.

Presently, when she was close alongside, the Germans could be seen throwing themselves into the sea and swimming towards her. One by one they were hauled into safety, and having rescued seventeen, the boat, very deep in the water, started to pull back.

'Got the lot?' asked Matthew as she came close.

'Two officers and fifteen men!' Moxon shouted back.

'Get 'em on board quick!' the skipper ordered.

The dripping prisoners clambered on board, while Matthew, leaving the wheelhouse, went on deck to interview a tall, fair-haired officer wearing the stripes of an *oberleutnant* of the Imperial German Navy.

'Are you the capten of her?' he inquired gruffly.

'I am,' the German answered surlily, but in excellent English. 'What of it?'

'Are all your men here?'

'Two are left.'

'Why didn't they come?'

'They do their duty,' said the foreigner, drawing himself up. 'We cast lots as to who

shall remain. It falls to them.' He shrugged his shoulders.

'But why'—

Matthew's question was cut short by the crash of an explosion. He looked round to see the foremost gondola of the airship enveloped in a cloud of grayish smoke, and the water all round splashed with falling wreckage. Then, when the pall cleared away, the gondola hung in shreds, and they could see a flickering tongue of vivid blue flame creeping slowly round the belly of the monster.

The German, biting his lips, watched it anxiously. 'Ah, she burns!' he said at last, as the flame grew. 'That was why the men remain. You cannot take her now!'

He brought his hand to his head in a salute; and his men, clicking their heels, followed his example.

In less than half-a-minute the blue twinkle of fire blazed out suddenly into scarlet. Next a great gout of vivid orange, and almost immediately the entire fore-part of the great thing became enveloped in a sheet of brilliant flame. Then a cloud of thick black smoke burst out, as the fire, roaring like a blast furnace, spread rapidly. The blunt bows of the airship dipped towards the water until the very sea seemed ablaze and smoking.

The heat was overpowering, and the *Guiding Hope*, far too close to find it pleasant, took her boat hastily in tow and steamed off. But before she had travelled even half-a-mile the end came.

There was a hissing, sizzling sound as fire and water came into contact. Wreathing eddies of white steam filtered fantastically through the pall of smoke. The blaze flickered and then died sullenly away, while the dark smoke-cloud trailed languidly to leeward along the surface in a travelling curtain. Then, when the smoke had finally disappeared from the spot where the airship had rested, not a vestige of her enormous bulk could be seen—nothing but a long patch of blackened sea littered with charred debris, and overhung by a thin film of vapour.

The *Guiding Hope* approached the place and circled through it, stopping a while to pick up a piece of charred fabric, a portion of one of the gondolas, a few personal belongings of the crew, and other relics. She then dropped buoys to mark the position, and, with a triumphant hoot on her whistle, her wireless chattering, and her men offering dry clothing, cocoa, food, and cigarettes to their rather astonished prisoners, steamed merrily back towards her base.

'I can't understand them fellers at all,' said the second hand, arriving in the wheelhouse a few minutes later with smiles all over his face.

'What's up with 'em?' Matthew asked.

'I was talkin' just now to one of 'em who knows a bit of English, an' he asks me quite

serious what time he an' all his mates was goin' to be shot!'

'Shot!' ejaculated the skipper. 'Why?'

Moxon laughed. 'That's what I asks him,' he said, 'an' he tells me their officers fills 'em all up with a yarn that we never takes prisoners home alive. We either shoots 'em in the water, flings 'em overboard, or else poisons 'em!'

'And what did you tell him, Charles?'

'I says it's all a pack o' lies; but I could see he didn't believe a word I said, an' still thinks he's goin' to be done in!'

'Stead of which we pulls 'em out of the water, treats 'em like gents, an' gives 'em comfortable quarters an' good food,' said Matthew. 'I'm a soft-hearted sort o' chap meself,' he went on, 'but I reckons there's some of 'em ought never to be rescued.'

'Perhaps there is,' Moxon agreed.

'Zeppelins visited the Eastern Counties on the night of the 19th-20th,' ran the official *communiqué*. 'The raiders were heavily engaged and turned back by our defending aeroplanes and anti-aircraft batteries. Bombs were dropped in various localities, but no damage of military importance was done. One airship, flying low in a damaged condition, jettisoned her cargo of bombs in an outlying district. A cottage was unfortunately struck, and the inmates, a woman and a child, were killed. These are the only casualties reported up to the present. This same airship subsequently came down in the sea, and most of her crew were rescued by one of our vessels. Another was brought down in flames and totally destroyed.'

Altogether the tone of the message was distinctly encouraging, for the raid had been a dismal failure.

But it completely knocked the bottom out of Matthew Conolly's life, for by some ghastly freak of fortune the cottage on which the bomb had fallen happened to be his.

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\* As an example of a rather prevalent idea among German seamen as to how the British Navy treats its prisoners, it may be mentioned that after the action in the Heligoland Bight in August 1914, some Germans on board a British destroyer refused to drink cocoa offered to them by their rescuers. It was not until one of our men drank from the same bowl that they could be prevailed upon to touch it. Their officers, they said, had told them to beware of poisoned food in the event of their being made prisoners. There have been many other incidents of a similar nature, some occurring even during the fourth year of the war.

German seamen rescued at sea generally show the profoundest gratitude, but some astonishment, at being picked up and humanely treated, as if they had been taught to expect the very opposite. On one fairly recent occasion I was personally thanked by an English-speaking petty officer, with tears in his eyes, for sparing his life, and he expressed considerable surprise at not having been fired at in the water with a machine-gun.

It is only fair to add that, in the greater number of cases, British survivors rescued by the enemy during the battle of Jutland were treated with kindness and consideration on board the German ships.

(Continued on page 670).

## THE END OF A CRUSADE.

By CECIL SOMMERS, Author of *Temporary Heroes*.

## I.

FIVE o'clock is dinner-time in the Judean hills. Any earlier and it would be too soon after lunch; any later and it would interfere with the night's work. At the same hour the Turkish gunner is wont to dispose of his day's hate ration, safe in the gloaming from the airman's scrutiny. The small grove of olive-trees, which hid more or less successfully the khaki 'bivvy' sheets of a company headquarters, had not been free from the enemy's unwelcome attention, but until the shell with the New Crusader's name on it came over, the sum total of the casualties had been one lizard, badly scared.

The New Crusader was sitting at the mess-table, an erection of empty biscuit-tins, with a large helping of bully beef and 'haricots verts' ('haricots' rhymes with 'apricots' and 'verts' with 'firts' in the British Army) before him. An animated discussion was in progress.

'Well, with any ordinary luck I'd have got the three tricks,' claimed the Desperate Plunger.

'I'm no saying,' put in the Cautious Scot, 'that given a'—

Ooomp! interrupted a distant gun. Instantly the argument ceased, and there was a pause. The whole mess seemed to be straining to catch some sound.

'It's coming this way,' cried the Desperate Plunger, flinging himself 'under the lee of a friendly heap of stones. The Cautious Scot clung for protection to the trunk of a gnarled olive-tree. Long ere the explosion came every member of the mess had taken cover somewhere.

The Cautious Scot shook the thrown-up earth from his clothes and laughed. Not that he saw anything really funny in the burst of a shell, but the laugh just came out of its own accord.

'Phew!' whistled the New Crusader, 'that was a near— By Jove! I believe I'm hit!'

Something warm was trickling down his face.

Ten minutes later he was making his way along the *wadi* below. Every little while a shell would land on the purple carpet of flowers or on the rocky hill-side above, but the New Crusader never flinched. The orderly who accompanied him wondered at his coolness, little knowing that the swathes of bandages round the wounded officer's face completely deafened him!

At battalion headquarters the doctor made ineffective efforts with a probe, and led his victim to a cup of tea and a slice of cake. After one attempt the cake was abandoned as productive of more pain than pleasure, but the tea found its way through the bandages without difficulty. Thus fortified, the New Crusader started his

climb to the aid-post. The route to be followed was a goat-track, rising five hundred feet almost perpendicularly, a muddy, slippery slide, unfit for man or beast. A stretcher could never have reached the top—even head-wounds have their advantages. Looking back from the track, the climbers saw peak after peak, ridge after ridge, fading into the twilight. Only to the right was there a V-shaped gap where the hills fell away to the Jordan valley, a thousand beautiful tints in the setting sun. Also they saw the suspected positions of the Turkish guns not yet out of range. They did not tarry.

Once over the crest, an arrow pointed 'To the Aid-Post,' where a distressed corporal of the R.A.M.C. scratched his head and wondered what to do. The roads were impassable for wheeled traffic. There was no room in the solitary bell-tent. The field-ambulance was some distance on. The cacolets had gone. Could the officer manage to ride a mule?

With some misgivings the New Crusader consented. His head was throbbing, and only one eye was doing duty, but, at any rate, it was better than going in a cacolet. The cacolet is a form of torture comprising a camel and two bamboo stretchers with flowing canvas draperies. The rest can be left to the imagination.

Two mules and a diminutive A.S.C. driver appeared, and soon the procession was *en route* through the gathering darkness. The road was atrocious, now loose stones, now clinging mud up to the hocks, now rising abruptly, now falling steeply, now on the side of a precipice, now running through the stone walls of half-seen fig-gardens. The journey proved to be one of eight miles, the pace under three miles an hour. There was no moon, and thick banks of clouds raced across the sky. Occasionally a light would twinkle from the side of a hill, and once the mules took fright at the grunt of a camel at rest in a camel line off the road. No other signs of life were passed.

It was with a sigh of very great relief that the New Crusader caught sight of the bright gleam of the field ambulance coming into view round the corner. Soon he lay on a stretcher smarting from the anti-tetanic injection in his chest, but thankful beyond words to have finished the worst stage of his travelling. Surely Jacob could have felt no wearier as he sank to rest on the same spot so many years before.

He awoke late next morning to hear a church service in progress outside his tent. It struck him that to the men who sang, the old hymn, 'O God of Bethel,' must have borne a new significance.

Later a doctor came and dressed his wounds,

and put him in a sand-cart, which was to be the means of conveyance for the next stage. A sand-cart is a small two-wheeled ambulance pulled by two mules driven tandem. It is suitable for the crossing of sandy stretches, but not for use on the vile native 'roads' after rain. For the greater part of an hour the New Crusader seemed to be meeting his valise in mid-air; but all troubles come to an end some time, and eventually he found himself in a Ford ambulance, sitting in front with the driver. In the back part of the car were two wounded Turks.

The ambulance sped along the high-road, honk-honking to warn off the native women trudging by, bent almost double with great bundles of brushwood. On all sides gangs of Egyptian labour corps were at work, some collecting stones, others breaking them up, and others laying them on the road. Syrians urged their orange-laden donkeys out of the way of the car with loud cries and frenzied pushes. A camel convoy swung past on the mud track. A filthy old native woman, in the usual collection of blue rags, waved her hand and sent the occupant of the front seat a kiss. He was young enough to blush, but old enough to be thankful for the rate at which the car was travelling. Bivouacs and horse lines began to spring up on either side. The ambulance crested a steep rise and slid down the hill and into the crowded streets.

So, and with such companions, the New Crusader made his entry into Jerusalem. His mind was full of the thoughts of those other Crusaders, and he felt it only fitting that he should enter the city under their Red Cross.

## II.

The polyglot throng made way for the car as it threaded its way in and out of the narrow streets. Proud Arabs turned their gaily-decked ponies to one side; Bedouins, Syrians, and Turks shuffled by uninterested; Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Levantines gazed with fleeting curiosity at it; and a Franciscan raised his hand in benediction. The car drew up at the gate of a large white building, and soon the New Crusader found himself in the reception-room of the fine Italian hospital. The room was crowded. A convoy had just arrived from Jericho, bearing the wounded from the successful raid on the Mecca railway. Australians they were, for the most part, covered from head to foot with gray dust, but there was also a sprinkling of Londoners.

'Then we gets to a villidge,' a cockney voice was recounting, 'as they calls Es Salt. And as we comes up to it 'undreds of Gippos comes out to meet us with long guns in their 'ands, which they shoots in the air, and waves their arms and shouts 'Saiada! saiada! (Welcome! welcome!) And then'—

The doctor entered, and the conversation came to an end. The British soldier insists on refer-

ing to all natives as Gippos. Soon the patients had been marshalled and sent off to different wards. The New Crusader was shown his bed, on which he noticed with certain wonder clean white sheets. There was a tap, tap of small heels coming down the ward, quite unlike the thump, thump of the issue boots, and a vision in white asked him if he could manage a little chicken. No doubt the sister was accustomed to the somewhat rude stare she received. After months of unclean natives the first sight of an Englishwoman is apt to be disconcerting. The ward was a small one—two smashed arms, a broken jaw, a fractured thigh, and a malaria case. Every one was in good spirits except the man with the broken jaw, who complained of the pain that it caused him to laugh.

The windows of the ward gave on to the Holy City, and as the sun sank in a blaze of colour the mosques and the minarets, the towers and the spires of Jerusalem the Golden raised their bold silhouettes. One by one the stars shone out in the paling twilight. An owl hooted. Somewhere below a dog howled. Night fell.

## III.

Next morning the journey was resumed, this time in a more comfortable Talbot car. As the New Crusader stood at the door of the hospital waiting for the convoy to start, he noticed football in progress across the road in a school playground. Two enormous black-robed priests with high stove-pipe hats were taking part in the game, each captaining a team of diminutive boys. The antics of the two leaders as they rushed about in their efforts (so it seemed) to avoid the ball were ludicrous in the extreme.

As he watched this *lutte acharnée*, a gentle cough brought the spectator back to the realities of life, and he stepped aside to allow several nuns to enter the hospital.

The road from Jerusalem is a fine piece of engineering, with more hairpin bends in it than there are in all the motor-trial runs in England. Much work is needed to keep it in repair, and the whole population of many a roadside village can be seen gathering stones from the hill-sides and breaking them up into road-metal. The 'waleds' or little boys seem to do most.

The convoy turned in at the pleasant French monastery of —, Kirjath Jearim of the Old Testament, but only waited to change cars and have lunch.

On again, past an Indian infantry battalion marching up the line. A battalion of Londoners were bivouacking just off the road, dusty and dishevelled after their march back from the 'blue mountains of Moab,' but pleased at the prospect of a rest in the shade of the cool olive-grove. Up to now each summit had only disclosed another ridge ahead, but all at once the mountains parted, and the winding stretch of road was revealed zigzagging its way down to the foot-

hills. In the distance the littoral shone golden in the sun, and the white houses of Jaffa sparkled amid the green of its orange-groves, full thirty miles away. Down, down, down, the hill-sides bright with flowers, the air heavy with the scent of clover, passed a whole regiment of Indian lancers at the trot, down into undulating featureless country, green with growing corn. Here the upkeep of the roads is even more difficult than in the hills, for all the stones in the neighbourhood have long since been ground to powder beneath the wheels of the lorries, and the convoy met long strings of donkeys and camels with their blue-clad native drivers bringing metal from a quarry in long rush-baskets. The fertile red soil gradually became lighter and lighter as the coast was neared, and when the tents of the hospital appeared white amongst the green of the orange-groves, the car was running over sand. Once again it seemed very fitting to be lying under the Red Cross of St George so close to his traditional resting-place.

The New Crusader was given a stretcher on trestles as a bed. Hardly had he settled down before a general came in and stooped over a much-bandaged figure on a neighbouring stretcher. 'I've brought you your ribbon. Let me congratulate you.' The blue and red of the D.S.O. ribbon showed up against the white of the sheets. Half-an-hour later its winner passed into a land where there are no decorations.

#### IV.

Next morning the New Crusader watched the green orange-groves and almond-orchards slide past his bunk in the 'white train.' The cloying scent of orange-blossom carried his thoughts back to a day in England, but he was aroused from his reverie by an orderly with a plate of tinned fowl. During the next three days this delicacy figured very largely in the menu, and he almost began to wish for a return to bully beef. The train was speeding through the Plain of Philistia, unbeautiful, but so fertile that crops seem to spring to life of their own accord. A sandy belt followed, with occasional fences of green-gray prickly pear and wretched mud villages. Suddenly some one cried out that Gaza was in sight, and all scrambled to the open doors to get a view of the famous battlefield.

The railway runs through the centre of the town. To the New Crusader Gaza seemed a city of the dead. He remembered many a village in France and Flanders where the destruction was more complete, but never the same desolation. On thinking it over afterwards he came to the conclusion that the difference lay not in the degree of damage, but in the utter lifelessness of the shattered buildings. The ruins of Ypres hide many men; in every wreck of a French village a sandbag wall or a wisp of smoke betrays the hidden life that exists; Gaza is a lifeless shell. Rank weeds shoot up from the floors of

the empty houses, and grass grows in the streets. The carrion crow and the jackal even have fled from their former paradise.

But if Gaza as it lies to-day, a monument to civilised warfare, is calculated to depress, the actual battlefield, some miles farther south, had its message of hope for at least one war-weary soldier. In six months nature has healed the man-made scars that seared the plain; trenches, shell-holes, and tracks, all have disappeared in a blaze of scarlet poppies. Flowers, blue and yellow, purple and pink, are there in profusion, but they are lost in the glorious riot of poppies, scarlet poppies, poppies for forgetfulness. To the New Crusader they spoke of the far-off time when nature shall have healed the face of the whole earth, and the horrors of war shall be forgotten. However, his neighbour's thoughts were turned to the past, and he spoke of the first, the second, and the final attack, pointing out many things: a derelict tank; Samson's Hill; the wire entanglements in front of our old line, rusty and creeper covered; a few sandbags on top of a sandhill, the site of a former redoubt. He drew attention, too, to the 'pipe-line'—the prosaic fulfilment of the prophecy that not till the waters of Egypt flowed into Palestine should the Turk be driven from Jerusalem.

Soon the border line of the Holy Land was reached, and the waving fields of fast-ripening barley gave place to the sand and the scrub of the Sinai Desert. Mile after mile with nothing to relieve the monotony until the sandhills fell away and no longer hid the bright blue of the Mediterranean. A small clump of date-palms, a larger one, and all at once the train was entering the oasis of El Arish, and drawing up alongside a forest of tents.

The New Crusader thought that he had seldom seen a more peaceful spot than this hospital; the wide expanse of golden sand, the green of the palm-trees, the blue of sky and sea, and the white tents made a picture that he will not readily forget. Let us leave him there, safe in the care of a lady doctor.

#### OCTOBER.

By the black rock's hold,  
By the gathering rills,  
That hide in the fold  
Of the winding hills,  
O'er the valley's side  
And the mountain steeps,  
The darkling tide  
Of the forest sweeps.

In its sombre glooms  
Scarce a sound is heard  
But a rustle of plumes  
By the breezes stirred,  
Or the lightsome laughter,  
Now hushed, now ringing,  
Of brooks that after  
The rains are singing.

P. J. H.-G.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### WIRELESS MESSAGES—LES JETÉES.

By MRS W. F. IRVINE BELL, Author of *The Forester's Girl*.

#### I.—HIGH-TIDE.

THE old man with grizzled beard, wide corduroy *pantalons*, and peaked cap of officialdom (that has, mayhap, superseded the fisherman's tarpaulin of his earlier years) carefully adjusts three conical baskets on the signalling-mast, then glances a few yards distant to where flutters limply in a midsummer breeze a flag of grayish white, with broad border of dark blue.

*Haute marée!* High-tide! And presently adown the waterway flowing full and free between two long jetties, flanking respectively twin-sister *villes* on this strip of terrain, a step beyond the *zone de guerre*, comes flocking a covey of fishing-boats—white sails, brown sails, patched sails; blue prows, yellow prows, pink prows, striped prows—black, white, red—a company not so gay, to be sure, as their rainbow cousins of Brittany's sardine-seekers, yet flaunting their colours bravely enough in the silver-streaked ripple of a fast-running tide.

The smaller boats, tacking skilfully, make good headway towards the pier-heads and the open sea, over which even this light wind soon scatters them like bits of feather from a gull's wing; but the larger craft, particularly this one now approaching, so generous of beam and canvas, and (so I learn) under the special protection of Saint Jean Baptiste, like lame ducks, lag behind in the land-locked *bassin*; while a small crowd of idlers lean upon the jetty-railing, watching with sympathetic interest the futile efforts of the fishermen—'ancient mariners' all—to fill their sails. And now is flung to the opposite jetty a rope, many metres long, and stout as your Alpine climber's red-veined 'coil,' to be caught in the hands of a motley collection of eager helpers, and passed over their shoulders for the better purchase of a hard pull. What a sky-line silhouette it makes, this string of bending, straining figures! Foremost is a woman whose big frame, firm tread, and loud voice seem to dominate those who 'follow in her train'; next two old men and a young girl, her sun-bleached hair half-bidden by a black shawl wrapping head and shoulders; then a tall youth, whose turn *au front* must, alas! surely be imminent; and in his wake the inevitable small boy and the equally inevitable small dog! Tramp,

tramp, to the end of the pier; a quick turn of the cable around a bulkhead; then tramp, tramp, back again. But Saint Jean's protégée is heavy, the tide strong; so the proffered help of two bronzed *poilus*, lounging away their well-earned 'permission,' is gladly accepted, until at length the big boat swings free and the hawser is hauled home, as the languid sails begin to suck and smack sullenly against creaking timbers. Some moments yet must it be, however, before she comes abreast of a trim little yacht, all agleam with brass, varnish, and milk-white canvas, which, solely on pleasure bent, flirts with hearts on both sides of the Atlantic by flying a diminutive Stars and Stripes alongside of the national Tricolour, and in brightly painted letters proclaims her name, to all who care to look, as *Anita*.

'*Bon voyage, petite Anita!*' I whisper, *sotto voce*, as she curtsies prettily to the big, bobbing, red buoy, nor dreams that for special reasons of mine own there is a tender spot in my heart for this dainty little lady, so candidly impartial in her affections.

In the meantime, upon the portly god-daughter of the great saint are bestowed 'God-speeds' of a more audible kind by the women who, a few souls distributed among their voluntary helpers, now begin trudging homewards, turning again and yet again to wave a hand to the good boat's crew, with whom, to the utmost limit of receding distance, is sustained a reciprocal volley of farewell or injunction.

So smooth and fair to-day are sea and sky, scarce can one grasp that other perils far more treacherous than wind or wave now infest the blue waters dimpling northward for many a league. Half-unconsciously taking out my field-glasses, I again gaze where, a few miles away, the mid-horizon is cut by naked topmasts which, still raking coquettishly, never more may bend to snowy canvas or bear towards wished-for harbour the poor, sunken hulk in whose riven side is a mortal wound.

Beyond, and yet beyond, silver and blue, spreads the sea, until, pearly-gray against the sky-line, dimly lifts itself the silent assembly of great ships *qui gardent la côte*, lest other fair birds be 'winged' by that deadly arrow that flieth by night as well as by day. Ah yes!

Well may these weather-beaten fisher-folk linger over their adieus and cling to farthest touch with their little home town basking peacefully in the hot summer sunshine; for does not *la guerre*—the cruel *guerre* which knows neither season nor Sunday, night nor day—hold it and them, despite this serenity of sky and sea, in its relentless grasp?

Boom!—boom!—boom! Instinctively I turn my face eastwards, whence proceeds that ominous, heavy-hearted sound, superimposed (for *blend it cannot*) upon the ripple of laughter, the merry shouts of children, the glad barking of dogs, where, upon the golden sands and in the soft, scented froth and foam of gently breaking surf, a gay throng—gay of mien, equally gay of apparel—‘makes merry and is glad.’ For now is the height of the season. The *plage*—with its myriad tents and umbrellas, dazzling white, or bright with coloured stripes, its broken rows and irregular groups of spidery-legged iron chairs, its bizarre villas, and great, glaring hotels, all alike crowding towards the sea—teems with life apparently so joyous and care-free that one wonders are ears deaf and hearts hardened that those booming cannon, whose momentary message is of death and desolation, seem to stir them as little as they do the bevy of gorgeous kites which, like birds of tropic plumage, poise and quiver in the blue ether. So saturated with the essence of things French is the very atmosphere that upon the ear of one who, like myself, is a new arrival, not as yet inured to the strange blend brewed by the unwonted conditions of war, there presently falls with startling distinctness the unmistakable accent of ‘Edinburgh town’!

Quickly I turn, just in time to see pass within a few rods of where I stand the grimy, gray hulk of a sturdy collier, across whose stern are inscribed the names of a famous Highland chief and an equally famous port—names which tug sharply at my heart-strings! Aggressively pushing her way towards the open lock-gates of the inner *bassin*, she is, however, merely the forerunner of a long string of similarly laden vessels, pressing under all possible steam to make the harbour while the tide serves, for well their skippers know that once the warning flag on the jetty is no longer floating mast-high, the narrow channel with its deceptive bar of billowy sand will be closed to them until the next high-water.

The day was to come when other eyes as well as mine would anxiously scan a tempest-torn sea in quest of such craft as these—when consternation would reign in the little town over tidings that the big gray boat with the queer-sounding Scottish name and her kindly, brown-faced crew had at length paid the penalty for doing their ‘bit’—obscure and dirty though it were—the boat whose non-arrival at the familiar quay would mean blue fingers and cold toes in many a

humble home ‘somewhere in France.’ But in the glad glitter of an August afternoon, when light-hearted cries of ‘*O là, là!*’ mingle with the boisterous laughter of scantily attired *baigneurs* in the fun-provoking waves, when hotel and restaurant, café and casino, are doing a roaring trade, scarcely a glance is vouchsafed those British boats bearing a cargo akin to, but indeed more precious than, the diamonds whose flash and flare is not far to seek.

For myself, however, with that gray *char-bonnier* must for all time be associated a certain sound, recalling a summer evening whiled away in this lovable little French ‘resort’—the skirl of bagpipes suddenly impinging upon the stillness of a star-dim harbour, and upon the strains of an orchestra which, within the walls of a brilliantly lighted casino, sets time to the trip-trip of a modern dance. Sounds, like smells—are they not keys to memory, notes deep imprinted in the gray matter of one’s brain, which a chance finger striking may set vibrating? The inimitable, quasi-devilish sing-song of sleepless birds in the *Place des Armes* of a moon-whitened *Vera Cruz*; the uncanny drum-drumming at dawn or dusk of Rocky Mountain swifts, swooping above the still waters of a granite-bound lake; the crisp crunch of rubber-tired wheels, languidly rolling my bicycle-chair along the Indian shell-trail of a Florida jungle—nay, even the prolonged ‘boo-oo’ from the funnel of a great ‘liner’ reverberating beneath my feet, assuring me that verily and indeed was I bound once more for ‘the dear Homeland’—with such notes as these for ‘*motifs*’ might some canny musician weave the sonata of my hitherto life.

But now let us get back to the jetty ere the tide falls. Already the sun is westering; eerie lights begin to mirage and mystify the horizon; sails of boats in the offing are miraculously painted by an invisible brush; in the foreground gray gulls wear borrowed plumage of red and gold. All but the most enthusiastic of the bathers, forsaking the receding surf, hasten landwards to hot, electric-lit *salles-à-manger* or closely betabled *jardins*; kite birds, like fowls of another feather, are herded home to roost; babies and baskets, dogs and dolls, are all ‘personally conducted’ to a safe resting-place; across the sands, through the open windows of a villa, ramp the notes of a popular song drummed out on a long-suffering piano; that far-away, awesome boom!—boom!—boom! gradually grows less.

Reluctantly—for I love the jetty—I begin to find my way back to the old *Hôtel du Bras d’Or*. Only a short distance; then suddenly my steps are arrested as an unforeseen spectacle greets my eyes. Within a few hundred yards of the great white Casino, with its blaze of lights, its merry music, its groups of richly dressed patrons wining and dining—lo! can it be?—a *barbed wire entanglement*; a khaki-clad countryman of my own, fixed bayonet glancing in the twilight

as he paces up and down; while within, square-featured men in round caps, and jackets marked with a glaring red number, herd together and gaze seawards. Hun prisoners! *O là là!* I had forgotten—we are at war.

## II.—LOW-TIDE.

I am back on the jetty—the right arm, so to speak, of my own special *ville*, for although its twin thrusts farther out to sea and affords a different view-point, yet it is a long way round by the old stone bridge, and the small *bac* plying to and fro demands a sou each way—only a humble halfpenny more or less, but—well, it behoves one to lay by *pour après la guerre!* So here I am, again pacing these close-laid boards between whose narrow chinks (where a short while since were visible the rise and fall of blue water) now dimly appear soft sands, not yet sucked dry by an ever-thirsty sea.

Even my friend the jetty, a few hours ago modestly waist-deep in a protecting element, now with sturdy naked legs, ill concealed by stockings of slippery green weed, and ankles begirt with barnacles, towers high above a far-reaching waste of sand and shell, of rock and reef. In the waterway a mere thread of saltiness now laps forward to meet the brackish current of the outflowing river, which could to the sea such tales unfold of meadow and mill, of château and cider-orchard, if ever its restless sister would but tarry long enough to listen. As for those ponderous playthings of the surf, the huge red and white buoys, which erstwhile merry breakers, with the easy nonchalance of a juggler and his balls, tossed to and fro—those buoys which, when the tide is in, offer a swaying perch for the wave-washed feet of passing gulls, yet are in truth silent sentinels on sunken reef and treacherous shoal—now, like great watch-dogs asleep at their chain-ends, they lie inert and helpless on the breasts of those same sirens of whose lures to unwary seamen they bid beware. Despite the humbled estate to which they are reduced at low-tide, in such real reverence do I hold these dumb sea-dogs that when on one occasion I found myself squishing along through the oozy sand towards one of their number lying bleached and tawny among the Titan-welded links of a huge cable, it was with a consciousness savouring of impertinence that I approached the salty Cerberus and boldly tapped him on the chest, whereupon, like a certain famous beast of yore, he ‘gave back a hollow groan!’

This evening, however, I have no mind to disturb his slumbers upon the swiftly shadowing sands. Already for some moments in the jetty lighthouse the round red eye in its white socket has been slowly turning—wink-blink—blink-wink—as though endeavouring to convey some subtle joke to its opposite neighbour of the

glowing green orb, which, apparently lacking all sense of humour, gives back merely a stony stare. Fascinated, I gaze at the beacon-lights until one by one in the twilight sky candles are kindled by an Invisible Hand—candles which neither wax dim nor move from their appointed place, which deceive neither the mariner at his helm nor weary tramp on the ‘open road.’ And now suddenly, as if in answer to my thought, beams the faint, far gleam of the Pole Star, ‘indexed’ so surely by those bright points in the ‘cup’ of the Great Dipper. These two constellations—Major and Minor—beacons to me indeed are they, for does not the Little Bear with his starry tail almost tickle the town where my thrice-wounded Hero is now doing his ‘bit’? As to the Little Bear’s big brother—only a slight effort of imagination on my part and I can picture just where, far away to the north, he lies prone above the rugged cairn and heather-clad summit of Maol Mor! Good ground, then, have I for my love of *les jetées*—first, because of their being the utmost limit that a stony-hearted War Office will permit me to approach my Man of Arms; secondly (an’ I strip my heart bare!), because of that Great Bear couchant alike above me where I stand and a certain well-loved Highland ‘Ben.’

Presently my solitary musings are put to flight by the heavy tread of approaching feet, keeping step with that semi-mechanical swing that bespeaks the soldier. Halting near me and leaning comfortably against the jetty-railing, an oddly assorted pair of Allies exchange compliments in the shape of cigarettes, and then begin to—*converse!* Apparently neither understands a word of the other’s language; *mais n’importe*, they ‘converse’—this French *poilu* in his faded blue uniform, *képi* jauntily cocked above dark brows and bright brown eyes, and a tall sandy-haired lad whom surely my own thoughts have summoned from those Scottish moors of which I have been dreaming—one of our own dear ‘kilties,’ no less, in all the bravery of a far-famed Highland regiment. Upon his sleeve, even in this dim light, are visible gold wound-stripes three. Forthwith from contemplation of the peaceful stars, ‘bump,’ I tumble to this planet of ours, now in the throes of a terrible war. Yet if by its awful shadow my own spirit is overcast, not so, it would seem, the spirits of these two who have endured the burden and the heat of the conflict, and whose happier mood speedily invades my own. Evidently, albeit they lack the gift of tongues, the acquaintance is progressing readily, each in his characteristic method making his meaning clear. Just now it is the son of France who, by inimitable gesture of head and hand, by shrug of shoulder, lifting of eyebrow, and twisting of moustachioed mouth, is impressing upon the Scot (not the ‘dour’ Scot of which an unkind literature has so much to say, but a smiling, happy-eyed child of ‘hill, heath,

and heather') his conviction as to how the respective Allies handle *les Boches*. '*Les Français—ils poussent—toujours—toujours ils poussent!*' and he doubles his fists and 'shoves' with such vigour that in one's mind's eye one cannot fail to see the whole of the Kaiser's myrmidons topple over like so many ninepins. '*Les Anglais!—ah-h!*' (and he sucks in his breath with a deep draught of admiration). '*Ah, mon dieu!—les Anglais,*' they worry *Monsieur le Boche* as a dog does a rat. This surely is the meaning he would convey, for he grits his teeth, points to the dusty mongrel sitting at Jock's feet, and emits an 'r-r-r-hrrr' with such realistic venom that the terrier springs to attention, on the look-out for some belligerent to tackle. Of this graphic dumb-show Jock reveals his appreciation by laughing uproariously, smacking hard the sides of his tyke, then straightens himself to hear Jacques's 'conclusion of the whole matter.' '*Mais les Américains—lorsqu'ils arrivent—p-p-p-tch-h!*' and suddenly he launches into verbal prestissimo, and with lightning speed shoots the length of one palm down the other. '*Tout à l'heure à Berlin!*' . . . .

If at the twilight hour, shades of night wrapping one about, the outlook from *les jetées* at *marée basse* is somewhat *triste*, not so by jocular day—nay, rather, with so many broad acres of extra playground and harvest-field filched from 'the springs of the sea' our little town is at its best. High-tide for smart *baigneurs* and venturesome swimmers, for hardy fishermen and laden colliers; but when, grumbling and dissatisfied, Father Neptune has once again drained his overflowing cup, all of us mere landlubbers—old and young, rich and poor, the busily idle and the idly busy—flock down to take possession of the dregs. They are an unforgettable sight, these long, undulating shoals, affording on the one hand glorious miniature seas for the sailing of miniature boats, for short legs to wade, for wildly enthusiastic dogs to explore in quest of flotsam and jetsam semi-stranded; and on the other a veritable Klondyke for eager diggers of every sort and description. For surely never were 'nuggets' more anxiously sought, 'pockets' scraped barer, or gravel more diligently 'panned' than are these rediscovered 'fields,' so rich in the gleam, if not of earth-begotten gold, at least of sea-born silver!

What an army have we here of prospectors, each provided with his own special 'outfit' of pick and pan! On that far isolated islet of shell, a brown herring-gull, beak and crop all the 'pack' he requires, secure in the knowledge that none of the human horde on the neighbouring strand can invade his own special province, pursues with quick feet and outstretched neck such delicacies as the gentle lip-lap of the waves washes within his reach. Not with such ease the sons and daughters of poor old Adam! For

them, even from the soft wet sand must the fruits be won by toil; and toil it is, albeit from the shrill cries and the frequent laughter that fill the air one would imagine it to be pure sport. Sport, doubtless, too, it is for the summer colony—these holiday refugees from hot, dusty towns—to strip off shoes and stockings, to roll up trousers or tuck up smart petticoats as high as the law allows (French law at that!), to arm themselves with dirty basket or dripping pail, and, with the novelty of a spade in hand, literally fulfil the curse upon our original parents, and—delve!

But for what? Ah! if you would learn, you, too, must discard sole-leather and mingle with the crowd. *Such* a crowd! To see it at its best you must linger on in our little *ville* until the *fin de la saison*, so for to-day it must suffice to pick our way through this group of white-legged demoiselles, all frills and frou-frous, shudders and shrieks, to where, following up the receding tide, an earnest 'battalion of labour,' to whom neither bare toes nor shovels are a novelty, is engaged in feverishly digging for the most elusive of all sea-beasts, the shining, silvery, slippery, succulent sand-eel! If any one be inclined to scepticism as to the accuracy of these cumulative sibilants, just let him stand for a few moments 'behind the lines' and watch this gaunt, gray-haired old woman and ragged, small boy, so intent upon their task, alertly aware that neither time, tide, nor sand-eels wait for man. Dig, dig!—a far fling of heavy, wet sand, an inrush of turbid water—then a shrill cry from *grand'mère*, a sudden pounce of the small boy, as, with flick and flash of silver, the wretched *anguille*, violently dislodged from salty obscurity into the uncongenial limelight of sunshine and oxygen, leaps and wriggles, squirms and burrows, again and again evading the grab-grab of imprisoning fingers, until at length one of two things befalls—either *Madame Anguille*, to the accompaniment of a veritable Greek chorus over the tragedy, with one desperate thrust of her sharp little snout and writhe of her slender body, succeeds in once more burying those scales of silver and brilliant round eyes, or else, the luck not being on her side, she finds herself flung into box or basket, tin or towel, there to await an end too hideous to contemplate. No, I don't eat sand-eels—even on *meatless* days!

Now possibly some stickler may point out that to pass over *anguilles* on the menu because they are fried alive in hot fat, and yet devour with gusto *moules marinières* boiled alive in hot water, is making a very fine distinction as to cruelty to animals! *Moules*, however—somehow *moules* are different. At all events, when I make my way to the neighbouring rocks, still black and dripping from their recent immersion, I can, with equanimity, watch the deft knife of the picturesque mussel-gatherers hurriedly severing the unfortunate molluscs from their native

rock, can even reflect with greedy satisfaction how delectable the feast when, hungry, one returns for *déjeuner* and finds them served up in their own salty juice, with parsley and butter, at a certain round table under the plane-trees of a sequestered garden. Assuredly between the respective fates of *Meslames Anguille* and *Moule* there is not much to choose; but—well—nevertheless, I do *not* eat sand-eels, even on meatless days.

Now what about *crevettes*? Dear me! Pray just now let us not consider shrimps at all from the point of view of a prospective bill of fare, but rather as affording the finishing-touch to a picture of the glorious foreshore at low-tide. For hither, along the smooth sands, great net across his shoulders, comes hurrying the bent, dark figure of an old shrimper to join a rival, already waist-deep in the shallows. We tarry to watch the takings from the first prolonged sweep of his net; then all at once our attention is diverted from the blue sea below to the blue sky above, through whose clear depths approaches, with matchless equipoise and dignity of motion, a vast, shining airship, now many hundreds of

feet above us, now dropping, lightly as a feather, so low that we can make out the markings on the great yellow belly, and specks of humanity which control and guide the monster flying-fish. No holiday-makers these, or seekers of delicacies to swell a menu—their quest an unwonted denizen of the deep, elusive, tenacious, deadly.

'*Ils cherchent les sous-marins,*' some one remarks; and as the 'phantom ship' cleaves its way nearer and nearer, instinctively I shift my gaze to two small gamins, who, trousers hip-high, are, by aid of long poles, navigating their diminutive boats in a diminutive 'sea.' How marvelous and magical to their childish imagination, I reflect, must be this wingless bird of the air, and I watch to see the toy craft left derelict while the youthful skippers follow, with wonder-filled eyes, its mystical flight! But, lo! *neither of them so much as turns his head!* So long as *La Coquette* and the *Marguerite* keep an even keel among the wavelets of their land-locked sea, what bodes it *them* that strange ships voyage through the air and beneath the ocean? 'Which things are an allegory.'

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

### PART I.—*continued.*

#### III.

AFTER his conversations with Collins and Price, Jack could not but regard the native in a different light. Alfaro as merely the owner of Los Dolores, and Alfaro as President of Cordoba, were two different propositions. In spite of his democratic instincts, Jack concluded that he had better humour the hot-tempered Cordoban to at least a limited extent—a thing he had certainly not taken the trouble to do up to that time. 'Besides,' he reflected, 'is he not the father of the fascinating señorita? That alone should entitle him to a certain amount of forbearance.'

In spite of this resolve, however, when it came to a discussion of the title-deeds Jack was as obdurate as ever, for he felt that he could not allow the personal interest he had so quickly taken in the señorita to come before his employers' interests. Alfaro proved to be just as stubborn; in fact, he acted as though determined to carry the thing through with a high hand.

'Your objections are trivial, Mr Selby,' he asserted. 'The property is mine—I am in possession—nobody dare dispute my ownership. I have the deed of sale here. If you care to sign it—well and good. If not'—He stopped abruptly, with a gesture of his small, white hands, and left the balance to Jack's imagination.

'I should like to consult an attorney first,'

said Jack, in what was meant to be a conciliatory tone of voice.

'Well, I can recommend a good one in San Miguel,' said Alfaro.

'Thanks,' said Jack; 'but I have here the name of one who has already been retained by my company—"Señor Hermojenes Trujillo, Abogado, 130 Calle Espejo, San Miguel,"' he read out, as he consulted his note-book.

'Trujillo!' exploded Alfaro. 'Trujillo is *persona non grata*, so far as I am concerned. If you go to Trujillo, that ends the matter.' He pawed the air with both hands, as though in the act of sweeping Jack, Trujillo, and the G.M.C. to perdition, and, with a venomous glare at Jack, stalked out of the office.

'Whew-ew-ew!' whistled Jack, with a comical glance at Price. 'Your boss has certainly a peach of a temper.'

'Yes,' said Price, with a troubled look. 'And, say, Selby,' he continued, 'if you don't put the deal through pretty soon, you had better get down to the coast in a hurry; otherwise, you may never reach it or the good old U.S.A. either.'

'Oh, shucks!' laughed the American. 'I ain't scared of your Don Alfaro Furioso. He'd better not run up against an employee of the G.M.C. Our Old Man happens to be a particular friend of your Uncle Samuel, who resides in Washington, D.C. But perhaps you have been so long in Cordoba that you forget the existence of that old gentleman?'

'And with good reason,' said Price with considerable heat. 'Let me tell you, Selby, that however much the G.M.C. may look after their employees, your great and glorious Uncle Sam will not raise a little finger to prevent your being hanged, drawn, and quartered, if the Cordobans take a notion to have you so treated. But seriously, Jack, if you antagonise Alfaro beyond a certain point, he will make it his own particular business to take it out of you, sooner or later, unless you skip the country.'

'Skip nothing,' said Jack, sticking out his under-lip. 'If that's his game, two can play at it.' 'Besides,' he added inwardly, 'I believe the fair Rosa will be on my side, if it should come to a show-down.'

He got up after his last remark, and strolled across the *cancha*, picking his way between mounds of auriferous quartz, each crowned with a tag bearing its weight and assay value in gold. As he drew near the house the flash of a white frock caught his eye. He looked again, and distinguished the figure of the señorita against the dark-green foliage at the foot of the terraced slope leading from the house to the river-bank. He turned his steps in that direction, but changed his mind when he saw that the girl was with her father. The two seemed to be conversing earnestly, with their heads close together. Jack wondered if the sale of the mine was the subject under discussion.

As he watched them he saw the señorita suddenly straighten herself and take a step away from her father. Her attitude denoted surprise and indignation. Alfaro appeared to be reasoning and insisting; she, refusing his demands. They reminded Jack of the figures in a moving-picture. Alfaro was gesticulating, and then his daughter turned her back on him. He left her at last with a final flinging out of his hands, a gesture characteristic of the man when angered.

When Jack saw that the señorita was alone, he took the path leading to the river. As he approached she turned sharply, then smiled as she saw him. There was a suspicion of moisture in her eyes, which Jack put down to the recent interview with her father.

'I am not intruding, am I?' he asked.

'No, no,' she assured him. 'I am glad to see you, Mr Selby. Let's sit down here'—indicating a bench—'and you will tell me all about New York, and the people you know there. You know,' she added vehemently, 'I sometimes have a great longing to go away from Cordoba and everything and every one in it.'

'I don't wonder,' said Jack, 'if it is true that you are always, more or less, in the midst of a revolution.'

She laughed. 'Oh, it's not quite so bad as that. But, you know, I was brought up in Europe, and have more of the Anglo-Saxon than of the Spaniard in my make-up, so I don't

take kindly to the habits and the customs of my father's people, the Cordobans.'

It was a terrible temptation for Jack, but he refrained from suggesting that she should return with him to New York and civilisation. He realised that the time for such a proposal was not yet. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that their friendship was progressing with gratifying rapidity; for, after only a brief acquaintance, they were exchanging confidences with all the freedom of old friends.

'You must think it strange that I should tell you these things, Mr Selby,' she said, 'but I know you will understand when I inform you that I have no one amongst my relatives here—man or woman—to whom I can talk with anything like frankness. They are all so—oh, how shall I express it?—so painfully polite and unsympathetic.'

'I know,' said Jack—'the politeness of a French dancing-master.'

'Exactly,' she said with a laugh; 'and I am tired of dancing!'

'What you want is a real chum. If I can fill the vacancy, please make use of me to the utmost,' said the obliging Jack.

'Good!' she cried. 'Then we shall be the best of chums from now forward. But, to begin with, I wish you would try to humour my father a little, Mr Selby. You know, you seem to have antagonised him in some way.'

For the first time it flashed across his mind that perhaps her friendliness had some ulterior motive back of it. The interview he had witnessed from a distance between the girl and her father—could it have been that Alfaro was soliciting his daughter's help in the matter of the sale of the mine? Jack could not bring himself to believe that she was acting a part, with such an object in view. Then he recollected her attitude, and how it had occurred to him that she seemed to be indignantly refusing something which her father was urging her to do. That must be it. Alfaro had insisted that she should use her influence to induce Jack to sign the deed of sale. These thoughts took but a second to pass through his mind.

'Do you mean with regard to the title-deeds of the mine?' he asked.

'Well, no, not exactly,' she replied, flushing slightly; 'although, I suppose, the wretched mine did have something to do with it. But what I mean is that you seem to have irritated my father in some way—or perhaps he has succeeded in irritating you. In any case, I am afraid to think what he may do if you make an enemy of him.'

'Why, it is the last thing I wish to do. Perhaps you can help me to straighten out matters, Miss Alfaro,' said Jack.

'In what way?' she asked.

'About the former ownership of the mine,' he

said. 'Can you tell me who owned Los Dolores before your father acquired title to it?'

'It belonged to my mother's father,' she answered in a low voice, after a moment's hesitation.

'Oh! then it belonged to your mother?' said Jack, glancing keenly at her.

'No; my mother predeceased my grandfather,' she said, rather unwillingly, Jack thought.

'In that case the mine should be yours?'

'Well, yes,' she said. 'But, for Heaven's sake, don't let my father hear you say so!'

'But the deed has been recorded in your father's name,' asserted Jack. 'How, then, can it belong to you, legally?'

'I don't know,' she answered. 'My father looks after these things; I simply do as he tells me. After all, I don't suppose it matters whose name it is in, so long as it is in the family.'

'Possibly not; but in case the mine is sold, to whom shall I pay the money—to you or to your father?'

'I hadn't really thought of that,' she said. 'I expect, as a matter of fact, my father wants the money to finance some of his political schemes. And, by the way, if those plans fall through by your refusal to sign the deed of sale, I'm afraid your chance of ever returning to New York will be a rather remote one.'

Jack looked at her in astonishment. 'Do you mean that I have anything to fear from your father?' he asked.

'I certainly do,' she answered. 'My father has absolute control here, in central Cordoba. Any one who stands in his way simply disappears.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'the ways of you Cordobans are primitive in their simplicity. I hardly wonder that you, Miss Alfaro, take exception to them.'

'Oh, I hate the place and the people!' she exclaimed with flashing eyes. 'For you, Mr Selby, it is surely an easy matter to leave while there is time. For me it is different. Here I am, and here I must remain. However much I despise my father's methods, I am compelled at times to take part in his schemes.'

'I only wish I could help you in some way,' said Jack sympathetically.

'You can,' she asserted. 'Why not just sign the deed of sale? Then everything will go

smoothly.' As she spoke she laid a hand, exquisite in its shapeliness, on his arm, and brought the battery of her eyes to bear upon him. Her manner conveyed a deeper meaning than her words expressed. Jack would have been more than human had he not thrilled, responsive to her touch. There is no saying what he might have promised had not an interruption broken the spell. Into the still, rarefied atmosphere of their ten-thousand-foot altitude broke the crack of a rifle-shot, followed closely by another. The sound came from across the valley. Jack and his companion rose simultaneously and scanned the landscape. On the far side of the valley some figures—mere pigmies they seemed at that distance—were seen moving along the San Miguel road. Jack distinguished the foremost of these to be a man riding a horse at a furious pace. A cloud of dust rose behind him, and almost obliterated the two horsemen who were following in hot pursuit.

The fugitive had reached a point in the road where it skirted a declivity. For a moment it looked as though he might make good his escape, when a puff of smoke burst through the enveloping cloud of dust. A second elapsed before the sound of the shot reached them; but during that second they saw the fugitive throw up his hands, hang, as it were, in mid-air for the fraction of a second, then go hurtling through space—and out of sight.

Jack uttered an exclamation of horror, and turned to his companion. To his surprise, she appeared quite unmoved by the tragedy just enacted. Even as he looked at her, she turned her gaze towards the house. Jack followed her line of vision. Standing on the veranda, one hand in his pocket, and the other holding a cigarette, stood Alfaro, looking calmly across the valley to where the two horsemen were now ambling their horses gently up the sloping road, so recently traversed by the unlucky fugitive. Jack could have sworn that a smile played around the thin, cruel lips of the virtual ruler of Cordoba and her people. He turned again to the girl, and found her regarding him with a curious look.

'You see,' she said, 'what happens to the enemies of His Excellency Señor Don Jacinto Alfaro, Dictator of Cordoba, and my worthy parent!'

(Continued on page 677.)

## PERSHING AS A CADET COMMANDER.

By G. BASIL BARHAM.

**AFTER** John Joseph Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force in France, graduated with honours from the U.S. Military Academy (West Point) in 1886, he saw service for a few years on the Indian frontier, in the Apache and the Sioux

campaigns. He then returned home with the rank of first lieutenant, and was appointed commander of the Lincoln, Nebraska, Cadets. Universities had, under the terms of their charter, to maintain a cadet battalion under the command of an officer of the regular army, and the cadets

had to attend drill three times a week. In addition they had to study, in their own time, military engineering, theory of field operations, and field tactics, as well as going on regular guard duty.

Lincoln University had taken things easily until Pershing came. His predecessors had maintained a battalion, it is true, but Pershing had different ideas as to what constituted 'maintaining.' Prior to his coming excuses from drill were easy to obtain, and many students never troubled even to ask for leave of absence. After his advent it became unhealthy to be away from drill, according to a Nebraskan graduate who suffered or rejoiced under him, and even members of the football and the baseball teams were forced to attend.

One of his first reforms was to abolish the unsightly forage-cap with round, flat board and straight leather visor, and introduce the more soldierly-looking cadet cap. He scrapped the shapeless blouses previously worn, substituting braided tunics, and soon taught the cadets to take a pride in their appearance.

Pershing was a strict disciplinarian, but, according to a graduate who was a cadet under him, he was always just. He had no pets. Punishments for dereliction of duty came no more swiftly than did his rewards for good service. He was more fond of work than most of his battalion, and never spared himself. Whilst he was in command he entered the law classes, and, after graduating with honours, joined the Nebraska Bar. He also took the post of assistant-professor of mathematics in the university.

It is recorded that Pershing laughed when he first saw the Nebraska University cadets. They appeared for the first time in white duck trousers, and he expressed the opinion that the contractors had cut them out with a circular saw, and sewn them in the same way as they would sew the parts of a tent or a marquee. He soon had matters put right; and it was due to his taste, judgment, and quickness to change anything that offended that the cadets under him became the smartest cadet corps in the States. One of his failures was the formation of a cadet band in addition to the four companies of infantry and the two of artillery, which, by the way, were armed with two muzzle-loading field-pieces, of which the lads were inordinately proud. The band was indirectly under Pershing, but directly under a civilian

named Easterday, who seldom saw eye to eye with his chief in matters musical. It is recorded that one day there was a grand review, and Pershing was particularly anxious for the battalion to acquit itself as well as possible. For a long time he was in doubt as to whether the band should take part, but he yielded to entreaties. The band played the battalion round the campus at the 'quick march' fairly well, and then the order was given, 'Quick march! Double!' The band had solemnly assured Pershing that they could play the step all right, that they played double time quite as well as they could ordinary step. Pershing allowed that didn't amount to much, but risked it.

An eye-witness says that when that band struck up its alleged double time no thousand-legged worm could have possibly kept step with it with one of its feet! The battalion, which could drill well enough without music, promptly went to pieces, and no route step ever showed a greater variety of cadence.

Pershing stood it for a few moments, and then, realising the hopelessness of the situation, ran towards the band and yelled, 'Stop that playing! Stop that playing! For Heaven's sake, stop that wretched band!' None of the cadets were allowed to be at the subsequent interview between Easterday and Pershing, but there were no more exhibitions of musical incapacity along the same lines.

When Pershing left to become Instructor of Tactics at West Point, the cadets who had served under him desired a badge of some sort. A number favoured a gold medal, others something else. A select committee was eventually formed, and the chairman called on Pershing at the armoury and asked for a pair of his left-off trousers! He inquired, 'What on earth do you want them for?' and was informed that they were to be cut up into bits of cloth showing both the blue of the breeches and the yellow of the stripe, and made into service ribbons. He was plainly affected, says one who was present, and said, 'I will give you the very best pair I own!'

'We cut them up into service ribbons,' says the eye-witness, 'and, so far as is known, these were the first service ribbons ever worn in the United States Army. I do not know if any old Lincoln University cadet still has his; but if I could only beg, borrow, steal, or buy one, I would certainly wear it in France alongside my Spanish war ribbon!'

## EAGLES OF ROME.

### CHAPTER XII.—THE SURETY.

THE morning dew was still glistening upon the heath when the reconnoiters set out on their mission.

Marius Tarquinius rode in the highest of

spirits at having gained the desire of his heart and been selected to accompany the British centurion. Not a few pairs of envious eyes watched him mount his steed. It was a fine

black horse of Parthian breed, that had been wont to caracole through the streets of the Imperial city as if conscious that the elegant grace of its rider served but to enhance its own beauty and pride of race; but now it seemed to accord ill with the wild, trackless country to which it had been transported. Its slender, shapely limbs appeared almost to disdain the ground when, at a touch of its master's hand upon the rein, it sprang forward upon the rubble stones of the inner ward, to follow in the wake of the sturdy little country-bred pony which carried Cunobelin.

They passed out by the West Gate, and rode along the track which led towards the targets, but had scarcely gone any distance before Cunobelin descried Miniata Polla and her Hebrew attendant strolling along the path before them.

In a moment they were close upon the pair, and the girl, hearing the noise of the horses' hoofs, turned swiftly. Her face and exclamation betrayed astonishment as well as pleasure at the meeting.

Marius laughed gaily as he saluted her. 'Life offers something better to-day, Lady Miniata, than counting the bowmen's misses!' he answered her expression of surprise at seeing them thus riding forth at this unusual hour.

As she rapidly ran her practised eye over their equipment, the girl's flush of pleasure faded into a shadow of concern.

'Where are you going like this?' she inquired. 'Tis not on a chase?'

'Ay, on the grandest chase of all,' returned Marius, with shining eyes, 'with men for our quarry!'

'We go only to reconnoitre, Lady Miniata,' interposed Cunobelin, noting the trouble on her face, 'but shall return before the holiday,' he added, bending forward and catching her eye with a meaning glance as she stood by his horse's head.

But there was no answering gleam in her eyes; only the shadow seemed to deepen.

'Is there mischief brewing among the tribes?' she asked of Cunobelin.

'Rumours are ever rife,' he returned.

'And you are going to find out the truth?' Her eyes were upon Marius, and her lips as she spoke controlled themselves with an effort. Then, darting round to the side of the Parthian's head, she laid her hand upon its bridle, and looked up to its rider's handsome face. 'I had not heard of this,' she said with tender reproach. 'I did not know there was unrest, or that you were going on such a mission. Why should you, who are unskilled, be sent?'

'Because I craved it as a boon,' answered Marius gently, stooping down and looking into her face. 'I desire to win honour for you. I

must do something to make me worthy of you—in your eyes, in my own, and in the eyes of your father, the legate.'

'But you are already worthy in my eyes, Marius Tarquinius,' she answered, smiling fondly; 'and in my father's also. Did you not save the fort from a surprise attack? And did not my father most highly commend you?'

A flush passed over the young officer's face. The recalling of this false distinction stung him to the quick. 'Nay, nay, do not speak of that,' he said hastily, flinging an uneasy glance at Cunobelin. 'It was naught. I must do something more—something worthy of honour.'

'Tis enough for me,' she replied, raising her soft, dark eyes to his. 'I should have asked for nothing more of you. I am fearful of the dangers of this quest.'

Marius laughed chidingly. 'You, Miniata, a soldier's daughter, who have ever lived amid the alarms of the camp! Nay, say rather that I am favoured in being chosen! Wish me good-speed and triumphant return!'

'You must go warily. Promise me that you will go warily,' she pleaded, with genuine anxiety in her voice.

Although the words which passed between them had been uttered in low tones, Cunobelin's acute sense of hearing had not failed to catch each word as it fell like a sword-thrust on his heart. It was not difficult for him to perceive that the girl's whole thoughts and fears were for Marius Tarquinius alone, and that he was as a stranger without her gates. He knew with bitter certainty that even the possible postponement of the tryst in the thicket next holiday, which had lain like a weight of pain on him ever since he had volunteered for this service, troubled her not at all. What had been all in all to his passionate heart had been merely a passing ripple on the flowing tide of her life.

He watched her beautiful face soften into melting tenderness as she spoke with his Roman comrade, and saw her dimming eye and quivering lips as she pleaded with him to guard himself against danger. He knew then beyond all questioning that if she were beloved of Marius Tarquinius, Marius was even dearer unto her.

The brightness of the morning faded from his own horizon, but his steadfast devotion arose, strong in the desire to save her pain. Bringing his horse round to where she stood, he bent towards her.

'Lady Miniata,' he said gently, 'Marius Tarquinius is in my care. I shall see that he goes warily and returns in safety. Do not be fearful. I give you my word. Will you trust me?'

The girl looked back at him, and for a brief instant she gazed into his strangely arresting

eyes, which were like twin-pools on a starlit night.

'Thank you, centurion,' she murmured. 'You are like to the walls of Borconium—strong in protection and defence. I rest secure in your surety. Fare you well!'

#### CHAPTER XIII.—LOVE AND SACRIFICE.

FOR two days the reconnoiters had been scouring the country, but without coming on any trace of the enemy.

To both men the days, though unsuccessful in their aim, had held much pleasure. A grave sense of responsibility rested upon Cunobelin, but nevertheless the life in the open, with the wide, trackless moors and hills stretching around him on all sides, and coloured now by the brilliant hues of the month of Julius, held a charm for him that nothing in the disciplined service of the Eagles could match for sheer joy of living. Every bird that winged its way overhead against the cloud-flecked sky, every beast that scudded across their path, every flower and moss that was trodden by their horses' hoofs—all had been known to him since the days of his childhood. And Marius too, riding by his side and listening to his lore of nature, had begun to feel the wonder and the lure of the great silent stretches, of the wide, pearly sky, and the pure, keen air that tanned his cheek and exhilarated his senses.

The sun was westering as the two men came down the slope of a hill from which they had been surveying the country, though still without discovering any sign of the hostile tribes. Low shafts of golden sunlight fell aslant the first straggling trees of a dense forest, which they had seen from their point of vantage on the hill-top, stretching northwards till it lost itself against the sky. All around were the hills rolling endlessly, it seemed, upon one another; but through their midst lay the narrow pass which opened almost directly upon Borconium, and through which the Little People were wont to make their fierce descents upon the fort.

The reconnoiters decided that the investigation of this forest was their next course of action. Cunobelin expressed himself reluctant to enter upon it. From his survey on the hill he had seen enough of the close-set solitudes of trees to know that they might harbour a mighty force without giving a hint of their presence. He knew also of the deep beds of leaves that had lain undisturbed from the beginning of time, and could effectively conceal any noise of movement even from his sensitive hearing. A flight of birds rising suddenly from the forest depths and winging noisily into the heavens made him uneasy. He possessed too sure a knowledge of

the ways of birds and beasts not to know that this was ever a danger-signal. But he felt he must not turn aside from investigating this fastness whatever betide. Warning his companion, therefore, of the difficulties and the dangers of the undertaking, he bade him keep his senses keenly alert. Then, dismounting—to enter on horseback being impracticable—and tying the horses to a tree, they plunged into the forest gloom.

For some distance the closeness of the trees shut out the daylight, while the undergrowth and labyrinth of twisted roots proved well-nigh impenetrable. Here and there, however, were clearings where great boulders stood out of a sea of mouldering leaves. They had come upon one of these, when Cunobelin held up a warning hand. Marius stood and listened. He could hear no sound save his own quickened breathing and the calling of birds. He waited silently for a moment.

'Let us turn,' said Cunobelin briefly. 'There are naked feet moving. We must get back to the open.'

Turning, they made their way through the tangles of thorn and alder with as much speed as was possible. But already their presence had been scented by the yet invisible foe. Even Marius became aware that they were being hotly pursued. The rustle of leaves and the cracking and crashing of branches caused by swift movements were plainly audible in the stillness of the evening. At length they got clear of the wood, and Cunobelin breathed a sigh of relief.

As they mounted their horses again, Cunobelin proposed that they should now conceal themselves at a little distance till the enemy appeared in sight, in order that they might judge of their numbers and strength. Galloping towards the mouth of the hill-pass, they drew up on a little ridge to watch what would happen.

They had not long to wait. Scarcely had they taken up their position than it seemed as if the whole forest was coming towards them with fierce cries. A great host of little, dark-skinned figures poured out upon the open sward. On and on they came in countless numbers, till, as far as the eye could see, the ground was one mass of moving men, armed with all manner of barbaric weapons.

'To the fort, Marius Tarquinius!' cried Cunobelin. 'They are in overwhelming numbers, and are coming upon us. The garrison must be warned!'

Down the defile they dashed, their horses at a gallop. The barbarians, seeing their flying figures, sent after them a shower of arrows, which sang about their ears, but fell harmlessly. Their pursuers followed with a fleetness of foot that was incredible.

Marius's spirits rose wildly, although he knew

that they were now the quarry rather than the hunters. The Parthian seemed to become infected with his excitement, and plunged forward with dilated eyes and distended nostrils, snorting and straining in the wild delight of its topmost speed, and outstripping Cunobelin's sturdy little pony, which went along at a sure and steady pace, its ears back and its head well forward; while its master sat with grim, impassive countenance, only the glint in his deep-set eyes betraying the knowledge that he rode for life and the safety of Borconium.

The two officers had a good start in the race, and it appeared likely that they would entirely elude their pursuers. The going, however, was very uneven. So swampy was it in places that the horses sank to the knees; at others they were in danger of slipping on the hard, rocky surface.

Cunobelin's pony seemed to know by instinct where to place its sure feet, but the Parthian had got beyond control. Rushing madly toward a ridge, it sprang to clear a boulder, but came down on the other side with an awful crash, and the valley was filled with the heart-rending cry of a horse in agony.

With horrified countenance, Cunobelin came up, to see his comrade lying upon the ground groaning heavily, while the beautiful Parthian was writhing in the throes of death beside him. In an instant he had leapt from his pony and drawn his short-bladed sword, and with well-directed thrust ended the tortured creature's struggle.

Kneeling beside Marius's prostrate form, he gently removed his helmet, and was relieved to find that he had sustained no worse injury than slight stunning and bruises. Drawing off his water-bottle, he laved his brow and gave him to drink, and presently the Roman's senses were somewhat restored. Dragging his comrade to his feet, Cunobelin was about to set him on his own pony, but Marius, conscious enough to realise what was happening, resisted with as much vigour as he was able to muster.

'Let me be,' he groaned, struggling to free himself. 'Your poor mount cannot carry two. You must go on, Cunobelin. 'Tis death to tarry a moment!'

'Marius Tarquinius,' returned Cunobelin almost sternly, 'you are under my command, and must obey. Go on, and warn the fort! Report that the foe are in overwhelming numbers, and that reinforcements must be sent for without delay. Ride hard. There is no time to lose. They are closing fast upon us. Do you understand?'

'Oh, my comrade, my friend, I cannot!' Marius moaned in anguish as he realised Cunobelin's intent. 'Not again—not a second time can I owe my life to you, most noble friend! 'Tis the barbarians now. Farewell, beloved comrade! I thank you, but it shall not

be! Take your own horse, and let me lie with mine. Farewell!'

'Marius Tarquinius,' returned the Briton, holding him the firmer as he struggled, 'you must go on. The Lady Miniata awaits you. She trusts to me. I cannot fail her. Rome has need of you—and of her. For me there is other service. Tell the Lady Miniata—tell her love hath conquered! Mayhap she will understand,' he added, half to himself. 'Love hath conquered—love and sacrifice! She will remember.'

Then, as he grappled with his friend, his strong arms at length closed fast about him and threw him astride the pony. With a swift movement he pricked it sharply in the flank with his short sword. The pony started violently. Marius swayed and seemed about to come off, but righted himself instinctively, and away dashed the sturdy beast at lightning speed, enraged at the smarting pain of the sword's point.

'Farewell, oh Marius Tarquinius!' shouted the Briton.

The valley re-echoed the words, and was answered by a faint wail: 'Oh Cunobelin, beloved! Oh my friend!' as Marius Tarquinius tore at the reins of the pony, which was going too strongly for his strength to check it.

With a wild effort Marius turned to look back, and had a fleeting vision of the Briton, poised like a radiant Apollo upon the fatal boulder whereon he had sprung, his right arm upraised in salute, and his sword, still red with the Parthian's blood, pointing heavenwards. The glory of the setting sun fell athwart his form, burnishing gold-crowned helmet, breastplate, and sword, till he appeared as a flaming figure of gold, burning, but not consumed. Behind him rose a swaying, confused mass of shadowy forms. . . .

Marius's eyes grew dim, and his brain reeled. He fell forward with his arms about the horse's neck, clutching its mane in a convulsive grasp, and was thus carried, half-swooning, to the gates of Borconium.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—DULCIS MEMORIA.

FOR many a day a certain patrician mansion of the Imperial capital had resounded with the noise of masons' mallets. There had been great coming and going of the most skilled workmen of the city—experts in the carving and polishing of marble, in the inlaying of mosaics, and the fashioning of bronze and precious metals. The work was now completed, the craftsmen had departed, and the chamber which they had been remodelling was pronounced by those fittest to judge to be the most beautiful and splendid in Rome.

All that wealth could procure and art create had been expended upon it with lavish hand and careful thought. The walls and the pavement were of dawn-hued marble, inlaid with porphyry and onyx, jade and jasper. Pillars of Libyan marble, yellow as spring sunlight, with carved capitals and bases, supported the gorgeous gold mosaic roof. The radiant sun of Italy fell, softened yet resplendent, through an awning of amber-coloured silk which stretched across the space left open to the sky in the centre, flooding the chamber with golden light. Below stood an alabaster basin, upheld by two angelic forms carved out of purest white marble, and filled with clear, jade-green water. The wide doors were of citron-wood, polished till they shone like crystal, and fastened with clamps and locks of wrought-bronze.

But amid all the splendour of gold and marble was one object which seemed strangely out of keeping with its surroundings. It was a great block of coarse gray whinstone, brought, it was reported, across the seas from the distant colony of Britain, and fashioned now into a table or altar.

In the empty peace of the chamber, so strangely hushed after the recent reign of mallets and chisels and the clamour of craftsmen's tongues, a stone-carver knelt before the whinstone altar, cutting some letters upon its face.

His progress was watched with deep interest by a handsome, soldierly figure, whose noble bearing and dignified mien were enhanced by his military dress, which denoted him an officer of high rank. Beside the alabaster basin in the centre stood a lady, rich in the stately grace of a Roman matron. Her dark gold hair, bound by a jewelled fillet, was burnished by the sun-rays as they fell aslant her on the marble pavement, illuminating her fair-skinned face and dark, lustrous eyes, which were wandering over the walls and the pillars with satisfied delight.

'Does it please you?' she asked, stepping towards her husband, who bent over the carver.

He turned his eyes from the lettering on the whinstone to survey the beauty of the chamber. 'Tis fair,' he answered; 'and yet—could aught be fair enough?'

'Yea, truly, what could be fair enough for you and me to raise?' she returned, slipping her hand within his and looking upon him with loving glance.

'Tis finished, my lord,' announced the stone-carver, stepping back to scan his handiwork. 'Is there aught else to be inscribed?'

The officer bent down and read aloud the words cut upon the whinstone:

'TO THE GLORY, LAUD, AND HONOUR  
OF THE CHRISTUS: AND THE MEMORY  
OF CUNOBELIN, HIS FAITHFUL SOLDIER:  
THIS HOUSE OF PRAYER IS ERECTED IN  
LOVE AND GRATITUDE BY MARIUS TAR-  
QUINIUS, COMRADE-IN-ARMS IN THE  
FIRST COHORT, XXTH LEGION: AND  
MINIATA POLLA, HIS WIFE.'

His voice fell, and he stood gazing silently at the gray stone block on which he had once beheld a shining figure, poised aloft with uplifted sword pointing heavenwards, in a frowning hill-pass of Britain.

Many a year had passed since that dread sunset hour, but to Marius Tarquinius it remained ever a vivid memory. 'Avenge Cunobelin!' had been the fierce war-cry of the legionaries at Borconium when they rallied to meet the onset of the savage hordes; but Marius Tarquinius knew that not for him could the blood of vanquished foemen or the might of the Eagles of Rome avenge the death of Cunobelin; that his deed of love and sacrifice required a retribution which was not of armed hosts. And from that hour the faith of Cunobelin the Briton had become his faith.

When the years of foreign service were over, and Marius Tarquinius returned to the Imperial city, distinguished in the service of the Empire, honoured by Cæsar and his fellow-citizens, his heart held no dearer desire than to raise a fitting place of worship for the followers of the Christus in Rome, in token of his faith, and in memory of that valiant soldier of the Cross who had gone on before.

'Does it please my lord?' ventured the carver, fearing lest the silence betokened dissatisfaction with his work.

'Ay, 'tis well,' was the answer. 'But let the words be blazoned in gold, that all who enter here may read.—Dear heart,' he added, turning to his wife, 'is there aught else that you desire written?'

'Yea,' she answered, after a moment's thought. 'Methinks there are words here that are well fitting.'

Opening a golden casket which stood upon the whinstone altar, she took from it the precious roll of papyrus that had been Cunobelin's. Searching through the fine characters, she came presently upon the words she sought, and read aloud: "*Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

THE END.



## RAROTONGA.

By R. BLYTH.

THE island of Rarotonga is, as every one who knows the South Pacific Ocean will readily agree, admirably situated from a climatic point of view, lying approximately, as it does, in latitude 21 degrees S., longitude 160 degrees W.

The principal island of the Cook group, and under the ægis of the Dominion of New Zealand, it naturally absorbs the ocean traffic and trade emanating from its position on the route of the mail-steamers running between Australasia and California; indeed, it enjoys the distinction of being the only port of call, with the exception of Tahiti (two days' sail from Rarotonga), on the long voyage from Wellington to San Francisco.

I shall endeavour to give in this brief article a few of the indelible impressions which a short visit to this beautiful island leaves on the memory of the visitor. It was the dawn of an exquisite tropical morning when our vessel cast anchor off the small town of Avarua, and as the sun came up in all his splendour the bright beams of day revealed a picture of surpassing beauty. It was no ordinary scene which spread its entrancing panorama for all to see, and the air, warm and sweet, was like the current caused by the working of some mighty fan by fairy hands, from amidst the glorious blooms of flaming hibiscus, crotons, and dracænas, massed in sweet profusion. Soon the catamarans came skimming out, and getting alongside, took us aboard, and carried us swiftly through the wondrously blue water to the golden beach. It is nothing short of a revelation to strangers from a dull, gray Northern clime to get their first glimpse of really blue water, and in no other part of the world is the sea so blue as at Avarua. Some there may be who doubt this assertion, but it has been forced upon the writer, after a close acquaintance with the Seven Seas, that this particular spot bears the palm in this respect.

Like so many of the South Sea islands, Rarotonga is mountainous, and the peaks, which are clothed in dense mantles of vegetation right to their summits, are very grand and awe-inspiring. The highest of the peaks is well-nigh three thousand feet, and, seen towering up into the blue, with the foreground filled by the picturesque town of Avarua and the thickly studded palm-tree beach, completes one of nature's most perfect masterpieces.

One has to see the vegetation on Rarotonga to appreciate what tropical vegetation really is. The town of Avarua itself is literally 'crowded out' by the luxuriant growth of the tropics, comprising the ubiquitous and useful coco-nut palm, which bears a wondrous crop here, and

extends in an extraordinarily flourishing condition right down to the water's edge; the succulent and nourishing banana, growing in massive clusters beneath the sheltering fronds; the great golden paw-paw, far out of reach, but brought in showers to the earth by a shake of the tree. And what a feast they afford, so sweet and thirst-quenching! The mango, too, claims a share of attention; and experience has proved that this is one of the best of the many tropical fruits, although care must be taken not to partake of it after the sun's rays have been on it for any length of time, as thereby fermentation arises, with its consequent danger. The best time to eat mangoes is the early morning, before the sun gets too hot, when, plucked fresh from the tree, they form a delightfully cool and refreshing start for the day. As if all these were not enough, there grow profusely all about Avarua orange-trees, weighed down with golden fruit, pine-apples in lowly but graceful beauty, bread-fruit trees, sugar-cane, and taro; and in and around all are banked masses of entwining greenery, and the rich flamboyant colourings of such flowers as are only to be seen in the tropics.

The natives of the Cook Islands are a happy and free-from-care community; and well they may be, living in such an earthly paradise, knowing no want, and surrounded with all the necessities of life—to be had without the strenuous exertion which the daily bread of existence demands in our part of the world—besides basking in continual sunshine in a perfect climate. Their lines are indeed fallen in pleasant places. Small wonder that the European leaves these islands with a sigh of regret, not unmingled with envy of the happy lot of these islanders.

The physiognomy of the natives unquestionably suggests Maori origin, although they have a softer and happier expression than the New Zealand natives, and in this respect are more akin to the Tahitians than to the Maoris. It is more than probable, however, that when the Maoris migrated to New Zealand, originally from one of the Polynesian groups of islands, a section of the race elected to seek a warmer clime than New Zealand afforded, and eventually came to the Cook Islands, where they settled. It is noticeable also that the golden strain of the Polynesian shows in a marked degree in the Cook Islanders, and this fact alone goes far to prove their origin.

The comparison of one group of South Sea islands with another, more especially in the Southern Pacific, is to a large extent the comparison of equals, for they are all very beautiful,

and well named the 'Storied Isles of the Southern Pacific,' or the 'Islands of the Blest.' Many centuries ago the Romans gave the Canary Islands this self-same proud title of *Insule Fortunæ* ('Islands of the Blest'). But, charming as the Canary Islands undoubtedly

are, they cannot be compared with the almost unearthly beauty of the South Pacific islands, and one is led to speculate what the Romans would have called these fairy isles, if they could have seen them. Perhaps the 'Islands of the Ever-Blest.'

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

#### IV.

TOWARDS eight o'clock in the morning the thick fog which had prevailed throughout the night began slowly to evaporate in the rays of the strengthening sun. The grayish curtain, which had reduced the visibility to a few hundred yards, gradually dispersed and broke away in wreathing eddies of smoky vapour, until, an hour later, the weather settled down into that unsatisfactory, indeterminate state, neither foggy nor really clear, which is so prevalent during summer in the southern areas of the North Sea.

The sky overhead was intensely blue, but the mist hung close to the surface in low-lying, isolated patches like cotton-wool. At one moment the visibility might be four or five miles, while the next the sea became shrouded in haze until the horizon was a bare ten cables distant. It was one of those sultry mornings with no breath of wind to cool the atmosphere or to dissipate the mist. There was an oppressive, electrical feeling in the air as if a thunderstorm were approaching, and a hint of coming trouble in the long, glassy swell rolling in from the south-westward.

Two men of the *Guiding Hope*, their morning meal finished and the prospect of an idle forenoon before them, gravitated instinctively to the shade of the bulwarks, there to sit on deck smoking their pipes preparatory to relapsing into slumber.

'This weather fair licks creation!' grunted a jersey-clad, sea-booted little man with ear-rings, an orange muffler, and little beads of perspiration showing on his fat red face. 'Onnatural, I calls it.'

'Some folk is never satisfied,' his companion sleepily observed. 'When it's cold they 'ollers, and when it's 'ot they shouts. Lord only knows what some o' you fellers do want!'

'Heat's a dangerous thing in our family,' the first speaker explained. 'Seems to run in the blood, like. I once had a naunt who died o' apoplexy on an August Bank holiday, and when the doctor see'd her he—' 'Strewth! Look at our Moll!' he broke off, pointing to the trawler's black-and-white cat, who, with her fur on end, her tail waving in the air, and her head moving from side to side, was padding

mincingly up and down, to and fro, like a caged tiger.

'She's bin goin' on like that all the mornin',' said the other, watching the animal. 'Why can't she go to sleep in the day-time like any or'nary Christian cat? What's come over 'er?'

'It's a nomen, Jim,' said the superstitious gentleman with the apoplectic aunt.

'An 'ow much, Bill?'

'Omen—a sign,' came the answer. 'Them animals knows more'n we humans does, and when they carries on like that, it means somethin's goin' to 'appen.—Here, Moll,' he cried, making a sound with his lips and stretching out a hand in a tentative caress as the creature came towards him; 'what's ailin' you, old gel?'

The animal glanced at him with her baleful yellow eyes blazing. Then, baring her teeth, she spat aggressively, and lashed out with a paw armed with its row of unsheathed claws, immediately to spring sideways, out of reach of possible retaliation.

'Well, I be damned in heaps!' ejaculated the astonished Bill, gazing at the blood slowly oozing from the parallel scores down the back of his sunburnt hand. 'She's been and gone and scratched me, the little devil! Never know'd her do that afore, and me her best friend, too.'

'You said somethin' was goin' to 'appen, Bill,' guffawed his mate. 'Strikes me you was right.'

'Right! The bloomin' cat's gone clean daft, anyhow. And when a cat goes daft like that, somethin' always 'appens! You see if it don't.'

But Jim, a disbeliever in omens and portents, merely shook his head and laughed.

The *Guiding Hope* was out at sea acting as shepherd and watch-dog to a number of fishing-trawlers engaged upon their lawful business of adding to the nation's food-supply, and at intervals throughout the forenoon the blurred shapes of her little flock, scattered over an area of a few miles, alternately came into view and disappeared with the rising and the thickening of the mist.

There was no particular cause for anxiety, as no hostile vessels had visited the locality for weeks and months. Nevertheless, it behoved the watchers to keep a sharp look-out, since Fritz, to give him his due, was a persistent sort of fellow, with a knack of appearing when he was least expected, and well the 'Guiding Hopes'

knew it. But they rather liked their job, all the same. They had their trawl on board, and were occasionally permitted to while away the weary hours by doing a little fishing on their own account, which reminded them of the happier days of peace. Moreover, it was always a welcome change from the ordinary humdrum monotony of patrolling an area of sea, sometimes with hardly another vessel in sight. There they felt terribly lonely; but here, on the fishing-grounds, they were surrounded by their friends. Numbers invariably breed a sense of security.

The day wore on, and brought no appreciable change in the weather. It was precisely at seven minutes past four in the afternoon, when the trawler was enveloped in a slowly drifting bank of mist, rather thicker than usual, that there came the sudden crash of a gun from the northward. It seemed quite close at hand, and Matthew, who had turned the watch over to Moxon, and had just gone below to his tea, returned immediately to the wheelhouse.

Two more shattering reports shook the air as, without waiting to issue any orders, he pushed the helmsman aside, wrenched the wheel hard over, and jangled the engine-room telegraph to full speed.

'Get the gun manned!' he muttered hastily to the second hand. 'Yon may be anything. Sounds like big guns!'

The men themselves needed no encouragement, for already the sound of guns had brought the members of the watch below clambering out of the forecabin in all stages of deshabille to rush to their action stations.

BUR-O-O-O-P! B-O-O-M! again, followed immediately by the duller thudding explosion of a bursting shell, and a shrill screeching somewhere overhead as a projectile, striking the water, ricocheted through the mist without bursting.

Then came the sharper crack of a lighter gun giving tongue, and in an instant the din became deafening, an ear-splitting medley in which the deep, booming reports of heavy artillery, mingling with the shriller crashes of the smaller weapon, reverberated through the mist in an unceasing volume of sound. They—whoever 'they' might be—were at it hammer and tongs, firing as fast as they could slam home the projectiles and the cartridges.

Once more that demoniacal whistle burst out in the air as a shell drove overhead. Next a heavy splash, and a geyser of white spray leapt into the air a bare seventy yards on the *Guiding Hope's* starboard beam. The chance shell burst with a puff of black smoke, and, with a buzz and an angry humming like a swarm of enraged bees, a drove of splinters came hurtling through the air. Something struck the trawler's funnel with a clang like a blow from a sledge-hammer.

Matthew felt the perspiration rolling down

his face. It was the uncertainty and the lack of knowledge as to what was in progress that agitated him. The fact that his own life might presently be in danger did not disturb him in the slightest. Indeed, his own personal safety and that of his men and his ship hardly even entered his mind. He was so inured to danger in all its many shapes that fear did not trouble him, and his principal feelings were those of intense excitement and an ardent anxiety to know what was happening. Moreover, his duty lay clearly before him, and it was very simple. He had to get to the scene of action as fast as steam and his own good sense could carry him. Nothing else mattered for the present; and when he got there—well, there was no knowing what might happen, so why consider it?

Life, after all, was nothing that really signified. To him, since the death of his wife and only child, it had become a hopeless, dreary purgatory, with nothing to make it worth while. It was a matter of indifference whether he lived or died. There was nobody dependent on his efforts, not a soul in the world to mourn his loss; and if the cold, gray North Sea did gather him into her arms for safe keeping until the Day of Judgment, he would only be going the way of many other good men before him.

If only the mist would clear away and vouchsafe him one fleeting glimpse of the fight to allow him to make up his mind!

But the haze seemed thicker than ever, and the visibility had dwindled to a bare quarter of a mile.

If only the ship could steam a little faster! But already she was pounding along at her best speed.

And still the thudding of those fiendish guns continued, louder and louder, until the very air trembled to the discharges. The suspense became maddening; for even now, somewhere fairly close at hand in the mist, men were fighting for their lives, fighting against he knew not what. His countrymen were dying—mangled or blasted to pieces by high-explosive shell, battling in the water against an inevitable death. Men were dying—dying by slow degrees—and he was not there to succour them.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the tumult of the guns ceased, the thunder of their reports being superseded by the shrill, roaring whistle of escaping steam.

The mist, thinning appreciably, trailed aside to leave an ever-widening lane of clear water ahead of the *Guiding Hope*. It grew broader and broader as Matthew, half-beside himself with pent-up excitement, watched it with anxious eyes. Then, at a spot about eight hundred yards distant, the woolly vapour on the edge of the fog-bank seemed to darken, and gradually, for all the world like a picture on the screen at a magic-lantern display, the familiar shape of a fishing-trawler slid slowly into view.

But she was not an ordinary-looking trawler. Her bows were cocked up at an absurd angle until her curved forefoot was out of the water, while her overhanging stern touched the sea as, with a heavy list to starboard, she rolled sluggishly to the swell. Her funnel had disappeared, and a volume of black smoke, mingled with a white cloud of high-pressure steam from some severed pipe, ascended lazily in the air. She was ablaze amidships, and on the water-line a gaping orifice, which dipped now and then into the sea as she swung drunkenly from side to side, showed where an exploding shell had done its evil work. There were many other perforations and gashes in the hull; while the stern and the wheelhouse, or what could be seen of them for smoke and dancing flame, seemed mangled and battered into a tangle of twisted, distorted steelwork. There were no signs of life on board. Not a man appeared as the *Guiding Hope* approached.

Then, just beyond and a little to one side of the wreck, something else drifted slowly into view—something dark and long, like a streak on the water, with a curious hump in the middle. And in an instant Matthew, with a prayer in his heart, had headed his ship straight in that direction. There was no mistaking what it was—a German submarine, one of the largest underwater craft he had ever seen.

She lay stopped on the surface perhaps seven hundred yards off, and as she came into clear view men on her low hull could be seen helping swimmers from the water and dragging them on board. She carried a large gun on either side of the conning-tower, and seeing that the crews were not standing by their weapons, the skipper prayed and hoped that he might be able to approach her unawares. But he knew in his heart that he had little chance of doing so. If he could see her, she, also, could see his ship, while the full speed of the *Guiding Hope* was no more than a bare ten knots. It would take his vessel something like two minutes to cover the distance which separated her from her enemy. Two minutes—and at any moment the submarine might open fire with those two 4.1's of hers. It might have been two hours for all the difference it made. Whatever happened, the *Guiding Hope* seemed doomed. Nothing short of a miracle could save her.

Out of the corner of his eye Matthew saw the battered trawler rear her bows skywards, and founder stern first with a convulsive, almost human, wriggle. Then the submarine's crew seemed suddenly conscious of the *Guiding Hope's* presence, for an officer on the conning-tower waved an arm and shouted, and parties of men rushed to the guns.

But still Matthew held his course, hoping against hope that with his smaller and more nimble craft he might yet be able to ram before the submarine could gather headway and escape.

Moreover, the bows of the *Guiding Hope* offered a smaller target than her broadside, though it meant that the six-pounder, mounted amidships abaft the funnel, could not be brought to bear.

Six hundred and fifty yards—six hundred—five seventy-five.

Then came a swirl from the submarine's stern, as, leaving some of the swimmers still struggling in the water, her propellers revolved and she started to move slowly ahead. Almost at once followed an orange flash and the report from one of her weapons, accompanied by the terrifying screech of the shell as it passed close alongside and plumped into the sea a short distance astern.

Another spurt of flame and a roar; but this time a crash, a violent shudder, a shower of splinters and upflung debris, and a wave of acrid picric smoke drifting in through the wheelhouse window warned Matthew that the ship had been hit somewhere forward.

Another report, another, and yet another, until they merged into a regular, deafening roar.

Mingled with the din of the firing came the eerie screeching of projectiles tearing through the air, the booming thud of their explosion, the whirring, humming, and buzzing of splinters, and an infernal clanging and battering when they struck, as if all the pneumatic riveters in the world were busily at work on the *Guiding Hope's* hull. Crash succeeded crash. The ship quivered and shook, while the forepart was ablaze from end to end, until the flames licked in through the wheelhouse windows, and the place became filled with the sickening reek of explosives, smoke, and the bitter fumes of burning paint, which made Matthew cough and splutter for breath.

Abandoning his intention of ramming as quite useless, as indeed it was, the skipper swung his ship round to bring his gun to bear. It was the only possible thing to do, in the hope that a lucky shell from the six-pounder might disable the enemy or cause him to dive.

But what chance had their single puny weapon against the two larger guns of their opponent?

(Continued on page 682.)

#### THE SMILE OF GOD.

FIRE of the world—great Lord of life and light—  
Beneath whose mighty smile the fecund Earth  
Brings forth her children—joying in their birth,  
Nor is one atom worthless in her sight.  
For every one may fling thy radiance wide;  
A tiny dewdrop glitters like a star,  
Catching the sunbeam, throwing it afar—  
No life, receiving light, can glory hide.

Symbol art thou of that great central Sun—  
All-Father—infinite—whose children ask  
Only in that vast smile of God to bask,  
Ere they attain the final bourne—the One.  
Each life receives to give again—the task  
Whereby Love's crown of victory is won.

FRANCIS ANNESLEY.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### ONE HOLIDAY.

#### A SOUTH CAROLINA SKETCH.

By Mrs PERCIVAL GRIFFITHS, Author of *The Wedding Gown of 'Ole Miss.'*

#### PART I.

THE Southern express hooted twice, and steamed out of the station of Silsbyville, having dropped on the platform a multimillionaire, otherwise Walter Gordon, with no more concern than if he had been the post-bag. A ragged negro had quickly dragged from the parlour-car two heavy valises, and Gordon now stood beside them, an expression of bored martyrdom on his face. He glanced swiftly about, evidently surprised that no one was there to meet him, and that no motor or vehicle of any sort was even in sight.

As far as the eye could reach there stretched a dusty, yellow road, bordered by cotton-fields, and the line of the horizon was occasionally broken by clumps of scraggy pines. The only other occupants of the station appeared to be a few half-clothed negro boys, who stared at him with open-eyed wonder, incapable of speech, and the ragged porter, who had quickly retired to the farthest end of the platform, and was lost in distant admiration.

There was a decided air of the outside world about Gordon's well-groomed appearance, which made him appear incongruous and out of place, standing on the dirty station platform of Silsbyville. 'I shall have to walk,' he muttered to himself. 'I suppose, if I keep straight ahead, something will turn up besides cotton-fields.'

He tucked his stick under his arm, and grasped the handle of a bag in each hand, when his attention was arrested by a dirty-looking white man—the variety known in the South as 'po' white trash'—who was supporting himself against a neighbouring wall, busily engaged in chewing tobacco.

'Can you tell me the way to Draycott Hall?' called Gordon.

To his disgust, the man spat a large quantity of brown liquid before he drawled in reply, 'Kape straight ahead for a mile or so, then turn to the right, cross some fields by Squire Silsby's, and you'll find it thar.'

Gordon muttered something under his breath not particularly complimentary to his informant, and started off down the yellow road.

The 'white trash' watched his rapid strides with amazement, then shouted after him, 'Say,

stranger, are you Mr Gordon from the North, comin' down to stop a spell here?'

'I am.'

'Wal, the best thing you can do is to come back and wait. I see the buggy and Miss Winifred's niggar, Tite, in the village, and he 'lowed he was comin' to fetch yer.'

Gordon slowly returned, and paced the platform impatiently, while he wondered to himself why he was there, why he had ever consented to grant this ridiculous whim of his mother's. It was so unlike her to ask any favour of him—for she was usually most considerate—that when she had written and begged him to send the gay party, his guests in Florida, home on the yacht, and to spend the week with an old friend of hers—it was so unlike her to ask such an extraordinary thing that he had consented out of sheer surprise.

From his standpoint he was more or less justified in his present rather self-complacent attitude of martyrdom. He had been given only three months' leave by the American Embassy in London, and with so much open to him everywhere in the way of enjoyment, to consent to pass a week of it in a way that couldn't fail to bore him was a great sacrifice, and he was not in the habit of making sacrifices—even to please his mother.

His meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the buggy driven by 'Miss Winifred's niggar.'

'I have been waiting half-an-hour,' Gordon remarked impatiently as the old man touched a battered felt hat.

'Fore de Lawd, massa, I is surprised. I knew dis hyer train got in 'tween five an' six o'clock, so I thought ef I'd git hyer about six I'd jes about catch yo', sah.'

They started off down the yellow road, Gordon too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the shy glances cast by the negro every now and then in his direction.

Finally a soft chuckle attracted his attention. 'Lawdy,' ejaculated Tite, 'to t'ink dat I'm drivin' Miss Milly's son growded hup! It jes beats me, it do.'

'Do you remember her when she was a young lady?'

'I should say I did, massa—and when Massa Alfred was a-courtin', he added, going off into another prolonged chuckle. 'We wasn't so pore in dem days as we am now. We still kep' hup the plantation some; but now dar ain' no money to spend on nothin'.'

Just then they drove under a moss-covered stone arch, where once swung an iron gate; now the gate was half off its hinges, and pushed to one side to denote its worthlessness. They proceeded up an avenue of huge oak-trees, hung heavily with the peculiar, long, gray, South Carolina moss, which seemed to form a never-ending, waving, gray curtain before them. The grass grew in spots across the avenue; the fences on each side were tumbling down, and propped up in various shiftless ways; and the whole aspect spelt utter dilapidation, if not extreme poverty.

'Mother must have lost her senses,' groaned Gordon. 'If her Miss Draycott is as poor as this, she can't afford to feed me.'

At a distance he saw the walls of a large house peeping out from behind heavy shrubs and trees, and as he got nearer and had a better view he was surprised at its huge dimensions, and its utterly forlorn and tumble-down appearance.

It boasted a broad veranda supported by cracked Corinthian pillars; green shutters at the windows were half-closed to keep out the sun, and tied together with string; while honeysuckle, clematis, and magnolias, budding into flower, flung their long creepers over the house and in at the half-open windows, or tumbled over the veranda, hiding part of it in a bewildering maze of entangled green tendrils and budding purple and white bloom. To the right, in the background, Gordon could see a long street of shattered and empty negro cabins, the remains of the quarters which, he supposed, had formerly swarmed with dusky humanity.

'Why,' said Gordon to himself for at least the fourth time—'why did mother ever ask me to come here?'

The buggy drew up at the steps, which he noticed were full of pitfalls. He picked his way gingerly up them, and felt the very zenith of martyrdom had been reached!

A sweet old lady, who made him think suddenly of rose-leaves and sweet lavender, appeared from somewhere behind the creepers, and kissed him on each cheek. She had soft, parted white hair, and the traces of unmistakable beauty in her face. He received the kisses—which were unexpected—politely, only to find his hand grasped next moment by the blackest negro woman he had ever seen, who seemed to be performing some sort of a dance, which consisted of alternately bobbing and shaking his hand, while she muttered a toothless oration. He was too bewildered to grasp more than a stray sentence now and then. 'Lawd-a-massy! Miss Milly's son! Glory to de Lawd in heaben!'

His mother might like this sort of thing, but he must confess he didn't. He supposed it was a welcome of sorts, but it was most extraordinary. Before he had quite recovered from all this effusion he heard a mocking laugh, and turning quickly, beheld—and this was the greatest surprise of all—what he thought at first was a vision, it was so beautiful; but it was not a vision at all, only a real, live, flesh-and-blood girl, in the quaintest, old-fashioned, lilac silk gown, which must have belonged to her grandmother, finished off by a lace kerchief, and a bunch of creamy petalled cherokee roses at her waist.

'And this,' the old lady was saying, 'is Angelica Draycott, the daughter of your mother's old friend Alfred. Supper is nearly ready, and I expect you would like to go to your room. Angelica will show you the way.'

Feeling vaguely that it was all somehow unreal, he grasped his bags by the handles, as though it was the usual custom for a guest to carry his own belongings, and followed the vision down long half-empty corridors to his room, where, with a sweet smile and a rapid glance from a pair of wonderful violet eyes, heavily shaded by black lashes, she left him to unpack his things.

At supper he sat opposite her, and found he was curiously interested in corn muffins which she was busily engaged in toasting on an old silver brazier. It was an odd meal; it didn't begin with soup and end with dessert, like any properly conducted repast, but seemed instead to be all one course. Among other things, there were a fried chicken, hominy-cakes, and peach preserve—peach preserve which literally melted in your mouth, it was so delicious. The vision, now that he had recovered from his surprise and had more brains and time to contemplate, came up to all first expectations—she was undoubtedly the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Never before had he seen such eyes, such a perfect mouth, and such a peach-like complexion combined in any one face; and back from a low brow rippled masses of wavy chestnut hair.

'Think of it, auntie,' she was saying in the most musical voice he had ever heard; 'we are entertaining some one straight from England, who has seen the things we have always longed to—and never shall. The Tower, and Westminster Abbey, and St Paul's! Oh, it's too wonderful! I almost feel that to look at Mr Gordon, who has been to all of them, is the next thing to having done so ourselves.'

'Please spare my blushes,' laughed Gordon. 'What you say makes me ashamed to confess. I have been to ceremonies and thanksgiving services and other things at St Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but I am afraid I have never visited them in the way you mean. As for the Tower—why, I've never even been near it.'

'And you have lived in London for years!'

gasped Angelica.

'Yes, I have; but don't put me down altogether in your black books, for I'm a hard-working man. What with my share of the Embassy business, and all the social functions, the balls, and dinners, and polo, &c., I seem to have no time. I have always been most anxious to go to the Tower,' he added, lying bravely.

Angelica gave him a disapproving glance. 'For us it is difficult to understand,' she answered quietly. 'We, who shall never have the chance to see those wonderful historical things, read and dream about them, and you, who can, haven't got the time. How funny!'

'You see, Walter,' interposed Miss Winifred, 'we can't afford to travel, and so we try to make up for it through books. Angelica, for instance, has steeped herself in history, of which she is very fond, and lives in London and Paris and other foreign capitals through her reading. Poor child!' she added quaintly; 'it's probably the only way she'll ever go abroad.'

Supper finished, they sat in front of a huge fire of South Carolina pine, which crackled and sputtered and emitted a delicious odour. Angelica sat on the floor, the light shining in the most bewitching manner on her burnished chestnut hair, and became occupied in knitting a man's waistcoat, the pattern of which seemed complicated, requiring her entire attention, for she joined but seldom in the conversation. Gordon was surprised. He even felt a little piqued that he should be cast aside for a waistcoat. She certainly was making no effort to attract him, and he was accustomed to girls who did!

He was no more spoilt than any other man who has been indulged from babyhood and had every whim gratified. Without being conceited, he was not unaware that he was good-looking, and that he had everything to recommend him—position, great wealth, and a pretty level head. Accordingly he had a shrewd idea that there were plenty of charming girls on both sides of the Atlantic who would accept him for what he had to give—if for no other reason. He was, therefore, in no hurry to marry, and had arrived at the advanced age of twenty-nine without ever having fallen in love. His *tête-à-tête*—for it had almost become that—with Miss Winifred was interrupted by the arrival of a tall, lanky-looking young man about his own age, with sandy skin, sandy hair, and faded blue eyes. His coat and trousers were shabby and threadbare, and although

there was an honest look in the faded eyes which appealed to him, Gordon decided that the new-comer was about as unattractive a specimen of manhood as he had ever seen.

'This is my second cousin, Folkestone Silsby, Mr Gordon,' said Angelica, rising from the floor. 'Kiss your second cousin at once, Folkestone,' she added teasingly.

The man's sandy skin deepened to a rich crimson, as he obediently kissed her on the brow, then shook hands awkwardly with Gordon, murmuring something about welcoming him to the South.

The addition (if so it could be called) of this cousin seemed to awake Angelica from her reverie. She put her knitting aside, and became quite animated; and although both she and Miss Winifred asked Gordon innumerable questions about places abroad he had never troubled to visit—which was rather awkward—still, she had such an intelligent and quaint way of expressing herself that he was interested, and the evening seemed literally to fly.

'How well that girl talks!' he thought to himself when alone in his own room. 'Think of finding anything like her in this poverty-stricken, God-forsaken place! What a sensation she would create in London with her beauty and that patrician air of hers! Why, she carries herself like a princess! Well, my dear mother, you weren't such a fool after all. I am beginning to put two and two together. You stopped here for a night two years ago; you saw Angelica; you were struck with her beauty, as I have been; and you noticed other things about her, as I have done. You may also have had a lingering desire to do a good turn to some one connected with your old beau, Alfred. I remember your saying you had treated him badly. Perhaps all these years you have tenderly cherished the memory of your first love. What better reparation could you make him, according to your judgment, than marry his daughter to your son, whom you foolishly adore, and bestow upon her all your son's millions? Very clever, my dear, and well thought out! Now, it also occurs to me that you never mentioned that your old friend Alfred eventually married, or that he had left a daughter. Well, if I'm ever worth anything as a diplomat, I shall take off my hat to my mother.'

(Continued on page 696.)

## FURTHER NOTES ON SANDS FOR GLASS-MAKING.

By ARTHUR L. LEACH, F.G.S.

IN a former article (see *Chambers's Journal*, page 713, 1917) attention was drawn to recent investigations into British supplies of sands suitable for glass-making, a work rendered necessary by the almost complete cessation of imports

from France, Holland, and Belgium of those sands which many British manufacturers employed as materials for glass-ware, of both fine and medium qualities. To give one instance: the sand imported from Belgium in 1913 amounted to over

two hundred and thirty thousand tons, but barely thirty-five thousand tons were received in 1915. These figures demonstrate the need for locating and developing home supplies. In particular the loss of sands for the production of optical glass was acutely felt. For these special types of glass-ware a high standard of purity in the materials is essential. Some account was, therefore, given of the results of Professor P. G. H. Boswell's investigations, and of methods devised to secure trustworthy data as to the composition, the size, and the proportions of the mineral grains which impart to sands characteristic qualities, permitting some varieties to be used in the manufacture of the finest 'crystal' ware, while others may be employed only by manufacturers of common green and brown bottles.

Since that article was written the conditions which added these new values to home supplies have intensified the difficulties of transport from abroad, and stimulated both the production and the technical treatment of British glass-sands. There is no deficiency of materials suitable for common bottles, clear or coloured, window-glass, electric-light bulbs, &c. The problem was to obtain fine pure sands to take the place of those foreign supplies which were valued so highly by makers of the optical glasses used in military and general scientific instruments for accurate vision and measurement. To produce glass for lenses and prisms, purity of the materials must be assured.

Fortunately the loss of foreign high-grade glass-sands has not been an unmixed evil. It may even prove in the long-run to have been a blessing in disguise, for, under the stress of unprecedented conditions, improved methods of purifying sands have been devised, new formulæ for glasses worked out and applied; and British chemists skilled in glass technology have produced excellent glass, valuable even for optical purposes, from native sands which before the war would hardly have been seriously considered in connection with this special work. These industrial developments may eventually compensate for the loss of foreign supplies of raw and finished optical material.

More than one correspondent have suggested the utilisation of supplies from America, where certainly sands of the highest quality are produced on a very large scale, but the beginning and the end of the present difficulty is transport. One reader, writing from Esquimalt, Victoria, British Columbia, describes a silica dike one hundred feet wide, traceable on the surface for a quarter of a mile, and containing 98 per cent. of silica. It is situated near a good harbour, with plenty of fuel, both wood and coal, within convenient distance for working. In peacetimes the material could be shipped in bulk at a comparatively small cost.

Another correspondent has drawn attention to the fact that 'the island of Wakenaam, just inside

the mouth of the Essequibo River, in the colony of British Guiana, contains large deposits of a very white, even-grained sand, and it is almost certain that these deposits occur largely all over the colony. To confine myself to my own observation, behind the sugar estates of Golden Fleece, L'Union, and Taymouth Manor, in the county of Essequibo itself, runs a long reef of this white sand, some six miles long and of considerable width.

'The exact constituents of this sand I am unable to state, but owing to the fact that (certainly in the case of Wakenaam, and presumably also in the case of the estates I have named) these are deposits of the Essequibo River, the upper portions of which flow through gold-bearing quartz country, a high content of quartz seems almost assured. So far as is known, there is an absence of iron in the country through which this river flows, and so impurities due to iron oxide are likely to be entirely absent.' The high content of quartz and the improbability of any large proportion of iron seem to indicate a sand worth investigation, but at the present time difficulties of transport would prevent its use in this country, even if it were proved to be a sand of high quality for glass industries.

It may not be without interest to consider a source of glass-sands developed much more extensively abroad than in this country. In the United States vast quantities of excellent materials are obtained from crushed rocks. The St Peter's sandstone, quarried at Ottawa, Illinois, is crushed, twice washed, steam-dried, and screened, the final product being a beautiful white and pure sand. Another rock crushed at Mapleton, Pennsylvania, undergoes five washings and three screenings. These operations are necessary to remove the objectionable dust and the fine particles resulting from the crushing process, and to yield a material fairly uniform in grain, a condition desirable to ensure even melting in the glass-furnace. The well-known excellence of the American materials depends on the high skill and the thoroughness with which the sifting and the purifying processes are applied.

In this country the treatment of rocks by crushing, to produce glass-sands, has lagged behind its application abroad. Doubtless the plentiful supply of common glass-sands, and the ease and the cheapness with which sands for the best glass could be obtained abroad in pre-war days, had much to do with this comparative neglect of a valuable raw material. But other considerations must be noted. The crushed materials contain much fine dust, which must be removed, and the crushing-plant, when employed upon very hard rocks, introduces an appreciable quantity of iron particles, which must be extracted by magnetic separators. The iron thus introduced in reducing a hard rock from Achill Island increased the original percentage of iron tenfold (.004 to .04 in terms of iron oxide). These processes involve

much expense, and do not yet ensure for the final product that uniformity of grain so much desired by manufacturers. But these difficulties will surely yield to invention, especially if economic conditions tend to concentrate attention upon crushed rock. In the meantime it is of interest to note that enormous supplies of sands of great potential value are locked up in rock-masses in the British Isles, particularly in sandstones associated with the older rocks of the earth's crust, those which compose much of the mountainous parts of Britain and of Ireland. In Donegal, Flintshire, the Glasgow district, and the vicinity of Edinburgh methods similar to those adopted in the United States have been employed, but less extensively and thoroughly, and not exclusively for glass-sands. Possibilities of development are associated with Muckish Mountain, County Donegal. Here is a white sand resulting from the decay of a sandstone (quartzite) in very ancient rocks, geologically of pre-Cambrian age. Good glass has been made from this sand, but as the quantity available appeared to be not very great, test-pits were sunk recently, and penetrated beds of white sandstone, very pure, and soft enough to be easily crushed. Analyses of the product suggest its suitability for optical glass. Another crushed rock (millstone grit) worked at Leven Seat in Midlothian, and hitherto employed for bottles, has now been shown suitable for steel-works if new washing methods are adopted.

In view of the interest aroused by the quest of glass-sands, another consideration must be indicated. The glass industry requires not only sands, but cheap supplies of coal, estimated at one ton and a quarter for every ton of finished glass. Thus practically all the important branches of the industry centre upon, or lie in proximity to, the coalfields, and this fact affects the value of any fresh source of glass-sands. This connection between fuel and the supply of materials for glass-making will explain the establishment of particular industries in certain districts, as, for example, plate-glass, in St Helens and Birmingham; lenses for lamps, near the Tyne and at Glasgow; scientific glass-ware for apparatus, in London, Edinburgh, Perth, and the Midlands; while bottle-making, which needs no special quality of sand, is widely distributed.

During the past year much additional information, of more or less immediate commercial value, bearing on British sands has been gathered and made available in a memoir supplementary to that first issued at the instruction of the Ministry of Munitions. At Fairlight, near Hastings, a deposit estimated to contain fifteen million tons of excellent sand (99.47 per cent. of silica) might become available in bulk were certain difficulties of transport overcome; and other deposits of great promise have been noted. There appears, therefore, much reason to hope that, with the improved methods recently devised, British sands, even for the finest glass-work, may become available in sufficient amount to satisfy our requirements.

There are, of course, many other applications of sands, one common but seldom suspected use being in the manufacture of certain scouring-soaps, which owe much of their efficiency to fine particles of British sand incorporated in their substance. In the metallurgical industries special varieties of sands are of the highest importance for forming moulds required in casting metals and as constituents of the refractory or fire-resisting linings in furnaces of the blast, chemical, puddling, oil-fuel, and gas-regenerative types. The great arsenal at Woolwich owes its establishment at that town to the occurrence there of great beds of excellent moulding-sand, the famous 'blackfoot,' from the Thanet Sand, which acquired a reputation that led to its exportation before the war to Italy, Scandinavia, and even to India. Refractory sand, always clayey, obtained at Caldwell by crushing, washing, and screening a sandstone, is supplied to the Glasgow steelworks area. Such products merge into the natural fire clays very extensively used in that district for gas-ovens, firebricks, and fireproof-ware generally. Under the present war conditions large quantities of the fireclay from Roughcastle have been taken by the army for use in the stove-backs of field-kitchens. The pursuit of glass-sands has stimulated the examination of sands from other points of view, and added to our knowledge of those refractory materials, largely sands which, if they do not yield such obvious and beautiful products as does the glass industry, are yet essential in the metallurgical-works which form the very basis of all manufacturing industries.

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

### PART I.—continued.

#### IV.

AT dinner Alfaro seemed to have forgotten—or perhaps only laid aside—any feeling of animosity he may have harboured against Jack. He was most gracious and débonnaire—so much so, that Jack could hardly believe, in spite of the señorita's warning, that the suave, ultra-polite

Cordoban could be as dangerous as his daughter made out.

After the ladies had retired, the men were lounging over their cigars. The conversation gradually veered round to the question of the title-deeds and the sale of the mine. Alfaro showed by his manner that he was anxious to come to an understanding; and when Price

excused himself and left him with the native, Jack shrewdly suspected the movement had been prearranged. After Price had gone, there followed a moment of rather strained silence, which Jack refrained from breaking—for he was curious to know what would be the next move of the owner. He had not long to wait.

'How would you like to take up your abode in Cordoba, Mr Selby,' said Alfaro, 'and go in for a rubber-plantation, like our friend Mr Collins? I have a nice tract of land which I will gladly deed to you, in case we can come to terms.'

So that was it—bribery and corruption, thought Jack, who wondered if Alfaro would consider throwing his daughter into the bargain. The prospect was such an alluring one that he could not resist putting out a feeler.

'Why, a thousand thanks, Don Jacinto,' he answered, 'but I'm afraid I should find it too lonesome. You know, Collins has other inducements, besides rubber-planting, to keep him in Cordoba.'

'Ah yes!' said the native. 'Well, that difficulty might be got over. Yes, I think that could be arranged,' he said musingly.

Nothing in all the universe could have tempted Jack more strongly than did the hint conveyed by Don Jacinto's last words. After all, thought Jack, why should he worry his head about the former ownership of the mine? The property was recorded in Alfaro's name, and 'possession is nine points of the law.' As to future litigation—as Price had told him, there was hardly a mine in all Central America that had not been at law at one time or another. The G.M.C. were rich and powerful enough to hold the property, if they once had possession, and there was no doubt it would be a paying proposition. Then why not accept Alfaro's offer and sign the deed?

The native took notice of the American's hesitation, and construed it into a sign of weakening. Softly he produced the deed of sale and unfolded it, watching Jack's face the while. A fountain-pen came from another pocket. Jack saw the snake-like movement, and a wave of revulsion, which almost amounted to nausea, swept over him.

'If your generous offer entails signing that deed,' he said, 'there is nothing doing.' Pushing back his chair, he rose, to denote that the interview was ended.

Between Americans, Jack's words would have merely conveyed an emphatic refusal; but to the native, accustomed to the elaborate phraseology of the Castilian, their abruptness, and the barely concealed contempt with which they were uttered, were little short of an insult. With a single lithe movement he rose from his chair and brought his face within a few inches of the other's.

'You are mistaken,' he hissed, white with rage. 'There will be "something doing"!'

Jack did not deign to answer, nor did he budge an inch. So they stood while one might have counted ten, the gray eyes of the American, hard and cold as steel, defying the blazing, venom-charged blackness of the native's. Then Alfaro turned away as Price appeared.

'I and my daughter will depart to-morrow morning,' he said to his manager. 'The sale of the mine will not take place.'

'The option has ten days yet to run,' said Jack in a steady voice, 'and I reserve the right to exercise it within that time.'

Alfaro paid not the slightest attention to this remark, but strode out of the room.

'What's bitten him now?' asked Price when they were alone.

'Oh, just mad as a wet hen because I refuse to take his word for it that the titles are O.K.,' said Jack. 'To-morrow I shall go into San Miguel and consult Trujillo, our company's attorney. He is an old friend of Palmer, and will tell me the truth, which this fellow Alfaro declines to do. If I decide to exercise the option, the business will have to be done through Trujillo.'

'The trouble is that Trujillo is at loggerheads with Alfaro, and I'm afraid they will never get together.'

'Well, I can't help it. My instructions are to consult Trujillo in such a case, and all the Alfaros in Cordoba won't prevent my doing so.'

When the others retired for the night Jack stayed up to write a letter to the G.M.C. He sat with his back to the door, and so absorbed was he with his task that he failed to notice a figure which tiptoed into the doorway, glanced at his unconscious back, hesitated, then advanced into the room.

Jack looked up, to see Señorita Alfaro smiling down at him. She wore a flowing dressing-gown of some soft, creamy silk, cut low at the neck, and with short, loose sleeves which left uncovered her long, perfectly moulded arms. He was dazzled for a moment by her beauty, and sat gazing his unconcealed admiration, until she blushed. Recollecting himself, he sprang from his chair.

'I thought every one had gone to bed,' she began. 'I came to look for a stone which has fallen from my ring.' She held out a slim white hand for Jack to inspect—which he did. He thought it the most shapely and delicate thing he had ever seen.

Then he helped her to search for the stone. This entailed a bending floorwards in a way that brought their heads close together. Presently they collided, so that she cried out laughingly, and he had, perforce, to apologise and comfort her. He couldn't have told how it happened—perhaps she tripped over her loosely hanging gown—but she stumbled against him, and in a moment his arms were around her, and she was leaning against him. Then she

recovered her balance and tried to free herself, but he, intoxicated by her beauty, held her, and said, in a voice that trembled, 'Don't go. Stay with me—now—always. Let me take you away from here'—

'Oh, please, Mr Selby, you mustn't. I cannot listen to you—this is madness,' she said, breaking away from him.

But he followed her, seized her hand, and covered it with kisses. 'But I mean it, my dear girl,' he declared. 'I love and mean to win you.'

'It is quite impossible,' she said, withdrawing her hand. 'My father will never consent.'

'Then I will take you without it,' said Jack; but she shook her head, and looked at him sorrowfully.

'That, I'm afraid, is quite out of the question—even if I consented,' she added, as though it were an afterthought.

'Nothing is impossible, if only you will consent,' said Jack imploringly. 'Just say that you care for me a little, and neither your father nor any one else will prevent me from winning you.'

'Oh, my dear boy,' she said, with infinite pathos, 'to tell you that would be to lead you into danger—danger such as you can have no conception of. I am afraid, not for myself, but for your safety. You must either sign the deed of sale or else leave the country without a moment's delay. Promise me that you will go now—at once,' she implored.

'That is out of the question,' said Jack. 'I have certain work to carry out before leaving Cordoba, and I mean to accomplish it. To-morrow I go to San Miguel to consult an attorney. If he reports favourably on the titles, I may yet sign the deed. Otherwise, I shall communicate with my directors, and let them take the steps they deem necessary.'

'Go to San Miguel!' she exclaimed. 'But that will be sheer madness, Mr Selby. Even now it may be too late to effect your escape; but if you go to San Miguel'—

At this point a sound like the opening of a door reached their ears.

The señorita grasped Jack's arm. 'What was that?' she asked in an intense whisper.

They listened. Again there was a faint sound, like the creaking of a board that has been trodden upon.

The room was lighted by a student's lamp on the writing-desk. With a quick, dexterous movement the señorita turned down the light and blew into the tube. The flame flickered and went out, leaving them in darkness.

'Keep silent,' she whispered.

A stealthy footstep, barely audible, told them some one was approaching. They stood in shadow, but a faint glimmer from the windows emphasised the darkness of the doorway and the passage beyond. Into this opening crept the

stealthy figure of Alfaro. There he stood, a dim, shadowy form, which told, by its attitude, that he was looking into the room. Jack knew, by a faint perfume and the sound of her breathing, that the señorita stood close by. He put out his hand, and it came in contact with hers. Instinctively she grasped it, as though thankful for his support. Thus they stood watching that silent, motionless figure. Did he suspect their presence? Would he strike a light? If so, what would be the outcome? Such were the questions that flashed across Jack's mind. Just as the suspense was becoming unbearable the dim figure vanished. A second later they heard him unlocking the front-door—heard it softly open and close again. For a moment they stood rigid; then with a sigh the señorita leant against her companion, as though about to faint. Jack caught her about the waist; for an instant her head rested against his shoulder; then she seemed to recover, and attempted to free herself.

'I must go now, before my father returns; and so must you, Mr Selby. If he finds us here, I tremble to think what may happen. Please let me go,' she whispered.

'Tell me, first, that you care for me,' said Jack, bending over her.

She did not speak, but turned her face towards him. Her hair brushed his cheek; their lips met for an instant; then he released her, and she vanished into the shadows.

Not daring to strike a light, Jack groped his way to his room. There he sat by the window, and breathed the night-air that blew fresh and fragrant across the moonlit valley. The river, pouring over its rocky bed, spoke in a subdued murmur. A drowsy feeling was stealing away his senses. Was it the river that murmured, or was it the appealing voice of the señorita entreating him to go, yet compelling him, by its sweetness, to stay? It was a voice—but not that of the señorita. Jack's senses sprang alert as the words, '*El camino á Cochisla*,' spoken in a low but distinct voice—that of Alfaro—reached his ears. Then came the answer: '*Sí, Señor Excelencia*.' The jingle of a bridle located the speaker. Straining his eyes, Jack made out, standing in the shadow, the forms of two men, and the horses they rode. Alfaro was invisible from his position, but Jack knew his enemy was there, giving orders for the patrolling of the road to Cochisla, the only one leading to the coast.

'So,' he thought, 'my escape is already cut off in that direction.'

The vision of a rigid body hurtling into space suggested the fate which might await him if he should attempt to flee the country. But that, as we know, was the last thing he dreamt of doing. For not only his duty to his employers, but also the irresistible attraction of the señorita, and the hope of winning her, urged him to stay and face whatever danger might await him.

The tramp of horses' feet receding into the distance proved the men were already carrying out their instructions. A moment later he caught the sound of Alfaro's stealthy footsteps as the native stole back to his room.

## v.

Next morning Jack rose with the sun. He wished above all things to make sure of seeing the señorita again before she and her father left Los Dolores. It was one of those glorious mornings which only an altitude of ten thousand feet in the Tropics can accomplish. Every leaf and blade of grass was dew-laden and sparkling in an atmosphere so pure and exhilarating that the dire forebodings of the previous night were quickly cast aside as he stepped out into the sunlight.

Jack kept a sharp look-out for any sign of his divinity, and was rewarded at last when she came out upon the veranda. As she caught sight of him she blushed exquisitely, then turned, and vanished into the house again. Nor did he have an opportunity to speak to her before she and her father were preparing to leave.

Alfaro had, to all appearances, recovered his equanimity. Once more he was the highly polished and suavely spoken *caballero*. But Jack had learned to distrust that smooth exterior, and accepted his honeyed phrases for what they were worth. The señorita had already shaken hands and stepped into her place, when her father turned to Jack and said, with a good deal of condescension, 'And you, Mr Selby, if you should decide to visit us in San Miguel, we may yet persuade you to change your mind and remain in Cordoba.'

While her father was speaking Jack happened to glance at the señorita, where she sat with the lines and the whip in her daintily gloved hands. There was a wealth of appeal in her dark-blue eyes, and a world of meaning in the slight movement of her shapely head. It was her final effort to dissuade him from visiting the city.

'I shall certainly visit your city in the course of a few days,' said Jack, with a casual nod to Alfaro, and an intense and significant look at the señorita. She gave a little despairing movement of her head, and a wave of colour spread over her face and neck. Alfaro stepped into his place, the man released the leader's head, and they were off.

Having decided on his next move, Jack acted quickly. He had purposely misled Alfaro into believing that he intended to go to San Miguel after a few days, whereas his real intention was to start that very morning. In effect, within half-an-hour of the Alfaro's departure his horse was cantering over the freshly made tracks of their buggy-wheels.

Jack had several reasons for this prompt action. In the first place, he reasoned, Alfaro, having despatched the two horsemen along the road to

the coast, had probably left the highway between Los Dolores and San Miguel without a patrol, a condition he would doubtlessly remedy upon his arrival in the city. In the second place, if foul play was his intention, the native would scarcely have time to take action before the following day, or would think it unnecessary in view of Jack's expressed intention of postponing his trip to the city for several days. If he reached San Miguel without mishap, Jack thought he might succeed in transacting his business before Alfaro was even aware of his arrival. In case the attorney advised him to close the deal for the purchase of the mine, Jack proposed to go boldly to Alfaro and offer to do so. If, on the other hand, Trujillo's report was unfavourable, Jack would have to trust to Providence for an opportunity to see the señorita, and come to some understanding with her.

So he cantered gaily along the dusty road leading through the mountains for a little over four leagues before the whitewashed adobe and stucco houses and the square church towers of San Miguel came in sight. He had been careful not to overtake the Alfaro buggy, although on several occasions he had caught sight of it—or, rather, the cloud of dust that marked its passage.

But—as so often happens—the unforeseen stepped in to upset all his calculations. Nobody molested him on the road. A troop of fuel-laden *burros*, driven by a sandalled Indian, passed him, and soon after the narrow valley broadened out into the level plain upon which the ancient city of San Miguel is built. Adobe huts on the outskirts soon gave place to one-storeyed plaster houses of the usual Spanish-American type. Narrow, cobble-stone-paved streets, weed-grown in parts, and with the inevitable *asequia*, or water-filled gutter, running down the middle, had a curiously deserted appearance, which led Jack to believe that most of the natives were probably attending one of the religious ceremonies so common in Roman Catholic countries.

Then quite suddenly he found himself in the midst of a motley crowd of natives, men, for the most part, who seemed all to be hurrying in one direction. A few stopped to stare at the foreigner, with eyes which struck Jack as being none too friendly.

Arriving at a cross-street, he looked along it in the direction the natives were taking. There, to his amazement, he saw Alfaro and his daughter seated in their high-wheeled buggy, which was hemmed in by a seething mass of humanity. Even as he looked Jack saw an object fly through the air and narrowly miss the señorita. To wheel his horse in their direction and dig in his spurs was the work of an instant. The natives scattered right and left as his horse clattered over the cobble-stones. He saw a youth stumble in his path, and an angry shout went up from the rabble; but Jack only spurred his horse, and

yelled to those in front to clear the way. When he was within fifty feet of the buggy, he saw the señorita bend forward and raise her arm. The ruffian whom she threatened to whip drew back his hand, as though to throw something, but it was his last conscious movement, for a bullet from Alfaro's revolver sent him reeling, and the stone flew harmlessly over the señorita's head.

There was another yell from the mob, but it was one more of fear than of defiance. Out from a side-street came a body of soldiers, charging their horses through the crowd. They reached and surrounded the buggy just as Jack was within a few yards of it. In a remarkably short space of time the rabble were dispersed, and the officer in command was saluting Alfaro. Seeing that all danger was past, Jack, realising that Alfaro was still ignorant of his presence, thought to escape, but he was unable to do so by reason of the soldiers surrounding both himself and the buggy. All he could do was to return his colt automatic to its holster, and wait patiently, in the hope of being allowed to proceed on his way.

But this was not to be. For the officer, seeing Jack for the first time, drew Alfaro's attention to the American, and apparently asked him if Jack belonged to his party. Turning sharply in the direction indicated, Alfaro caught sight of Jack, and an expression of amazement, followed by one of mingled rage and triumph, passed over his features. Then the señorita saw him, with a look of wonder and distress. Alfaro shook his head and spoke to the officer, who saluted again, and came riding to where Jack stood. The señorita turned to her father and spoke, but Alfaro only shrugged his shoulders and signed to her to drive on.

Jack addressed the officer, but was answered by a cold and contemptuous stare. At the word of command the men fell into line, with Jack still in their midst, and all moved forward towards the centre of the city.

Cursing the bad luck which had thus delivered him into the hands of his enemy, Jack was led, without the slightest hope of escape, to the *cuartel* (barracks), which was also the prison. Here he was ordered to dismount, and, the guard having been summoned by the sentry on duty, was marched into the presence of an official, who, Jack afterwards learned, was General Dieguez, a satellite of Alfaro, and, nominally, *Presidente Interino* of Cordoba.

'*Su nombre?*' demanded the general, with an inimitable air of arrogant officialdom. The demand for his name was followed by other questions; and finally the reason for his presence, 'armed and leading a disorderly body of civilians in an attack upon His Excellency Señor Don Jacinto Alfaro,' was required. It was useless for Jack indignantly to deny that he was leading the mob, or to declare that, on the contrary, he was hastening to the assistance of Don Jacinto

and his daughter. His statement was received with a smile of incredulity by the officer who arrested him, and by General Dieguez. The whole charge, Jack could plainly see, had been trumped up by Alfaro, and these men were merely carrying out his instructions.

'*Silencio!*' rasped out the general as Jack continued to affirm his innocence. The case was then dismissed, and Jack was marched out of the room, across a paved court, and along a passage to an open door. Through this doorway he was pushed into a narrow cell, and the door closed with a slam and the ominous sound of bolts shot home. A small barred opening about a foot square afforded the only light and ventilation; while a stone bench, built against the wall, covered by a straw mattress of questionable cleanliness, was the only furniture. Here Jack spent the remainder of the day and a night, without seeing a soul except the swarthy face of his jailer when he opened a panel in the door and handed in a jug of water and a loaf of coarse, sour bread.

#### VI.

When Señorita Alfaro saw Jack being led away a prisoner, she turned to her father with an exclamation, but he silenced her with an angry gesture, and ordered her to drive on. She did so without uttering another word, until they reached their house and the privacy of Alfaro's office. Then she demanded to know what his intentions were with regard to the American. With a shrug of his shoulders, Alfaro told her not to bother her head about what became of the gringo.

'Gringo!' she blazed. 'If he is a gringo, then so am I, for he has as much Spanish blood in his veins as I have. Would to God I had less—or none at all—if to be a Spaniard is to be as cruel and treacherous as you are!'

Alfaro glared at her in angry astonishment. He had never seen such a blaze of indignation in any eyes as that with which his daughter unflinchingly met his own.

'Take care, my daughter; take care,' he said in that cold, hard voice which she knew, only too well, was far more deadly than her own fiery denunciation.

'Don't dare to threaten me,' she flared; 'and don't dare to touch one hair of the American's head. If you kill him you will kill me, for I—I'— Her voice trailed into silence, and all the fire was quenched in her splendid eyes, as a wave of colour spread over her face and neck.

'Well?' said Alfaro with a sneer.

'I love him!' she said in a low voice whose pathos might have melted a heart less adamant than that of her own father.

'You what?' he exclaimed.

'I love him!' she repeated.

'You love him! You love him! Then let

me tell you that I would rather see you dead than married to that'—

'Stop!' she said in a quiet voice, but with a quality that made him pause in spite of himself, for it held a hint of tragedy in its passionate simplicity. 'Stop! You have gone far enough—too far—you who would kill a man for doing his duty. You may be my father, but he shall be my husband, if not in life, then in death!'

The silence that succeeded her words was absolute and inviolable. It lasted until she quietly left the room. After she had gone Alfaro paced the floor with bent head and furrowed brow.

'Bah!' he exclaimed at last; 'the vapourings of a woman!'

With that, he seized his hat and left the room and the house. A few steps brought him to the barracks, where he was at once admitted to the presence of General Dieguez.

Amongst Alfaro's so-called friends, many of whom disliked him intensely, General Dieguez was the most powerful, and the most to be feared. He was powerful because of his popularity, not only with the soldiers whom he commanded, but also with the common people. Alfaro, on the other hand, was both hated and feared by the populace. Therefore it behoved him to propitiate the general in every possible way; for without his assistance Alfaro knew

that he could never expect to be elected President. Now, Dieguez was a great admirer of Rosa Alfaro, and an ardent suitor for her hand. But she would have none of him, and that in spite of, or perhaps partly on account of, her father's repeated efforts to induce her to receive with favour the general's advances. Indeed, Alfaro had virtually promised that his own election to the presidentship would be followed by the marriage of his daughter to General Dieguez. For this very reason, he was anxious to secure the money from the sale of the mine. Not only did he urgently need the cash to finance his own election, but he also realised that, as Los Dolores had been bequeathed to his daughter through her English mother, the proceeds of the sale should by rights be hers—a fact which, in case of her marriage, her husband would inevitably find out. To compel Jack Selby to sign the deed of sale and pay over the money was, therefore, of paramount importance to Alfaro; and now that he had the American in his power, he anticipated no difficulty in bringing this about. After the money was safely paid over, a hint to General Dieguez as to an affair of the heart between his daughter and Selby would, unless he was very much mistaken, result in the sudden demise of the American, a misfortune for which he, Alfaro, could not by any possibility be held accountable.

(Continued on page 693.)

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

AT the back of his mind Matthew was perfectly well aware that his ship was fighting her last battle. He realised that he and his men were staring death in the face. The possibility of escape never entered his head—escape, indeed, was out of the question—and in the brief intervals between the reports of the hostile guns he heard the bark of his own little weapon as his men fell to work. And hopeless though the situation was, the sound cheered him.

Through the rifts in the surrounding smoke-haze he could still catch momentary glimpses of the long, wicked-looking shape of the submarine, with the vicious tongues of flame darting from her guns. An occasional plume of spray somewhere near her, moreover, showed that the six-pounder was making tolerably good practice, though it must have been well-nigh impossible for the gun-layer to see what he was firing at.

But the *Guiding Hope* had been struck repeatedly, and her speed, owing to some injury in the engine-room, had dwindled to a mere crawl. There was a crash and a gout of blinding, golden flame from aft, and the funnel, struck at the base, tottered drunkenly and fell to the deck in a smoking ruin. A wave of hot smoke came pouring into the wheelhouse, one corner of

which had been opened to the sky. The next moment another shell burst on deck outside, and instantly the sides and the floor became perforated in a hundred places by slivers of flying steel. The helmsman, his face deathly white, clapped his hand to his side with the blood streaming from between his fingers. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sounds came; and swaying for a moment, he slid to the deck and rolled over, twitching horribly.

Matthew, pulling him aside, jumped to the wheel; while the wounded man, finding his voice, screamed in a shrill falsetto and clutched him round the ankles.

'Let go!' the skipper shouted, kicking himself free with all his might. 'Let go, can't you?'

The poor wretch relapsed into a sitting posture, with his back against the bulkhead. His head fell forward on his chest, and rolling over, he lay quite still.

The helm was useless, as the trawler had been brought to a standstill. Matthew was wounded too, for he could feel a dull, burning pain in his left shoulder. He tried to raise the arm, but the movement made him wince with pain, and looking down, he saw with some astonishment that a trickle of blood was flowing

down his arm and dribbling from his fingers to the floor. He felt dizzy and faint. His knees seemed suddenly to be made of jelly.

An unrecognisable, ragged apparition, with blackened face, blood pouring from a jagged cut across the forehead, and the fingers of its right hand pulped and bloody, crawled into the wheelhouse.

'Skipper!' it gasped hoarsely—'skipper! all the gun's crew is killed! Ship's afire aft! Can't stop it!'

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He was picked up and hurled through space. He felt himself falling, falling . . . but never felt the shock of landing, for in that brief instant, wounded again in the neck and the body, Matthew had become unconscious.

It may have been five minutes before he recovered his senses, or perhaps twenty-five, but when he opened his eyes again the firing had ceased.

He found himself lying close to the huddled, lifeless body of the second hand. Matthew was bruised, nearly numb with pain, and bleeding cruelly, but his brain was still active. The ship had heeled over to an impossible angle, and he could tell from her sluggish rolling that her end was not far distant. The fire aft seemed to have burnt itself out, though wisps of steam and smoke and a few tongues of flame still flickered lazily in the air. The after-part of the ship resembled a heap of discarded scrap-steel. The woodwork was blackened and splintered fantastically, while the six-pounder had been knocked over backwards, and lay with its muzzle pointing forlornly in the air, and the bodies of its crew lying in contorted attitudes around it. Nobody stirred. Not a soul but himself seemed to be left alive.

But he was even yet capable of clear thought. The instinct of caution still possessed him, and he felt a desperate curiosity to see what had become of the submarine. He knew better than to draw a burst of fire by raising his head into view. Instead of that, he started to crawl painfully along the deck on his hands and knees, under the shelter of the bulwarks, towards a gaping, ragged gash caused by a shell. The effort hurt him cruelly, but reaching the hole and peering cautiously out, he saw what he wanted to see.

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congregated round the guns, the muzzles of which pointed in the trawler's direction, while an officer on the conning-tower was examining the wreck through a pair of binoculars.

Withdrawing his head and looking aft, Matthew saw the trawler's White Ensign, torn and sadly bedraggled, flapping defiantly from the ensign-staff in the stern. He felt glad it was there, glad that the *Guiding Hope* had never surrendered, and that she would go to the bottom with her colours flying. And from the flag his gaze wandered down to two large cylindrical objects secured to sloping trays on the trawler's counter.

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Presently he abandoned his knife in favour of a short bar of steel which he found lying on deck. He gripped it in his right hand, and moved on. At last, after what seemed an eternity, breathless and weak with pain, he found himself crouching under the trawler's counter with those cylinders above him and within easy reach. And those cylinders contained explosive charges especially designed for destroying submarines. Explosive charges! and even now a German submarine was coming alongside to investigate—perhaps to capture that precious ensign, or to search the ship for any secret books or orders which might be of value. Matthew almost laughed aloud at the trap she was blindly sailing into.

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Yells broke out from the German craft alongside, and he heard a bullet go whistling past his head. He could see a man standing on her low bow within a few feet of him with his smoking weapon pointed full at his face. But he did not heed it. He struck again and again. The second cylinder went overboard with a plop.

The skipper suddenly had the feeling as if a red-hot iron had penetrated his side, and in the same instant he caught sight of an automatic pistol in the hand of the officer on the submarine's conning-tower spurting flame as it was emptied towards him. He felt another bullet strike him somewhere in the neck, but he was past caring what happened, and stood there streaming with blood, blackened, and almost spent, holding on to the bulwarks.

'Got you, you swine!' he suddenly roared in an ecstasy of mad excitement, hurling his only weapon, the bar in his hand, full at a man in the submarine who was preparing to spring on board.

The bar caught the German in the chest and knocked him overboard, and Matthew laughed in his mad glee.

'You're all going to hell quick!' he shouted again, taunting them.

A bullet hit him in the head, and his legs crumpled beneath him, but even as he dropped there came the thudding roar of an explosion under water . . . and yet another. A dome-shaped mass of white water rose at the *Guiding Hope's* stern and broke into spray. The little ship was literally lifted in the air . . . but Matthew knew nought of it all. . . . He was dead.

The haze rolled aside.

It was a little fishing-trawler which brought the news home—a rusty little trawler with spray-whitened funnels, fresh from the fishing-grounds of the North Sea.

Her men told the tale of two separate and

distinct encounters with a submarine, and of how one of their little fishing-fleet was missing. But they also told the story of two thundering explosions, of how the mist lifted, and how, with their own eyes, they saw the *Guiding Hope* go down stern first with her ensign still flying.

Close beside her when she took her final plunge was another vessel, a huge, gray-painted submarine with her bow dipped deep in the water and her pointed stern reared in the air until rudder and propeller were clearly visible. Her crew were lined up on her sloping deck, and shouted for help as the trawler approached. Even as the crew of the British vessel looked on, the U-boat was slowly sinking. Then the Germans flung themselves into the water, while their vessel, pointing her stern skywards like a huge spear-head, vanished for ever to the depths in a little splutter of spray and an upheaval of bubbles.

Matthew had done his work well.

They picked up several wounded Englishmen from the first trawler sunk, and many unwounded Germans, including two officers, whom they made prisoners. But of anybody belonging to the *Guiding Hope* there was no trace, though they searched the wreckage-strewn area for over an hour.

So somewhere in the gray depths of the North Sea lies all that was mortal of Matthew Conolly and his men. Their sepulchre is the shell-battered hull of their own little ship, their tombstones the foaming whitecaps. Their epitaph is written across the sky in the trail of smoke from some passing vessel; while the gulls, wheeling and dipping, scream their ceaseless dirge overhead.

But the memories of those men will ever be green in the hearts of those who knew and loved them—and Matthew Conolly was my friend.

(Continued on page 714.)

## SOME SCIENTIFIC SUCCESSES.

GERMANY, before the war, was considered by a great portion of the globe as the home of science, but, in practical discoveries since the war commenced, the men of science of Britain and her Allies have shown they need no tuition from Germany.

In July 1914 practically the whole of the antiseptics used in the medical world were manufactured by German chemical firms. At the very moment when antiseptics became an urgent necessity, supplies were cut off. The need of satisfying the immensely increased demand led to instant experimenting, and many antiseptics of the old type, superior to those in use prior to the commencement of the war, were discovered by our scientists. Their main discoveries, how-

ever, tended to revolutionise completely ideas regarding the use of antiseptics.

Early in their investigations it was found that the old slave-drivers of the West Indies knew even more about antiseptics than did the modern German chemists. Slaves caught trying to escape were most severely thrashed to discourage such attempts on the part of the others. But it was not to the owners' benefit to be long deprived of the services of such errant slaves, and it was ascertained that, to promote rapid recovery, the wounds used to be rubbed with a mixture of sea-water and lemon-juice. The effect of a mixture of common salt and lemon-juice on the blood was, therefore, carefully studied. It was found that, whilst ordinary antiseptics

tended to destroy not only the germs, but also the tissues of the body, and thus actually retarded the recovery of the wound, the old slave-drivers' remedy promoted the flow of the healing fluids from all parts of the body to the injured part, cleansing as well as healing the wound. This antiseptical method has now been generally adopted, a matter of some consideration to the Tommy whose wounds require frequent dressing, as comparatively few bandages are required.

It often happens, however, that before antiseptics can be applied, germs invade the body and dig themselves in. Lockjaw, among other maladies, was responsible for many painful deaths in the first six months of the war. The microbe responsible for this disease breeds a few inches below the surface of the soil, and the highly manured lands of France are ideal places for its cultivation. In fact, before the war, the large number of lockjaw cases from the Marne area of France was seriously occupying medical attention. In trench warfare the clothing of the men gets very muddy. When a man is wounded the projectile takes a portion of his clothing, germs and all, into the body with it. In this way many of our men who were but slightly wounded developed lockjaw after their arrival in hospital in England, and died most agonising deaths. An antidote had been known for some time, but the method first adopted of administering the remedy only after the symptoms had appeared gave very few successful results. Now that it is the general practice to administer the antitoxin to all wounded men immediately they arrive at the hospital, the disease has been practically wiped out.

Another troublesome enemy to the R.A.M.C. is the typhoid germ. In one cemetery outside Bloemfontein are the graves of over one thousand victims of this complaint, who died in the Boer War. Our total fatal casualties in that war from all causes amounted to twenty-two thousand five hundred. Of this number, eight thousand, or slightly over one-third, were accounted for by typhoid fever. Happily, the Boer War also saw the first successful attempts to prevent typhoid fever by means of inoculation. Although inoculation is not yet quite universal in the British Army, the vast majority of men have had the serum injected; and figures prepared to the end of June 1916 showed that the death-rate among the—fortunately few—unprotected was seventy times as great as amongst the protected. The results of the inoculation have, therefore, been extremely successful, although the conditions of modern trench warfare in France and Belgium have favoured the development of this disease. In Gallipoli there was very little typhoid, but a family relative, known as 'paratyphoid,' was prevalent. The typhoid antitoxin, unfortunately, proved useless against this germ, but continued experiment produced a toxin, with which men are now inoculated. It protects the body against both types of fever, but, alas! it was discovered too late to be of use in that ill-fated campaign.

In this respect at least good has resulted from the war, for medical science has advanced further in this direction in four years of war than in twenty of peace. The results will benefit civilisation long after this war has become a dim memory.

## A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN NIGHT.

By S. W. KING.

WE were sitting in a corner of the anteroom, waiting for the dinner-gong to sound—the adjutant, Graham, the padre, and myself.

The room was full of hungry men, some standing, others reclining in easy-chairs, all talking in those subdued accents which invariably betoken the near presence of a meal.

We four were silent 'a-thynkyngs.' My own thoughts were sad ones. A big draft was leaving for the front at midnight, and with it were going fifteen officers. Fifteen of 'the old familiar faces' of the mess! Almost involuntarily I allowed my eyes to rove round the room. They rested on a tall, strikingly handsome youth, who was leaning against the wall and talking quietly to his company commander. They were two of the fifteen. On the boy's countenance, as he spoke, was the look of one who realises he is face to face with a great crisis in his life.

Another member of the fifteen was sitting at a small table writing a letter. He was a second-

lieutenant, thirty-six years old, and had a wife and family.

Still a third was quaffing a gin-and-ginger with evident pleasure, while a fourth was jabbing him in the side as he drank it.

'*Quot homines, tot sententiæ,*' I murmured half-audibly.

'What's that you say, Stewart?' asked the adjutant, looking inquiringly at me.

'Oh, nothing!' I replied with a half-laugh. 'I fancy I must have been thinking aloud.'

'A bad sign—a very bad sign, my boy,' said Graham, tapping his forehead with his right forefinger. 'Don't let it grow on you, old fellow.'

We relapsed into silence. It was broken by the adjutant.

'I believe,' he announced slowly, 'the general is going to be married.'

'Rot!' exclaimed the disrespectful Graham. An adjutant, when all that can be said has been said, is still always an adjutant.

'*Credat Julius Apella, non ego*,' I quoted glibly. I wished to impress the padre.

Graham looked at me. 'From your questionable lapse into a strange tongue,' he said with heavy sarcasm, 'I presume you wish us to infer you have had the benefit of a university education.'

I stared back at him in cold surprise. 'You are at liberty to infer anything you please,' I replied with dignity. 'I certainly have no desire to conceal the fact that I was at Cambridge, if that is what you mean.'

'Good old Trinity, Dublin!' murmured the padre dreamily.

'Good old Trinity, Oxford!' echoed the adjutant with a smile.

I looked expectantly at Graham. He blushed. 'When I was at Sandhurst,' he began hurriedly, 'I'—

'My dear fellow,' I interrupted in tones of reproachful amazement—'my dear fellow, what on earth has Sandhurst got to do with your university? Some other time,' I added with kindly tolerance, 'you can tell us what happened when you were at Sandhurst. What we wish to know now is which of the great universities has had the honour of being your *alma mater*.'

Graham muttered something which I did not catch. The padre, who sat next to him, moved uneasily.

'Hallo! there's dinner,' exclaimed the adjutant as the welcome gong sounded. 'Come on, you fellows; let's go in.'

The C.O., being the guest of the evening at another mess, our major and second in command presided at dinner. He was quite the most popular officer at the table, and, though he could be very strict when the need arose, on the present occasion he allowed us to make as much noise as we pleased.

Consequently, as may be imagined, dinner was rather a lively affair. When we had reached the coffee stage, and cigars and cigarettes were in full blast, the adjutant left his seat and walked over to the padre, who was sitting at another table.

'Could you give us a speech, padre?' he asked, bending over him confidentially.

The padre hesitated. He was taken aback by the suddenness of the request. Besides, he was no speaker, and even found it hard to say his 'few words' on church parade without the aid of copious notes.

'You can easily do it,' the adjutant continued coaxingly, as he observed the other's hesitation. 'Just a word or two of farewell to the friends who are leaving for the front to-night. You know the kind of thing I mean: sorry to lose you; hope you'll all come back safe; mind you strafe every bally Hun you meet; may you have oceans of good bubbly—that's all you've got to say. Why, bless my soul!' he added, seeing

his companion still undecided, 'I believe I could say it myself.'

'Then why don't you?' asked the padre promptly.

But the adjutant had seen the question coming. 'Because,' he said solemnly, 'it is not my duty. I am not the padre. If I were,' he added meaningly, 'I should now be doing my duty.'

The padre hastily rose to his feet. Duty, as the cunning adjutant well knew, was his fetter.

'All right,' he said with a rueful smile. 'I'll do my best.'

Murmuring a word of thanks, the triumphant adjutant went back to his seat and called for silence.

Now, the padre,\* you must know, had by this time become a favourite throughout the entire camp, and directly it was seen he was about to speak, every soul at table cheered him vociferously. When at length the applause had died away, the bewildered object of it began his speech.

'Gentlemen,' he stammered nervously, 'the—er—subject I have chosen for my—my'—

'Text,' shouted a voice amidst yells of laughter.

The speaker grew more nervous. 'The subject I have chosen for my'—he repeated mechanically, and then paused with that look sometimes seen on the faces of men addressing a public audience for the first time.

'I'm afraid it's a bad record, padre,' said a big, fat subaltern sorrowfully, and his remark was followed by another chorus of laughter. The speech-maker's right-hand neighbour plucked him by the sleeve.

'Try again,' he whispered encouragingly; 'you have only had two "goes," and Bruce says the spider had seven.'

The padre did try again. 'The adjutant,' he began once more, 'has asked me to say—er—a few words'—(laughter)—'on behalf of the mess to those who are leaving us to-night. His invitation was so sudden that it confused me, and when I began to speak, I fear I—er—forgot where I was. You will, therefore, forgive me, I hope, if my opening sentence sounded as though I were addressing a church parade'—(laughter and cries of 'Certainly, padre').

Here the speaker paused. He was still extremely uncomfortable, and found it very difficult to collect his ideas.

'As to the friends who are leaving for the front to-night,' he went on slowly, 'we—er—don't want to lose them'—(laughter)—'and when the war is—er—over, we hope we shall see them all back as hell and weary—ahem—as well and hearty'—

'Padre! padre!' came in shrill falsetto

\* For earlier incidents in the padre's career in camp, see *Chambers's Journal* for September and October.

accents from a tall, thin youth sitting opposite the speaker. 'Oh! you naughty, naughty boy!'

There was a note of such shocked amazement in the voice that the whole mess rocked on their seats in convulsive laughter, during which the now utterly miserable speaker was pulled forcibly down on his chair.

The officer in command of the draft—one-time president of the Union at Oxford—having suitably replied in a graceful little speech, we all adjourned to the anteroom, which soon became a veritable babel of noise.

The senior subaltern of the regiment, who was 'on' the draft, brought—Heaven knows how!—his motor-bicycle into our midst, where he proceeded to auction it in a corner, in tones which must easily have been heard by the sentry on guard three hundred yards away.

At the other end of the room a 'Soccer' match was soon in progress, and the shouts which came from various members of the opposing teams, mingling with the auctioneer's stentorian tones as he called for 'any higher offers for this bee-utiful machine!' made a din which was truly indescribable.

Standing in the centre of the room, and surrounded by a group of admiring comrades, was a stout, snub-nosed, fresh-faced youngster, obviously imitating somebody.

Placed as I was some six feet away, I failed to hear most of what he said; but from his attitude and his constant repetition of the word 'devil,' I felt sure he was treating his audience to the substance of an interview he had had with the C.O. in the orderly-room.

The padre, propped meditatively against the wall, was four times accosted by different individuals who in turn inquired anxiously after the health of various members of his family. The last of the four asked how his father was, and, on being told he was well, said, as he moved away, 'Next time you see him, padre, please ask father for the rabbits.'

The orderly-officer happened to be sitting close by, apparently deep in a volume of *Punch*. He raised his head. 'And don't forget to give the pea-nuts to baby,' he murmured softly. Then he buried himself in his paper again. The padre moved quietly out of the room.

And seated alone on the sofa, listening to the eager young voices, and watching their merriment with sad eyes and smiling face, was our second in command, the major. He had been severely wounded some time earlier, and was now back with us on light duty. For ten weary months—most of them spent in the trenches—he had borne his share of the burden and heat of a war which in a single week transforms the eager, light-hearted youth into the stern, silent man, with that look in his eyes which even a mother cannot fathom.

Now, as he sat there smiling at the merry,

boyish faces aflame with excitement, I could guess the major was thinking that soon—all too soon—their time was coming for some of them. For, as I watched him, into the sad eyes crept a look of such utter weariness that I hastily turned my own away. It was as though I had seen a tortured soul laid bare.

'Going, going, gone,' yelled the auctioneer, bringing his fist down with a thump on the saddle of his motor-bike. Then he drew a handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his heated brow.

I walked over to see who was the unlucky purchaser.

'Too late, Stewart—just too late,' sang out the auctioneer as he saw me approach. 'That is,' he added with a grin, 'if you wanted to buy my machine.'

'Thanks, no,' I said with dry haste. 'I rode it once. Who did buy it, by the way?'

'Richards,' my companion replied with another grin. 'I let him have it at fifteen pounds. Dirt-cheap, I call it. Don't you?'

Having no desire to tell a repulsively big lie, I parried his question with another. 'Who is Richards?' I asked. 'Not, surely, the youngster who joined up yesterday?'

The auctioneer looked sheepish. 'Well, and supposing he did join up yesterday,' he said in weakly defiant tones, 'what has that got to do with my motor-bike?'

'His motor-bike, please,' I corrected. 'A good deal, my friend. A great deal. It's curious, though,' I added, regarding him thoughtfully, 'that nobody warned him about the infernal thing. Do you happen to know if his parents care at all about him—or have they so many?'

'Oh, chuck it, Stewart!' broke in my companion, injured innocence writ large on his still perspiring countenance. 'You know very well there is practically nothing wrong with the bike. All it wants is a second mud-guard, and possibly a new front-tire.'

'And a new back-tire,' I added, 'and another engine, and two new pedals. Then, when the handles are straightened'—But the auctioneer had gone.

Soon all revelry had died down, and the occupants of the mess stood here and there in little groups, talking quietly.

Presently a man sitting at the piano ran his hands softly over the keys, and looked up inquiringly into the face of the boy who was standing beside him.

The latter nodded smilingly.

'Colthurst is going to sing—Colthurst is going to sing.' The whisper ran round the room, and in a moment there fell upon all present a dead silence which contrasted strangely with the turmoil of a few minutes earlier.

Colthurst was only twenty-three. Yet it was common knowledge in the mess, and, for that

matter, outside it as well, that before the war broke out he had been pestered by managers of music-hall companies and others, all offering him large sums of money if he would give up the army and throw in his lot with them.

Now, in a rich, beautiful baritone, he gave us song after song—'To Anthea,' 'The Love-Song of Har Dyal,' Shelley's 'I Arise from Dreams of Thee,' a plaintive little Irish ballad entitled 'Dermot Asthore,' and several other items.

Then somebody called for 'Michigan,' as somebody always does, and presently every voice, big and small, tuneful and tuneless, was joining in the fine swinging chorus, which yet has such a note of wistful longing running all through it:

'I want to go back,  
I want to go back,  
I want to go back to the farm,  
Far away from haru,  
With my milk-pail on my arm.

A strange thing now happened. During the shouts of 'Encore, encore,' which followed the singing of 'Michigan,' I saw the padre, who had returned to the mess, walk over to the piano, and select a piece of music from the pile which lay there.

He looked at it, and then handed it to Colthurst. 'Will you sing it for us?' I heard him say in low tones.

Colthurst opened the piece of music, glanced at it, and started. He looked at the padre in mute appeal.

Moving nearer, I heard the latter ask, 'You know the setting, don't you?'

'Yes; but I don't feel like singing this kind of thing now,' was the troubled reply.

The padre whispered something, on hearing which the other smiled, and said, 'Of course I'll sing it if you want me to, sir.'

'I do,' said the padre. Then he turned to the audience, who had begun to realise that something unusual was taking place. 'As you all know,' he said, 'Mr Colthurst is off to the front to-night. I may not have an opportunity of hearing him again for a long time, and I have taken the liberty of asking him to sing something that is a great favourite of mine. He has kindly consented to do so. I hope you won't mind?'

'Of course not—of course not,' came the cordial response from all sides.

'Thanks, gentlemen,' said the padre. 'Now, Colthurst,' he added, turning to the singer, 'we are ready.'

There was another tense, dead silence, as we all wondered what was coming. Then every listener save one started as the first words fell from the singer's lips. They were the words of the beautiful old evening hymn, 'Abide with Me.' Who composed the music I do not know; but I remember having once heard Clara Butt

sing the hymn to the same setting at the Albert Hall.

Colthurst began nervously:

'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide—  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.'

Then, as he saw on every face only intense interest and sympathy, the rich voice rang out confidently:

'When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me.'

It was a strange scene, never to be forgotten—the bright lights of the mess, the singer's youthful, earnest face, and the little group of men listening quietly as the beautiful voice rose and fell in the deep silence.

'Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.

In life, in death, oh! Lord, abide with me.'

As the singer finished, almost without a pause came softly from the piano the opening bars of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Like one man the whole mess took up the air, and soon basses, tenors, and trebles mingled in harmony as the sweet old words rose from the hearts of us all.

There was a short silence when the chorus had been sung for the last time. Then, at a sign from the adjutant, the pianist rose to his feet and played the National Anthem, every man standing silently to attention till the last note died away.

Hey, presto! The next moment the mess was its earlier self again, and as the evening wore on jokes, laughter, and snatches of song could be heard once more all over the room. At length it was time for our comrades to go, and we accompanied them to the station, a full moon shedding its rays serenely down upon us.

#### CANNOCK CHASE.

OH! have you seen, on Cannock Chase,  
The birches, queens of silver grace,  
When Autumn's magic hand hath set  
On each a golden coronet?  
They drop their slender shadows cool  
About the banks of Pottal Pool,  
And you may see, on either hand,  
The long straight lines of larches stand  
Like silent sentinels, who keep  
A steadfast watch while comrades sleep.  
On Cannock Chase the clean winds blow  
Where leagues of ling and bracken grow.  
And oh! that I might wander there  
To feel the breeze about my hair,  
As oft I did in days of old  
With one whose heart was made of gold.  
But now are sterner deeds to do,  
For skies are gray that once were blue;  
And I must wander wide and far  
From where remembered landscapes are;  
And he who roamed the heath with me  
Lies in a grave in Picardy.

CECIL TILDESLEY.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

AN occasional introspection, and a consideration of recent circumstances and our conduct in regard thereto, may, if performed with candour, lead to a certain conclusion that we are (as some would say) a more than usually peculiar people, with an intense individuality and most unconventional systems in national manners, to which we hold fast, like the very stubborn folk we are—as the enemy knows. It is difficult to convince us that our way is not the best; when half-convinced we may turn from the argument lest an old convention should be lost. At this moment, when human life in its every aspect has received such a shaking and a reordering as never before, when we agree that there must be vast changes, and when we look to models in foreign parts for suggestions, we see evidence in many places of a determined attachment to old methods, and it is doubtful in many minds if there will be so much overwhelming change after the war as has been predicted. Much, of course, there must be; but there is one plain and striking indication everywhere, to be seen by all, which is at full variance with those predictions, and that is the remarkable proportion of discharged soldiers, the silver-badge men who have done their duty at the battle front, who are quietly, placidly, and very contentedly resuming their old occupations. The young man of whom it was hinted that for sure, if he came from the wars alive, he would take to riding mustangs across prairies, or be found, perhaps, beating the Australian bush, has gone back to the desk or the counter, and is very happy there, if a little more reflective than before. He likes this smooth tranquillity better than the crash of the Somme and the Marne; his imagination has been awakened, and he wonders more upon the meaning of heaven and earth; but still these smug and mean surroundings to which he has returned have for him now something of the soothing influence of a great cathedral. It is another indication of an intense conservatism that abides in an island people, and it is a point that may arrest the attention and affect the hopes of political reformers. It will be hard to convince many of the people here that their own way, the old way, is not the best. Yet changes there must be.

No. 409.—VOL. VIII.

Some such fancies are suggested in preliminary by a short consideration of the remarkable case of General John Joseph Pershing. We will not describe him here as Sir John Pershing, as has been done in other places, for that would be a mistake. The acceptance of a title is contrary to his taste and inclination, and to those of the great people who have entrusted him with the most splendid and responsible mission that has ever fallen to the lot of an American citizen. So, in the exercise of British wisdom—or that of some of Britain's leaders—we have conferred upon General Pershing, as a mark of our high appreciation and esteem, and as a stimulus to urge him on in France to higher things, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, which ordinarily carries with it the title of Knight Grand Cross. A similar honour was conferred last year on Mr Gerard, the ex-American Ambassador in Berlin. He accepted it, and in impulsive moments may or may not append the initials G.C.B. to his written or printed name, but he cannot use the title, as with him there was no royal sword-play and arising as a knight. So with General Pershing. They do not employ titles in America, you see; they only smile at them, as things belonging to an old order of life which they are done with, or hope soon to be. Yet we would give him, as a token of regard, the Grand Cross of an ancient order. At a time when, God knows, realities are everything and shams are so much less, when it is life and death right through, we—or some of those who represent us—apparently believe in titles more than ever before, for more is made of them, and they are distributed sometimes to the most curious persons. They may be mere names, or somewhat less than names, but there is evidently a feeling somewhere that they are fine things, with perhaps certain supermundane or mystical properties. It does not apparently matter to us—or some of our leaders—that the United States of America is less impressed than we are by these ancient customs, and we have not been disturbed at the most amazing rebuff—the most remarkable of its kind—to which we have been submitted by the Canadian Parliament, which has said out plain and straight that Canadian subjects are not to be permitted to accept our titles, and that they do

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not desire them in their Dominion. Yet the faith of some of our leaders is not shaken, and for the second time in our island history we have been causing gossip of a kind—some would call it worse. Schoolboys have always been impressed by the awful scandal, as they learned of it in their history of the Stuart period, of what was simply termed the buying and the selling of titles. This old survival of a certain belief in titles represents one of the oddest antics of civilised man—if he is truly civilised. In a large proportion of cases his godfathers, with a high sense of responsibility, confer a name upon him at his baptism; and when this young person comes to a full realisation of the chances of the world, he generally, if a man of some ambition, devotes the full strength of his career to an attempt to get that name changed for another. If he succeed, then, happy and triumphant man, he has not lived vainly, and monuments shall extol him.

\* \* \*

However, the Americans are not for such gifts as these, and it becomes opportune to consider what manner of man is this Pershing. Five years ago, had any one, through some strange aberration and a manipulation of all the possibilities of circumstance, prophesied that by this time the United States would have a 'First American Army,' not in the United States, but in France, fighting amid the Europeans, and that its strength would be increased by a quarter of a million or so a month, General Pershing being in command of such American Army, we should have sympathised with that unfortunate person. Yet the army is there, the most real fact of all the mighty and staggering achievements of this war. Pershing, who, they say, has caught something of the fire of the high French officer since he has been in France, and has learned how to command by gesture and to inspire his troops by personality, faces sad Germany now as her final Nemesis. He is fifty-eight. After his military education at West Point, he fought under General Miles against the Indians in Arizona as a lieutenant of the 6th Cavalry. It was an interesting beginning. In 1890 he had another turn with the Indians in Dakota. Then he served in the Cuban War, and in the Philippines in 1902 and 1903 he was captain of the 15th Cavalry. He conquered and quietened the province of Jolo, and while his chiefs declared in their reports that he was a rough fighter, his men gave him the name of Pershing-Kitchener. Roosevelt, when President a few years later, liked him so much that he jumped him over eight hundred and sixty-three officers, converting him from captain to brigadier-general in one day. Pershing was sent as military attaché to Tokyo in 1905, and in this capacity followed the operations of General Kuroki in Manchuria from March to September 1905. The first opportunity given him to show his capacity for handling a

large command in such circumstances as called for dash and careful judgment was when he was placed in charge of the expeditionary force that was sent to Mexico. While instructed to pursue Villa and his banditti, Pershing had to avoid collision with the Mexican people or the troops of Carranza. It was a difficult mission, and he had at the same time to impress all in that troubled region with the important circumstance that the United States would literally do anything to protect Americans on the border from outrage of any kind. A problem with which he was faced when military governor of the district of Mindanao, in the Philippines, was repeated and intensified. He had to effect nice diplomatic adjustments in dealing with people very sensitive and extremely suspicious of the United States and all its works. Some have said that his earliest experiences of all, when handling the Apache and the Sioux Indians, gave him a glimpse into some strange and difficult varieties of human nature, and this experience was useful to him afterwards. He learned to say little, and to say it very firmly. Some consider him almost taciturn; but he is very like Marshal Foch in that he loves thinking and thinking, and prefers it always to talking. Yet he can talk well, and in three languages, for he knows both French and Spanish.

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It was one of the great moments of history when General Pershing landed at Liverpool with his staff in June of last year. There was no fuss. He was met on the quay by the chief of our Western Command, a band striking up 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' Asked if he had had a pleasant voyage, he answered, 'Thanks, yes, extremely pleasant in every way. Fine weather, a flat sea, and—er—no inconveniences.' There was a small guard of honour of Welsh Fusiliers, and he inspected them—did it humanely. He saw a youngster among them who had two gold stripes on his arm, and he asked, 'Where did you get your wounds, my boy?' 'At Laventie and Givenchy, sir,' the soldier answered, and the General commented, 'The gold badge of courage.' Those who saw him admired him then, a man with a fine presence, tall, straight, and big of chest, with an enormously strong chin. His eye flashes, but one of the traits of his physiognomy is the way in which his features will lapse to a full and warm smile—a smile that one loves to see, it is so friendly. 'We are very glad,' he said on landing at Liverpool, 'to be the standard-bearers of our country in this great war for civilisation; and to land on British soil here, and to receive the welcome we have had, is, to us, very significant and very deeply appreciated. We expect in the course of time to be playing our part—and we hope it will be a very large part. I have often been to England before, and my visits have always been of peculiar pleasure.'

To-day it is more—far more—than that. There are great things to do, and it is a great honour for me to be one of the crowd up and doing them. There is no time to be wasted.' He has some nice ways of his own; his native democracy frequently glistens. When he left the train at Euston he tarried to shake hands with the engine-driver and the fireman, and he stood and talked with them for several minutes. He had a good reception in London, of course, but something more demonstrative in France, where the feeling of fraternity—for a variety of good reasons which need not here be discussed—between the Americans and the French is more intense than between the great people of the West and ourselves. That moment of his arrival on the platform at the Gare du Nord was memorable. The Tricolour and the Stars and Stripes draped the high walls; and as the Minister of War, ambassadors, and many of the great stood waiting, and the train came wheeling in, the 'Marseillaise' was played. General Pershing stood at the window of his carriage motionless until the last bar had been played, and then he stepped on to the platform to receive the welcome of the French Government. When he was driven through the streets to the famous hotel overlooking the Place de la Concorde, which was his first headquarters in France, the Parisians cheered with a wild and meaning fervour. Soon he settled down to work. He moved to an old mansion in the Rue de Varennes, which once belonged to a famous nobleman. Mrs Ogden Mills, a rich and kindly American philanthropist, leased it before the war, and now she made a gift of it 'for the duration' to the American commander. Here he chose for himself a small and simple room, about fifteen feet square, with no decorations and little furniture. From the beginning he was for simplicity—in food, habits, all. They say he rarely ate much more than one or two soft-boiled eggs, and he insists that the best drink for a soldier at his work is mineral water or tea. He speedily issued an order to the American troops in France forbidding them to drink anything containing alcohol, except, perhaps, the very lightest wines. So they called it the teetotal army right away. But it looked well. 'See!' said General Pershing when the first contingent arrived. 'Did you ever see such boys? Look at those fine lads, from every part of the States. I think they'll fight as well as anything you'll find me on this side. And all the troops we shall put into the field over here will be up to this standard. With our tremendous population and our selective process we can provide an army of really strong, strapping men, ready and able to go anywhere and do anything.' Enthusiasm began to warm about this quiet and determined man, who remarked that he had a mighty big job out there, and wanted to get down to it. Presently he moved his quarters to somewhere near the

fighting-parts. In his own country, a land of ebullience in enthusiasm, a few went to extremes, as is their wont. Do you remember that once, when Washington was fighting for American independence, and his officers had cause for grievous complaint against the politicians, they petitioned him one day to make himself king, assuring him they would raise him to the first American throne? Washington coldly rebuked them. In America some were soon disposed to associate the General in France with the presidency, but he closed down these suggestions with a letter which should be remembered for its dignity. It was written from Paris to a gentleman of Alameda, California, and it explains itself. He said: 'MY DEAR SIR,—I have your letter of June 11th, and was very glad indeed to hear from you. I thank you for the clipping from the *San Francisco Examiner*, but I must say that I deplore the suggestion as to my future career which is made in the article. It is entirely absurd, as my whole training is only that of a soldier, and I have absolutely no other ambition. I regret that any such thought should enter the minds of any of my friends. Thanking you for your wishes for my success,—I am, very sincerely yours,

JOHN J. PERSHING.'

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The impression must be avoided that this man of cold, hard determination, as it befits a great general to be, the man of action with the big strong jaw and the steely eyes which flash fire when he is specially animated, is without the simple human tender feelings, the impulse at times to tears, without which no man is completely great. General Pershing has had sorrows, and if they have taken very much from his life, those who know him think they may also have added something to the kindness of his heart. It is only three years ago since his wife and three young daughters were burned to death in a great fire in California, where he was stationed at the time. A little child may now much affect the General commanding the first American army that ever fought in Europe, the army that is to be the main final factor in making childhood in the future worth the passing. There is a little story that comes to me from France, obviously true—indeed, almost official. The French Government recently determined to confer on Pershing the highest honour it could award to one who was not a subject of France, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and the Premier, M. Clemenceau, in announcing it to him, said, 'By this distinction the Government wishes to recognise the eminent qualities of which you have given proof, and the remarkable services you have rendered in so patiently organising the American forces. France will never forget that it was at the moment when the struggle was hardest that your gallant troops came to add their efforts to hers. This Cross will be the symbol of our gratitude.' It came

to pass that a few days after that, with the American Army bigger and bigger, and doing more and more to put the Germans to flight Rhineward, General Pershing found it desirable to change his quarters up towards the front. He chose another house, and installed himself and his general staff therein. There are gardens about it, and a few veteran gardeners who can no longer fight were labouring in them in those lovely August days, tending plants and flowers. And when the General took possession those gardeners, with the imagination and the sympathy of their race, had an inspiration, and shortly afterwards they waited upon the American chief to present to him a huge wreath of oak-leaves they had made, with a flower-formed insignia of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour set in the centre on a ground of gold. A little girl came forward at the moment of presentation to say some pretty things in a sweetly pretty way to the American General. What good are generals if their hearts don't twitch and their eyes begin to swim a little at such moments of splendid life? Pershing lifted this dainty maiden in his arms and swung her smiling face tenderly to his lips. He was not a general, but just a good and gentle man, when, shaken somewhat, as it seemed, he thanked the gardeners for the delicate compliment paid to him, which in the circumstances, said he, was appreciated as much, at least, as any that had ever been accorded him. And we have another story. When the early American soldiers in France were first training in their camp there was a little village in their neighbourhood. One day a big motor-car went flying at high speed through that village, and a pig, having wandered into the middle of the road, suffered from the circumstance. It was killed. The pig belonged to an old woman who lived in a cottage near by, and she was sore distressed, for in these days a pig is a most precious thing. But a few days later she received a letter containing a hundred francs and a note to say that the writer was very sorry for the death of the pig. Yet it is whispered that no one in the village knew that it was General Pershing who sent the money.

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They say that in many ways his year of war endeavour in France has made changes in this man. One who talked with him when he first went there in July of last year, and again quite lately, says that his countenance has been illumined, that the flame in his eyes shines more brightly, and the reason is that at the beginning he was engaged in preparation and was working at a table, while to-day he is in the thick of a campaign, in action. He commands an army that is fighting, and fighting well. So there has been an exterior transformation, an expansion of his habitually severe physiognomy. The man, on meeting him again, congratulated him on the fact that so very soon the American soldiers had written their own

glorious pages in the history of the war. 'I expected,' Pershing answered, 'that my countrymen would do their duty.' He has been stern with those men—some from Texas and Kentucky—soon to understand that they were engaged on quite the most serious business that they or any other Americans had ever taken in hand, and that only the highest effort would see them safely through. But the Americans always like a business man who means business, and they like their stern General, for they know his determination and appreciate his method. In the early days of their sojourn in France he issued a general order which embraced some interesting thoughts. For the first time in history, he said to those men, an American army was found on European soil. The good name of the United States and the necessity of maintaining cordial relations with the friendly nations demanded perfect conduct on the part of each and all of the American military command. It was of the utmost importance that the soldiers of the American Army should treat the French people, and particularly their women, with the greatest courtesy and a respectful deference. The valiant feats of arms accomplished by the French Army and by the Allies, exploits by which they had been able to defend with the greatest success for three long years their common cause, the sacrifices to which the civil population of France had consented in order to sustain their heroic army, commanded the profound respect of the Americans. This could only be expressed by American officers and soldiers by an extreme courtesy towards the whole of the French people, by close observance of all their laws, and by respect for their customs. The intensive cultivation of French soil and the special conditions produced by the war necessitated their taking extreme care not to damage private property. All the French population capable of bearing arms was found under the flag, fighting at the front against the invader. Therefore it was a point of honour with the American Army to refrain from any damage to French goods and property. Such damage would be more reprehensible than if it were committed at home in America. A few days later, in the course of a conversation, he said, 'I knew war by the study I had made of it; but in spite of all that I had been able to learn, I had to go myself to the French and British fronts to realise what war is, and the participation that the United States must bring to it in this case. What our soldiers must know is that they must not fight like mere passive beings, but as men who understand and think. It is quite necessary that every man shall be imbued with the spirit of discipline. This spirit must be shown in little things, as, for example, in the matter of the salute and the outward forms of respect. The discipline of an army may be compared to that of an American football team in which

every man is trained from the physical and the moral point of view. It is necessary that a soldier, like a football-player, should know what to do in every circumstance, whether individually or collectively. A soldier must not be an automaton. He must adapt himself to the necessary discipline, but also, if his superior officer should fall, he must be able to take his place. Indeed, we have everything to learn, everything from the simplest to the most complex details. In the course of my visit to the instruction camp where our troops are established, I had to appear severe to our boys, but that was to augment to the fullest extent the impression which they already had, and of which they will never have too much—that of their duty for the future, theirs and mine.' That was a year ago; we know how well the American soldiers have learned since then the great lessons

their chief presented to them. When they first began to cross the Atlantic and the Germans smiled, a writer in the *Vossische Zeitung* observed contentedly: 'These are sportsmen, not soldiers.' How little does the enemy understand of many things! It is a supreme advantage of the English-speaking combatants that they are sportsmen and soldiers. That American Army will yield a greatness to its country it would never otherwise have known. 'To-day,' said General Pershing, 'I am much touched by the way in which the women and the children of Paris press through the guards of police to offer a flower, a rose or a carnation, to my soldiers as if they were their own sons or brothers who were going to the front.' The intense feeling of fraternity that has arisen between France and America is a wonderful thing. General Pershing is in a fine way for fame.

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

### PART I.—continued.

#### VII.

THE following day Jack was led into the general's office, where a form of trial was gone through. The officer who arrested him bore witness to Jack's complicity in the riot and the attack upon Alfaro and his daughter; a soldier attested to having seen a revolver in the prisoner's hand; and the weapon was produced to substantiate his evidence. Alfaro himself, with diabolical ingenuity, not only supplied a motive for the attempted crime, but he so misrepresented Jack's actions, apart from the riot in which he had unexpectedly been involved, that even an impartial tribunal might well have been excused for finding the American guilty of attempted assassination and theft. He related how Jack was empowered by the Gold-Mines Consolidated to complete the purchase of the mine, and hand over the money to Alfaro; how he had refused, without reason, to do either the one or the other; how he had deliberately misled Alfaro and his daughter, by declaring his intention of visiting the city in the course of several days, instead of which he had followed them closely, in order—as was now apparent—to lead a premeditated attack against them.

'Without a doubt, sir,' Alfaro concluded, 'this unfaithful servant of the Gold-Mines Consolidated planned to assassinate myself, kidnap my daughter, and abscond with the money entrusted to him by his confiding employers!'

Jack was so taken aback by the man's Machiavellian duplicity that he found himself bereft of words with which to justify himself. Not that anything he could have said would have influenced in the slightest the verdict of General Dieguez, which was a foregone conclusion.

After summing up the evidence, and expressing his horror at the prisoner's behaviour, the general turned to the American and said, 'John Selby, having been found guilty of attempting to murder His Excellency Señor Don Jacinto Alfaro, I condemn you to be shot at daybreak to-morrow. May God have mercy on your soul!'

It is not to be wondered at that a feeling of great depression came over Jack when he found himself back in his dark and badly ventilated cell. Apparently it was the custom to put condemned prisoners in irons, so the ignominy of being chained to the wall of his cell added to his dejection. This, then, was to be the end—to be shot upon a trumped-up charge of attempted murder. Would the señorita, he wondered, learn of the fate which awaited him, and make any effort to save his life? He felt sure she would, if she knew in time. But would her efforts result in even a postponement of his execution? Knowing what he did of Alfaro, Jack very much doubted if they would.

Towards evening the door of his cell opened and Alfaro walked in. The very sight of the man who was the cause of his unjust imprisonment and sentence so enraged the American that he longed to get his fingers on Alfaro's throat and squeeze the life out of him. But the native took very good care to keep at a respectful distance while he regarded his victim in silence for several moments.

'I can save your life—if you will sign the deed of sale, and pay over the money to-day.'

'Anything else?' asked Jack with supreme contempt.

'Yes; you must leave the country within twenty-four hours, without seeing or communicating with my daughter.'

'And without wringing your damned neck, you had better add,' said Jack.

'That I am not afraid of,' said Alfaro.

But the words had barely left his lips when he reeled back and went white as a sheet of paper, as Jack leapt to the end of his chain and all but grasped his enemy.

'Not afraid, eh?' jeered Jack. 'Oh no, not afraid; only of a retiring disposition, I presume!'

'Quit this fooling,' said Alfaro, recovering himself by an effort, 'and tell me whether you wish to live or'—

'I'd just as soon die as live in your company, you rat! So get out!' said Jack, pointing to the door.

With a shrug of his shoulders and rage in his heart, Alfaro went.

(Continued on page 709.)

## EDIBLE LAND AND SEA MOSSES.

By G. BASIL BARHAM, Ex-Editor of *The Hotel Review*.

**L**ORD BACON said a moss was a 'rudiment between putrefaction and a herb,' whilst Ruskin suggested that the pine-apple was a true moss. As a matter of fact, mosses and lichens are delicate and beautifully organised plants, capable of being put to a number of uses.

In Lapland mosses are always used for stuffing beds and pillows; and Gilbert White placed it on record that in the neighbourhood of Selborne the foresters made brooms from the stalks of a large-stemmed kind of moss called the golden maidenhair, 'which they call silkwood and find in great variety.' This moss is even now used for making dusting-brushes. In other parts of the country it is plaited into baskets, and it is interesting to note that ages before the dwellers in Woolmer Forest discovered its uses, pre-historic man wove it into a kind of rough cloth for personal adornment.

Many mosses are distinguished by the presence on their outer coats of a glutinous or balsamic deposit. Practically all coated in this way are possessed of food-value, although comparatively few would repay cooking. This gum-like substance enables the moss to attach itself in the first place to the rock or the tree-trunk where it makes its home. A number of other mosses and lichens, without this deposit, can be cooked, and are as succulent as hot-house asparagus.

Among the most palatable of so-called edible mosses is Iceland moss (really a lichen), which is largely used for food. In Ireland a seaweed or 'sea-moss' is gathered and sold for consumption under the name of carrageen or Irish moss. It has an excellent flavour, and has a certain food-value. It abounds on the rocky coasts of Ireland, particularly in the west, and contains a large percentage of starch. It is collected at low-tide (as it grows most plentifully in places where it can have daily sea-baths), is washed in fresh water, is then spread out on a grass-field for eight or ten days to ripen, and becomes bleached to a pure white in the process. It is easily digested, is fattening, and has a very fine flavour. On the Irish coast literally thousands of tons of this food are waiting to be gathered, and there is no lack of labour could a market for the seaweed be found.

The best way in which carrageen can be cooked is to boil it slowly in salted water, picking out any thick or woody stalks, after which it should be strained and boiled up quickly with about equal parts of milk. Allowed to cool, it becomes a thick creamy white jelly.

Another sea-moss found in the same districts is called 'sloak.' This is not so plentiful, but is more nutritious, and there is quite sufficient to be found to justify its being gathered for market. It should be cooked in the same way as carrageen.

The lungwort (or oak lungs), a species of lichen which is to be found in large quantities lightly attached to the bark of trees, can be cooked in the same way as sea-moss, or it may be stewed with a little meat extract. For generations it has been considered an excellent remedy for pulmonary disease, and in some districts a palatable but rather bitter beer is brewed from it.

On cliffs near a stream and on large boulders a lichen known as 'rock-tripe' can generally be found in quantities. Damp, it adheres to the stone, and has a greenish appearance; dry, it turns black and curls into tubes. With every change in the moisture of the atmosphere this rock-tripe changes its appearance. It too has a certain food-value, and it will be remembered that Sir John Franklin and his companions were saved from starvation in the Arctic by the timely discovery of a quantity of this lichen.

The manna of the Israelites may have been the lichen known under that name, which is plentiful in Algeria and in Tartary. 'Manna' grows and spreads rapidly, and a peculiarity is that it is so lightly attached to the earth that it is carried away in clouds by every gust of wind. The Tatars call it 'earth-bread,' and collect it from the valleys in which it finally settles. It has the appearance of wart-like crusts on the stones or rocks to which it is attached, but inside it is as sweet and as white as parched corn. The grains are of considerable size, often as big as hazel-nuts. They are milled, and the flour is made into bread in place of wheat-flour. So plentiful is the lichen that valleys many square miles in extent are often covered throughout to a depth of several inches. Bread made from it has a slightly sweetish, nut-like flavour,

and it would certainly seem worth while bringing a quantity over here and putting it on the market to ascertain whether another food could not be popularised in this country.

[In an article on 'Carrageen' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1907 (page 655) various old recipes are given in regard to its preparation in the form of soup, jelly, blanc-mange, &c.].

## ONE HOLIDAY.

### PART II.

AS he stepped out on to the veranda the next morning, Walter Gordon saw Angelica through the open window sweeping the sitting-room. A white handkerchief was tied about her head, and her sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, displaying two dimpled arms, which were finished off, he noticed, by tiny wrists and a most perfect pair of small white hands.

'Oh!' she said with a little blush, 'I did hope I'd get through before you came down.'

'Let me help you,' he begged.

'Do you think you can?' she asked, looking him over rather doubtfully.

'What do you take me for?' he demanded.

'I may have lived in London, and I may have never visited the Tower, but I can sweep a room—that is, if I've got anything to sweep it with.'

'All right,' said Angelica; 'you can have my broom, and I'll watch.'

So Walter Gordon, multimillionaire, swept the sitting-room at Draycott Hall, and thoroughly enjoyed himself.

After breakfast Angelica took him for a walk, and on the way to the village told him about the different old houses they passed, most of which showed signs of former affluence.

'That large white house over there, half-hidden by the trees, belongs to Uncle Randolph. Such an old dear! You must meet him. He is really only my second cousin, but we all call him "uncle" here. The whole of Silsbyville, in fact, belongs to my different connections. Just think how delightful it is for us to be surrounded by those we love.'

'But does one ever love one's relations? I must confess that, save my mother (who doesn't count), I, for one, don't love mine. They are always so full of good advice, and know so well what one ought to do about everything that isn't any business of theirs, that I never see them if I can avoid it. I'll transfer my lot over to you any time you'll name,' he added, laughing.

'How funny you are!' cried Angelica, laughing too. 'We have great family feeling in the South, and I think it's right. Do you know, I've never been away from Silsbyville, and although I long and long to see things, I am really very happy. We can't afford to go even to Charlestown,' she added, quite simply. 'Auntie and I have only five hundred dollars a year between us, and we have to live, and support Tite and Becky, who are getting too old

now to do any real work. They are all of the slaves we have left—and in the old days, long before I was born, we had over a thousand, and a coach and four, and a stable full of horses. I must show you the stable some day; it's quite interesting with its dozens of stalls. Of course, I have always lived in the poor days of the Draycotts, but I love to hear auntie tell me about the past. We've got boxes of old costumes in the attic, and she makes one over for me from time to time, and always tells such interesting stories about each, I almost hate to wear it out. I am very thankful, all the same, we've got them, for I can't imagine otherwise how I'd ever have any decent clothes.'

Gordon felt a little lump in his throat. He had never come up against such poverty, or realised even that it existed among his own kind. He longed to write to his mother, asking her to send this beautiful girl, who, in spite of her coarse cotton frock and shabby hat, looked every inch a princess, a box full of the prettiest Parisian gowns New York could supply. But this, of course, was out of the question. They were, no doubt, as proud as they were poor. That they could not keep up the plantation any better on five hundred dollars a year was not surprising. Why, he spent more than that amount on tobacco!

While he was thinking this they arrived at a low one-storeyed building, evidently a grocery-store. Angelica walked in at the open door, and he followed.

Half-a-dozen negro boys were seated on empty barrels, and behind the counter he saw, to his astonishment, the sandy-haired man whose acquaintance he had made the night before. On the back of his head was a broad-brimmed black felt hat, and he looked more forlorn and sandy-haired than ever.

'Folkestone,' said Angelica sweetly, 'we want one pound of butter and two pounds of sugar.'

Folkestone weighed the butter and the sugar and did up the packages. 'Hi there, you, Kurd,' he called to one of the occupants of the barrels, 'take this parcel home for Miss Angelica.'

'Yes,' said Angelica, 'for otherwise the butter will melt. I am taking Mr Gordon to call on Cynthia, and we won't go home for some time.'

They next stopped at a large white house farther down the street, and a young woman with golden hair and a pretty face flew out to meet them, and threw her arms around Angelica as

though they hadn't seen each other for months. They sat down on the veranda, and Gordon listened with amused interest to their conversation. Mrs Charles Silsby, their hostess, spoke with a decided Southern drawl, which made Angelica's charming voice sound all the more attractive.

'Ann Caton has broken off her engagement to Cousin Archibald—did you know that, Angelica? And Charlie says he's heard that all this long while she's been engaged to that man she told us about, the one she met down in Charlestown.'

'Don't you think, Mr Gordon,' inquired Angelica, 'it's pretty heartless for a girl to be engaged to two men at the same time?'

'I do indeed,' replied Gordon, trying not to smile. 'Is it a Silsbyville custom?' His tone was slightly patronising when he mentioned Silsbyville, but he was quite unaware of it.

'Oh yes,' drawled Mrs Silsby, 'some girls do promise to marry two or three suitors at once, to keep them all on the string, I suppose; but I certainly remember hearing that in the North such a thing is a rare occurrence.'

In spite of himself, Gordon laughed outright. 'If such a custom exists, it isn't generally known,' he replied.

'I am engaged,' announced Angelica, 'to Folkestone Silsby, Mrs Silsby's brother-in-law. I have been engaged to him since I was a child.'

Gordon started. He felt no further desire to laugh. This beautiful girl the wife of Folkestone Silsby—the idea was absolutely preposterous! In all his life he had never heard anything so absurd.

'He keeps the grocery-store,' she continued. 'There isn't a better family in the South than the Silsbys. At one time they owned nearly the whole place—didn't they, Cynthia?—but poor Folkestone hadn't a penny, so he set up a grocery-store, and is doing mighty well, I reckon.'

'Very praiseworthy,' murmured Gordon. He felt he could not bring himself to enthuse about Folkestone Silsby.

The single week Gordon had intended to spend in Silsbyville flew by, and with true hospitality Miss Winifred pressed him to stay another. He accepted with alacrity, rather to her surprise, but she was too much of a Southern lady to hint such a thing, even to Angelica. Hospitality and a Draycott meant the same thing; and although this guest, accustomed to the best the world could give, was a source of anxiety, as well as a strain on her slender resources, the best she could give he should have, if he chose to stay for weeks.

Gordon did not take Angelica's engagement seriously. To him it seemed impossible that this superior girl could care for a seedy individual like Folkestone, and he came to the conclusion that, as the engagement had started at such an early date, it was more or less a joke, and that their feelings for each other were probably more

those of second cousins—a relationship which in the South seemed to make every one most intimate—than of a betrothed pair. Folkestone came nearly every day on some pretext to Draycott Hall, but made no effort to see Angelica alone, which Gordon had hitherto understood was the customary procedure of a lover. In fact, it was always Folkestone who obligingly entertained Miss Winifred in the parlour, while he walked with Angelica in the garden after supper. All these reasons made him write the engagement of Folkestone Silsby and Angelica Draycott off the page of his mind.

There was no doubt about it—before even the first week was up, he was very much in love. In this little Southern town, thanks to his mother, he had found the one woman absolutely fitted to become his wife. The common-sense that had been one of the several factors which raised his father from a rather plebeian beginning to a position enabling him to marry into one of the most exclusive families in New York, and that had helped to make him, before his death, one of the financial powers of the world, was his son's in full measure. Walter had always been able to keep his mental balance when fascinating society belles were thrown at his head by designing mammas, for in each and every girl he had invariably seen a fault. She was either stupid, or too rapid, or a heartless butterfly, who would marry him and take all he could give, and then turn for love and excitement to some one else. How often in his particular set he had seen this very thing happen—more often than he cared to count! He was naturally of a jealous temperament, and would expect absolute devotion and loyalty from his wife, and here was the very girl who would give him both. Simply and strictly brought up, marriage and faithfulness would be one and the same thing to her, he knew; and with her quick mind and general information, even if the latter was slightly antiquated, and gathered from books instead of real life, how soon, given a few opportunities, she would develop into a brilliant woman! Just the wife required for the future ambassador to Great Britain or France, for he fully intended to be one or the other, if not in time both. And how beautiful she was! How she would grace the lot in life he would give her! And, another thing, what a sweet mother she would make! Just the right sort for all the little multimillionaire Gordons he hoped would come after him. There was no doubt in his mind; neither in New York nor in London could he find a second Angelica. Only Silsbyville, South Carolina, seemed capable of producing such a perfect woman. He knew she liked him, but how deep her liking had gone she had never given him any indication. Still, he was so well aware of what he had to offer, so convinced that they were absolutely suited to each other, and so

accustomed to have every one fall in with his wishes, that he was quite assured she would see things as he did.

Another two weeks slipped by. The Draycotts' relatives offered him all they could in the way of entertainment. Everywhere he went there was a great display of old silver, old china, and little else besides, except—a charming welcome. But the evenings he enjoyed most were those passed at home, where he could watch Angelica in her old-time lilac silk gown and lace kerchief, carrying herself as every inch a princess, and toasting muffins on an old silver brazier for his supper.

The middle of April arrived, and the garden at Draycott Hall was a picture of unkept beauty. Magnolias, azaleas, acacia-trees, golden jessamine, and the creamy Cherokee rose ran riot in a mad orgy of colour.

One evening Angelica, crowned with a wreath of Cherokee roses, walked with him through its perfumed mazes; while Folkestone—poor Folkestone!—as usual, entertained Miss Winifred in the parlour.

Gordon decided that his moment had arrived. Angelica was standing beside him star-gazing, and apparently lost in thought. His heart was beating in an inexplicable manner; it was the first time in his whole life it had ever behaved so.

'Angelica,' he began, 'I love you. I could never be happy with any girl save you for my wife.' As he spoke he took her beautiful face in his hands, and tried to read the mystery of her eyes. She made no effort to move away, but returned his gaze wonderingly.

'Mr Gordon,' she murmured at length, 'you can't know what you're saying. You have forgotten—I am engaged to Folkestone Silsby.'

'But what an engagement!' he cried hastily. 'Surely you are not serious about it? He can't have the cheek to think you'll marry him now! You marry *him*—why, the idea is simply preposterous! Angelica, you're the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. You must not bury yourself in Silsbyville. Marry me, and you shall have everything the world can give. Think of the balls, the opera; and you—who are so interested in things abroad—think how much of the world you could see. You shall visit the Tower every day, Angelica; you shall do everything you wish. But I hate to offer all these things as an inducement. I am not a bad fellow. I have many friends for myself, thank God, not for what I can give them. If you will have me, I will try so hard to make you happy. I'll devote my whole life to it. It would be a sin for a girl like you—a princess—my little princess, crowned with roses,' he added tenderly—'to pass her life in a God-forsaken place like this little Southern town.'

'Mr Gordon,' she replied, moving away from him proudly, 'that is a nice way for you to speak of a place which every one has tried to

make you enjoy.' As she spoke she impatiently pulled the crown of roses from her head, and tore off their creamy petals one by one. Then, after a moment, she continued: 'I had not guessed that you loved me. I realise that a man's love is the greatest thing he can give. I know that, besides your love, you are offering me great wealth and a brilliant position—a position which you are kind enough to think I could fill. I know that by marrying you I should see the world—the world I've dreamed about, and always longed for, and—and—never shall see. But there is one thing you have evidently not appreciated. You know that I am engaged to Folkestone Silsby, but you do not realise that I love him too, with all my heart and soul, as Southern girls can love. I am sorry to disappoint you,' she said, smiling gently, 'but I have loved him, I believe, since I was three years old.' Then she turned and left him.

Gordon sank on a tumble-down garden-seat, and buried his face in his hands.

Angelica and Folkestone, for the first time in these three weeks, were alone together in her little sitting-room. She was seated on the floor, her beautiful head resting on his knee, while he was looking down at her with worshipping faded blue eyes.

'Dear,' said Angelica, in her sweet, musical voice, 'Mr Gordon has just asked me to be his wife.'

'Oh, heavens!' ejaculated Folkestone. 'I knew it would come.'

'What do you mean?' she demanded.

'I've seen it coming all these weeks, he cried dismally. 'When I saw him that first evening, handsome, dressed in all his English things, looking like a prince, a fitting husband for you, Angelica, I knew then how the contrast between us must strike you. I know I can't be compared to him in any way, and my clothes even are so shabby. Why, this suit is, at least, ten years old!'

'From the appearance of that coat, I should say it was twenty,' cried Angelica teasingly.

'Darling, don't be cruel! I could have sent to Boston for a suit like his, but you know quite well every penny's been saved for you, to put you a little where you ought to be. But now it's all working out differently, and I'll face it, for I know it's best.'

'Face what?'

'Your marrying him, dear.'

'My marrying him! What do you mean?'

'You must marry him. Do you suppose that I, Folkestone Silsby, with no prospects to offer, would stand in your way? It is your chance of a future, and you must take it. He can give you everything I've always longed to. Darling, you know what you've been to me. You know how I've stuck to that old grocery-store (which I hate, goodness knows!) to make a home for you.

I've been most economical. I can honestly say I haven't spent a penny on myself for years. But what does it amount to?—a pittance for the girl who deserves all the beautiful things the world can give. And that is not the only reason, dear—there's another. He's the kind you should marry. He's been about the world and seen things; and I've seen nothing, and had no opportunities. We cannot be compared. You must marry him, and I'll find my happiness in the knowledge that the girl I've watched grow up, the girl who has always been the joy of my soul, the light of my eyes, is where she ought to be—among the queens, Angelica.'

The look that came to Angelica's face would have astonished Gordon. Her whole being seemed illumined with love. She sprang to Folkestone, and kissed and kissed him, stroking his sandy hair and cheeks with two little white hands, while the tears poured out of her beautiful eyes, and dropped one by one on his old thread-bare coat.

'Go back on you for him!' she cried. 'Oh Folkestone, my darling! I, who love you with

all my heart! To listen to you, even, nearly killed me. Go back on you for him!' she cried again disdainfully. 'Why, he may be good-looking, he may have millions, he may have many good points—but go back on you for him! Folkestone Silsby, he's no more to be compared to you than—I am.'

The next morning Gordon left Silsbyville. He made no reference to the evening before. Neither did Angelica, but her manner to him was very sweet and gentle, and she cut his sandwiches and baked him a cake he had specially liked and often asked for.

As old Tite drove him to the station he passed the shop, and caught a glimpse of Folkestone, in his broad-brimmed black hat, standing behind the counter.

He looked for the last time at the little, tumble-down, one-storeyed building, with its barrels of dried apples and potatoes, and its rows and rows of tinned cans.

'Mistress of a grocery-store!' he groaned. 'My God! what a life for a girl like Angelica!'

THE END.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### A WARSHIP A DAY.

**I**F a number of unbiassed persons were asked which of our great industries demanded the longest experience on the part of both employers and employees to ensure success, in nine cases out of ten they would pitch upon shipbuilding. Little change in the general methods of building ships has taken place since iron and steel vessels came into vogue, while the launching operations have been carried out in practically the same way for hundreds of years. Both building and launching, however, involve a high degree of skill, while the methods employed are the accumulated results of centuries of experience. In the face of these facts a man with no intimate practical acquaintance with shipbuilding undertook last February to build two hundred ships, of over two hundred feet in length, and to begin delivery of them in the summer. Needless to say, the man was an American; almost equally superfluous is the statement that his name was Henry Ford, the noted maker of the Ford car. The ships referred to are known as 'Eagles,' and they have been specially designed to cope with U-boats. Mr Ford did not feel himself bound down to conventional practice in shipbuilding when he undertook the colossal task. If he had, the goods would never have been delivered up to time. The first operation was the laying down and equipment of a huge shipyard capable of turning out one ship a day. Although the vessels themselves embody many novel features in their construction, the most amazing departures

from customary practice are to be found in the arrangements for erecting and launching them. The work is carried on in an enormous building, in which no fewer than twenty-four of these two-hundred-foot ships can be under construction at one time. Three heavy railway tracks pass through the building, and each vessel is built upon a wheeled platform running upon one of these tracks. Hence, in order to accommodate the two dozen ships, eight of these platforms have to be provided for each line of rails. As the work progresses the platforms are hauled along towards the launching end of the building. Here huge steel sliding-doors can be opened to allow a completed vessel to pass out on its way to the launching mechanism. Hitherto, except for small craft, ships have been slid into the water down slanting ways, and one would naturally have expected to find that the rails outside the building sloped down to the river. This plan, however, was not quick enough for Mr Ford, who has devised a gigantic lift, which lowers ship and platform into the water until the vessel can be floated off. Outside the building, and running across the end of it nearest the water, are lines of rails, on which runs a traverser, having a railway track on the top of it. When a ship is ready for launching, the traverser is moved along until its rails are exactly in line with those of the track upon which the ship has been built. The vessel, on its platform, is then hauled out and run along until the lines on the traverser are opposite those on the lift-platform. Here a final transfer is made, and the lift lowers

its burden into the water, where the ship is gently floated off. This having been done, the lift is raised again by hydraulic-power, and the platform is shunted to the far end of the construction building, ready for the next keel to be laid upon it. The vessels themselves are built entirely from parts formed out of steel plate by special machines, and the rivet-holes are punched by presses which make a large number at each stroke. Parts made to a standard pattern in this way are bound to fit, and it is simply a question of putting them together and closing down the rivets by means of pneumatic riveters. The labour involved can scarcely be called skilled, as any intelligent man could learn the routine in a week or two. Each U-boat chaser measures two hundred and four feet in length, and has an unusual width for vessels of this type; but the draught is only eight feet, as these craft are being built inland, and have to pass down to the sea through the New York State Barge Canal. The vessels are propelled by single screws having three blades, and driven through gearing by steam-turbines of about three thousand horse-power. Last February the site of the shipyard was vacant land. Early in June a representative of *The New York Times* found the plant completed except for the launching-gear; while on 11th July the first ship was put into the water. From the end of that month the output was expected to be one ship a day.

#### GIGANTIC SCHEME FOR DRAINING THE ZUIDER ZEE.

The impetus given by the war to public utility schemes in belligerent countries has already been remarked upon in these pages, the Governments concerned having recently accorded favourable consideration to projects which would have been ruthlessly 'turned down' a few years ago. This impetus has also been felt in neutral states, as may be gathered from the approval recently given by the Dutch Parliament to a plan for draining the Zuider Zee. With slight variations in details and in the extent of the project, a scheme for enclosing and draining part of the Zuider Zee has been a national question in Holland ever since Van Diggelen put forward his proposals in 1849. The scheme recently approved is almost identical with that originated by the Zuiderzee Association, and reported on by a Dutch State Commission in 1894. According to this project, a dam or dike is to be built across the northern part of the Zuider Zee between Piaam, on the eastern shore of Friesland, and the island of Wieringen, off the coast of North Holland, while a short dike will cross the strait between the island and the mainland. The total length of these dikes is given as a little over eighteen miles. The area of the Zuider Zee that will thus be enclosed amounts roughly to thirteen hundred and eighty square miles, of which it is proposed to reclaim four portions with a total area of eight hundred and

twenty square miles, leaving a lake, with channels to Amsterdam and the river Yssel, of a total area of five hundred and sixty square miles. The main dikes are to have a height of nearly eighteen feet above the average high-tide level, and a width of six and a half feet at the top. Both a railway and a roadway are to be constructed along the inside slope of the dam, an immense advantage in providing direct communication between Friesland and North Holland—as our readers will at once realise on referring to a map of the country—the railway route from Amsterdam to Leeuwarden being shortened by no less than thirty-five miles. Naturally some provision must be made for navigation to ports on the Zuider Zee, but only moderate-sized craft need be arranged for, as Amsterdam is in direct communication with the North Sea by a ship-canal. Military defence has also been considered, and for this the proposed railway will have great strategic value, while the dam will prevent the entry of foreign warships into the enclosed area. Moreover, as a last resort the sluices could be opened and the country inundated. The sluices are to be arranged in five groups of six each, the total width of the openings being nearly one thousand feet, and each sluice descending to a depth of fourteen and a half feet. The estimated cost of this enormous undertaking is fifteen and three-quarter millions sterling, and the complete work is expected to take thirty-three years, of which the first nine will be occupied in building the main dikes. The reclamation of the four land areas or polders should begin in the eighth, eleventh, twenty-first, and twenty-eighth years respectively. It is anticipated that the first polder will be brought into cultivation in the fourteenth year, while the other three will follow in the twenty-fourth, twenty-eighth, and thirty-third years. In connection with a scheme of this character one naturally asks how the Dutch are to get their money back or to obtain a sufficient rate of interest thereon. So far as the reclamation work is concerned, the rents from the new land are expected to bring in enough to pay interest on the outlay, with a substantial sum over. The enclosure of the Zuider Zee will have many advantages, direct and indirect. The length of coast to be defended from the sea, for instance, will be reduced from two hundred miles to the length of the main dikes and the north coast of Wieringen (twenty-five miles), and, as the water-level inside is to be greatly reduced, the dikes will cost far less for maintenance than those in use at present. Another advantage to be gained is the ample supply of fresh water for agricultural and other purposes that will be afforded by the inland lake, which will lose its salinity in a few years.

#### AMERICAN CANAL FOR THREE-THOUSAND-TON SHIPS.

In the United States, as in this country, the extra traffic caused by the war has given rise to

delays on the railways, which are unable to carry all the goods awaiting transport. As a natural result, attention has been directed to canals as a means of relieving the situation. Fortunately the enlargement of the New York State Barge Canal has just been completed, and this valuable waterway should now be able to carry a large amount of traffic hitherto handled by the railways. This undertaking really dates from 1792, when a company built a canal six miles long which opened up navigation to Lake Ontario. The business was bought up in 1803 by New York State; but it was not until 1816 that the Erie Canal, joining Albany on the Hudson River with Buffalo on Lake Erie, was authorised. Roads were few and bad in those days, and the railways had not been built; consequently this canal was of immense benefit to the district within reach of it. In fact, a chain of towns was established along its banks, which have since become the most important centres of population in the state. The canal, measuring three hundred and fifty miles in length, with a depth of four feet, was opened in 1825. Between Albany and Buffalo the canal rises nearly five hundred and seventy feet by means of seventy-two locks, sixteen of which are located at one point, where the difference of level is nearly one hundred and ninety feet. When it was first opened goods were carried by it in half the time taken by road, and the cost was reduced by no less than 97 per cent. Passengers were catered for by light craft hauled by relays of trotting horses, which did the trip in three and a half days. It is interesting to note that, partly owing to the facilities for cheap transport afforded by the canal, New York became the principal state in the Union, while the city of New York, as the outlet for the district served by it, soon surpassed Philadelphia in importance, and became the largest American seaport. When the railway between New York and Buffalo, following the line of the Hudson River and the canal, was built, much of the traffic was diverted, though the waterway, which was afterwards deepened and widened to accommodate vessels of two hundred and forty tons, managed to pay its way in spite of the competition. A subsequent project for deepening the canal to nine feet was only partially carried through, owing to lack of funds. In 1903 it was decided to reconstruct it so that it would take vessels up to fifteen hundred tons. This scheme was afterwards extended, and the canal, as now completed, can be navigated by vessels with capacities up to three thousand tons. Several branches have been similarly enlarged, so that the system now extends to four hundred and fifty miles. The locks will pass ships measuring three hundred feet in length and forty-four and a half feet in width. One has a lift of forty and a half feet, and five at one point raise the level by almost one hundred

and seventy feet. It may perhaps be mentioned that this immense undertaking involved works greater in difficulty and in magnitude than any contemplated by the scheme for reconstructing the canals in this country advocated by the Royal Commission that reported in 1909.

#### DIVING-MACHINE FOR SALVING TORPEDOED SHIPS.

In these notes for September reference was made to the methods adopted for raising vessels that had been able to reach shallow water before sinking after being struck by mines or torpedoes. Unfortunately a large number of ships have been sunk in comparatively deep water, in which salvage-work must be carried out by divers; while others are at such depths that they can only be reached by submarine diving-appliances that relieve the divers from the pressure of the water. Among the appliances for carrying out salvage operations at great depths is a gigantic steel egg which is capable of almost human movements under water although controlled entirely by men inside, who are completely protected from pressure by the enormous strength of the shell. This egg-shaped diving-car is fitted with two propellers and a rudder, which give great manœuvring-power; while four powerful electric lamps in strong cages are arranged round the middle to throw light upon the work in hand. Although this strange craft is round, and therefore has no bow or stern, we may conveniently speak of the side where the propellers and the rudder are arranged as the stern; at what corresponds to the bow are four powerful electro-magnets with a drilling-spindle in the middle of them. Access is had to the inside through a massive steel door at the top, which is screwed down upon a watertight joint. Electric current for lighting, energising the magnets, working the drill, and supplying compressed air for emptying the ballast-tanks is provided by a ship on the surface, which is fitted with tackle for lowering the diving-egg into the water. The lifting of the vessel which it is proposed to save is done by steel pontoons having corrugated shells, the better to withstand the high pressures at depths of several hundred feet. Each pontoon is fitted with its own submersible electric pump for freeing it from water, and is provided with a steel wire cable for attachment to the sunken ship. These pontoons are partially filled with water so that they will just sink, when the diving-machine guides them down into position, and attaches them to the hull, the latter operation being carried out by drilling holes in the steel hull of the sunken ship for the wire cable of each pontoon. The diving-machine grips the side of the ship with her powerful magnets, and starts the drill going from the inside. When the holes have been made, an external arm enables the cable to be passed through. Sufficient pontoons having been attached in this way, all

their electric pumps are set going, and the water is pumped out of them until they begin to lift the vessel, which then rises gently to the surface. The operations are controlled by the crew of the diving-machine, who can light up the surrounding water and watch the progress of the work through thick glass windows, any necessary instructions being telephoned to the tender-ship above. One of these diving-machines has been built by the inventor, Mr William D. Sisson, of Los Angeles, and illustrations of it have recently appeared in the *Scientific American*.

#### THE PASSING OF THE WAR-HORSE.

Reference is made in another note to what Henry Ford is doing for the United States Navy in the way of turning out U-boat chasers in record time. This development, however, by no means represents the sum total of this gentleman's activities for the Allied cause. One of the latest inventions emanating from the Ford factory is a fast car for despatch-riders, mounted upon caterpillar belts, which can negotiate shell-holes and other obstructions to be found on and off the roads at the front. Useful as the motor-bicycle has proved itself for carrying despatches, a vehicle which is capable of making good speeds across open country will be far more effective; while the type proposed, by affording better protection from the weather and greater comfort for the driver, will enable him to carry out his work more efficiently. According to *Popular Science Siftings*, this caterpillar despatch-car is to be developed into a miniature tank by the addition of armour and machine-guns, which will be worked by two men; and thus a number of such cars will in the aggregate form a species of mechanical cavalry. Side by side with the foregoing development is that of the caterpillar tractor for hauling guns about, an example of which was recently described and illustrated in the *Scientific American*. This armoured tractor, which has been adopted by the United States Ordnance Bureau, is capable of hauling field-guns up to six-inch calibre over any kind of ground, and is proof against any form of attack except a direct hit by a shell. A seat behind accommodates three men.

#### CHAMBERS'S INCOME-TAX GUIDE.

It is not often, one would suppose, that the perusal of a small volume leads to a saving of £57 a year. Yet such was the happy experience of a purchaser of the first edition of *Chambers's Income-Tax Guide*, by John Burns, W.S.; and that this was by no means a solitary experience—in kind at least—is shown by the number of grateful letters received by the author from readers who have learned from his pages how to secure abatements and repayments of income-tax to which they were legally entitled, but of which they were previously in ignorance. So gratifying has been the reception accorded to

this useful little book that a second edition has recently been published by W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., at 2s. 6d. net (per post, 2s. 10d.). In its enlarged and extensively rewritten form all the facts, figures, and illustrations are brought up to date, so that they cover not only the important and far-reaching changes brought about by the Budget of 1918, but also those due to administrative action, as in the case of annuities bequeathed free of tax, salaries paid free of tax, and the deduction of excess mineral rights duty—a very valuable concession where it applies. Even the involved adjustments contained in and resulting from the Coal Control Agreement have been briefly set forth, so as to serve as indicators or reminders. Entirely new and important features are the chapters on Farmers' Income-Tax and Super-Tax, and in view of the extensive modifications made by the recent Budget, these chapters will be found exceedingly helpful by those for whom they are specially designed. But indeed there is no section of the income-tax-paying public that will not find valuable and profitable information within the pages of this serviceable and thoroughly up-to-date manual.

#### THE HERRING.

Mr Arthur Michael Samuel, author of a work on *Merchant Shipping as a Weapon against Germany*, has written another book, *The Herring: its Effect on the History of Britain* (John Murray). Mr Samuel, who is the head of one of the oldest families of purely English Jews in this country, has been Mayor of Norwich, and has held appointments under the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions. An authority on international trade, he was author of the programme of British trade policy submitted to and adopted by the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom (1916), and on behalf of the Association drew up suggestions to the Government as to the future mercantile shipping policy to be observed by Great Britain and the Dominions. Mr Samuel informs us that from the twelfth to the seventeenth century the herring-fishery formed one of our key industries. In handing on the results of his researches on this thousand-year-old industry, he points out that in the early Middle Ages the herring created the wealth of the Hansa League, and later of the Dutch. Beuckels's method of herring-curing helped to raise Holland's fishing-fleet to a mercantile marine of the first rank, a position from which it was displaced by ours in and after Cromwell's time. This was followed by our unparalleled naval development, the founding of our colonial empire, and our gigantic sea-carrying trade. The volume contains reproductions of several curious old pictures connected with the herring industry, and some cookery recipes, old and new. The herring, it may be noted, is one of the most valuable foods drawn from the sea. The seas around our shores teem with fish, one

authority maintaining that an acre of sea off the east coast yields as much good food as one hundred acres of Northamptonshire grass-land. The record catch was made when, on 22nd October 1907, sixty millions of herrings were landed at Yarmouth in one day. And that was only a portion of the catch! Mr Samuel speaks of the migrations of the herring as 'baffling understanding.' He does not regard the search for food as the complete explanation, but considers it probable that among the principal contributory causes is the temperature of the water. A shoal of herrings usually covers half-a-dozen square miles, though it may be much larger. It is often eight or nine miles in length, three or four miles in breadth, and of unknown depth, the fish being as closely packed as sheep driven along a country lane. Personally Mr Samuel has a preference for the Yarmouth bloater, and confesses to having eaten in 1913 one hundred and sixty-one herrings, mostly in this form. In

thirty years Mr Samuel calculates he must have eaten five thousand. He gives us valuable information regarding the food-value of red herrings, kippers, and fresh herring respectively. In order of nourishing properties, as shown by the abundance of fat, he places various fish thus: salmon, turbot, herring, mackerel; hake, cod, and haddock, which contain less than 1 per cent. of fat, come last. One ounce of salmon or turbot, or one ounce and a half of herring or mackerel, is equal to an ounce of lean beef. He commends fried-fish shops, of which Bradford alone has over three hundred, as providing a nourishing meal at a cheap rate. These shops throughout Britain use over one hundred thousand tons of fish annually.

*To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.*

## THE MIRAGE.

By F. J. SLEATH.

AS soon as the flight commander had disappeared off the aerodrome enclosure into the mess, Teddie Peterson, newly fledged pilot, flying two thousand feet up, tilted his aeroplane skyward and disappeared into the clouds.

Tragedies had been happening recently among the pilots attached to the aerodrome. For over a week the squadron standard had flapped sombrely at half-mast; and as if to add to the melancholy of every one, the sky had been overcast for days by thick, gray cloud-belts. Teddie was sick and tired of the prevailing atmosphere of depression. In spite of his commander's well-meant warning, he was bent on breaking through the leaden-tinted barrier, to catch a glimpse once more of the sun and the clear blue sky, and to fly wherever he pleased.

The fog reached down and wrapped itself round his machine, blotting out the earth from view. Before he had climbed a thousand feet he began to wish that he had not started out on the adventure. The clouds were of astonishing thickness, and their growing opaqueness hinted at a still greater height to be overcome. Three thousand feet—three thousand five hundred—four thousand—and still no sign of the upper daylight. He began to sing to chase away his waxing nervousness, but the faint sound that his voice made against the roaring engine frightened him, and he desisted, to watch his altimeter the more intently. He was just on the point of shoving forward his control-lever and dropping back to earth, when the gradual lightening of the mist around him heralded his approach to the upper air.

Lighter and lighter it grew. His machine suddenly shot out of the cloud-belt into a world of astonishing beauty, bathed in a dazzling sunlight from a sun unusually golden and translucent. He lost it again in a fog-peak. But at last he broke clear of the last stray cloud-belt and flew alone, girt in above and around by a dome of deepest blue, below by a panorama of billowing snow-white clouds stretching as far as his eyes could see. It was a vista of enchantment, with fairy valleys and grottos and peaks mingling in indescribable confusion. He was filled with a great exaltation. He sent his machine into the wildest of manoeuvres. Like a butterfly feasting in a flower-garden, he flitted from peak to peak, floating down into the valleys, hurtling bodily into a fleecy drift, and breaking to the surface again half a mile away in a whirl of cloud-masses and smoking spindrift.

But at length the fit exhausted itself, and he began to think of returning. Of his exact whereabouts he had little idea. He might be over the sea, from which his aerodrome was distant about twenty miles. But he knew that he had only to drop through the clouds to pick up a familiar landmark; so, pushing forward his control-lever, he dived earthward.

Steadily he descended, thousand feet after thousand. Again the damp gray vapour surrounded his machine. His altimeter registered two thousand feet, then fifteen hundred, and still no friendly earth-mark appeared out of the fog's growing opaqueness. Surely the clouds had descended much lower than when he started! A sudden fit of nervousness seized him, and he began to peer intently through

the mist-swirls eddying between his propeller and lower wing-plane for the first glimpse of a solid object which would give him an inkling of his position.

He caught sight of something gray moving beneath him, something almost as impalpable as the fog-mass, but darker. He cast a hurried glance at his altimeter, forgotten for the last minute or two in the absorption of his watch for earth. To his horror, he saw the pointer wavering just above the zero-mark. He was diving below the height of the ground from which he had started. Great heavens! That dark-gray moving mass beneath was the sea.

With a cold fear paralysing his movements, he dragged back his control-lever and shot up almost into a stall. Just when the aeroplane was on the point of slipping back tail first, he succeeded in adjusting the elevation to a normal ascent, and leaned back in his seat, quivering all over at the narrowness of his escape, content to let the machine climb where it would, so long as it took him away from that cold, moving horror into which he had so nearly dipped.

At five thousand feet the growing whiteness of the mist told him that he was nearing the upper air again. The thought of the clear blue sky with its glorious sun brought back his spirits, and he gripped the control-lever and sat up in his cockpit with all the physical firmness which returning nerve-control brings with it. He saw the loose surface vapour-smoke down his engine cowlings and beneath his planes, until every part of his machine stood out clear cut, free of the vapour-wreaths which had shrouded its outline. He looked about him in amazement. There was no blue sky, and no golden sun. The clouds were beneath him. He flew in clear air. But the clouds were above him also. He was in a great fog-vault, dimly lit and cold, across whose floor and ceiling, like fallen air-sprites vainly seeking release, flitted vague shadows cast by cloudlets floating across the sun in the clear heavens above.

Once the first shock of his surprise had worn off, he set about getting homeward. He had heard of such phenomena before, and the falling level of his petrol-gauge checked any desire to waste time over an investigation. Steadying his machine until the compass-needle hung motionless, he swung round in the direction of land, and steered for his aerodrome.

But the weirdness of his surroundings affected him insensibly. Before five minutes had passed he found himself casting furtive glances in every direction. The memory of the tragedies which had lately befallen his squadron returned again and again to his mind with horrible exactness of detail, despite every effort his will made to banish them; and the occasions when he cut off his engine to listen for some ground signal became more frequent. How great his nervousness was he realised at the great thrill of joy

which passed through his being when he heard far beneath him the note of an aeroplane engine tuning up on the ground. He was over an aerodrome—his own or another, he did not care. In long swinging spirals he went down to see.

Before he had dropped a thousand feet he entered another fog-vault similar to the one which he had just left. But he hardly glanced around him, so eager was he to see the earth again. Down he went into the lower vapour, lovingly watching the pointer of his altimeter as it signalled his quick descent home.

Another thousand feet and he found himself in a third clear space, with the cloud floor still beneath him. This time he did experience a feeling of wonder at the recurrence of the phenomenon. But a sudden spasm of terror succeeded. Straight in his path was another aeroplane. He side-slipped away just in time to avoid a collision, and came to a level keel to rally his panicky senses. He could not understand how a crash had been averted, the stranger had been so near. He wondered who the fellow was, and looked about to find some trace of him.

A hundred feet overhead a stray patch of cloud was floating, into which the other machine must have disappeared. He shut off his engine and listened. But the stranger had evidently cut off also, for no answering hum came through the vapour. Again a feeling of nervousness gripped him. Had his sudden appearance frightened the other pilot into a dive to earth out of control? He quickly realised that sister-machines must be flying in his neighbourhood. Below, the aerodrome Klaxon horn had started to call them home. With every sense on the alert to avoid a collision, he went into his spirals again for the last burst through the fog to the clear earth air beneath.

A massive fog-pillar loomed up before him. With a jerk he jammed forward his rudder-bar, making the aeroplane switch sharply round and bound aside. Right in the heart of the pillar he had seen the strange aeroplane bearing straight for him. Again he was flying in the vault's middle space, wrestling with his frightened senses and marvelling once more how he had escaped a collision. He looked nervously around him. Surely the other pilot would have sought the open also to recover from the shock! Not a sign of him was visible. Only straggling mist-forms which stole stealthily into crevices between the rolling fog-masses walling him in. With a hand which quivered as though from an ague he strove to switch off his engine to listen for the noise of the stranger's aeroplane. Each time the fear of what he might *not* hear made him draw back. At last, with desperate resolve, he pressed the switch and listened. No sound came save the throbbing of his own heart against the stout leather of his flying-coat.

Without any attempt at spiralling, he pressed forward the control and dived steeply away from this mystery vault with its silent shapes and fearsome unrealities.

Quickly he neared the lower fog-bank. His propeller stirred up the loose outer mist-wreaths. Then he dropped the control, gripped the edge of the wind-screen with both his hands, and stared giddily before him. A few feet ahead was the strange aeroplane. He saw its gray planes with the fog smoking around them, the dark circle of its whirling propeller, the hooded, blurred face of the pilot staring at him in terror of the coming crash. With a yell of horror he shrank back in his seat and lost consciousness.

It was the choking sensation of the air rushing into his open mouth that brought him back to life again. He saw the ordered cluster of clock-faces with their swinging pointers in front of him; he wondered dimly how his instruments had not been broken in the collision. He felt himself descending at a terrific rate. The pointer of his air-speed indicator was hovering over a giddy figure. He saw the earth close beneath him, the hangars of his own aerodrome, with figures scurrying over the enclosure. The trained pilot instinct within him instantly reasserted itself, and he pulled the machine out of its dive and dashed upwards in a swift counter-curve. A minute later he had come to rest on the enclosure. His flight commander and two or three other pilots were staring up at him curiously.

'Anything the matter, Peterson?' the flight commander asked him.

Teddie thought he replied, but his lips gave out no sound. He struggled vainly to unhitch the safety-belt. His commander jumped up and helped him out of the machine. The feel of the solid earth beneath his feet gave him back his self-confidence, and he was able to speak, and to hear what was said to him.

'The clouds came down suddenly half-an-hour ago, and I've had the very deuce of a time guiding all you fellows home,' the commander told him. 'I was getting rather anxious about you, Peterson.'

Teddie had recovered sufficiently to be conscious of a feeling of relief that his senior had not discovered his original backsliding. It appeared that he was regarded as merely one of several pupils who, through no fault of their own, had been caught by the descending fog. He plucked up courage to tell the captain a judicious version of his experience. He was even able to smile at the episode of the stranger-aeroplane, putting it down to a delusion of his tired eyes. To his astonishment, the flight commander grew wildly excited over this part of the story.

'You have seen the mirage, Peterson,' he burst out. 'Good heavens! what luck! I'm

blessed if I know how you can take it so calmly! I tell you what! Write out an account of it, and I'll send it up to the Royal Society. I'm sure they will be interested.'

'Another aeroplane coming, sir,' called out a pilot, as the faint hum of an approaching engine was heard.

'Keep that Klaxon going,' ordered the commander to the mechanic standing by the signal. 'It must be some poor devil of a ferry pilot who has lost his way in the fog,' he added, turning to the group of officers.

The plane passed right overhead, came back, and repassed, until the sound finally disappeared altogether.

'He is doubtful about his bearings, but evidently he means to go on. Plucky chap!' the captain murmured. 'Look!' he suddenly exclaimed.

Through the low curtain of mist an aeroplane was diving, completely out of control, turning round on its nose like a top, the white of its under-wings flashing alternately with the duller upper doping. It struck the earth a hundred yards away with a horrible sound of rending fabric. The form of the pilot hurtled forward at first impact, and thudded heavily to the ground. He was quite dead when they reached him. His aeroplane had burst into flames and was fast being consumed, the smoke mounting up and spreading out in an oily pall over the spot where the dead man lay.

Ordinarily the only feeling expressed by the features of a pilot killed in a crash is one of grim effort to regain control over the wayward machine. Very seldom is there any trace of fear. But such a look of terror showed on this dead man's face that Teddie's mind started out on a sickening introspection. The memory of his own terror at the sight of that mysterious aeroplane charging out of the fog came back to him, and with it the thought that but for a merciful Providence he himself might even then have been lying dead on the aerodrome, with wide-open eyes and fear-distorted lips.

'Oh God! he's seen the mirage!' he exclaimed, and fainted clean away.

#### THE NORTH TEMPERATE ZONE: THE BELT OF EMPIRE.

OFt have I revell'd in a painted dream:  
Araby, Ormuz, Ind, and far Cathay,  
All tawny-gilt, how languorous they lay  
Beneath the sun-beat! Where the waters gleam,  
In green depths, there the passion-colours team  
And lush fronds curtain out the light of day,  
Unmov'd by spicy airs that lure to play.  
But here, grim vigour's valiant and supreme  
O'er earth's reluctance and the sea's dull rage.  
Yon churl, who never sighted but the Ness,  
Is type of them—prospector, seaman, sage,  
Pretor—perfidious all, who round possess  
This temper'd band of earth, this heritage,  
Securely set, so welded under stress.

FIFE.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE BULB-GARDEN.

By W. VICTOR COOK, Author of *Anton of the Alps*, *Ben Hassan's Title-Deeds*, &c.

#### PART I.

##### I.

IT had been rather a tedious fortnight for Donald Bruce and his Catalan friend, Pablo Pajarillo, the 'Little Bird,' while the French authorities investigated the Andorran frontier affair in which they had been concerned. The court had finished with them at last, and both the young Scot and the old Spaniard had been handsomely complimented on behalf of the Government upon the part they had played in a business which had resulted in the unearthing of a dastardly conspiracy to convey to German agents in Spain information as to the movements of Allied shipping in the southern French ports.

'To-morrow, Little Bird,' said Bruce, as they walked that morning beside the broad river, 'we shall be able to return to Barcelona, and you will at last have the satisfaction of seeing again your wife and family, whom I hope you will find in the best of health.'

The long, gaunt old Catalan took the cigar from between his lips, and held it thoughtfully for some moments between his wrinkled, brown fingers. '*Quiera á Dios!*' he piously said. 'Yet I am not so sure, Señor Bruce. I am anxious, as you know, to see my poor wife, from whom I have now been separated for seven months. But last night I met a man whom I know.'

'So did I, Pablo *mío*. I wonder if it was the same. I met the French lieutenant—you remember Casimir Fanelle, whom we helped to blow up the Boche submarine off Soller? He commands a submarine of his own now. She is down at the mouth of the river.'

The older man's dark, deep-set eyes showed a momentary gleam of interest, but he shook his head. 'I remember. But it was not he. It was a black villain named Carril. If what he said is true, I fear there may be yet another delay before we see Barcelona.'

'Little Bird,' said Bruce with a faint smile, 'I believe you smell adventure again. But would a black villain be likely to tell the truth?'

'The very question I asked myself, señor. Yet they say that when thieves fall out, honest men come by their own. And this fellow Carril has certainly fallen out with his captain. I can

never forget that these accursed Boches drowned my poor brother Pedro there in the Gulf of Lions. Besides, there is my bargain with your honourable firm to consider. If this Carril's story is true, it may be that I can earn yet another of the generous rewards offered by the Señores M'Iloy, M'Iloy, & M'Allister.'

Donald Bruce smiled again. When the Little Bird spoke thus, there was certainly something useful on his mind.

'You forget, Pablo, I do not yet know who this Carril is.'

Pajarillo pointed with the smoking end of his cigar to a steamer lying out in the stream. 'He is the wireless operator on the Spanish steamer *La Mosca*. She has brought mules and provisions from South America, and she sails again to-morrow for Spain, to revictual for another voyage. It seems she has been bringing mules for the past six months.'

'In that case she is working on the right side, my friend.'

'*Quien sabe!* She is making money both ways, Señor Bruce.'

'How do you mean?'

The Little Bird took a long pull with closed eyes, and exhaled the blue smoke slowly before replying. 'It seems that her captain has friends in Spain, who in their turn have friends in Berlin. It appears there is a curious secret about *La Mosca*. The captain, it seems, has other friends in South America, who, again, have friends in Berlin. It seems that whenever she passes the neighbourhood of the Azores, she somehow contrives to leave something in the sea which is not mentioned on her papers. It seems also that a number of ships near which she has passed on one or another of her voyages have not been heard of again.'

'*Spurlos versenkt!*' muttered the Scot.

'What did you say, señor?'

'Nothing. Go on, Little Bird.' The Scot's lips set tight.

'There is nothing else of importance, Señor Bruce, except that down there, in South America, this Carril and the captain of *La Mosca* are both interested in the same lady. I gather that the lady is more interested in Carril—there is no accounting for the taste of some

ladies. And both of them are very much afraid of the captain. But Señor Carril is persuaded that if he could rid himself of the captain without making too disagreeable a scene, he could prevail on the lady to avail herself of his devotion, and of the wealth which his villainy has amassed. Do I make myself clear?' 'Not entirely, Pablo. It would be interesting to know the nature of this commodity which the captain of *La Mosca* leaves in the sea.'

The Little Bird gave his grave smile. 'This Carril is a difficult fellow,' said he. 'He talks in metaphors. But if he is to be believed, the captain is interested in the culture of bulbs, and is in the habit of leaving specimens which he has collected, to be planted in a special spot where they may enjoy the benefits of the warm Southern sun and the ocean breezes.'

'I do not profess to know much about bulbs,' said Bruce, 'but I had an idea they thrive best in a Northern clime. In the interests of science, it would be good to obtain a few of these specimens.'

'It might be very dangerous, Señor Bruce,' said the Catalan.

The young Scotsman stood with folded arms, staring out upon the broad river. Presently he turned sharply, the light dancing in his gray Northern eyes. 'Little Bird, I have an idea. But first tell me, why should this fellow Carril give you this information?'

'As to that,' said the Spaniard, 'this Carril, knowing me for a man of some judgment, and, if I may say so, of some resource—we were acquainted when I was a *contrabandista* in the south—considered that between us he and I might devise some scheme whereby we might divide a substantial reward.'

'I guessed as much,' replied Bruce. 'We must see that neither of you is disappointed, Pablo *mío*.'

'He is an arrant villain,' the Little Bird objected.

'We are not concerned with his morals,' answered the Scot. 'The only question is, how far is he to be trusted?'

'One can trust a traitor just as far, to an inch, as his interest and his safety coincide, and not an inch beyond.'

'I agree. And if one promises, one must give security to such a one for the fulfilment. So far my plan will secure us. Little Bird, I am going to lunch with Lieutenant Fanelle. I invite you to accompany me.'

'But you will not consult the authorities!' The Catalan's wrinkled face was blank at the notion of official interference.

Donald Bruce patted him on the shoulder. 'A naval officer is not like a government official. He is a man of sense, who acts first, and talks very little afterwards. On this occasion we cannot do what ought to be done without some outside help. Come!'

A couple of hours afterwards, in a private room at the little restaurant where they lunched, the three conspirators arranged the final details of the plan which Bruce had thought out beside the river.

'*Ma foi*, but you are bold, Monsieur Bruce!' said the young lieutenant. 'It is a great risk that you run. You ought to be in the navy. As for my commandant, I will answer for his permission. Our big friend here will have to accompany me in my little ship—as a mere formality, *bien entendu*, for I trust him as I do yourself. And before we start he must find a way of dropping a hint to this creature Carril. You make your attempt, then, to-night. If you do not return before dawn, we shall know that this rascally Spanish skipper has swallowed the bait, and we shall make our dispositions accordingly. If he does not take the bait, you will not need to risk your life, but, on the other hand, an important part of our object may be unattained. In that case you, as well as your friend here, will make the trip with me.'

'Monsieur le Lieutenant, I hope to succeed with my bait,' said Bruce.

'*Bonne chance!*' exclaimed the officer as they parted with a handshake.

## II.

The night fell dark and still and warm. In the sternsheets of a little patrol-launch Donald Bruce sat stripped to the skin, but with a small bundle of clothes tied on his back. Five hundred yards above the point at which the dark bulk of the *Mosca* loomed in the tideway he slipped silently into the water, and with slow, regular strokes let himself be carried towards the vessel. She lay in complete darkness save for her riding-lights. Bruce seized her thick mooring-chain, and after waiting a few minutes to recover his full breath, sent up a cautious hail in Spanish. At first there was no reply, but a second and louder hail was followed by the appearance of a man at the peak of the fo'c'sle. A surly voice inquired who called.

'For the love of God, fetch the Señor Capitán!' said Bruce. 'It is a matter of life and death!'

'Who are you?' repeated the voice.

'The captain! Fetch the captain!' gasped the Scot, as one in dire extremity.

The figure disappeared, and presently reappeared with another. 'I am the captain of the *Mosca*. Who the devil are you in the water?'

The tone was uninviting in the last degree, but Bruce had not looked for cordiality. 'One who craves a word with you, Señor Capitán, on a business of life and death. I beg you, pull me aboard. I have money.'

The captain laughed gruffly. '*Por Dios*, that is a good thing to have.'

Bruce heard an order given, and presently a rope splashed near the ship's cut-water.

'Catch hold, and cling tight,' he was directed.

A few moments later he was hauled up, none too gently, and in the dim light on the ship's deck found himself face to face with a stout, black-bearded man, in whose hand he perceived a naked knife.

'Now, Señor Swim-by-Night, you can tell me what is this business of life and death.'

Like a man in the last stage of exhaustion, Bruce dropped to the deck. 'I am an Englishman, Señor Capitan,' he panted. 'I live in Barcelona, but I have been staying in France. But now the French Government is making all Englishmen serve in the army, and, *valga-me-Dios*, I do not want to serve in the army. I am afraid. I confess it; I am afraid. You are about to cross the ocean. I beg you to take me with you—away from these horrible lands of war. I have money with me—three thousand francs, and I have friends across the sea who will pay as much again.'

'Who told you I was crossing the ocean, my brave Señor Chicken-Liver?' demanded the Spaniard with an oath.

'It is known at the docks where the ships are going,' answered Bruce. 'Señor Capitan, I will work my passage. I will stoke. I will do anything to escape from this war.'

'Show me your money,' came the order; and Bruce, shivering, unrolled his wet clothes and produced a wad of notes.

'Paper!' snorted the captain. 'Paper money is at a large discount over there, my friend. Gold would have been better.' He thrust forward a villainous face till the black bristles of his beard almost touched the Scotsman. His knife gleamed as he held it up.

'Cowardly dog,' he hissed, 'tell me what is to prevent me from putting your money in my pocket, and sticking this knife into your carcass, and throwing you overboard again.'

'Nothing,' Bruce replied, with a steadiness somewhat out of keeping with the part he was playing. 'Only in that case, captain, you would deprive yourself of the further sum which my friends on the other side would pay.'

The skipper lowered his knife. 'True,' he grunted. 'These friends of yours must be great fools to part with good money for such a creature as you. Follow me, Chicken-Liver.'

Bruce followed the captain down a hatchway. In the light of a swinging lamp the Spaniard stood to count the notes in his hand, and to glare from them to the Scot. A sardonic grin overspread his dark face.

'The money is all right,' he announced. 'You are a favourite of fortune, Chicken-Liver. It happens that I want a stoker. While you remain on this ship, therefore, your name will be Juan Calin of Valencia. I advise you to remember it well.' He pushed open a door, and

Bruce followed him inside the close, ill-smelling fore-cabin. In the first berth they came to lay a dead man. The captain called hoarsely, 'Pedro!'

A hawk-faced, shambling fellow in shirt-sleeves tumbled out of one of the other bunks and approached, eyeing the naked Scot with a squint of curiosity.

'Juan Calin is dead, Pedro,' said the captain. 'The stokehold was too hard for him. Well, I have found you another who answers to the name. *Viva Juan Calin!* He loves work as a pig loves acorns. Don't you, Chicken-Liver?' Here the captain gave Bruce a poke of facetious humour. 'He is not accustomed to stoke, but he has brought a hundred francs which he is anxious to give to you and your fellows for the trouble you are going to have in teaching him. Put something heavy on Juan Calin *primero*, and drop him in the river before dawn. Take off his clothes, and give them to Juan Calin *segundo*, whose own clothes had better go down with Juan Calin *primero* into the river. You follow me?'

'I follow you, captain,' said the squinting rascal.

'Juan Calin *segundo* must look the part before the inspection,' said the captain. 'Keep an eye on him, and keep him busy. I rely on you, Pedro.'

The squinting Pedro grinned appreciation of the position. 'I will teach him his trade, *mi capitan*. Trust me.'

The fortnight which Donald Bruce spent in the bowels of the *Mosca* was a period on which he afterwards looked back as a nightmare of humiliation and torment. Nothing but a dogged obstinacy of purpose and an unusually sound constitution pulled him through it. Something of his story seemed to have got about the ship, and he was a butt for the jeers of every man on board. The crew, from the skipper down, were as sinister a lot of desperados as he had ever imagined could be collected in one ship's company—the very sweepings of the ports of Spain. He had the clear conviction that any hour of his life on board might well prove to be his last. Often, as he sweated, grimy and half-fainting, at the bunkers and the furnaces, he realised with bitterness that had he had foreknowledge of what his adventure would cost him, he would never have been mad enough to undertake it. As the days passed, the belief deepened in him that there was a deliberate intention on the part of those into whose power he had given himself that he should never reach the other side of the Atlantic alive. Even before the ship left Europe, while they lay off a Spanish port taking in supplies, his position had become so bad that he was sorely tempted to throw up the sponge, and try to swim ashore. But the squint-eyed Pedro was as good as his word, and Bruce never had an opportunity to

try so desperate an experiment. So with grim obstinacy he settled down to lie on the bed which he had made, and await the outcome of the adventure.

Only once or twice during the voyage did he come within speaking distance of Carril, the wireless operator.

The first occasion was when they were a few days out from Europe. Bruce had come up on deck for a breath of fresh air after a sweltering turn at the furnaces. He was leaning over the side, idly watching the heaving blue ocean floor, across which the ship was sliding at a good pace. The strong-winged gulls were flying steadily astern, and the Scot sadly contrasted his present condition with their magnificent freedom.

Some one passed slowly behind Bruce along the deck. As the man passed, Bruce heard distinctly the three words, 'Watch the wake!' spoken in a low, clear tone. He turned and saw Carril, but Carril did not look back.

Bruce moved off to a position from which he could see the ship's wake, lying like a broadening white ribbon across the calm blue of the sea. About a mile away he thought he saw the top of a periscope low in the water. No one else seemed to have observed it, and even as he watched it, it submerged.

The second time he saw Carril was on an eventful day—eventful, because on the morning of that day Donald had made an important discovery. He made it by accident, and was surprised that a device so simple had not occurred to him before.

The *Mosca* had been making heavy weather of it for a couple of days, but that morning the sky had cleared and the sea had somewhat abated. Bruce judged roughly that they must be nearing the Azores group. He had been sent by Pedro with a message to the cook's galley. The cook, a wrinkled Chinaman, had taken pity on the grimy stoker, and presented him with a tit-bit. The Scot was surreptitiously devouring it behind the galley door, when he saw the black-bearded captain of the ship encounter the chief engineer outside, and heard the captain say, 'We must test the springs. The water she has been shipping may have got to the mechanism. When will you do it?'

'The sooner the better. Come now,' was the answer. They moved off together.

Bruce put his head out of the galley and watched them go down an alley-way which led, as he knew, to the extreme after-part of the vessel. Bruce, who was not altogether a novice in seafaring matters, suddenly had an inspiration. He had kept his eyes open since he had been on board the *Mosca*, and he had noticed—though at the time it had conveyed nothing to his mind—that the ship had a remarkably full stern, with an unusual mass of overhang. It was to that quarter of the vessel that the captain and the chief had gone like conspirators to 'test the springs.' It suddenly flashed upon him that it was there the *Mosca* carried her secret cargo, which at the chosen time and place those 'springs' were to release.

(Continued on page 730.)

## THE MOTH ON THE WINDOW.

By G. W. BULMEN, M.A., B.Sc.

I AM no entomologist; I never sally forth with a net to capture the elusive butterfly, nor do I ever spread the tree-trunk with the seductive sugared rum to allure the giddy moth. I have no trophies of spear and bow in the shape of specimens transfixed with pins, and neatly arranged in cabinets.

But things do sometimes come to him who waits, even in entomology. And here, on my window-pane, is a little moth which has interested me greatly—'eloquent of much,' as, I think, Carlyle says. A dark-brown moth about three-eighths of an inch long, with a large round patch of white in the centre. As it sits there, with its wings folded back—mothwise—along the length of its body, the white spot is about one-third of the whole outline. A very conspicuous object! At any rate, it caught my eye when I was not looking for anything. Perhaps in its natural surroundings evolutionists might make out a case for protective colouring. That white patch in the middle breaks up, as they say, the dark outline, and renders the

whole insect less conspicuous. Or can it be a case of mimicry? Is this little moth like anything which has a sting, or is not good to eat? Possibly. On the other hand, the white spot might be put down as a recognition-mark—it is so important for individuals of a species to recognise each other. Perhaps it enables Mr Moth to find Mrs Moth in the dusk. A white spot in a night-flying insect would render it more easily seen in the dim light. Shall we suggest that it serves all these purposes? Perhaps. And if it does serve all, or any, of them, then it may, according to the canons of natural selection, have been evolved in the struggle for life.

But it is not so much to the general evolutionary interpretation of the colour schemes of nature that this white-spotted moth has directed my thoughts. These have flowed rather in other channels. In the first place, one asks, what is the great object or purpose—or rather, let us say, use—of these outward conspicuous differences in species, these larger features which

catch the eye and enable us to group individuals into species easily and surely? And on this point—the actual *use*, the purpose which the thing fulfils—the disciple of Paley can shake hands with the follower of Haeckel, who understands Darwinism as evolution without design. Be it design, plan, or mere chance survival, there is a certain actual *fact of use*—some function which it fulfils in the scheme of things. And as regards this, one suggests, tentatively, that the colouring and the outward form of a creature are a sign indicating its rights and liabilities in the world of life. Protective, warning, mimetic, recognition-marks, these colours stamp the species, and mark out its privileges and responsibilities. To some they appeal as ‘warning’ colours—the moth or the butterfly is not to be eaten. But to others the very same colours may be attractive. The moth must do its share in supplying food to the insect-eater. It may be that the bright black and yellow of the wasp warns off certain insect-eaters, but equally it must serve to attract those which eat wasps.

And science tacitly admits an important use of such colour schemes, whether it admits design or attributes all to chance. For if it were not for these large outward distinctive marks insects could never be arranged and labelled in the great binomial system of Linnæus. And in the fact that many men of intellect have devoted, and do devote, their time to so distinguishing and labelling the thousands of species of insects we find a confession of the importance of so doing. Yes, we think it important, from the higher intellectual standpoint, to study these creatures. And what an enormous advantage these curious markings are! And if we admit that they were created, it may be suggested that they would also be important to their Creator.

Again, one's thoughts fly off in another channel. Look at the dark-brown colour of the little moth with the great patch of white! How on earth is that particular specific character preserved in the great flux of variation which Darwinism insists on among organic beings? Suppose you have got it evolved, how are you going to keep it? It is still variable, one suggests. The white

patch may be smaller, or larger, in others than in this one. Darwin offers us the analogy of the domestic breeds. The species of nature are formed in the same way. Let us press the analogy. Here is a very well-marked breed of dog, the dachshund. How is *it* kept up to the mark as regards those short legs, that snake-like body, and that pathetic face? Well, we all know how the breeder must preside as high priest over the marriage, and how he must intelligently *choose* which of the offspring shall live. If, then, the white-spotted moth is kept up to the standard in a similar way, there must be—yes, the conclusion insistently intrudes itself—*there must be* intelligence somewhere. The more, in fact, we insist on the analogy of the domestic breeds, the more apparent is the need for design. And if we drop the analogy the whole scheme of Darwinism goes to pieces.

A tiny white moth flits along and attracts the eye—if the eye has been trained to look for such things. It settles on a green leaf, and looks merely a little patch of white. On closer inspection, however, we see two dark spots—mere specks—on each wing. Here the problem of markings seems emphasised. It appears impossible to think that these minute patches of colour can be of importance from the point of view either of protection or of making conspicuous. Recognition-marks, then, to enable individuals of a species to know each other? Possibly. And yet one can hardly think that they can depend on such minute markings. And there is an opinion among naturalists that insects are not good at distinguishing colour. But apart from the utilitarian point of view as regards the moth itself, there is the *use* of such markings to man in his wanderings through the labyrinth of specific distinctions among insects. Such markings may be the guiding clue supplied to enable him to thread the intricate passages of the maze. They certainly do supply it, and—yes, it almost looks as if it had been in some way *planned* or *arranged* for this purpose. Or, on the other hand, can it be a *sign* delimiting the moth's rights and responsibilities? A sign to some that they *may* eat it; to others that they *must not*?

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

By G. J. WEBSTER.

### PART II.

#### I.

UPON the day of Jack's trial and sentence, an orderly informed General Dieguez that a woman was waiting to see him. ‘Show her in,’ said the general. A moment later a veiled lady was admitted. She waited until the orderly

retired and closed the door. Then she lifted her veil and revealed the features of Rosa Alfaro.

‘I have called for information regarding your prisoner, the American,’ she said. ‘Will you kindly tell me what is to be done with him, General Dieguez?’

The general, who had a flabby face and a

shifty eye, was embarrassed by her abrupt demand.

'Why, señorita, I am afraid he must suffer the penalty which his offence calls for.'

'And that is?' she asked.

'I regret to say that the Señor Selby must die at daybreak to-morrow.'

'Why must he die, when both you and my father know he is innocent of the charge brought against him?'

'But he has been proven guilty, señorita!'

'Guilty!' she exclaimed. 'Yes, guilty of doing his duty, and refusing to do that which my father wishes him to do; that—and that alone—he is guilty of. Oh, General Dieguez!' she beseeched, 'you have professed regard for me. If you have my happiness at heart, won't you help me to save an innocent man's life? By doing so you will earn my undying gratitude; by refusing, you will forfeit my regard for ever!'

'Ah, señorita,' he said, 'you know how anxious I am to serve you, but you must also know that I am powerless to act without an order from Don Jacinto. Do you get your father to pardon the American, and I will gladly set him free.'

His argument was unanswerable. She could only accept his suggestion, but without much hope of success—unless, indeed, Selby could be induced to complete the purchase of the mine.

As one who leads a forlorn hope, Rosa went straight to her father and demanded that he write and give her the necessary pardon.

Now, as we already know, Alfaro was anxious above everything to propitiate General Dieguez. He was well aware that the general was in a position to elect himself as President if he chose to do so, and Alfaro shrewdly suspected that only the man's infatuation for the fair Rosa, and the desire to win her hand, would weigh in the balance against his political aspirations. Therefore Alfaro, when he realised that Jack was not to be intimidated into signing the deed of purchase, resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and to rely on other and more subtle tactics to gain his point. For this reason Rosa was really playing into her father's hands when she demanded the release from prison of Jack Selby.

'My dear Rosita,' he said with a smile, 'the American's fate is a matter for you rather than for me to decide.'

'In what way?' she demanded.

'I will show you,' he replied, as he smilingly reached for a block of paper bearing the Government coat-of-arms. With equally calm deliberation he selected a quill pen, tested its point, and carefully dipped it in the ink. Then he wrote a few lines, blotted them, and handed the paper to his daughter. At a glance she saw that it was an order for Jack's release addressed to General Dieguez, and lacking only Alfaro's signature and seal.

As a cat plays with its victim, he watched the eager expression of glad surprise which passed over his daughter's face, to be followed by one of distrust as she looked up and caught his eye. She handed him back the paper. 'Very well. Sign it,' she said.

'That, my dear Rosa, I will do upon one condition.'

'Well?'

'That you will give me your promise in writing that you will marry General Dieguez.'

For a moment the girl failed to realise the full significance of his words. Then incredulity, astonishment, and utter loathing filled her eyes. Only by a great effort of will did she refrain from expressing the rage which was consuming her. Fortunately her woman's wit, which almost amounts to instinct at times, sprang to her rescue, and suggested a way by which her father's nefarious designs could be frustrated without her actually refusing his offer to set her lover at liberty.

Remembering that time is the essence of a contract, it occurred to her that a simple promise to marry a man without a time-limit being set would leave it to her to determine when the ceremony should take place. Inwardly she resolved that old age would overtake her before she became the wife of General Dieguez. True, such a promise would preclude her from wedding another man; but that was a sacrifice she was fully prepared to make in order to save the one and only man she was willing to marry. These thoughts passed through her mind in the space of a few seconds, during which her father watched her with heartless deliberation. When at last she gave a reluctant consent, he was delighted.

'My dear Rosa,' he said, 'now you are becoming sensible, and I can assure you, my daughter, that I have only your happiness at heart in bringing about your betrothal to my old and trusty friend, the general.'

Still smiling, he took a sheet of note-paper from his desk and wrote upon it the few words by which his daughter promised to become the wife of General Dieguez. Then, placing the paper in front of her, he handed her the pen.

But she drew back and pointed to the pardon. 'First sign the pardon,' she stipulated.

Alfaro shrugged his shoulders, but complied with her request.

'Now the seal,' she demanded.

Smilingly he carried out her instructions. Then she glanced at the paper in front of her, took the pen, and signed away her own freedom. Alfaro folded the two papers, placed them in separate envelopes, and handing one to his daughter, he placed the other in his pocket.

'There you are, my dear daughter. Now, all you have to do is to present that to General Dieguez, and your precious American will be set free. And,' he added, 'you may assure him

from me that he can, without incurring the slightest risk, remain in San Miguel as long as he may feel inclined.'

Silently Rosa took the precious pardon and withdrew. As she was closing the door behind her she caught a fleeting glimpse of her father where he sat at his desk. She saw his hand outstretched towards the desk-telephone. Intuitively she divined his purpose, and, on the impulse of the moment, being fiercely determined to frustrate any treachery on his part which might endanger the man she loved, she fled along the passage and entered the library, where an extension of the same telephone stood upon the table. With infinite care she removed the receiver and applied it to her ear. Her father was conversing with General Dieguez, and this is what she overheard.

'*Hola!* is that you, general?'

'Sí, Señor Don Jacinto.'

'How are you, my friend? Allow me to congratulate you upon your good-fortune!'

'Good-fortune, Don Jacinto?'

'Why, yes, there is good news awaiting you.'

'Good news—of what description?'

'Ah, that you will learn all in good time. Incidentally, I wish to inform you that I have signed an order for the pardon and the release of the American.'

'Very good, Don Jacinto. I will release him at your request. But would it not be well to escort him to the coast and make sure that he leaves the country?'

'*Pierde cuidado* [Never fear], general. You release the gringo, and I'll see to it that he does no further harm.'

'Ah, *perfectamente*, señor; I quite understand.' A malicious chuckle on the part of Don Jacinto, echoed by the general, ended the conversation.

Rosa's blood ran cold as she realised that her father, with a depth of treachery which she could hardly believe possible, intended—after having secured her promise to marry Dieguez as the price of Jack's liberty—merely to release the American in order to compel him, by some hidden and, she feared, more savage method, to do that which intimidation had failed to accomplish. In the seclusion of her own rooms she tried to concentrate all her faculties upon devising some plan of action by which she could not only ensure Jack's escape, but also effectually defeat the cold-blooded conspiracy of her unscrupulous parent.

It required only a few moments' thought to convince Rosa that the first thing to be done was to get Jack out of prison; for she felt that, once he was at liberty, his natural courage and resourcefulness would find the way and the means to secure his own safety.

The thing she most dreaded was that he would refuse to leave San Miguel unless she accompanied him; and this—in view of the promise which her father had wrung from her—

she was not prepared to do. Calling her maid, she proceeded to change into her riding-costume, for it was close to the hour at which every afternoon the stable-boy, Juan, brought to the house her own horse and the mare which her father rode, in case either Don Jacinto or she might wish to go riding.

Juan found his young mistress already at the door of the house when he arrived with the horses. 'Don Jacinto will not require the mare to-day,' she said. 'Here is a parcel which you may carry for me;' saying which, she handed him a bundle wrapped in paper. When they arrived within a block of the barracks, Rosa instructed Juan to await her return, while she proceeded on foot.

The general's manner towards her indicated that he was not altogether ignorant as to the nature of the good-fortune hinted at by Alfaro over the telephone.

'Ah, señorita,' he said, 'how fortunate for our friend, the American, that he has you for an ally! And how doubly fortunate I am in being able to serve you by setting him free!'

His oily smile almost nauseated her, but she managed to hide her disgust, and even forced a smile to her lips; for she was intent on setting Jack free, and determined that her manner should furnish no excuse for any delay in complying with the order which she now handed to the general. Summoning an orderly, he instructed him to bring the prisoner into his presence.

A few moments later Jack, looking somewhat unkempt in appearance, but undaunted in spirit, walked into the room. The defiance which smouldered in his gray eyes melted into a look of gratitude as he caught sight of the woman he loved.

'*Caballero*, you are free, thanks to this young lady, who has prevailed upon her father to pardon you, in spite of the rebellious conduct you have been guilty of.'

With a glance full of scorn at the flabby face of the native, Jack followed the señorita with feelings which can better be imagined than put in writing.

'You must leave the city and make for the coast without a moment's delay,' she told him as they were traversing the block, at the far corner of which Juan was waiting with the horses.

'And do you imagine that I shall go away and leave you here, dear girl?' he asked.

'You must. To remain here spells certain death to you. You must not spoil all my efforts to secure your safety by remaining. That would be kindness neither to yourself nor to me. If you wish to please me you will go at once. You will distress me greatly if you stay.'

'Then where and how soon shall we meet again?' asked Jack. 'You know I love you, Rosa, and nothing is going to prevent my winning you, sooner or later.'

'No, no; you must abandon all hope of our ever meeting again. Circumstances are such that I can never marry you,' she said in a low voice as they drew near to the corner. 'This boy, Juan, will show you a trail, by following which you will arrive at Los Dolores without using the main road, which is being guarded to prevent your escape. My father—the traitor!—still hopes to be revenged upon you for having frustrated his designs, so you must not spare your horse. After leaving Los Dolores you must rely upon your own resourcefulness to enable you to reach the coast. I have brought a sombrero and a poncho of my father's which will disguise you to some extent. Put them on as soon as you are clear of the city.'

But poor Rosa's carefully-thought-out plan was destined never to be carried out. Upon turning the corner they were confronted by Juan, who stood holding the señorita's horse by the bridle. A ripple of sardonic laughter caused them to raise their eyes, and there, seated astride the mare, and evidently vastly entertained by their chagrin, they saw the dapper figure and hateful, though smiling, face of Alfaro.

'Aha, Mr Selby! permit me to felicitate you upon your newly gained liberty, which Rosita and I have happily been able to achieve,' he said with magnificent effrontery. 'And now that you are free,' he continued, 'I trust—nay, I insist—that you become our guest for as long a period as you decide to remain in San Miguel. No, no, señor; no refusal!—Juan, you will conduct the *caballero* to the house, while I and Rosita go for our little canter.—*Hasta luego, señor.*—Come, Rosa!' he commanded with an imperious gesture towards his daughter.

With a dazed look Rosa obeyed; while Jack, equally taken aback by this sudden *volte-face* on the part of Alfaro, reluctantly followed Juan, who led him to the house, where, it appeared, Alfaro had already issued instructions to the servants regarding his reception. Jack was at once shown into a bedroom with bath adjoining, both furnished with a luxuriance and a good taste that astonished him. The rooms, which were on the second floor, opened on to a corridor overlooking a tiled *patio*, in the centre of which palms and tree-ferns shot their fronds into the air, so that their tops waved on a level with the corridor above. The *mozo* who conducted him to his rooms acted the part of valet, filling his bath and removing his outer garments to be cleaned. In a very forgiving frame of mind towards his host, Jack revelled in the luxury of soap and warm water. Under its soothing influence his arrest and imprisonment were almost forgotten, or remembered only as one does a nightmare.

## II.

Leaving Jack to his ablutions, let us accompany Don Jacinto and his daughter as they ride slowly down the Avenida Bolivar, the Rotten Row of

San Miguel. For a while they rode in silence, although from time to time Alfaro took sidelong glances at his daughter, and even found time to admire the lines of her figure in its perfectly fitting dark-blue bodice, and the daintily gloved hands which held her spirited horse in check. He was not surprised that the American had fallen in love with his beautiful daughter, and he could almost find it in his heart to regret the necessity which compelled him to marry her to a man like General Dieguez. But, he reflected, 'necessity knows no law;' with which convenient aphorism—which has served to lock the wheels of many a worn-out conscience—he pulled the mare into a walk, and thus addressed his daughter: 'So, my dutiful daughter, you considered my little mare worthy of carrying your American to the coast! May I ask if you intended to accompany him thither, after promising to wed another man?'

For a few paces she remained silent; then, 'I am not in the habit of breaking my word—as it appears, you are prepared to do,' she said.

'Oh? And what leads you to that conclusion, may I ask?'

'Did you not promise me that Mr Selby would be free? Why, then, do you insist on his remaining in San Miguel?'

'My dear Rosa, how ridiculous you are! Do you not see that your American will be nowhere safer than in our house, and—since he admires you so much—nowhere happier?'

'You need not pretend that either his safety or his happiness is at the bottom of your invitation—that you cannot induce me to believe.'

'Nevertheless, he will be both safe and happy while he is with us. As for the future—that is a matter for himself and, to some extent, you to determine.'

'Pray be more explicit, she begged. 'What further bargain have you now to offer?'

'My dear girl,' he replied, 'as you so sapiently remark, it were well to be plain-spoken under the circumstances; for I see clearly that you and I must arrive at a distinct understanding with regard to the American. Very well, you know already that I am in urgent need of money, and that the only quarter whence it can come is from the sale of the mine. I have already asked you to use your undoubted influence with the American to persuade him to close the deal. Had you succeeded, he would have avoided all the danger and the inconvenience to which his refusal has subjected him. I have decided to give him and you one other chance. While he is under our roof you may easily find, or make, opportunities for exercising those powers of fascination which you unquestionably possess, and by means of which, I do not doubt for a moment, you can, if you wish, persuade—or, if you prefer it, bribe—him to sign the deed of sale, and so not only save him from further danger,

which he will otherwise incur, but also do me a signal service. Now, perhaps, you understand why his future safety lies in your hands. But let me warn you, my daughter, that any attempt at elopement or abduction will result in the speedy demise of your admirer, and perhaps the financial ruin of yourself and your father.'

'My father!' she exclaimed with scorn. 'I disown you as such; or, rather, I refuse to believe I am your daughter. It is not possible that a child could hate and detest her parent as I loathe and detest you!'

At last her biting words seemed to have penetrated the armour-plate of his abnormal self-complacency, for he went white and glared at her with a look in which anger, suspicion, and even

fear were blended. Furious though she was, Rosa noticed his discomfiture, and marvelled at the effect of her own words. But the wily Cordoban was too well versed in the art of deception to lose for more than an instant his colossal effrontery.

'As you please,' he said airily; 'those are my terms. Take them or leave them. But if you refuse, then blame yourself if your precious American should be the victim of—an accident!'

With a smile on his lips he raised his *revenge* and brought it down upon the flank of the mare, to the surprise and indignation of that spirited animal, causing her to rear and go off at a gallop, leaving the señorita to follow at her leisure.

(Continued on page 724.)

## THE DESOLATE CITY.

By ROLF BENNETT.

A GLORIOUS Sunday morning in late spring; the fields a blaze of golden buttercups; trees and hedgerows a fresh and delicate green; here and there an early butterfly fluttering bravely in the sunshine, and overhead the birds singing in full-throated chorus. In the distance a towering cathedral spire and, half-hidden by the trees, the neutral gray of numberless roofs, with an occasional chimney-stack, gauntly outlined against the sky. Yet, seen from a short distance, the city looks strangely unreal, almost as though it were painted upon canvas. There is not even a wisp of smoke rising from the chimney-tops of all those thousand dwellings; the great smoke-stacks have ceased their function, and over all there broods a terrible silence, save for an ominous rumble like distant thunder.

There is a tramway track along the main road leading into this mysterious city, but there is no sign of a tram, and the rails, where they have not been torn up and flung with terrific violence yards away, or just uprooted and bent into uncouth shapes, are rusty from long disuse. The overhead wires are broken, and trail along the road in tangled strands; many of the iron standards are bent and twisted like the gnarled trunks of storm-beaten trees; some droop at dangerous angles across the road or have been broken off and lie in the gutter. The line runs through the western suburb into the heart of the city; there are a few straggling cottages along the roadside, and then comes the main street of the suburb, with smaller road-arteries branching off right and left. But there is not a soul in sight; not a living thing, not even a cat or a dog. Suddenly, as you approach the *épicerie*, which is the first shop in the street, there steps forth from a queer little hut, built of sand-bags and turf, a nonchalant British Tommy. He is wearing his tin hat; his gas-mask is in the 'alert' position, and a rifle is slung across his shoulder.

'Halt!' he commands, and you obey, producing your pass, which you hand him for inspection. He glances at it, nods, and bids you 'Carry on.' He seems to be the only living human being, except yourself, in all this vast city.

No, not quite; for there comes a familiar rumbling sound, and half-a-dozen British motor-lorries laden with stores rush past and disappear in the lonely distance of the silent streets. But always there is the menacing growl of distant guns far away to the east. So you hurry along, conscious of a strange oppression, an uncanniness which is all the greater because overhead the sun is shining and birds are singing, and below, where you are, there is utter silence and a shadow that is the shadow of death.

On each side of the street are houses, locked and shuttered, and shops. One reads the familiar signs. Here is a *boulangerie*, there an *épicerie*, a *café*, and so forth; but they are all closed and boarded up. And there are several gaps where, instead of a house or a shop, there is a crude heap of ruins, with, perhaps, a huge shell-hole close by. The front of one house has been torn off by high explosive, and the splintered rafters hang dangerously over the roadway. The back portion has scarcely been damaged at all, so that, looking up, one sees beds with clothes tossed aside as when the occupants sprang out and ran for their lives, careless of all their belongings. The intimacies of the family life—the cupboards with doors wrenched off, wardrobes with garments still hanging on the pegs, a table with the remnants of a meal still on it—are exposed to view.

It is the same throughout the street; and then one turns into a magnificent, tree-lined boulevard, with the mansions of the wealthy on each side. They, like the humbler dwellings, are shuttered and barred, save where only a mass of crushed masonry and shattered timber mark where a beautiful home once stood. The centre roadway,

down which but a short time ago the carriages and the motors of the opulent were wont to pass, is already overgrown with grass and weeds, with here and there a shell-hole that has torn the road in twain. So into the city itself, with its broad boulevards, handsome avenues, and palatial buildings, as they once were. The great railway station, as silent and deserted as a graveyard; the market-place, equally deserted, but with benches upon which there still remains the rotting produce as it was exposed for sale at the moment of the exodus. Small streets with tiny shops and queer tortuous alleys; wide and dignified thoroughfares, with great emporiums displaying famous names; squares with quaint gabled houses

and diamond panes, centuries old; churches and schools—all the maturity, the beauty, the sordidness, and the dignity of things, which are the growth of an old but virile civilisation that was still in its prime when the blight of war fell upon it.

With it all, only the echo of one's own footsteps and the muffled thunder of distant guns; no other sound—no human voice, no living thing above or below. It is not even a city of the dead, for there are no dead here; only things, inanimate creations of the past—some beautiful, some ugly, but more desolate and oppressive even than the tombs of kings, for they, at least, are one with silence and with death.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c

### CHAPTER IX.—THE NIGHT PATROL.

'The maintenance of the Dover Patrol is a story in itself. Occasionally the enemy tries to raid it.'—SIR ERIC GEDDES, 11th July 1918.

#### I.

THE night was intensely dark, with every indication of rain in the low, heavy-looking clouds and the damp, chilly feeling in the air. The young moon had long since set, but no stars twinkled overhead, for from horizon to horizon the arch of the heavens was shrouded in an impenetrable canopy of velvety, smoky black, with here and there the inkier blackness of bunches and wisps of scattered nimbus trailing lazily to the north-eastward on the wings of some freakish upper air-current.

On the surface it was quite calm, what little breeze there had been during the day having died away at sundown. And now, soon after midnight, the oiliness of the sea was only ruffled in little patches by occasional errant cat's-paws, as gentle breaths of air came stealing fitfully seaward from the direction of the coast.

To the east and the south-east, where lay the land, the undersides of the clouds on the horizon flickered and glowed spasmodically with a dull ruby light reflected from the gleam of distant and invisible gun-flashes. In the same direction, white balls of fire from star-shell and flares soared ceaselessly skywards, now in twos and threes, sometimes in sudden batches of a dozen. They curved over and down, shedding areas of bluish-white light, misty, but very brilliant, until, waning gradually, they fell slowly to earth, to be replaced by others. And though those flares were fired ashore in the trenches many miles away, their illumination would have permitted those in the destroyer patrol watching off the coast to read moderate-sized print without difficulty. The trenches themselves must have been bathed in a glare as bright as daylight.

From somewhere on land, far away behind those leaping balls of fire, the narrow, misty beam of a searchlight, terminating abruptly where it met the clouds, wandered uneasily across the low sky. Another, nearer at hand on the coast, wakened into being at intervals, and sent its ray sweeping slowly to and fro across the sea, searching for it knew not what, like a great watching eye.

The still air throbbed in the insistent murmur of heavy gun-fire, now loud like thunder as the offshore breeze freshened, now hushed to a sound like the far-away rolling of many drums, or the soft rumble of a distant goods-train passing through a culvert. It was the song of the Western front, the ceaseless song which had continued for nearly four years.

To those in the destroyers it was no novelty. No great offensive was in progress. Affairs ashore were in their normal condition, each side holding its own trench-lines, and contenting itself with nightly raids and uninterrupted bombardments of the opposing trenches and back areas. Those whose duty lay afloat had long since become accustomed to the sounds of strife, regarding them, indeed, as being quite in the order of things. Sometimes, when the firing seemed to quicken in its fury, they rather pitied the men fighting in the trenches, wondering vaguely how 'them pore blokes' were getting on, and secretly rather envious at not being able to lend them more of a helping hand in the common cause. But when the wind rose, and the short, curling sea made life a misery and a burden; when, in the bitter winter gales, the driving spray froze as it fell and glued men's mufflers to their necks, covered the always slippery decks with sheet-ice until it was barely possible to stand upright when the ship rolled, and choked the muzzles of the guns with blocks of solid ice which had to be thawed out with

hot water—then it was that the men at sea were jealous of those who fought on land, and had nothing whatsoever to do with that most unstable and unsympathetic element, the sea.

The work of the patrolling destroyers was certainly no sinecure. They had occasional spells off, but sometimes for a fortnight or more they were at it night after night in all weathers, taking what rest they could in the day-time. There had been many 'scraps' with German torpedo-craft—short, sharp, desperate encounters in the blackness of the night, when the combatants, rushing practically alongside each other at high speed, pumped shell at their opposite numbers at point-blank range, and dodged and twisted madly in their efforts to ram and to use their torpedoes. They were always breathless, rather nerve-racking experiences, these battles in the darkness. They began so suddenly, and when one least expected them. Events succeeded each other with nightmare rapidity, while the element of chance entered hugely into them. One might make up one's mind what to do in fifty different combinations of circumstances, but it was always the fifty-first that happened. The Germans, moreover, though it is true they generally sought safety in flight when once engaged, were desperate fighters when it came to the point, and frequently gave as many hard knocks as they got.

The enemy always had the advantage in that they could emerge from their ports at their own chosen time. There was no knowing when or where they might appear, and the watchers, spread out in groups over a large area, had always to be ready. When, as it sometimes happened, month after month passed without incident, the work of the patrols, always arduous, seemed rather purposeless and monotonous. The inactivity—to call it that for want of a better word, for they were always busy—might have lulled some people into a sense of false security, encouraged them to relax their efforts, to take things a little more easily.

But not so these men. There was hardly a destroyer working in the area which, at one time or another, had not been blooded in actual close-quarter conflict with the Boche. Every officer and man knew his work. Each one of them realised that the ship which sighted the enemy before the enemy sighted her, and was thus enabled to get in the first salvo of shell, or the first torpedo, generally had the opponent at her mercy. Even if the foe appeared in superior strength it mattered little. Again and again it had been proved by actual experience that these night destroyer actions normally ended in close-range mêlées, in which, before very long, the ships of both sides became hopelessly mixed. So superiority in numbers was usually countered by surprise. In other words, the side which struck first, and struck hard, generally won.

Moreover, and what was far more important,

these outlying destroyers were the advanced sentries for a complicated system of other patrols behind them, not to mention an army of other craft—auxiliary patrol-vessels engaged in their usual task of hunting and harrying submarines, transports and hospital-ships passing to and fro across the Channel, merchantmen—ships of every possible persuasion and calling.

There had been regrettable incidents in the past, when German destroyers, favoured by mist and low visibility, had slipped through the cordon of watchers to bombard towns, to sink and destroy ships, and had succeeded in making their escape without being brought to action. Such things did not happen through any defect in organisation, or through any lack of zeal or energy on the part of the patrols. They were merely the outcome of bad luck, the ever-changing fortune of war.

Nevertheless, when such incidents took place, certain sections of the public press raised their voices and clamoured mercilessly for somebody's blood, inquiring, in terms both impolite and acid, what the navy was thinking about to permit such goings-on.

They little knew the conditions in which the patrols worked, did not realise a tithe of their responsibility, or that, to any seaman, it was manifestly impossible for every square mile of sea in the Strait to be watched and guarded constantly. They forgot that the hostile raids, regrettable though they might be, were only part and parcel of the ebb and flow of war. It is impossible to make omelets without breaking eggs, impossible to make war without loss; while, after all, the sallies which the Germans occasionally indulged in with varying success were only comparable to those nightly raids in the trenches.

No; some people ashore who had the satisfaction of sleeping in their beds every night of their lives forgot that there had been no appreciable tightening of their belts, and quite omitted to remember to what and to whom this was due.

And the navy, when attacked by the Scribes and the Pharisees, its own countrymen, those whom it fed and defended, merely shrugged its shoulders and said nothing. It had been pilloried in the past, and would doubtless be pilloried in the future. It knew the fickleness of public opinion; recollected, with some little bitterness, that at one port men wounded at the battle of Jutland had been hissed and execrated while being carried ashore on their blood-stained stretchers.

Such things should not be, but unhappily are; so the Sea Service, being wise in its generation and too proud to explain, smiled, said nothing, and—continued to do its duty without the plaudits of the multitude.

The watchers continued to watch.

## II.

On board the *Minx*, the third destroyer in the line, M'Call, the first lieutenant, was keeping

the first two hours of the middle watch. He stood close to the bridge-screens, using his glasses continually to sweep the horizon, with an ever-watchful eye upon the black smudge and the dim trail of phosphorescent water which showed the position of the ship next ahead, a cable distant. Occasionally, as the ship crept up or dropped astern of her station, or sheered a little out of the line, he flung an order over his shoulder to the man at the revolution telegraph, or to the helmsman twiddling his wheel as he peered into the dimly lit compass-bowl, the men repeating the orders word for word, to show they had been heard and understood.

Besides M'Call himself, the quartermaster, and the man at the engine-room telegraphs, space had also to be found on the small bridge for a couple of A.B.'s, who had nothing to do but keep a constant look-out to port and to starboard, a leading signalman, the messenger, and two more men, whose duty was to attend to the instruments and the voice-pipes communicating with the guns and the torpedo-tubes. There was hardly room to move, no space whatsoever to walk up and down.

At the first lieutenant's feet, coiled up in an impossible attitude in a deck-chair tucked in under the chart-table, lay Langlands, the lieutenant-commander, seemingly asleep. He and his second in command invariably spent the entire night on the bridge when the ship was on patrol, relieving each other every couple of hours for the doubtful comfort of the deck-chair. It was a miserable sleeping-billet at the best of times, and bitterly cold; while as often as not one or both of the officers spent the hours of darkness without a wink of actual sleep. But neither would dare trust himself off the bridge for a moment when there was the least possibility of the enemy being sighted. It was their station in action.

The sub., lucky fellow, spent his watch below, slumbering more or less peacefully on the settee in the charthouse, a concession he generally made up for by keeping extra watch in the daytime. As for the gunner and the midshipman, R.N.V.R., the latter a young gentleman who was still at a public school in 1916, they, fully dressed, were sleeping, or pretending to sleep, in some hole or corner near the stations they would occupy in action, the 'snotty' somewhere in the forepart of the ship near the foremost four-inch gun, and the gunner by his beloved torpedo-tubes. The engineer-lieutenant and the surgeon-probationer were the only officers who could turn in in their clothes with really clear consciences, though the former had elected to make himself a bivouac on deck with blankets, a rug, and an air-pillow within six feet of the hatch leading to his engine-room. He was a wise man, was the engineer officer, and a married man with a large family. He had once been in the wardroom of a destroyer when a mine exploded under the stern, and since that distressing experience he pre-

ferred being on deck. The surgeon-probationer either did not know of, or did not care for, such things. He lay stretched out on a settee in the stuffy wardroom, snoring blissfully.

Men, some dozing, but the majority wide awake, lay clustered round the guns, the torpedo-tubes, or the searchlight, prepared for an instant summons. Shell and cartridges were piled in all the gun positions, where the loading numbers could find them easily in the dark; while at various places on deck were bundles of cutlasses, and rifles with magazines charged and scabbarded bayonets fixed, ready for immediate use in the event of running alongside an enemy and boarding. All the officers and some of the men carried automatic pistols or revolvers in belts strapped round their thick lammy coats; while two unshaven gentlemen, one an ex-grocer's assistant from Bermondsey, and the other a Glasgow newspaper-boy, presided drowsily over a couple of machine-guns.

In a word, the ship was prepared for action. A single touch on the bell-push on the bridge by the first lieutenant's elbow would set the alarm-gongs jangling and bring the men jumping to their feet.

The night, except for that constant rumble of gun-fire in the east, was very still. There was no whistling of wind through the rigging, nothing but the hiss, gurgle, and liquid splutter of the bow-wave as the ship moved through the water, the deep humming of the stokehold fans, and the occasional shrill, protesting cry of a startled and indignant diver disturbed in his beauty-sleep on the water and scuttering clumsily for safety.

The sub., in the charthouse, awakened by the conversation of the gun's crew sitting on deck outside, was softly anathematising them.

'I met 'er at the cinema last time I was on long leaf,' said a voice. 'Fine, strappin' gal she was. Reg'lar little bit of all right. She takes a fancy to me the minute'—

'Go hon, you ruddy old Bluebeard!' came a gruff interjection. 'What about that other gurl I used to see you walkin' out with?'

'Can't 'elp the other gal,' was the rather indignant reply. 'She played me false. I found out she was bein' courted by a lance-corporal belongin' to a bantam reg'ment. I 'ad a dust-up with 'im about it; but she weren't worth fightin' over, so I just said 'e could bloomin' well 'ave 'er. This one I'm tellin' you about takes a fancy to me the moment she claps eyes on me!'

'She can't know much about you, Shiner.'

'What d'you mean? Can't know much about me!' with some acerbity. 'What d'you mean, speakin' like that? Why should she want to know about me? She loves me at first sight, I tells you!'

'Go hon, you old liar!' was the polite retort.

'S'welp me, she did! She takes me 'ome to see 'er pa and ma, and they likes me too, 'cos they asks me to stay and 'ave a bit o' supper. 'Er pa works in Pompey dockyard. 'E and 'is

missus likes their drop o' gargle now and then, so the nex' night I does the polite and treats 'em all to seats at the Ippodrome, and a bit o' somethin' t' eat at a restorong afterwards. Cost me more 'n 'arf-a-quid, that did. And now it's all fixed up proper, and me and Lucy gets married nex' time I goes on long leaf. Fine, strappin' bit o' fluff, she is. Got a bit o' money in the bank, too!

'Can't you fellers let a bloke get a drop o' sleep 'stead o' chawin' your fat all the bloomin' night?' growled a new and very irritated voice. 'Oo wants to hear about your love conquests, Shiner?'

'I'll 'ave you know I'm engaged to the young lady,' came the dignified answer. 'Any bloke wot says a word agin' 'er gets a punch on the nose! See?'

'Well, you might let other blokes get a bit o' sleep, anyhow.'

'Oh, go to 'ell!' said Shiner wrathfully. 'You don't know what bein' in love feels like. 'Oo's goin' to fall in love with a bloke with a face like yourn?'

'Ssh!' hissed some one. 'Don't get having a barging-match, you two. You'll wake Little Jimmy in a minute. He's asleep in the chart-house.'

'Oh, go to 'ell!' retorted the amorous one.

The sub-lieutenant, rather pleased that his newly discovered lower-deck nickname was not 'Dirty Dick' or 'Sweaty Sam,' chuckled softly to himself, examined his wrist-watch, discovered he had still over an hour before he was due on the bridge, and rolled over and went to sleep again.

### III.

Presently, as the destroyers reached the limit of their patrol, M'Call, on the bridge, saw the long, dark shadow of the leader swinging out of the line as she altered course to starboard to proceed in the opposite direction.

'Captain, sir,' he said, bending down to shake the recumbent figure in the deck-chair by the shoulder, 'they're altering course.'

'Right!' grunted the lieutenant-commander, sitting up and fumbling for his pipe. 'Follow 'em round. Are we up to time?'

'To the minute, sir. The tide's been against us during the last run.'

'Right! Let's see. High-water's at 1.42, our time, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'So, if we have to go skiboosting about over these blessed banks after the Huns, there'll be water enough for us up till about half three—what?'

'There or thereabouts, sir. We might say four o'clock at a pinch.'

'That be blown for a yarn!' smiled the C.O. 'Not in these trousers! What about that fellow who smashed up his rudder and propellers the other day by leaving it a bit too late? The Court of Inquiry had his blood, all right; and I'll be shot if you'll persuade me to become a burnt-offering!'

'You mean the *Galeka*, sir?' laughed the first lieutenant, watching the next ahead as her helm went over. 'Of course! It's become a habit with her. Sheds propellers by the dozen, and is always in dock expectin' other people to do her dirty work. Damn stupid, I call it. What sort of a ship goes messin' about on an eight-foot bank, and she drawin' ten and a bit? We don't do silly things like that, thank the Lord! Not often, anyhow.—Port fifteen, quartermaster!'

The lieutenant-commander seemed rather amused.

'The *Galeka* made a mistake of an hour over this beastly B.S.T. business,' he pointed out. 'I don't wonder at it, personally; but if I were you, Number One, I shouldn't say too much. She's not the only one who's slipped up, not by a very long chalk. What about the time you'—

'Port twenty!' M'Call interrupted, anxious to avoid a question which he had every reason to know would be awkward—'Ease to ten!' as the ship swung round after her leader. 'Midships!—Meet her starboard!—Steady!—What was it you were going to say, sir?' he inquired.

'I've forgotten now,' Langlands yawned. 'But let me know when we turn again, and if I find you astern of station you'll be hung, drawn, and blooming well quartered.'

'I will bear it in mind, sir,' replied Number One, quite unperturbed.

(Continued on page 735.)

## THE PARISH CHURCH OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

By J. GALLATLY.

ST OLAVE'S, 'our owne church,' as Pepys affectionately calls it. Enter Mark Lane from Fenchurch Street, pass London Street, and take the next turning on the left; you are in Hart Street, and there, on your right, at the corner of Seething Lane, you will find this relic of old London, one of the few churches that escaped the Great Fire. It was Pepys who saved

it. With the prompt assent of Charles II.—a more practical monarch than most of us believe—he brought men from the Woolwich and Deptford yards, and, pulling down the houses round, saved the Navy House, St Olave's, and a large portion of the district. It is its close connection with so much of the life of the garrulous diarist that gives the church a charm of its own

amid all the crowd of memories evoked by other London shrines.

Who was St Olaf? A Norseman who fought for England against the arch-enemy, Denmark, afterwards King of Norway and Christian convert. Defeated by Canute and killed in battle, he was canonised saint, and in England had several churches dedicated to him. In London there were, besides this one in Hart Street, those in Tooley Street, Old Jewry, and Silver Street; but of these only the one in Tooley Street remains, and that cannot vie in interest with the Pepysian place of worship.

Not only did St Olave's survive the Fire, but it got off without great harm from the clutches of the Victorian restorers, those vandals who wrought more damage than Cromwell's fanatics. The fine old pews are gone, cast out by some zealous parson, who substituted for them the abominations that do duty as 'free seats' in most of our suburban churches. I believe these varnished pitch-pine benches to be the invention of some prosy priest, anxious to keep his flock awake. The good, old-fashioned, somniferous family pew, with its big straw hassocks and comfortable red-baize cushions, its formidable wooden cupboard with sturdy lock, from whose depths paterfamilias or grandsire extracted the devotional books—*ehou fugaces!* how many of us can remember these cosy pews?

Cannot you see Pepys, in the Navy House pew, bursting with importance, what time he imparts to Sir John Minnes the news just arrived of the victory over the Dutch under De Ruyter—news, alas! which the next morning was to prove false? It was a fast-day, and 'just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen! Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by-and-by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the news (which I had brought) being now sent into church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and handed from pew to pew.' And then follows this piece of Old Adam: 'But that which pleased me as much as the news was to have the fair Mrs Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady.'

Lady Penn was a Dutchwoman, and may have heard the news with mixed feelings. She was the wife of Sir William Penn, who is mentioned frequently in the *Diary*, and was a frequent visitor to the south gallery. Penn was an adventurer who served under Cromwell—whom he would have betrayed, if Clarendon is to be believed—and who, on the death of Richard Cromwell, went over to Charles, by whom he was knighted. He was appointed assistant to Minnes, and later became Vice-Admiral. Pepys thought him a 'false knave,' but capable of 'good service,' so deemed it 'discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him.' He is best known as the father of William Penn, the Quaker, the

founder of Pennsylvania. Pepys was a little jealous of the attention that young Penn showed to his wife. 'Mr Penn come to visit my wife . . . and against my will left them together, but God knows without any reason of fear,' he writes, adding candidly, 'but such is my natural folly.'

Minnes was Comptroller of the Navy, and, later, Master of Trinity House and Governor of Dover Castle. A wit, poet, and scholar, he is the reputed author of the lines:

He who fights and runs away  
May live to fight another day.

You will find his monument on the right of the altar. The Pepys monument, erected by subscription in 1884, is on the south wall, between the two large windows. A poor piece of work, I think. The bust is supposed to be after the portrait by Hayls, to which it has little resemblance. I doubt whether the Hayls painting was a good likeness. Certainly the nose is prodigious, but at least the eyes belong to one another, and in the bust they appear to me strangers. Why was not the fine portrait by Kneller in Magdalene College taken as model? The monument is placed, appropriately enough, on the part of the wall where was formerly the entrance to the gallery in which Pepys and his wife had their pew—the Navy House gallery. Pepys superintended its erection. '24th Aug. (1660). Office, and thence with Sir William Batten and William Pen to the parish church to find out a place where to build a seat or a gallery to sit in, and did find one, which is to be done speedily.' Our diarist was not a man to lose time. Two days later he had set his men to work, and in November we have: '11th (Lord's Day). This morning I went to Sir W. Batten's about going to Deptford to-morrow, and so eating some hog's pudding of my lady's making, of the hog I saw fattening the other day at her house, he and I to church into our new gallery, the first time it was used, and it not being quite finished; there came after us Sir W. Pen, Mr Davis, and his eldest son. There being no woman to-day we sat in the foremost pew, and behind us our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal with us.'

There must have been a goodly company from the Navy Office in that south gallery, and St Olave's had a full house on Sundays, for, tiny as it is—some fifty odd feet square, one of the smallest churches in London—it took the sexton a long time to get round when making his annual collection. 'To church again, where, before sermon, a long psalm was set that lasted an hour, while the sexton gathered his year's contribution through the whole church.' And in January the following year Pepys notes: 'To church, and before sermon there was a long psalm and half another sung out while the sexton gathered what the church would give him for this last year.'

I gave him 3s. . . . but the jest was, the clerk begins the 25th psalm, which has a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung with that tune, which seemed very ridiculous.' There was no organ at St Olave's, to the regret of Pepys. 'I was told that at their church [Hackney] they have a fair pair of organs, which play while the people sing, which I am mighty glad of, wishing the like at our church at London, and would give £50 towards it.' A large sum in those days for the careful Clerk of the Acts.

I do not think that the Victorian improver can have been a student of the *Diary*. At all events, he would have no truck with your old woodwork, and so away it all went—the 'cumbrous' galleries, the Pepys pew and the others, 'with their candlesticks at the angles,' in company with the old three-decker pulpit. Many of us would like to have sat in that south gallery with the ghosts of Pepys and his friends in the very pew—which at Christmas was 'all covered with rosemary and baize'—where he took his occasional nap: 'slept the best part of the sermon, which was a most silly one;' in that front pew where Pepys, wearing his new wig, feared he would be the cynosure of all eyes, but 'found that my coming in a perriwig did not prove so strange to the world as I was afraid it would, for I thought all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.' Our fashionable diarist had tried the effect at home some days earlier, causing 'all my mayds to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane [the cook] was mightily troubled for my parting of my own hair.'

The monument to Mrs Pepys, erected by her husband, is on the left of the chancel—a marble bust well modelled. It bears a Latin inscription, which was probably written by Pepys himself. They were good scholars in those times, and the translation will tax the powers of many of us possessing only the modern scraps of knowledge which pass nowadays for education. Augustus Hare dismisses Mrs Pepys, in his *Walks in London*, as the 'foolish beauty with whose little affectations and jealousies we are so singularly well acquainted.' But the *Diary*, I think, gives us a different portrait—of a woman good-looking and distinguished; a faithful, if jealous, wife; a diligent, capable, and thrifty *ménagère*. Our diarist held the view of the modern German as to the subjection of wives, and now and again abused and maltreated his spouse on small provocation. No husband with his self-accusing record and his conscience—he had one of a kind, quickly forgotten in the presence of a pretty woman—could have written that priceless line on his wife's monument, '*Prolem enixa, quia parem non potuit, nullam*,' unless all sense of humour had been lacking.

Near the bust of Mrs Pepys, on the left of the chancel, are the monuments of Andrew

and Paul Bayninge (1610–16), which are among the most curious of old London tombs. The epitaph is a good specimen of the civic composition of the period, and the concluding lines, expressing satisfaction at the success of the couple in their 'adventures,' ensuring provision for the welfare of their souls and the wants of their heirs, are quaint.

On the right of the altar is a finely modelled figure of Dame Anne Radcliffe (1588), an excellent piece of work. The truncated effigy of her husband, Sir John, is on the wall to the left of the chancel, and was evidently originally recumbent on his tomb, of which his wife's statue is supposed to have formed part. It may be so, but the female figure is, to my mind, so much superior as to make me doubt whether it can be by the same hand that carved that of the knight.

To the right of the chancel is the vestry, a pretty, old-fashioned room, excellently preserved, dating back to the seventeenth century. Among the engravings on the wall is one of the Navy House. The door leading into the vestry from the church is much older; the church guide-book claims for it another two hundred years, and is probably right in so doing. Above it is the monument of Sir James Deane (1609), and his three wives and three children. The children are in their chrisoms, the baptismal robes used as shrouds if death occurred within a month of birth. The monument is a capital specimen of Jacobean work. On the left of the door is the oldest monument in the church—a slab of marble inlaid with brass, but, unfortunately, much damaged. It is in memory of Sir Richard Haddon (1524), Lord Mayor in 1506 and 1512, with his two wives, 'two sonnes and three daughters.'

On the south-east wall, near the vestry door, is a marble slab to the memory of William Turner (died 1568), the botanist, the first critical writer on plants, author of the English *Herbal*. Strype tells us that Turner was 'an antient Gospeller, contemporary, fellow-collegian, and friend to Bishop Ridley, the martyr.' He was physician to Protector Somerset, was made Dean of Wells by Edward VI., but was obliged to flee the country under Mary. He returned to his deanery at her death, and, as the result of his travels and study in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, 'put forth an *Herbal* in English, anno 1568.' He lived in Crutched Friars, where he wrote the dedication of his book to Elizabeth. Close to the Turner marble is a quaint brass to John Orgone and his wife Ellyne (1684), which bears this inscription:

As I was, so be ye;  
As I am, you shall be,  
That I gave, that I have;  
That I spent, that I had;  
Thus I count all my cost;  
That I lefte, that I loste.

I think these lines may have been those which Addison had in mind when he wrote: 'I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: "What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me."'

In the baptistery there is a stone tablet, brought from All-hallows, Staining, in memory of Monkhouse Davison (1793) and Abram Newham (1790), tea-merchants of Fenchurch Street, who are said to have exported to the American colonies the identical chests that caused such mischief. The firm dates back to 1650, and is now carried on in Creechurch Lane, where, outside the shop, can still be seen their old sign of the Crown and Sugar-Loaves. The founder of the business was Daniel Rawlinson, the landlord of the 'Mitre,' a tavern in Fenchurch Street much frequented by Pepys and his friends in the early part of his career. The firm was continued by Daniel's son, Sir Thomas Rawlinson, afterwards Lord Mayor, and was one of the first to retail tea, probably in keen competition with Garway, the founder of Garraway's, in Exchange Alley, who, according to his advertisement, sold it both in leaf and infused. The price of six pounds or more per pound, which was its value until about 1655, fell quickly, and Garway advertised it five years later at sixteen shillings to fifty shillings. Pepys drank some for the first time in 1660, and in the *Diary*, for 1667, we have mention of his wife's 'making of tea, which Mr Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold,' so that it must have been well known by that time, although D'Israeli gives 1687 as the earliest date of its use becoming general.

The pulpit, originally in St Benet's Grace-church, was bought from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners by the Rector of St Olave's in 1867. It is a good example of bold free-hand carving, and is attributed to Grinling Gibbons. It is probably by a pupil of Gibbons or a student of his style, as the design appears hardly so full in detail as the work of the master. The sword-stands, used as rests for the civic state sword on the occasion of the Lord Mayor visiting the church, are fine specimens of eighteenth-century wrought ironwork.

The small churchyard, which ran in olden days some distance down Seething Lane, is now noteworthy for its gateway, reminiscent of the Plague, and for the description of it given by Dickens in *The Uncommercial Traveller*: 'One of my best-beloved churchyards I call the churchyard of Saint Ghastly Grim; touching what men in general call it, I have no information. It lies at the heart of the City, and the Blackwall Railway shrieks at it daily. It is a small churchyard, with a ferocious strong spiked iron gate, like a jail. This gate is ornamented

with skulls and cross-bones, larger than life, wrought in stone; but it likewise came into the mind of Saint Ghastly Grim that to stick iron spikes atop of the stone skulls, as though they were impaled, would be a pleasant device. Therefore the skulls grin aloft horribly, thrust through and through with iron spears.'

Let us hope that in penning this picturesque journalese, Dickens was indulging in a Mid-Victorian writer's pose in disclaiming all knowledge of St Olave's, although we find him elsewhere apparently proud of being 'profoundly ignorant' of the names of the churches he sketched. Our other journalist strikes a truer and grimmer note in describing his feelings on his first visit to church after the Plague: 'It frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyard where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it a good while.' There were two churchyards in Pepys's time, the new one just opposite. The Navy House—the site of which is now covered by the building constructed for the Port of London Authority—had two entrances, one in Crutched Friars and the other in Seething Lane. Pepys made his way through the garden and crossed the lane to the churchyard. A tablet on the wall of the church shows the place where the entrance to the gallery was.

From the top of the steps in New London Street you have a good view of the church. The vane is curious, surmounted by a crown said to have been put there in memory of the visit of Elizabeth in 1554 to return thanks for her release from the Tower; but I do not find this crown in the old engraving of the church reproduced in the Braybrooke edition of the *Diary*. The clock, which projects from the tower, was brought from St Olave's, Old Jewry, pulled down in 1883.

#### UNDINE.

WAK'NING in the morning

When a brook is running by,

And the wind is busy sweeping

All the sleep from out the sky;

Oh, it's then the day is sweetest,

So I blow a kiss or two

To the water as it passes,

For it's you, Undine; it's you!

Dreaming in the evening

When the sky is all aflame,

And the stars are shyly playing

At a sort of peep-bo game;

Oh, it's then we see most clearly,

So I sit and spin my dreams

Till the moon is on the water,

And, lo! Undine in its beams!

EDITH L. ELIAS.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### INTO POSITION.

By F. O. O.

**E**VENING fell reluctantly, as though loath to close so perfect a spring day. Even in the west the sky was without a cloud; in the east it retained a clearness that gave the impression of limitless vision. And, sharply silhouetted against this gray-blue, illimitable distance, floated a long line of sausage-like forms, diminishing in size until they became mere pin-points—the Hun kite-balloons.

The major and his second in command stood watching with ill-concealed disgust. Round about them stood the trees of the orchard, and below these all the complicated apparatus of a siege-battery, guns cunningly camouflaged, innocent-looking sheds holding piles of ammunition or heaps of strangely shaped instruments. Behind the orchard lay a battered farm-house, before which stood groups of men, smoking and talking in low whispers, evidently inspired by that feeling of restlessness that comes of waiting to begin a piece of work of known difficulty.

The major turned impatiently to his companion. 'It's not like our luck to be held up like this, Saunders,' he said. 'Every other evening this week there's been a ground-mist by seven. Now it's past nine, and as clear as can be still. Two hours to get the guns out and the lorries loaded, three and a half to cover the thirteen miles, and two hours to get into the new position. By that time it'll be almost daylight again. This move'll take a bit of doing, I can see.'

'Everything's ready, sir,' replied Captain Saunders. 'You've only got to give the word as soon as you think those sausages can't see us, and the battery will work like galley-slaves. You know the competition between the sections. C hasn't forgiven B for being in action first when we came in here.'

The major smiled. 'It's not the men I'm afraid of,' he said. 'It's some unforeseen and utterly unpreventable accident. If we're not perfectly concealed by dawn in that new position of ours, Brother Boche can't help seeing us, and you know what that means.'

'A salvo of 5-9's about breakfast-time, sir,' replied Saunders. 'The light seems to be failing a bit now.'

The major looked carefully about him for a few seconds, then nodded assent, and blew a

whistle that he had been holding. Within five seconds the orchard became a scene of extraordinary activity. By now it was that peculiar soft twilight that gives sufficient illumination to work by, but blurs all outline seen at a distance.

The guns seemed to be surrounded by groups of men, toiling like ants, each at his own job. Then all at once a group strung itself out, as a long drag-rope was passed from hand to hand. Individual forms of men could be seen, lying back on the rope, stamping their feet to gain a good purchase.

Suddenly a sharp cry from the section-officer broke the silence in which they laboured. 'Take the strain. . . . Heave!'

The shapeless black form of the big howitzer trembled, moved a few inches, paused, then reluctantly rolled backwards from its emplacement. 'Keep her going! Now then, all together—heave! Step back now—left, right! left, right!'

The gun crews hauled on the rope, stepping back slowly in unison. Three men held the draw-bar of the limber, guiding the gun through the orchard to the road beyond, upon which stood the lorries. The gun-wheels sank into the soft ground, despite the girdles that encircled them. 'Keep her going, boys; we're ahead of the other sections!'

The road was reached at last, and the gun was coupled up to the lorry that was already backed into position to receive it. Within a few minutes all six guns were coupled up to their lorries, and were moved off up the road, to make room for four more lorries that backed up side by side to the entrance of the orchard.

Before they were well into position, two or three men climbed into each, ready to receive the stream that immediately reached them. This stream was a procession of men, each bearing on his shoulder a hundred-pound shell, which he laid on the floor of the lorry for the men within to stow. It was dark by now. In every lorry hung a hurricane lamp, and beside it stood the 'Number One' of the detachment, throwing the beam of his electric torch where required, and keeping tally of the loading. As each lorry received its quota of shell, it moved off to make way for an empty lorry that backed in to take its place.

After the ammunition came the stores, an endless number of curious appliances, from air-compressors weighing several hundredweights to boxes of candles weighing a couple of pounds. All those had to be loaded on to the lorries and stowed with care, each in the place that would be most convenient for unloading in the order in which it would be wanted at the other end. As each section completed its loading, the men climbed into the lorries, and the officer in charge reported to the major, who stood watching the whole operation.

'One hour forty-two minutes,' said the major, as the last report was received. Then, turning to the second in command, he continued: 'I'll go on ahead in the car, and see that everything's ready at the other end. Will you bring the convoy along?'

'Very good, sir,' replied Saunders.

The major jumped into his car, which disappeared into the darkness. The second in command exchanged a word with the A.S.C. officer in charge of the column, then climbed up alongside the driver of the leading lorry. A sharp blast of a whistle, and the convoy started on its journey.

The lorries towing the guns led, for they must set the pace. A modern gun is a very delicate piece of mechanism, and cannot stand being bumped along rough roads at a greater speed than four miles an hour or thereabouts. Not that there was much chance of exceeding that speed. The clear evening had given place to a moonless night of velvety blackness, and the mere business of keeping out of the ditch taxed the care of the drivers to the utmost. For a couple of miles their route lay along a series of narrow lanes, worn to their foundations by heavy traffic, and pitted with roughly-filled-in shell-holes. No lights could be shown; even the glowing end of a cigarette was an offence.

Fortunately there was very little traffic in the lanes; once only was the convoy compelled to creep gingerly past a line of field-artillery wagons, which drew up to the side of the road to let it pass. It was anxious work, for a ditched gun or lorry would have meant the loss of precious minutes under the most favourable circumstances; perhaps even of an hour or more. It was with a universal sigh of relief that the column came out at last upon the poplar-lined *pavé* main road that led towards the new position.

Here a better speed was possible. There was room for traffic to pass without that perilous edging towards the ditch, and the dry stones of the *pavé* glimmered as a white ribbon in the darkness. The column increased its pace as much as it dared, until the heavy guns clanked and roared with a noise that drowned the sullen voices of the batteries about them. Very cautiously Saunders bent down behind the dashboard of his lorry and looked at his wrist-watch

by the light of an electric torch. The column was up to time so far.

Suddenly an indistinct figure detached itself from the darkness and took up a warning position in front of the lorry, resolving itself into the form of a military policeman clad in his long greatcoat. Saunders leant out of the lorry as it stopped, and hailed him swiftly.

'Who are you?' came the challenging reply.

'Z Siege-Battery,' answered Saunders. 'Stand clear; we're in a hurry!'

'Sorry, sir; you're at the level-crossing,' replied the policeman. 'Supply-train's just coming through. You'll have to wait five minutes or so.'

'Damn!' exclaimed the officer, jumping from his seat. 'Five minutes' halt—pass the word, there!'

The men climbed out of the lorries to stretch their cramped limbs and to look over the guns to see that no part of their fittings had shaken loose. With a mighty puffing and groaning, a heavy locomotive crawled over the unseen rails in front of them, drawing a seemingly interminable train of covered trucks behind it. As the last truck went by, Saunders blew his whistle, the men leapt into their lorries, and the convoy started once more.

The *pavé* road stretched on endlessly before them, passing through dark villages, where the only signs of life were the sentries over the billets, sometimes crossing narrow streams by wooden drawbridges which swayed and shook beneath the weight of the guns. Now and then Saunders consulted his map anxiously. It would be so easy to miss the turning that led down towards the new position! Then, suddenly, just as he had made up his mind that they must have overshot the mark, the bright circle of a torch shone on the ground in front of them, and the major's voice rang out of the darkness: 'Well done, Saunders! You're almost in front of your time.'

The lorries turned down the side-road, bumped over the rails of a disused level-crossing, and reached the entrance of the new position—another orchard, surrounding a dilapidated row of untenanted cottages. They were close up to the line now, or so it appeared in the dead-level country in which they found themselves. On three sides the soaring Very lights from the trenches went up at uncertain intervals, casting a bright gleam that shone on the brasswork of the guns. It was obvious that they were in a salient, and that everything depended upon their being hidden before the first light of dawn revealed them to the scouting aeroplanes.

Two hours to get into position! It would have seemed hopeless to a less well-trained battery. But every one, from the major to the battery cook, knew that it could just be done, bar accidents, and was determined that it *should* be done. In the utter darkness of the night,

relieved only by the distant Very lights and the lightning-like flashes of a field-battery half a mile away, the orchard swarmed like a disturbed ant-hill. The guns must be got in first. A reversal of the process of getting them out was gone through, with this essential difference, that no track of their passage must be left; for nothing shows up more clearly to an aeroplane than tracks of any kind.

The gun-detachments toiled out on their drag-ropes, two and sometimes three detachments to each gun. By devious routes, taking advantage of this bit of hard ground, avoiding that patch of long grass which would certainly betray them, the heavy pieces were hauled into their allotted positions under the covering branches of the old apple-trees. There was no regular line at twenty yards' interval, as in the old spacious days of drill; they were scattered at random about the orchard, wherever sufficient cover existed to hide them. True camouflage consists not in making elaborate artificial screens, but in taking advantage of every scrap of natural cover that exists.

The guns safely in, the ammunition and the stores claimed attention. Here was no broad entrance in which lorries could draw up four abreast; the column had to line up by the side of the road, drop tail-boards, and be unloaded as best it could. The long circle of men formed again, carrying shell to the ammunition-stores behind the guns, and returning empty-handed for more. But time was growing precious; to the major, watching anxiously, it seemed that already a tinge of yellow was creeping into the whiteness of the Very lights, a sure sign of impending dawn.

The sections felt the deadly urgency, and redoubled their efforts. Besides, were they not in the keenest competition? They had changed position many times in the last few months, and each time they had striven against one another. Now B led by one from C; A, D, E, and F being level, one behind C. C's 'Number One,' a regular sergeant of the old garrison-gunner type, six feet two, and broad in proportion, led the men of his section, carrying shell at the double. B's section-officer, a well-knit youngster, found that he could manage two shells at a time, one on each shoulder; and his men followed his example, tired though they were. B unloaded their ammunition-lorries nearly five minutes before C.

But C had made a special study of how to load stores with a view to unloading them with the very acme of speed. Their trench-cart tumbled out first, with the clumsy air-compressor almost on top of it. They had the latter stowed away, and the former effectually hidden, before B had theirs out of the lorry. After that it was a matter of who could run fastest with the lighter stuff. The two section-officers, breathless, in their shirt-sleeves, eventually arrived neck

and neck in front of the major to report. It was a dead-heat.

Meanwhile Saunders, in charge of the domestic economy of the battery, had found a place for a kitchen, and the cooks already had a fire blazing, with dixies of water for tea heating upon it. The quartermaster-sergeant had annexed a room in one of the cottages for a store, in co-operation with the sergeant-major's clerk, who established his office upon a pile of biscuit-boxes, at one end of it. The artificer and his gang found a back-yard, and in it set up their forge and anvil, and began to piece together the bench that they had made themselves long ago, and had carefully transported from place to place in sections. Saunders himself explored the row of cottages and their outbuildings, chalk in hand, marking upon them the letters of the sections and the number of men that each was to hold. Nobody was unemployed, and nobody asked questions. The battery was expert in the art of campaigning, and everybody knew exactly what to do. By the time that the detachments had finished their work, their billets were ready for them, and as much steaming hot tea as they could absorb was boiling in the dixies.

But there was other work to be done, of a lighter but more intricate nature. It is not enough for a battery to have its guns in position, its ammunition ready, and its men distributed to the best advantage. It must be in communication with its observation-posts and with its headquarters (in this case the brigade into whose territory it had come) before it can be considered as a fighting unit. While the guns and their appurtenances were being made ready, the battery telephonists had been busy contriving a nerve-centre, and connecting up that nerve-centre with the ganglion that already existed about them.

The fighting-post was established in a cellar below one of the cottages. Into this all the various technical appliances of the battery were unloaded—telephones, switch-boards, coils of wire, and the like. And then the work of connecting up began. Under the guidance of a N.C.O. from brigade headquarters, who knew the run of the existing lines, the battery signalling-officer and his men proceeded to lay lines that should communicate with O.P.'s, brigade, and the rest of the elaborate system of which the battery had become a part. It would have been a complicated matter even by daylight; by night, with no illumination save that of a carefully shielded torch, it might well have been deemed impossible.

But telephonists soon get trained to the performance of impossibilities. As if by a miracle the wires were run out, over unfamiliar fields, along roads whose direction could only be ascertained from a map, across ditches and trench railways, which always cropped up in the most unexpected places. These lines were only temporary, of course; they would be made per-

manent in the course of the next few days. The immediate necessity was to be ready for action by dawn. The battery had received these orders before, and had never yet failed to comply with them.

The major had taken up his post in the cellar almost as soon as the column had arrived. He could trust his officers and men to carry out their particular jobs without his superintendence. Now, by the light of a couple of candles, he was busy studying the maps of the sector in which he had arrived, and drawing strange lines and arcs upon them. He proposed to register his guns as soon as there was light enough for the purpose, and there were many things to discover before he could set out for the observation-post from which he had elected to conduct the shoot.

The necessary data having been entered in his note-book, he walked up the cellar steps into the open. There was no doubt about the yellowness of the Very lights now; in the east the sky showed a faint tinge of gray; he could see the forms of the men working round the guns as blacker shadows against the background beyond

them. The figures of his watch could be seen without a torch. He fancied he could hear the distant buzzing of an aeroplane, preparing to observe in the first light of morning.

As he stood the section-officers dashed up to him, reporting ready. The last of them reached him as he turned to the entrance of the cellar once more.

'Your lines ready yet, Tomlinson?' he called.

'Just this minute finished, sir,' came the voice of the signalling-officer from below.

'Call up brigade, and report battery ready for action,' said the major. Then, catching sight of a figure that loomed up out of the swiftly growing light, he continued, 'That you, Saunders? Break the men off for their tea and a rest. I sha'n't be ready to shoot for another couple of hours.'

And the German scout that came over the lines high up a few minutes later, pursued by the white puffs of shrapnel, saw nothing suspicious about the orchard or the cottages, but sped home, blissfully unconscious of the six blunt-nosed howitzers that lay there so cunningly hidden.

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

PART II.—*continued.*

### III.

WHILE Jack was bathing, the *mozo* worked wonders with his one and only suit of clothes. Jack hardly knew his own garments as they lay brushed, pressed, and neatly folded beside a complete change of linen. He accepted these Heaven-sent blessings in a spirit of forgiveness towards his erstwhile enemy and tormentor, Alfaro. Nor is it to be wondered at that the *señorita's* words of warning were dismissed as being altogether too improbable in the face of such benevolence. He even began to ask himself if his imprisonment in the *cuartel*, and his interview with Alfaro there, had not been carried out for the express purpose of testing his integrity. His sudden release and subsequent treatment almost forced him to this conviction. After due consideration, he came to the conclusion that the whole affair—his arrest, imprisonment, and sentence to death—was a 'frame-up,' planned for the purpose of forcing him, in exchange for his life and liberty, to consummate the purchase of the mine. Moreover, it seemed more than likely that Alfaro now hoped to accomplish through kindness that which he had failed to effect by intimidation. Jack resolved, however, to disabuse his host of any such delusion at the very first opportunity. This presently offered itself when Alfaro, upon his return, summoned Jack to his study.

'Take a chair, *señor*,' he said with all the subtle persuasiveness of manner in the use of

which he was a past-master. 'Mr Selby,' he began, 'you are one of the few individuals whom I have met and proved to be absolutely incorruptible, and not to be intimidated. I will be perfectly frank with you, and tell you that I hoped, by offering you your life and freedom, to induce you to buy the mine for your company, as, I am convinced, ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done, placed in your position. Needless to say, I should never have countenanced your execution under any circumstances. Having proved your integrity and courage to my own satisfaction, I am anxious to compensate you, in some slight degree, for the inconvenience and the discomfort which, I am afraid, the ordeal may have caused you. For this reason I sincerely hope that you will be magnanimous enough to let bygones be bygones, and remain here as my honoured guest for as long a period as you may find convenient. I know that my daughter is with me in hoping that such a period may be a lengthy one.'

So saying, he held out his hand, which, in the face of such a handsome speech, Jack would have felt churlish to refuse. In this way did the crafty Cordoban succeed in disarming the unsuspecting American, even leading him to believe that his presence as a guest of the family was anything but displeasing to the fair *señorita*. Possibly, had it not been for the anticipation of living under the same roof with the woman he loved, Jack's inveterate dislike for her father might have deterred him

from accepting the hospitality of one who had so recently acted the rôle of his worst enemy. As it was, the temptation to be on more intimate terms with the woman whom he had resolved to win overcame all his scruples.

'I am glad you have been so frank with me, Señor Alfaro,' he said, 'and also that you realise that I am not to be intimidated into completing the purchase of the mine. But before accepting your kind invitation, I must warn you that my doing so can in no way affect my decision regarding the mine, although I certainly hope that your interests may conform with those of the Gold-Mines Consolidated.'

'I do not anticipate much difficulty in arranging the matter of the mine, señor,' said Alfaro; 'but let me assure you that you are at liberty to do exactly as you see fit. The fact that you are my guest need not influence you in the slightest degree; you may set your mind at rest on that point. And now, shall we adjourn to the dining-room, where, I fancy, dinner is already being served?'

The following day was a busy one for Jack Selby. First he called at the Banco de Cordoba, presented his credentials, and received every consideration at the hands of its president, who, of course, had been notified to honour the American's drafts. Having replenished his stock of ready money, Jack next looked up a tailor, and ordered the clothes which his sojourn as a guest of the Alfaro's made indispensable. Then he located the attorney to whom Palmer had given him a letter of introduction. Hermojenes Trujillo proved to be a man of affairs. Jack was kept waiting for some time while other clients were being interviewed; but eventually he was admitted, and received by the venerable attorney with all the affability which is characteristic of the educated Cordoban. Trujillo spoke excellent English, having received part of his education at Yale University.

'My dear sir,' he said as he grasped Jack's hand, 'I am delighted to know you, more especially as you are a friend of my dear friend, Palmer. Moreover,' he continued, 'I have been feeling very anxious as to your safety, for these are rather unsettled times we are now passing through here in Cordoba.'

'And not altogether without reason, señor,' said Jack, who proceeded to tell the lawyer as much of his experiences since his arrival in Cordoba as he deemed expedient, in view of his present relations with Alfaro and his daughter. Nor did he encourage any curiosity on the part of Trujillo, but hastened to extract from that astute individual all he was willing to impart in the shape of information regarding the Dolores mine and the ownership thereof. It struck him that the old lawyer was somewhat guarded in his answers, and he left with the impression that there was more to be learned than the old gentleman intended to divulge at this, their first, interview.

However, Jack was in no particular hurry to leave San Miguel, now that he ran no evident risk in remaining. Most of his time was spent in making love to Rosa Alfaro, whose father seemed to acquiesce in their growing intimacy. Rosa, poor girl! found herself in a quandary. She dared not tell Jack of her father's duplicity for fear of precipitating an open rupture which might end in disaster. Nor, for the same reason, did she dare refuse to appear at least to be carrying out her father's wishes. Yet, to encourage Jack's attentions, which were becoming more and more insistent, knowing that by doing so she was lending herself, however unwillingly, to the furthering of her father's conspiracy, was to debase herself in her own estimation, and eventually in that of the man she loved. All she could do was apparently to meet her father's wishes by tolerating Jack's attentions, and pray that Trujillo would save the situation by reporting favourably on the titles of the mine and advocating its purchase.

Meanwhile Alfaro arrived at an understanding with General Dieguez, who, upon seeing Rosa's written promise to marry him, delightedly asserted that he would bring about Alfaro's election, on condition that his marriage with Rosa should take place immediately thereafter.

'But what about this confounded gringo whom you are entertaining?' said he. 'It would have been better had you allowed me to put him out of the way. Who knows what *diablura* he may not be up to?'

'My dear general,' replied Alfaro, 'there is no use in killing the goose before it has laid the golden egg; but *afterwards*—well, *veremos!*' 'De veras—that is true,' chuckled Dieguez; 'but I certainly hate to think of that gringo making love to my *fiancée*, while I am debarred from even seeing her.'

'*Paciencia*, my general,' said the other; 'we must not scare the bird off the nest. Your turn will come after the election, so the sooner it takes place, the better for both of us.'

'Very good, Don Jacinto; but I only hope that we may not wake up some fine morning to find that the birds have flown.'

'No fear of that,' said Alfaro; 'the gringo will have to grow wings if he is to reach the coast in spite of the precautions I have taken to prevent his getting there. So don't worry yourself with such forebodings, but hasten the election, and leave the rest to me.'

#### IV.

The only stumbling-block now in the path of Alfaro's ambition was Jack's obstinacy in refusing to sign the deed without first consulting Trujillo. Next to General Dieguez as head of the army, Alfaro feared Trujillo, who, after some forty years' practice as an attorney in San Miguel, knew more about the private affairs of its citizens than any other man living. That he had sur-

vived professionally for this length of time spoke volumes for his perspicacity and his ability to safeguard the secrets of his clients, many of whom would have been relieved by his death, had it not been for the fact that hidden away in the old lawyer's strong-room were the records of certain transactions which they were extremely anxious to forget, and which they feared his demise might bring to light again. Jacinto Alfaro was one of those who would fain have erased from memory certain events in his past life—which was an open book to the old lawyer. The manner in which he had acquired title to the Dolores mine was one of these, and interwoven with it were facts concerning the parentage of Rosa Alfaro.

So Jack Selby was walking on delicate ground when he sought to learn the truth concerning the former ownership of the mine. It was upon the occasion of his third visit to the lawyer's office that, having, as he thought, allowed Trujillo ample time to examine the title-deeds, he asked point-blank whether they were valid.

'I feel that I can conscientiously advise you to purchase the property for the Gold-Mines Consolidated, Mr Selby,' said Trujillo. 'It is an immensely rich mine, and you cannot go wrong in buying it at the price asked. I should recommend you, however, to make the Señorita Alfaro a party to the transaction, together with her father.'

'Must I understand, then, that Miss Alfaro is the true owner of the property?' bluntly demanded the American.

Trujillo regarded him for a moment without speaking. Then, leaning back in his chair and bringing his finger-tips together, he said, 'Why ask questions, Mr Selby, which may be better left unanswered? If you will allow me to draw up the deed of sale, your employers' interests will be ensured, and their title to the property unassailable.'

'That may be; but what about the interests of Miss Alfaro?' Jack asked. 'Must I insist that she sign away her birthright in order that her father may squander the proceeds in playing his wretched game of politics?'

'Gently, gently, Mr Selby!' said the tactful man of business. 'Such a speech on your part is neither diplomatic nor devoid of serious risk to yourself, should it be overheard.'

'Oh, shucks!' exclaimed the American, somewhat rudely. 'What I want to know is who owns the Dolores mine, and who has the right to sell it. I am not commissioned by the G.M.C. to swindle a young and unsuspecting girl out of her property. If Alfaro hasn't the legal right to dispose of the mine, then I refuse to buy it from him.'

'But I have certainly not said that the mine does not belong to Señor Alfaro. On the contrary, I am advising you to purchase it, and merely stipulate that you have his daughter sign

the deed as a matter of precaution. Suppose you ask the young lady if she is willing to sign such a document, explaining to her that by doing so she will forfeit all claims against the property.'

'I shall mention the matter to her,' said Jack; 'but even if she is agreeable, I will not close the deal unless you can prove to my satisfaction that her father has a valid title to the mine.'

'Very well, Mr Selby; in case you decide to buy, I shall be happy to act for you. But let me warn you—and I hope you will treat this part of our conversation as strictly confidential—let me very earnestly warn you that there is a conspiracy on foot to prevent your ever reaching the coast, unless you sign the deed; and I have every reason to believe that Señorita Alfaro is aware of such a plot. If you were not a friend of Mr Palmer's, I should hesitate before divulging what was told me confidentially, especially as I do so at no slight risk to myself; but Palmer once did me a similar service, so you must give him the credit. My advice to you is to procure a horse and a man to guide you over the mountain trails—I have reason to know that the road to Dolores and the coast is already guarded to prevent your escape—and get out of the country with the least possible delay. But pray be careful, for your every movement is being followed, and nothing can save your life if Alfaro suspects you of trying to give him the slip.'

'Huh!' exclaimed Jack; 'Alfaro has already tried his game of bluff on me, and had to show his hand. As for your assertion that his daughter is playing up to him, that is sufficient, in my opinion, to "queer" your idea. Miss Alfaro is as straight as a string. If she knew of such a "frame-up," I should be the first to hear of it. The fact that she has not told me of such a conspiracy convinces me that she knows nothing of it—if it exists. That her father may be playing me false I could believe; but that she would countenance my staying in her father's house as a guest, knowing of such an intention on his part, is preposterous. As for my leaving the country at present, that is equally out of the question. I mean to see this thing out to a finish, for it seems to me that Miss Alfaro is in danger of being taken advantage of by her own father—if he is her father, which I am beginning to doubt,' he said, glancing keenly at the lawyer, who looked up quickly, but refrained from answering the unspoken question in the eyes of the other. Seeing that no more information was to be gained from the astute lawyer, Jack took his departure.

v.

Alfaro was informed of Jack's visit to Trujillo's office by the spy whose duty it was to report the American's movements by telephone. After receiving the report, he sent for his daughter.

'Well, my daughter,' he said, waving her to a seat, which she declined, 'I trust you have

good news to report, both for our own sakes and that of your friend, the American. Tell me, have you succeeded in persuading him to sign up?

'He tells me that he has not yet had Trujillo's report,' she replied. 'Upon that depends his decision.'

'What!' he exclaimed; 'do you mean to say that you have used your opportunities to so little effect?'

'Mr Selby is not to be inveigled into doing a dishonourable thing—even if I should consent to do so at your instigation,' she said scornfully.

'Tut, tut, Rosa! I thought we had thrashed out that question long ago. Do not force me to cover the same ground all over again. You know it is useless to oppose me; that to do so will only bring unhappiness to both of us, and disaster to this fellow Selby. The sale of the mine must be completed before the election, which will be held in a few days. Your marriage to General Dieguez takes place immediately after the election. Why not be a sensible girl! Induce the American to sign the deed, and by doing so not only save his life, but also'—

'Degrade him and myself to your level!' she flared. 'No, that I will never consent to do; but, since bargains are the fashion, let me remind you that, though I undertook to marry General Dieguez, it is for me, not you, to fix the date of the wedding. Very well, take notice—if you murder Jack Selby, or if any "accident" befalls him, my wedding with General Dieguez will be postponed indefinitely. Moreover, I will contest your right to dispose of the mine, which, as you very well know, was bequeathed to me.'

The baleful look which Alfaro turned upon his rebellious daughter would have daunted any one with less spirit than she possessed. Her splendid eyes met his unflinchingly. 'Those,' she said in a clear, level voice, 'are my terms; take them, or leave them;' and flashing him a look of hatred, she swept from the room.

White with rage, Alfaro paced the room like one possessed of an evil spirit. The possibility of having all his carefully laid plans upset at the last moment through the unreasoning obstinacy of this gringo and the sentimental folly of a mere girl made him, as the Americans say, 'see red.' Crushing any remnant of affection for his daughter, he set his crafty brain at work to concoct some scheme by which he could, at one stroke, force the girl to marry Dieguez, and the American to buy and pay for the mine. Gradually the frown vanished from his swarthy face, and gave place to a cynical smile of appreciation, as a plan unfolded itself which promised not only to do all this, but also to gratify his thirst for vengeance against the man who had dared to oppose his wishes.

Seating himself at his desk, he lifted the telephone and asked to be put in communication with General Dieguez. 'Hola, general! how

goes it? I must see you at once on urgent business. All right; I shall be with you in a few minutes.'

Having flicked a speck of cigarette-ash from his otherwise immaculate person, he took up his hat and cane and left the room.

As Alfaro was leaving the house Jack returned from his interview with Trujillo. He found Rosa alone in the *sala*, and, acting on the lawyer's suggestion, asked her if she would have any objection to signing the deed along with her father.

'Why, of course not, Mr Selby!' she said eagerly. 'If that is all that stands in the way, please have the necessary papers drawn up, and bring them to me as soon as possible.'

But her eagerness defeated its purpose, for it only confirmed Jack's suspicion that she was anxious to sign the deed in order to save him from the consequences if the sale fell through.

'But you must clearly understand, Miss Alfaro, that by doing so you will forfeit all your rights as the legal owner of the property.'

'Oh yes, I know that, Mr Selby,' she said, 'and I shall be glad to be rid of it. Besides, I have often felt that were it not for this wretched mine, my father and I would be better friends.'

'Is that your only reason for wishing to sign away your birthright?' he asked, searching her face with his eyes. But she avoided his gaze, while a wave of colour spread over her face.

'It is my wish to do so,' she declared, 'so why bother about the reason?'

'Because I think I know the true reason, dear lady; and that is precisely why I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself to save me from some imaginary danger.'

'Imaginary!' she exclaimed, taken off her guard. 'If you only knew my father's revengeful nature as I do'—Then she stopped, for she saw that she had betrayed herself.

'Ah, then, it is just as I suspected,' said Jack. 'He has been threatening you, and leading you to believe that I am running into danger by not helping him to rob you. I shall certainly refuse to do anything of the kind.'

Rosa gazed at him with all her soul in her beautiful dark eyes.

'Is that your final decision?' she asked.

'It certainly is,' answered Jack; 'and I shall so inform Señor Alfaro.'

Obsessed with the idea of saving him from his own rashness, Rosa forgot for the moment that she was dealing with a man who was consumed with love for her. Placing a hand on each of his shoulders, she brought her face close to his and began to plead with him to reconsider his decision.

Jack was only human. All his pent-up love for her broke loose. Taking her in his arms, he kissed her hair, her face, her lips; and she, forgetting everything but her love for him, abandoned herself to his caresses.

Then she told him everything: how her father had forced her to promise to marry Dieguez before he would release Jack from prison; how he had insisted on Jack becoming their guest in order to bring him under Rosa's influence; and, finally, how she had threatened to postpone her wedding with Dieguez if any harm should befall her friend, the American.

Jack, who, in his downright Anglo-Saxon way, never dreamed that such depths of infamy could be possible on the part of a father towards his daughter, declared that Rosa owed no duty to such an unnatural parent, and ended by urging her to fly with him to the coast, to be married to him there, and to clear out of Cordoba with him for all time. But Rosa tearfully shook her head.

'No, no, my dear boy,' she said. 'I have signed a promise to marry Dieguez, and even though I may postpone the wedding indefinitely,

I shall not feel at liberty to marry another as long as he is alive, or until he releases me, which I am afraid he will never do.'

'A promise given under compulsion is not a binding one,' argued Jack.

But she was obdurate, and urged him to give up the idea of winning her, and to leave the country. To this, however, he would not listen.

'I will leave only on one condition—that you, dear Rosa, will go with me.'

At this juncture they heard a carriage drive up to the door of the house and stop.

'There is my father returning,' said Rosa. 'Promise that you will not tell him of your decision or do anything to arouse his suspicions for a day or two at least.'

'All right,' said Jack, and left the room in time to avoid meeting Alfaro as he entered the patio.

(Continued on page 740).

## THE LEMMING IN NORWAY.

By G. LINDESAY.

A DEAD lemming is a common object in Norway, more especially when the snow is in process of disappearing from the woodlands in spring; but inasmuch as this curious little animal is somewhat nocturnal in its movements, living specimens are not often met with in ordinary seasons, even by the reindeer-stalker or the rype-shooter. At intervals, however, it descends from its fastnesses among the higher mountains in countless multitudes, accompanied by vast numbers of birds of prey, and does a very considerable amount of damage to the grass in the valleys. In the sixteenth century such a visitation was looked upon by the people as an expression of God's displeasure, and the opinion was commonly held that lemmings dropped from the skies. A certain burgomaster of Stavanger was credited with having seen three of them drop into the water close by his boat.

One of the first references to a lemming migration is made by the Swedish archbishop, Olaus Magnus. In 1518, when riding through the forests of Helsingland, he found them, to his astonishment, so full of stoats that the air was foul with their stench. Ere long he discovered the cause. The ground was swarming with lemmings, upon which the stoats were gorging themselves. It is recorded that in 1580 a great lemming migration took place; it issued from the Jemtland (Sweden) and Trondhjem mountains, and extended as far as the Skagerrak.

At the present day the lemming (*Lemmus lemmus*, Lin.) is found only in northern Europe—in Scandinavia, Finland, and north Russia as far as the western shores of the White Sea. In Sweden it can be met with as far south as Dalarne and Vermland. Immediately after

the Glacial Period it inhabited a large part of central and western Europe; and its remains have been found from the Alps to England, but not in Denmark or south Sweden. In northern Russia to the east of the White Sea, on Novaya Zemlya, and still farther to the east a kindred species, *L. obensis*, exists; it occurs throughout the whole of Siberia as far as Kamchatka. In Norway the lemming inhabits all the mountain tracts above the birch region from the North Cape and the Russian frontier to the Christiansand Stift—in 58½° north latitude. From the mainland it finds its way out to the islands, many of which it inhabits under quite normal conditions; and it may be said to visit at one time or another almost every accessible spot of Norwegian territory. It is about the size of a small rat, has no tail to speak of, and its colour is a rusty yellow, with a black patch on top of the head and another on the back.

The home of the lemmings is in the barren region above the tree-line, where lichens and stunted juniper-bushes mingle with dwarf birch, coarse grass, and cloudberry plants (*Rubus chamaemorus*). Here, under ordinary circumstances, they lead a secluded existence, leaving their holes only at night; but when—as happens at irregular intervals—their numbers become excessive, they issue forth in thousands, and for vast distances the mountain wastes are covered with them. Moving gradually forward, the multitudes pass down into the valleys and the low country, and are eventually stopped in their progress only by the sea. In their journeyings immense numbers are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey, or perish by drowning and other forms of accident; but the main cause of death

is an extremely infectious disease, which ultimately exterminates the migrants utterly. A 'lemming year' is almost invariably a good one for ryper, as the small travellers form a more attractive kind of food for birds of prey than the young willow grouse, which are thus spared to a certain extent. Prominent among the guests at the feast may be named the rough-legged buzzard (*Archibuteo lagopus*), the snowy owl (*Nyctea scandiaca*), the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*), the raven, and the gray crow.

In the course of many years' sporting experience in Norway I have come across several lemming migrations, but never one so great as that which took place in east Finmarken and the Kola Peninsula in 1875. I happened to be fishing the Tana that season, and had plenty of opportunity to observe the proceedings of the queer little beasts. They began to make their appearance about the beginning of July, and from that time onwards until we left (about 10th August) they swarmed everywhere. So numerous were they that the banks of the river seemed to be moving; and every rock and stone which rose above the surface of the water had its group of lemmings resting on their way across. As a rule they chose the tails of the big salmon-pools, where the current was not so strong, for the passage; but we used to come across them in the middle of the heaviest rapids also. They seemed to be absolutely devoid of fear. If the canoe came near a group—even in an evidently dangerous position—they would stand up on their little hind-legs and squeak defiance; and when picked up they bit and struggled violently. In order to fish some outlying beats I had to do a good deal of camping out that year, and the lemmings kept running in and out of my tent in the most casual fashion at all hours of the day and the night. My Lapps extracted much amusement out of them, and were constantly playing with the little creatures, setting them afloat on miniature rafts, and so forth. They said that the salmon never interfered with the swimming lemmings, but that the big trout often swallowed them whole. They also said that the reindeer frequently devoured them. Later on, in the shooting season, they proved a great nuisance, as, until the dogs had eaten so many that they were sick, they were of no use whatever for sporting purposes. The same year—1875—there was a great migration from the southern mountains, southwards to the Christiania Fjord, and northwards throughout the whole of the South Trondhjem Amt.

The following are a few of the great lemming migrations which have taken place during the last sixty years: in 1862–63, throughout nearly the whole of southern Norway from the Dovre and Lomsfjeldene to Lindesnaes, the most south-western point of Norway (as also in north Sweden and Finland); in 1871–72,

throughout all mountain districts of southern Norway, southwards to the Mjösen Lake and Thelemarken, and northwards over all the mountains of the South Trondhjem Amt; in 1879–80, on the mountains of Gudbrandsdal and Österdal; in 1891, from the southern mountain ranges to the Christiania Fjord and Smaalenene (the most southern amt in Norway), and northwards as far as Trondhjem; in 1894–95, throughout nearly the whole country—a great lemming year; in 1909–10, another great lemming year, in the southern mountain tracts—some of the migrants even reached the streets of Christiania and Drammen.

When one of their great movements is pending the lemmings descend the mountain-sides through the belts of forest, and ere long they reach the bottom of the valleys. Here they sometimes halt for the winter, but when very numerous they continue their progress in autumn to the low country, which they overrun. They cross lakes and rivers; they even swim over arms of the sea, and in doing so frequently take up their abode on islands situated far from the mainland. The direction followed is almost invariably downwards; they hardly ever, therefore, return to their original home among the mountains. Occasionally, however, exceptions occur in the subalpine regions, where the valleys lie at a comparatively high elevation. Thus in the spring of 1903, after a great migration the preceding year, vast numbers of lemmings were observed moving from the north to the south side of the Selbu Lake (in the Trondhjem country), and many reached the hills again. Early in the year multitudes crossed upon the frozen surface; and afterwards, when the ice broke up, thousands more assembled on the headlands and on the collections of timber that lay along the shores, and swam across after the others.

When, on their journeyings, a flock of lemmings come to some unusual object, such, for instance, as a bridge, they halt for a considerable time, especially if they arrive at it by daylight. When darkness begins to set in one or two individuals lead the way, then come small parties, and finally all the others follow in the tracks of their predecessors. And so, when a river, lake, or fjord has to be crossed, they assemble in crowds on the banks before plunging into the water.

The little creatures are excellent swimmers in calm water. They have been seen crossing a part of the Mjösen Lake, which is four kilometres broad, and the Sound between the islands of Hinnö and Langö in Vesteraalen, which is still wider. On such cruises, however, they perish in vast numbers. In 1868, for instance, large parts of the inner Trondhjem Fjord were filled for days with dead and dying lemmings; they could be seen from the deck of a steamer covering the water as far as the eye could reach.

When migrating, lemmings seem to be devoid of any sense of fear. They wander forth over the vast snowfields, where there can be no food of any kind, in the most reckless manner; they throw themselves down into crevasses in the glaciers, where they perish of cold and hunger in thousands; and when following wheel-tracks along the roads they will not attempt to get out of the way of any passing vehicle or other danger. They not infrequently reach towns and hamlets. In November 1909 they were so numerous in the streets of Gjövik (on the western side of the Mjösen Lake) that every morning a cartload of dead lemmings, which had come to grief during the night in various ways, was collected and driven away. During the day they frequented the inhabitants' gardens in search of food, and even the dogs and the cats at length lost interest in them.

When in autumn frost sets in the migrant hosts begin to suffer from want of food. They gnaw the grass and moss to the very roots, and they are not at all averse to eating the dead bodies of their comrades, of squirrels, and of small birds. As long as the ground remains free from snow they are in constant movement throughout the night, and on the surface of frozen lakes they can often be seen wandering from one side to the other, always in a straight line. When the snow comes they dig long passages beneath it, and in these they construct

nests of dried grass, which has frequently to be brought a long distance. In autumn the number of the little travellers reaches its maximum, but before the advent of winter the disease referred to above generally makes its appearance, and quickly decimates their ranks. The late Professor Collett of Christiania University carried out a series of investigations with regard to the 'lemaen pest,' and he found it to originate with a specific bacterium, extremely small, which gradually permeates the animal's blood and internal organs, causing the spleen to swell abnormally. It is very infectious, and not only as regards the lemmings themselves; for if the blood or portions of the organs attacked be introduced into mice or guinea-pigs, or even if the latter come into contact therewith, a putrid fever is at once induced, which almost invariably ends fatally.

In addition to the birds previously named as following the lemming armies when on their march in great numbers, many sea-fowl with similar proclivities, such as the two skuas (*Stercorarius parasiticus* and *S. longicauda*), the great black-backed gull, &c., fly far inland to join in the pursuit. Pike, of course, are partial to the little rodents, and in 1909 the trout in all the mountain lakes of Hallingdal feasted upon them; every fish caught which weighed three pounds or over was found to contain one or more.

## THE BULB-GARDEN.

### PART II.

#### I.

BRUCE dared not follow the two officers, but he returned to the stifling stokehold with a new elation. After all, he had not gone through the inferno of this voyage in vain. That evening, just after sundown, he was smoking on deck, when Carril came along in the dusk, a cigar in his mouth. Passing close beside the Scot, Carril let his cigar fall, and stooped to pick it up. 'To-morrow. Six bells in the morning watch,' said the Spaniard slowly and clearly as he picked up his cigar. Again he passed on without further notice of the man beside him.

With dismay Bruce realised that it would be his watch on duty. But on second thoughts his dismay gave way to satisfaction. For, he reflected, if he were in his bunk when the crucial moment came, it would be a difficult, if not an impossible, matter for him to get on deck without arousing suspicion. On the other hand, the heat of the stokehold in these subtropical latitudes would give him, if he went to work carefully, the plausible opportunity which he sought. It was no uncommon thing for men to faint at

the furnaces. He had fainted once before himself, and he knew what would follow. The unconscious man would be carried on deck. A bucket of sea-water would be flung unceremoniously over his half-naked body, and he would be left to recover as best he might.

Having made up his mind on his course of action, Bruce carried it through with characteristic determination. Midnight came, and he went to the stokehold with his mates. By way of preparing his way, he told the man next him, soon after the work had started, that he felt very queer that night. A quarter of an hour before six bells—that is to say, at 2.45 A.M.—Bruce contrived a fainting-fit, which would have done credit to any melodrama, right in front of the raging mouth of the furnace he was about to feed. Another stoker was close at hand—the Scot had made sure of that—and, with a great deal of cursing, Bruce was lifted and taken on deck, where the programme he had foreseen was carried out to the letter. He was even so fortunate that the engineer in charge of the watch ordered a man to fling a tarpaulin over him when he had been well soused with sea-

water. Then they left him to his own devices. It had all happened so quickly that Bruce began to fear that some one would come to look for him again before six bells sounded.

From where he lay he could see the dim outline of the steamer's bridge, and the shape of two men standing near the wheel-house.

Suddenly a light flashed from the bridge—once, twice, thrice—a ray from a strong electric torch. There was no other signalling that Bruce could see; but almost immediately the bridge telegraph rang 'half-speed,' and then 'dead slow.' One of the figures left the bridge; and presently two men, whom by their step Bruce knew in the darkness for the captain and the chief engineer, passed along the communication-bridge leading to the poop.

Removing his shoes, he stole along the after-deck below them and a little in their rear. He had been so intent on his plan that up to this time he had not noticed that the ship was showing no lights. The circumstance facilitated his cautious ascent of the poop-ladder, and he hastened to conceal himself under a boat slung on its davits. The ship was still going dead slow, and Bruce, creeping aft, could make out the forms of the two men stooping over the deck. He had got within half-a-dozen yards of them, though still sheltered by the boat, when one of them uncovered a flash-lamp, and he started back into the shadow. The Spaniards, however, were too intent on their business to look about them. Bruce clearly saw them raise a plank of the deck, and insert into something just beneath a thing like a steel bar; then the lamp was switched off.

'Now!' came the captain's voice.

The two threw their joint weight on the lever, shoving it hard over. There was an indistinct rumbling from well below the deck, followed by a heavy splash in the water alongside. Bruce peered over the rail, but the *Mosca* was still forging ahead slowly, and he could see nothing. He heard the captain sing out to the bridge for full steam, and glancing back to the deck, saw that the bar had been taken out, and the plank replaced in position.

The Scot began to steal back towards the poop-ladder. In doing so it was his bad luck, notwithstanding his caution, to stumble slightly on a projection of some deck fittings.

In a moment there was a hail behind him: '*Quien se mueve?*' An angry oath followed as Bruce ran for the ladder, but the flash-lamp caught him ere he reached it. He heard the captain's fierce exclamation, 'It is the Englishman! *Por Dios*, a spy!'

Well knowing there would be no mercy for him if caught, Bruce instinctively rushed back behind his boat. A revolver-bullet followed him, splintering the gunwale of the boat as he dived behind it. Next moment he realised the trap into which he had run. His pursuers took an

end of the boat each. The captain's light was on him, remorseless, unescapable. For a moment both his enemies seemed to hesitate to shoot for fear of hitting one another. In his desperate situation the young Scot seized a desperate chance. The ray of the flash-lamp showed him a row of life-belts along on the side of the boat above him, ready for immediate use in the emergencies of the times. Tugging with frenzied strength at one of these, he broke the sun-rotted cord which held it, and without a moment's hesitation leaped overboard as two shots rang out together.

He lost the life-belt in his wild plunge, dived deep to escape the screw, and presently came to the surface gasping for breath, and seized with the physical panic that the strongest swimmer may on occasion experience. Fighting it down with a great effort of will, he looked about for the steamer. She was already at some distance, and showed no intention of altering course. Putting a strong curb on his fear, Bruce swam slowly in the direction he calculated his life-belt must have taken, and, after some terrible minutes, he had the unspeakable relief of sighting it from the crest of a wave. Having secured it, he rested on the heaving waters, and tried to envisage his position.

If the sharks did not get him, he might last a few hours before exhaustion set in. His fate lay with a shocking literalness between the devil and the deep sea.

But what was it the *Mosca* had dropped into the ocean? Whatever it was, logic told him it must be floating, and that it must sooner or later be picked up. He wondered how far the steamer had come since he had heard that great splash. Things had happened so quickly that he told himself, hoping against hope, it could not be very far. And he set himself, guided by the stars, to swim doggedly back along what he conceived to have been the vessel's course.

Though the water was not cold, Bruce, weakened by his toil in the stokehold and by bad feeding, soon found himself wearied out. He ceased struggling on, and floated limply, clinging to his life-belt, half-minded to give up the hopeless contest with the immensity of ocean, and let himself go for good and all. How long he had been in the water he could form no notion. It seemed to have been an eternity.

The night was not so dark as it had been. Bruce thought it must be the dawn coming, and when the waning crescent of the moon slid up out of the heaving waste in the east he thought he must be going light-headed. For it meant he had not been in the water an hour. The silvery light lay in a shivering lane across the ocean, a lane of which he seemed to make one end and the moon the other.

Suddenly the heart of the despairing man seemed to stand still. In that faint path of

light something was moving besides the waves which heaved him up and lowered him into their troughs—a small black object, like the projecting top of a sunken mast. It was moving slowly towards him, a little obliquely.

Even in the first shock of amazement he knew, of course, what it was. It could be nothing else but a submarine. And in a passion of suddenly renewed hope he set himself to swim so that he might cross its path through the water. Fear lent strength to his limbs, for he realised how remote was the possibility of success. He discarded the life-belt as an encumbrance, even though he knew he would never have strength to recover it, should he lose in this gamble for life or death.

And Bruce won! Five yards less progress on his part, and he would have drowned. But he met the rising swirl of water and the slowly moving periscope fairly in its course, and next moment he had encircled the dark upright with arms and legs, and was being borne along with it through the sea. Even in the moment of success a cold horror seized him at the thought that the vessel might submerge completely. Friend or foe, down in that invisible abode of life beneath the uneasy waters, must be equally unconscious of his presence. At any moment, in their ignorance, they might send him to death by the touch of a lever.

The agony of the young man's position quickened his wits for a last bout with fortune. One of the useful things he had learned in the course of a not uneventful life was the Morse code. Barking his knuckles at every blow, he struck out desperately on the metal shaft to which he clung the longs and the shorts for the one word 'Help.' He waited with a frightful anxiety for the result. There was none, save that the swirl of the water about him seemed greater, and that the periscope appeared to move faster through the waves. Again Bruce hammered out his four letters on the shaft. Still the periscope moved on. He felt his muscles failing, and knew that he could not hold on much longer. The splash of the water as the ship drove through it smothered him every few moments, blinding and confusing him.

Then suddenly he realised that the seas were swamping him no longer. His limbs, unaided by the water, were taking his full weight. Glancing down, he perceived the conning-tower emerge from the waves, and then, sparkling with green phosphorescence like shot silk, the line of the decks came into view. The water-tight door of the conning-tower opened, and a man came out.

'Help!' cried Bruce, and tumbled limply as a strong hand seized him.

After a blank interval the Scot opened his eyes. He was dry. He was warm. Electric lamps glowed about him. Some one was chafing

his limbs, and a young man with a black moustache was watching him with a pleasant smile of anticipation from under the peak of a gold-laced cap.

'*Eh bien, comment ça va ?*' said the young man cordially.

Bruce recognised dreamily the French lieutenant Fanelle. He tried to sit up, but failed. So he smiled—an inane smile, he felt. '*Pas mal*,' he muttered. He was drowsily conscious of a gaunter, more familiar countenance peering into his own. 'Little Bird'—he began, but for the life of him could get no further. Tears filled his eyes.

Pajarillo covered them with a large hand. 'Go to sleep, my friend,' said he. 'The Señor Teniente is for the moment rather busy, but he is anxious, when you have rested, to have the pleasure of some conversation.'

Bruce dropped off to sleep like a child in the hands of its nurse.

Hours later the dull shock of an immense explosion startled him wide awake. Pajarillo was standing beside his bunk in a listening attitude, clinging to a handrail.

'What is the matter, Little Bird?' asked Bruce.

'Nothing is the matter, Señor Bruce—with us. That *teniente* is very skilful. He should get promotion for this.'

'Find me some clothes, Pablo *mio*. *Dios*! I thought we were torpedoed!'

'We were not,' answered the Little Bird grimly. 'But the bulb-merchant I told you about back there in France—I should not be surprised if he is out of business. I will try to find you some clothes, señor, but everybody is very busy. Meanwhile have the goodness to drink this.'

A quarter of an hour later Donald Bruce, temporarily attired in the clothes of a French sailor, ascended the ladder of the conning-tower, and emerged suddenly from the electric light into the midst of a wonderful transformation scene.

For a moment the dazzling glare of the sub-tropical morning almost blinded him. All around the water sparkled in a wide basin, fringed with low, jagged rocks. A quarter of a mile from the ship, in the midst of the bay, a pall of smoke hung in the clean, still air. On the submarine's deck all was activity. At the forward gun Lieutenant Fanelle was standing with half-a-dozen men, the French Tricolour hanging above them. The gun was ranged on a group of low huts on the shore some five hundred yards away. In front of the huts a machine-gun was in position, but was unattended. A few men from the huts had come down to the water's edge, where they were standing on a little wooden jetty, their hands held above their heads. The submarine was lowering a boat, in which seamen with fixed bayonets were hurriedly embarking.

The young lieutenant turned as Bruce came up. His keen, dark face was alight. 'Ah!' he nodded. '*Ça va mieux ?*'

'The German U-boat?' queried Bruce.

'Ah!' came the quick ejaculation again. '*Hors de combat, mon ami.* What they call in their jargon, I believe, *kaput. Voilà !*' He pointed to the cloud of smoke, beneath which Bruce now made out a few objects floating on the sunlit water.

## II.

Lieutenant Fanelle, though the soul of courtesy, was adamant in his refusal to allow either Bruce or the Little Bird to go ashore until matters there were squared up to his satisfaction. 'Monsieur Bruce, this is war,' said he. 'You and your friend are brave men, and although, through the force of circumstances, you are wearing the uniform of the Republic, nevertheless you are civilians. One must observe the rules of the game.'

So the Scot and the Catalan were left on board to exercise what patience they might. They saw the men from the huts rounded up, disarmed, and secured under guard. They saw the lieutenant set off again from the jetty, and, with a couple of prisoners in the bow of his launch, proceed to make a tour of the basin.

The Little Bird methodically rolled cigarettes for Bruce and himself. '*Hombre !*' said he. 'It is good to talk one's own language again and be understood. That *teniente* is a terrible fellow. I assure you, señor, for ten days until this morning I have not seen the blessed light of the sun. The stars at night, yes, and the dark water, and your ship ahead of us when we came up for a breath of clean air. From the day we left the river I do not believe there has been a moment when the *teniente* lost sight of her. Tell me now what happened to you, Señor Bruce; for assuredly you have been as near death as ever we have been together.'

Sitting down on the deck, which was already dry and warm with the sun, Bruce told of his days on board the *Mosca*.

'*Maria purísima !*' muttered the Catalan. 'It is not easy to kill you! Your Government will certainly give you a medal.'

Bruce laughed. 'Medals are for soldiers and sailors, Pablo *mio*. You and I are amateurs, mere *aficionados*. But after you have gone home to your wife and family, I shall ask my employers' permission to join the regular forces. I confess the life of an amateur becomes too trying for me. Now tell me where we are and how we came here.'

'As to that, I confess I do not know,' answered the Spaniard. 'The Señor Teniente will perhaps enlighten you. His boat is coming back. But I warn you, he does not say much.'

For once, however, the Little Bird was quite mistaken. The young Frenchman was full of the enthusiasm of success. His first thought

was to order lunch. His second was to demand a repetition of the story which Bruce had told his comrade. '*Mon cher,*' cried Fanelle, 'let me tell you this is a very fine piece of business. Do you know that in this *sacré* bulb-garden there are enough bulbs—ha! a pretty word!—enough bulbs to blow up a navy? They are planted in the water of the bay, ready for use; they are stored in the huts on shore. Some have a little bar above them, and some have it below them—a terrible little bar, which, if you touch it—pouf! Good-bye all! Oh, a magnificent collection of bulbs! I have wirelessed for a ship to come and take them away. We can make use of them, I dare say, to form plantations of our own.'

'Where are we?' asked Bruce.

'We are about twenty leagues from anywhere—that is to say, from the Azores. We are in the midst of a maze of reefs and currents and uninhabited rock islets. It was decidedly clever of Messieurs les Boches to think of making a storeroom in such a spot. Name of a name! We could never have found our way in if that fellow had not shown us the course. You must know that we have not lost sight of your *Mosca* since we left the river. In the day-time we used to keep our distance, but at night we closed up, and that last night we were so near alongside that we actually saw through our peep-hole the splash when the bulbs were dropped. At that moment, I confess, I was anxious. You see, I did not know what it was that the *Mosca* had dropped under our noses. But there came into my mind that *mot* of one of your great men—a cautious man, *parbleu !* though his name escapes me. "Wait and see," said he. Well, I stopped and waited. But, seeing nothing, after some minutes I ventured to come to the surface—oh, but not too much, I can tell you. And there was a great buoy painted white and red, floating on the sea. I did not know till that moment that the water was so shallow. "There is the rat-trap baited," thought I, "but where is the rat?" And I gave the order at once to submerge, for the moon was coming up. And good luck that I did, for scarcely were we down again when up came another submarine. Monsieur le Boche, if you please! By the mercy of Providence he had not seen us, and it was clear he was not expecting any interruption, for he came right up to the surface, and began cruising about in the moonlight, looking for the buoy. "Time to dip," thinks I, and down we went out of sight. But I did not wish to lose that sportsman; so, when we had gone, as I judged, far enough to be safe, I poked up my periscope again. I could not see him—we had come farther than I thought, following the direction of your ship. I was on the point of going about, when, *mille tonnerres !* there was a tapping on my periscope. *Mon Dieu*, if I was frightened! An aviator who should see the horned devil sitting on a cloud, stretching out

his claws, would not be more scared. "Tap—tap, tap—tap, tap, tap!" The sweat ran down my face. Then suddenly it was quiet. And then it began again. "Casimir," I said to myself, "you are a coward." And when I heard myself called that name, I swore. I told myself, "Casimir, if you are to die, you will first go up and face that devil of the sea." So, very cautiously, I pushed the conning-tower above water and went on deck. There was a black thing like a great ape—you will excuse me, but so it seemed to my fear—clinging round the periscope, and suddenly the thing shouted out "Help!" and flopped down almost on my head. No sooner had we got it down the ladder than that big friend of yours gave a shout to startle us all, and pushing us aside, began to pull off its wet clothes like a man possessed. In three minutes he had you rolled in blankets in his own bunk, and was turning the ship upside-down to find the means of restoring you. One would have said you were his only son.'

'He is a loyal comrade,' said Bruce with feeling. 'He and I have been through many adventures together, *mon lieutenant*.'

'May you live to go through many more!' cried the Frenchman heartily. 'Ha! there goes the wireless.'

Presently a petty officer approached and handed his commander a paper, over which Lieutenant Fanelle pored for some minutes.

'It is as I hoped,' he announced. 'I am to stay and take care of the bulb-garden till this *canaille* of the *Mosca* gets back from South America. Then I am to have the pleasure of a conversation with your friend the captain, who will show me over his interesting vessel. In the meantime I regret that my orders are to send you, Monsieur Bruce, and this Little Bird of yours, to the Azores with the ship which is on its way here.'

'I shall be sorry to miss the captain of the *Mosca*,' said Bruce; 'but my friend Pajarillo is a family man, and anxious to get home. So perhaps it is for the best.'

Some two months later much indignation was being expressed in a crowded compartment of a train leaving Portugal for Madrid. An excited Madrileño had just read to the company a paragraph from a Spanish newspaper he had obtained on crossing the frontier. 'We learn from a well-informed correspondent at Vigo,' said the paragraph, 'that the Spanish steamer *Mosca*, well known in our Atlantic ports, has been captured as a prize off the Azores—it is believed, at the instigation of the Portuguese authorities, on an allegation of carrying contraband of war. This extraordinary seizure of a Spanish vessel is the more unaccountable, inasmuch as the *Mosca* is known to have been engaged in carrying much-needed goods from South America to France. A vigorous protest by our Government is confidently anticipated.'

Angry comment went round the compartment. Every one had something to say, except two weather-tanned men who sat opposite each other in corner seats. Their silence seemed to irritate the owner of the newspaper, who turned to the elder of the two. 'We are all good Spaniards here, I think,' said he. 'What do you, señor, say to all this? It has come to something when a neutral Spanish vessel, laden with a cargo sent from a neutral South American state to a French port—a French port, mark you—is to be waylaid and stolen on such a transparent pretext. "Beware of silent men and dogs that do not bark," says the proverb. I ask you, señor, do you approve of such an outrage?'

The sunburned old man looked up with a disarming smile. 'As to that, *caballeros*, I am a Catalan,' said he, 'and know little of shipping matters on this side of Spain. But in Cataluña we have a saying: "The ass that has many owners, wolves devour him."'

'And again,' put in the younger man opposite, 'they say also in Barcelona that a woman, a glass, and a ship are always in danger. *Ay de mi*, how slowly the train goes! What did you say was the ship's name, señor?'

THE END.

## THE FIREBALL.

By LADY NAPIER.

THE sun was sinking into a great bath of crimson, rose, and gold behind the island of Eigg. The Scur stood up, black and menacing, against the gorgeous background. The Scur of sinister memories of dark days of old, with the cave at its foot, and the whitening bones of murdered Macdonalds, trapped by treacherous and savage Macleods. (The Macdonald clan, however, had their turn at the Macleods later on, sure enough; and an ugly turn, too.) But these times were long since past, and Macdonalds

and Macleods had for many a year plodded peacefully along the plains of dull conventionality when, aroused by the blast of the war-trumpet, the fighting spirit awoke once more from sleep, and the enemies of olden days sallied forth side by side, many a gallant life of them, alas! to be laid down in a foreign land.

Remote and beautiful, however, there still stands the island of Eigg, and on that evening of which we write an exquisite peace reigned. The great plain of the sea was as a sheet of pure

gold; the rich red-brown of the tangle waved in the tide, which whispered soft nothings to the rocky shore. Sometimes a whale came up, his black back shining. Gulls chattered peevishly, and crowded round him, when he would heave a great sigh and sink again to the depths. Skarts fished and fluttered noisily, disturbing the placid surface of the sea. A strong smell of herring was in the clear air. The day's work was done. The old dairy-woman and the two daughters of the farm down in the hollow near the shore were seated high up on the Tòr, watching and waiting. The old woman had a grim look on her worn face. The brown eyes that looked out from amid a forest of wrinkles had seen many things, and were still keen and far-seeing. The girls talked to each other in low tones in Gaelic. They were waiting to see the fishermen from the aird swinging down the track, wending their way to join the steamer that was to take them to the herring-fishing.

'They are coming,' said the old woman in her native Gaelic, in the soft minor key of the west, 'and how many of them will come back? God help them!' she muttered.

'Be quiet, Sèonaid,' said the girls; 'you are always a prophet of ill.'

A long, straggling procession of men came down the hill, splendid men, most of them, talking, whistling, singing. Dusk was falling. The golden glory of the sunset was fading into the exquisite aquamarine, blue-green of the Northern night.

'That is not all of them,' said the old woman, counting the heads. 'No, I thought not;' and as she spoke a single figure came round the shoulder of the hill.

Just in front of him a ball of fire seemed to spring out of the ground. It ran along; then it paused and plunged into the earth at the side of the track. The man was walking with bent head, and he did not seem to notice it.

'Tis for Angus Bàn,' said the crone, and she was white to the lips.

'Be quiet, Sèonaid,' said the girls again, wide-eyed and aghast. 'You will bring bad luck.'

'Wait you,' said the crone.

Summer lingered long in that beauteous land; then the gales burst upon it; the forces of the storm were loosed and worked their will. More than one little boat went down with its gallant crew. The Glasgow steamers carried many a long box that year, to be borne to its burying in the old land, so well loved by her sons.

Once more were the crone and the two girls sitting far up on the Tòr, watching and waiting. A sad little procession was winding down the track. It paused, and the men rested the coffin they were bearing by the side of the rough road. Some piled up a cairn of stones after they had lifted it again, to mark the place where it had rested. Then they continued their journey.

'Ay,' said the crone, and the painful tears of the old stood in her eyes; 'you will believe me now.'

The little cairn was on the exact spot where the fireball had disappeared, and the coffin contained what remained of young Angus Bàn.

It may, of course, have been a coincidence. These phosphorescent appearances are not uncommon in the Western Highlands and Islands, where they are often regarded with superstitious awe by the people.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

IT must have been about twenty minutes later that M'Call, who was intently watching the horizon through his glasses, grunted with surprise. Was his imagination at fault, or had he really seen something—something vaguely white and indistinct—far away in the darkness?

'Starboard look-out,' he asked, lowering his binoculars to wipe the object-glasses, 'did you see anything fine on the starboard bow just now?'

'Thought I saw a sort o' sudden splash,' the man answered. 'Thought maybe 'twas a fish jumpin', or a breakin' sea, sir.'

'Can't have been a sea,' said M'Call, rather puzzled; 'it's flat calm.'

'That's what it looked like to me, sir,' the seaman protested, rather annoyed at being doubted. 'There, sir!' after a pause; 'there it is again!' He pointed at a glimmer of white with a triumphant forefinger.

The officer's glasses flew to his eyes, and the briefest inspection satisfied him that the man was right, for there slowly crept into his field of vision a ghostly-looking streak of whitened, splashing water. He did not linger an instant, but shouting 'Action!' pressed the bell-push in front of him.

The time was twelve and a half minutes to two.

The alarm-gongs whirled and jangled throughout the ship, and even as their strident chatter died away he could hear the men bestirring themselves on deck, and the shuffling of feet as they closed up round their guns.

'Action stations!' roared a voice. 'Show a leg, boys! Look lively now!'

'What is it?' asked Langlands, already on his feet.

'Bow-waves on the starboard bow, sir!'

'All right,' the skipper answered, seemingly

quite unmoved by the information, but feeling his heart fluttering with excitement. 'I'll take the ship. You look after the gunnery.'

'Ay, ay, sir.—Hicks!'

'Sir!'

'Pass down: All guns load with lyddite; bearing: green\*—three, five; range—one, four, double o; deflection—one, five, right.'

'That's them all right!' murmured the captain, with his glasses to his eyes, as the dim flicker of a flaming funnel broke out of the darkness. 'Damn bad stoking, too! Is the sub. up here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Warn the tubes to be ready to starboard. Don't fire until you get orders.'

'Increasing speed, sir!' sang out a signalman, as the lumped-up water in the wake of the destroyer ahead grew whiter and more distinct. 'Leader altering course to starboard, sir!'

Langlands, his glasses still levelled on the approaching enemy, flung an order over his shoulder to the man at the telegraph, and the *Minx*, throbbing to the increased thrust of her turbines, darted forward.

The glimmering bow-waves were now clearly visible to the naked eye, and even as the commanding officer watched them, he saw first the whitened trails of water in the wake of several fast-moving vessels, and then the long, blurred smudges of the ships themselves, dimly silhouetted against a lighter patch on the horizon. They were something over a mile distant.

'How many d'you make out, Number One?' he asked.

'Three or four, sir,' said M'Call, putting his lips to a voice-pipe to pass another order to the guns.

'They don't seem to have spotted us,' the captain went on. 'Perhaps they can't see us against the dark background to the west'ard.—Are you all ready?'

'Yes, sir. Quite ready.'

The natural sound of his own voice comforted him, for Langlands, though certainly no coward, was not one of those abnormal men who could saunter through the very gates of Hell without trepidation in their hearts. In such people heroism and calmness in the face of danger is a natural habit which can cost them little. They actually do not know what fear is, and hence have no difficulty in combating it.

Another species of bravery altogether is shown by those who feel fear, but can manage to stifle it—can make their will triumph over the perfectly natural desire for personal safety.

\* The side on which a target happens to be is always passed down as 'green' or 'red,' to avoid possible confusion between the words 'starboard' and 'port.' The order 'Green—three, five,' would mean that the guns were to be laid on an object on the starboard side, 35° from right ahead. Similarly, 'Red—one, two, o,' would signify that the target was to port, 120° from right ahead.

And Langlands had this quality. He had been in action many times; but always, before the firing began, his sensations were the same—a ghastly dread of the unexpected, a sickly feeling of apprehension, and an apparent loss of control of his body and limbs as if his muscles were suddenly made of jelly. But his mind was ever active in such conditions. His brain worked fast and clearly, and outwardly his demeanour was just the same as usual. The fear he felt in his innermost heart never made itself manifest. He had trained himself to conceal it, and even went so far as to smoke a pipe in action to convince others that he was in no way perturbed. Artificiality perhaps, but his men noticed it, and took courage.

It was the suspense that was so intolerable, the awful period of waiting between the time the enemy were sighted and the firing of the first shot. It might be seconds or it might be minutes; but it always seemed hours—hours of mental anguish and nerve-racking anxiety. Once under fire, however, these sensations left him altogether, and all thoughts of his own personal safety, all terror of the unknown, were brushed aside. He became cool and alert. Then followed the period of wild exultation when his chief desire was ever the same—to get to close quarters; to fight, if need be, with his bare fists. Realisation, he found, was never quite so bad as anticipation. It was the thinking beforehand of what might happen that was so maddeningly unnerving.

(Continued on page 744.)

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

### I. REGRET.

IF only I had never talked you down,  
Nipping with ready sneer the budding thought,  
Saying your jest was but a jest I'd taught,  
Meeting your laughter with impressive frown!

Proving how great I was, and you how small,  
Quenching with chilly words the smoking flax,  
Recklessly wielding the destructive axe  
To lop the sapling lest it grew too tall.

O for those lips which never more will smile!  
O for that voice which ne'er again will jest!  
O for those eyes with laughing mischief drest,  
Those dancing eyes that danced so short a while!

Ah me, 'the heavy change now thou art gone'  
O, vain regrets!—yet how may I aspire  
To kindle once again th' authentic fire  
In this poor heart that grief has turned to stone?

### II. RESOLVE.

By Heaven I swear that, emptied of my pride,  
I will adopt the wisdom of your youth  
(For surely Innocence is more than sooth),  
And bridge the chasm of the Great Divide.

So shall I, purged of Self, surrender room  
For thy sweet spirit to revive in me;  
So by a fair exchange of tenancy  
Barter my body for your quiet tomb.

L.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE ASCENT OF FUJIYAMA—JAPAN'S SACRED PEAK.

By G. W. R. MILLAR.

FUJIYAMA, the great sacred mountain of Japan, and indeed of the Far East, is twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet in height, but its most striking feature is that it rises almost straight from sea-level. The ascent of it, and the surroundings and the accompaniments of that ascent, are so different in character from any ordinary experience of mountain-climbing, either in the Alps or elsewhere, that some account thereof may be of interest. In Tokio at the beginning of July 1917 I happened to meet a member of the Japanese Alpine Club whom I found willing (for the recognised *honorarium*) to act as my guide in the ascent of the mountain, and to make all the necessary arrangements. A few days later we left Yokohama by the evening train for Gotemba, a small village on the main line south, and one of the usual starting-points for the ascent of Fuji. The train was crowded with Japanese bent on the same errand as ourselves, for this was the beginning of the pilgrim season, and the Shinto religion appears to have a definite hold upon the consciences of those who profess it. On our arrival at Gotemba we found the platform full of people, many of whom were about to travel by our train to points farther south, from which also the mountain can be reached. These were all armed with alpenstocks, or 'mountain-sticks,' as they are called in Japan. They wore the straw hats and coats and the other special paraphernalia affected by pilgrims, which they carefully preserve for the rest of their lives as mementoes of their having reached the summit of the sacred mountain. Conspicuous among them was a party of Japanese schoolgirls, very much *à la militaire* in red skirts. Slung across their shoulders were water-bottles, haversacks, and also the very modern thermos-flask, and in addition, of course, each carried the inevitable mountain-stick. This pilgrimage is one of the great events in the life of a Japanese man or woman, and every one at the station of Gotemba seemed abuzz with excitement.

The Japanese hotel where we put up was close at hand, but it was with difficulty that my guide secured a room, the hostelry being very full. By-and-by, however, we got settled down in a fashion; or rather I did, for the guide had to busy himself with the necessary arrangements for securing horses, food, &c. for our journey,

with a view to a start being made at 2 A.M. The ordinary Japanese hotel holds every possible discomfort for Europeans—especially, perhaps, in winter. There are no chairs, and the table is only slightly raised above the floor. The consequence is that the guest has to squat on the floor or on cushions, for which the legs of the European, descended from long generations of chair-sitters, are not well fitted. It must in fairness be admitted that the floors, which are covered with thick-woven straw mats, usually six feet long by three feet broad, are kept scrupulously clean, all shoes being put off on entering the house. But there are draughts everywhere, the walls of the rooms being composed only of sliding paper screens or panels; there is no sense of privacy; the bathroom is public; while the food is, from the European standpoint at least, woefully insufficient and unsatisfying.

The guide having completed his arrangements for the ascent, we sat down to the evening meal which had been prepared for us, and which was served by a dainty little Japanese damsel. Knives and forks were laid for me, but my guide preferred his chop-sticks. He spoke English fluently, and we discoursed on the world's affairs until it was time to go to bed, when we—metaphorically, it must be admitted—'turned in' on mattresses on the floor, and endeavoured, in view of our early departure, to obtain such sleep as was possible in this somewhat noisy and disturbed hostelry. At 1.30 A.M. I rose and dressed, while the guide went out and saw to the horses and the light food which we were to take with us. The whole village was blazing with lights, and was beginning to bustle with people from the other hostelries, all preparing to start. Those who are sufficiently well off to afford the additional expense ride on horses (of which there are from seventy to a hundred gathered in Gotemba at this time of the year), but the poorer pilgrims have to go all the way on foot. We left the village about 2.15, the guide and myself mounted on two strong and hardy horses, half-Australian and half-Korean, which were provided with leading-ropes. A villager led mine, while his daughter, a stout country lass, led that of my guide. In addition, we had a coolie carrying extra clothing and our

commissariat. Once we were fairly out of the village it was pitch-dark, trees and hedges being just discernible. The horses were sure-footed enough, stumbling only occasionally, and never very badly. But long seemed the way before dawn at last broke, discovering us in a narrow and rather steep lane which was always mounting higher. This road to Fujiyama is known as the *Higashi Omotegutche*, or 'East Front Entrance,' there being several other ways of ascending the mountain from different sides. From the point of view of a skilled Alpine climber, the ascent is comparatively easy for something like three-fourths of the way; the remaining part, while in no sense either difficult or dangerous, is sufficiently trying, as a matter of physical exertion, for any ordinary or moderate climber. Every now and again we overtook and passed pilgrims on foot, who had either risen earlier than we, or—as is more probable—had not retired to rest at all. As the light grew we found ourselves in a wide-stretching open country with rough grass and scrub, and here and there clumps of trees; while away in front of us lay the great mountain, enshrouded in mist. At length we arrived at a small hamlet called Tarobo, nine miles from Gotemba, where, at an unpretentious inn, we rested our horses before proceeding farther. On going on again in the fine morning air we gave the horses a stretch on the turf by the roadside, letting them out as fast as their cumbersome equipment would permit; and then we waited about two miles ahead until the villager of Gotemba, with his daughter and our commissariat coolie, came up. Near Tarobo we found large artillery barracks, or rather hutments, as on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere; while on our left was an extensive park with wagons, gunlimbers, and the like.

As the sun rose the mist lifted for a time, giving us a magnificent view of the mountain, and we were enabled to make out, fronting us on its great black side, but as yet faintly, the line of the path up, and also the stations, like stone blockhouses, at various elevations. Numerous figures in white, not unlike ants, could be seen on the mountain-side, some coming down and others going up. White is the prevailing colour among Japanese pilgrims, although they have every variety and shape of garment, and puttees of every colour, these being worn by all, including the women.

Fujiyama is a dormant or quiescent volcano, no eruption having been recorded for over two hundred years. The mountain is in appearance an enormous *massif* with a covering of black volcanic ash, while for the last two thousand to three thousand feet it is chiefly composed of great blocks of volcanic rock. Its noble and majestic shape, its lofty head crowned with snow for all but a brief period in the height of summer, the fact that it stands quite alone, and that it rises to its height of over twelve thousand feet almost

from the level of the sea—all these features combine to make it a sovereign peak among mountains, as they have made it to Japanese poets and artists of all time one of their greatest inspirations. In a work published not very long ago the author describes his first view of Fujiyama in the company of a friend and fellow-traveller, the son of a British Cabinet Minister of former days, who, good fellow though he was, in many ways bore a resemblance to the famous Gallio of St Paul's time, in that he 'cared for none of these things'! 'He and I,' he writes, 'were travelling together from Tokio to Kioto, and all one wonderful afternoon we ran round that magnificent mountain Fujiyama, till at sunset there was such a glory of crimson, such an unearthly glow upon the eternal snow that enshrouded that marvellous summit, that I saw the tears rise unbidden to the eyes of more than one of the English onlookers travelling in the train that day. My friend was deep in bridge—as he had been all day with a party of men as thoughtless, and as apparently soulless and hopelessly inartistic and unimaginative, as himself.

"Come and look at this, Jack," said I, in the faint hope that the unspeakable glory of the heavens would appeal to him.

"Bother you!" he said. "You'll put me off my game altogether. I hate your old sunsets!"

'It is hopeless, quite hopeless, trying to reach the souls of some people!'

Any one who has been fortunate enough to see Fujiyama in the sunlight—with its bridal veil of snow falling in white folds from the lofty summit, which strikes upwards towards the blue sky above it—and to behold, in the clear air of the mysterious East after sunrise, the mist-clouds rolling away before the power of the sun of Japan, can fully enter into the feelings of the writer I have quoted.

As we continue to ascend the vegetation becomes less and less, and the earth grows blacker, until, as we pass the second stage, eleven and a half miles from Gotemba, and begin the ascent proper, only little growths of a bright green are to be seen dotted over the coal-black volcanic ash, and even these finally cease altogether. Now nothing is left for the eye but a far-stretching vastness of smooth sombre black away to the right and left, and also in front of us, over which the great white mists are again rolling, but upon which there is no living thing, no shrub, no tree—nothing.

The path began to bend and zigzag up the mountain, requiring the close attention of the horse-leader, but my old Korean picked its way with great steadiness and caution, and we stopped to rest the horses for a brief space at each station we came to. All the time we passed a considerable number of Japanese pilgrims, the happy ones coming down, having accomplished their great task, the less happy ones still toiling

up the steeps of the mountain with the most serious portion of the business before them. For the most part these were young men, students, clerks, and the like, but occasionally we met or overtook a Japanese girl making the pilgrimage. In a dense mist on the side of a steep shoulder of the mountain we came across one of these, mounted on a horse of the approved type. She was more or less tied on, and seemed to be in difficulties with her steed, as, despite all the efforts of her horse-leader, it resolutely refused to move. The young lady's two brothers, who were making the ascent with her, had incontinently gone on ahead, leaving her to follow as best she might! They were, we learned afterwards, students at Tokio University, and belonged to a Japanese family of distinction. Their sister certainly did not belie this description; she was very good-looking, and also perfectly calm and dignified, notwithstanding her momentary troubles. Reassured by the groom that her mount would be induced to start again shortly, we politely saluted the young lady and pressed on. At times the clouds and mists lifted for a brief interval, and we were able to obtain a far-stretching view over the hills in the Hakone district.

At the fifth station, which represents the six-thousand-foot level, we parted with our horses—my old Korean blowing lustily through his nostrils for his bag of corn. Then began the toil of climbing the remaining six thousand odd feet, station by station, to the top of the mountain. These stations are built of rough stone, and contain Japanese sleeping accommodation and light refreshments of the native type, also the cheap straw sandals affected by all Japanese for mountain-climbing. They say that they find them better for this purpose than boots, to which they are not much accustomed, and they will use up at least three or four pairs of them on such a day. All the stations were crowded with pilgrims either going up the mountain or coming down, but everything was done decently and in order, there being no unseemly jostling or pushing among the throng.

We now began to pass streaks and drifts of unmelted snow; and the wind blowing off these, coupled with the driving mist and the higher altitude we had reached, made the temperature feel colder and colder as we climbed upwards. I should perhaps explain here that all the authorities advise that the ascent of Fujiyama should not be attempted except with warm clothing, or at least that thicker woollen things should be carried, and put on at the higher levels. My guide's advice was to the same effect. I had decided, however, to make the ascent in very light and thin clothes, because I thought that the fatigue of climbing would thereby be considerably lessened; and although I did suffer considerably from the cold and icy winds, particularly in the last part of the ascent,

the experiment, if perhaps an unwise one, left in the end no bad effects. Climbing up the last two thousand feet or so is hard, for here the ascent is over rough volcanic rocks, boulders, and loose stones, and is relatively steep. This, together with the rarefied atmosphere, which renders breathing difficult—especially to any one, like myself, fresh from a tropical climate—the cutting wind blowing off the snowdrifts, and the cold driving mist, made the progress over the steep volcanic *massif* of the last one thousand feet more of a crawl than anything else—in fact, a veritable penance. But in the end we reached the summit at 12.15 P.M., exactly ten hours from the time we left Gotemba, which, considering the distance and the altitude, might, I was informed, be considered a fairly rapid ascent. Unfortunately the thick driving mist which had surrounded us at the higher levels still continued, and blotted out all prospect of any view from the summit.

After a brief halt, we went and had a look at the crater, which is two and a half miles or thereby in circumference. But as I could only remain for a little over an hour on the top, having to get back to Gotemba that evening in time to catch the night train for Shizuoka *en route* to Kobe, and as I was considerably fatigued by the last part of the ascent and also by the afore-mentioned breathing difficulty, which still continued unabated, I lay down to rest in a small shelter-hut, and did not, for the time being, take much further interest in my surroundings. But the rest revived me, and after I had had my mountain-stick stamped at the little temple on the top of the mountain by the Shinto priest who serves this shrine—and a very trying life of it indeed he must have while he is, so to speak, the 'canon in residence'—we began the descent. Some way down we met the Japanese girl with the refractory steed. The latter, of course, had by this time been discarded, and, having found her party again, the damsel was being pulled up by her two brothers with the aid of their alpenstocks. She was then very pale, but resolute in aspect. I have sometimes wondered whether her physical strength could, under the conditions of that day's ascent, possibly carry her up that last one thousand feet. The rocky part of the descent being accomplished, we commenced what is known as the 'glissade.' By taking a slightly different route from the ascent the pilgrim or climber can *run* down the volcanic ash, or rather take great, long, descending leaps or strides. The nature of the ash or layers of cinders is such that persons descending the mountain can proceed for two hours at a very rapid pace without the danger of falling. But it is a very jolting and tiring form of progression, and frequent breathing-halts are necessary.

At the lower levels the panorama began again, and when we mounted once more for the ride

back to Gotemba, long strings of horses were to be seen proceeding to the third station, and also numbers of pilgrims in white making the whole ascent on foot. Many of these would, of course, have to pass the night at one of the intermediate stations, and they would probably remain over the next night in one of the shelter-huts on the top, in the hope of seeing the sunrise on the following morning.

It was a very pleasant ride home in the evening through country lanes and fields to Gotemba. Near the barracks we met the general in command of the artillery riding along in khaki, with a red band on his cap similar to that worn by our Staff, and a small branch of a tree in his hand, with which he kept his horse's head free from flies. Farther on a detachment of Japanese infantry in full marching order came swinging along in column of route, bound for the ascent of Fujiyama, this

being a recognised incident in their training, which is of a very rigorous character.

We arrived back at Gotemba just as night was falling, and, after a hurried meal, partaken of in Japanese fashion, I caught the evening train for Shizuoka, where a European hotel was available, together with the invaluable adjuncts of a bath and a comfortable bed—the first to be specially appreciated after the volcanic ash and cinders of the mountain, and the latter no less welcome after the discomfort (for a European) of the living and sleeping arrangements of the typical Japanese hostelry. In Eastern eyes at least I had gained 'great merit' by reaching the top of the sacred Fujiyama. Nor was the gain purely spiritual, for wherever he may go in Japan, if he carries his 'Fuji' mountain-stick, duly stamped, with him, the lot of a stranger in a strange land will thereby be much ameliorated.

## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

### PART II.—continued.

#### VI.

AS election day drew near, signs of restlessness amongst the common people began to be apparent. All the world knew that the election was one in name only. It was a foregone conclusion that either Alfaro would be elected President and Dieguez Vice-President or *vice versa*. It did not interest the people much which way it went, for they were accustomed to being sold to the highest bidder, and sure of being taxed to death by whichever party got into power. But although broken to the bit, they grew restive under it at times. However, General Dieguez knew his own people, and how best to humour, cajole, or overawe them as the occasion demanded. The day of the election and the two preceding it were declared *días de fiesta*, or holidays. The first day was to be devoted to horse-racing, the second to a bull-fight; while a military parade was scheduled for election day, followed by music and dancing in the open for the people, and a grand *baile de mascara*, or mask ball, to be held at Government House, for the 'upper ten,' at which was to be announced the result of the election. All of which was calculated to put the people in a good humour, and prevent them taking too lively an interest in the polls and the subsequent counting of the votes.

In view of Rosa's threat, Alfaro decided that he had better not force an issue as to the sale of the mine until after the election. In order to disarm suspicion—although it signally failed in its object upon this occasion—he laid himself out to act the part of the affectionate father and the gracious host for the benefit of the American,

little guessing that Jack already knew his real motives.

'It gratifies me extremely, Don Juan,' he said, addressing the American, 'that you are with us at this time, when there seems to be every prospect of my being elected to the presidency. I know that my daughter is equally gratified.—Is it not so, Rosa?' The señorita merely bowed without speaking, and he continued: 'Is it an indiscretion to ask in what character you mean to attend the ball to-night?'

'That you must wait until the time for the unmasking to learn, Don Jacinto,' said Jack. 'It would rob the evening of all its illusion to let the cat out of the bag before then.'

'*De veras!*' said Alfaro, with apparent good-humour. 'And you, Rosita—are you also in a secretive mood?'

'Until midnight, yes,' said she.

'In that case, my lips also are sealed. But I have no doubt you will both be rather surprised at the part I shall play in to-night's entertainment;' and smiling enigmatically, he bowed himself out of the room.

The election was over; the hour for the illuminations, the music, and the dancing was at hand. The principal *plaza* had been converted into an open-air ballroom; a raised platform had been erected in front of the bandstand, and hundreds of lanterns, swung in festoons of colour from tree to tree, cast a subdued glow upon the foliage and the gaily dressed throng of soldiers, pretty dark-eyed señoritas, and guests going to the mask ball at Government House, situated on one side of the *plaza*. Many of the guests lingered in the dusky coolness of the *plaza*, and seemed in no hurry to exchange its freshness for the

brilliantly lit ballroom, whence the dreamy music of a string-band apprised them that the dancing was already under way.

Jack, who had hired a costume for the occasion—that of a Spanish toreador—mingled with the crowd of people, who were wonderfully well-behaved, and evidently in the best of holiday humours. Soldiers in uniform were everywhere, and Jack wondered if they were present solely to add to the gaiety of the scene.

Near the bandstand the crowd grew denser, and at one place the American found himself wedged up against one of the iron columns of the stand, unable to proceed by reason of the crush. Just then the band burst into music, and the chatter of the crowd was effectually silenced. He was about to attempt to push his way through, when a piece of paper was thrust into his hand. His fingers closed upon it instinctively, and he glanced quickly around his immediate neighbourhood, but failed to locate the donor. In a few moments he won clear of the crush, but refrained from even glancing at the paper, for he was aware that Alfaro's spies were watching him. Crossing the *plaza*, he mounted the flight of broad marble steps in front of the *Intendencia*, or government building.

He purposely lingered in one of the dressing-rooms until he found himself alone; then he hastily unfolded the scrap of paper. The writing was in English: 'To-night the road to the coast is open. Make good your escape. To-morrow will be *too late*!'

Jack thrust the paper out of sight as some of the guests entered the room.

The great marble-paved court of the building was thronged with the guests in their picturesque costumes. Beyond a wide archway could be seen those who were already dancing, as they circled and swayed in time to the alluring rhythm of the music. It set Jack's blood on fire. He was possessed of a reckless desire to enjoy at any cost the intoxicating sensation of holding in his arms the woman he loved, and gliding away with her into the delirious swing and whirl of the dance.

Hoping to be able to pick her out from amongst the moving, fantastically dressed guests, he was scanning the throng, when a soft voice whispered in his ear, '*Caprichoso!*'

She spoke in an assumed voice, but he knew her the moment he looked into the blue-black eyes that sparkled like brilliants in the setting of her mask.

Laughing softly, she took his arm. 'I knew you at once,' she said reproachfully.

'And I you, the moment I saw your beautiful eyes,' he asserted, as they glided into the dance. It came to an end all too soon, and then they passed into the court and the illuminated gardens beyond. He led her to a seat, whence they could watch without being themselves in evidence.

'How deliciously cool it is out here!' she said,

with a sigh of relief. 'Let us sit out several dances.'

Nothing loath, Jack got possession of her hand, and thought himself a wonderfully lucky fellow. Then he remembered the mysterious note, and after glancing around to make sure that no one was watching them, he pulled it out and asked her what she thought of it.

'Who can have written it?' she said with a tremor in her voice.

'I guess it must be from Trujillo. He seems to think there is something on for to-night; but he must be dreaming. Your father is much too busy over his election to bother his head about me.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' she said. 'My father never stops scheming and plotting. He is sure of his election, but he looks to you to supply him with the money to pay for it. If you fail him, he will stop at nothing to be revenged upon you. It is sheer madness for you to stay here. The men who were guarding the road must have come in for the *fiesta*. Why not act on this warning, and escape now, while there is time?'

He raised her hand to his lips. 'I will go, my dear Rosa, if you go with me—not otherwise. You know I love you better than life, and I will never give you up. Come with me, sweetheart, away from this atmosphere of treachery and deceit.'

'But my promise!' she said. 'Do you think I am entitled to break my word?'

'Listen, Rosa!' he said. 'You promised to marry that brute, Dieguez, in order to save my life. Well, I refuse to be saved at your expense—even if your father is prepared to carry out his agreement, which I doubt.'

She sat looking into his eyes for a moment, then very deliberately she put her arms round his neck and kissed him on the lips in token of surrender. 'Very well, my dear,' she whispered; 'I will go with you.'

With a thrill of delight, he took her in his arms.

## VII.

Quickly they laid out their plan of action.

'We must go home and change,' said Rosa. 'Then we will go to the stables, which are not far from the house. Juan will be at the *fiesta*, so we can saddle the horses and be off before midnight, when the unmasking takes place.'

'Come,' said Jack, rising to his feet. 'There must be some way into the street without passing through the building.'

'There is an exit into a side-street,' she said. 'Come along. I know the way.'

Cautiously they crept away into the shadows cast by giant palms and fragrant blossom-laden foliage, until they presently emerged into the almost deserted side-street. To the fugitives it appeared to be empty of people. But had they been less eager to reach the street in which the

Alfaro mansion was situated, they might have noticed a lurking figure, which kept in the shadow of the buildings and watched their every movement.

Choosing the less-frequented thoroughfares, Rosa guided her lover to the house. Fortunately she had a key of the front-door, for the place was deserted, all having gone to the *fiesta*. Half-an-hour later they reached the stables, where they were surprised to find the boy, Juan, on guard, although in rather a sulky mood.

'Saddle the two horses,' ordered Rosa when he was sufficiently wide awake to recognise her. But he only looked at her without moving. 'Do you hear me, Juan?'

'Si, señorita,' he said in a low voice; 'but Don Jacinto has given instructions that the horses are not to be taken out without an order from him—not even in the day-time,' he added significantly.

Jack handed the boy a gold coin. 'You saddle up the horses, Juan, and we will take the blame.'

The boy looked doubtfully at the coin; then he took it and vanished into the stable. Presently a light appeared, and they heard a door open and close. After several moments' silence Jack's suspicions were aroused, and he went into the stable to investigate. A chink of light guided him to the door of the harness-room, where he found the lighted lantern left standing on the floor, but no sign of the boy.

'Juan!' he called, but there was no answer. Juan had vanished. With an exclamation, Jack picked up the lantern and hurried out to tell Rosa of the boy's disappearance.

'That little devil has cleared out,' he said, 'and I shouldn't wonder if he has gone to let your father know of our intentions!'

'Then there isn't a moment to lose,' she exclaimed. 'We must saddle the horses and get away before he succeeds.'

With feverish haste they went to work, but, with all their speed, a good fifteen precious minutes had elapsed before Jack led out the horses and assisted Rosa to mount. Swinging himself into the saddle, he led the way along the narrow alley leading to the street.

Emerging into the street, upon the cobblestone pavement of which their shod horses made quite a racket, they were debating as to the best road to follow, when, with a great clatter of hoofs, a body of horsemen swung into view from a side-street, and before the fugitives could even attempt to escape they were surrounded.

'Alto!' shouted one who appeared to be in command. Jack recognised the voice and the slim figure of Teniente Muñoz, the officer who had arrested him on a former occasion.

'Ah, señor and señorita,' said the young soldier, with frigid politeness, 'may I inquire the reason for this midnight ramble?'

'Rather may I ask what business it is of yours where I go or what I do?' said Rosa with spirit.

'I should be delighted to oblige you, señorita, were my orders not to the contrary. I'm afraid I must request you and the *caballero* to accompany me, as President Alfaro, your distinguished father, señorita, requests the honour of an interview.'

With an elaborate bow, he gave the word of command. His men closed up around them in such a way that escape was impossible, and, sorely against their will, they were led back to the *Intendencia*.

Avoiding the main entrance, Muñoz stopped in front of an iron-studded door at one end of the building. Here they were ordered to dismount. The officer opened the door with a key which he produced from his pocket. Requesting them to enter, he followed, and closed the door behind him. They crossed what appeared to be a small court, another door was opened by a soldier on guard, and they found themselves in a narrow passage. This led to a short flight of stone steps, at the bottom of which a door admitted them to a good-sized room with a stone floor and an arched roof of the same material. Seated at a table, upon which stood a shaded lamp, was the newly elected President, Jacinto Alfaro. Behind him stood Vice-President Dieguez, while seated on a stone bench projecting from one wall of the room, in vivid contrast to the whitewashed stone and plaster, was the ominous figure of a black-robed priest. The scene reminded Jack of a picture representing the court of the Spanish Inquisition, where grinning ecclesiastics sat in judgment on some unfortunate about to be tortured.

Alfaro glanced up as they entered. The smile which he habitually wore was absent, and in its place was an expression which Rosa had rarely seen, but which made her shudder involuntarily. For a full minute he regarded them without speaking. Mere words could have added nothing to the vindictive meaning which his eyes expressed. On the table at his elbow was a revolver of a familiar pattern alongside of several documents, amongst which Jack thought he recognised the much-discussed deed of sale.

At a sign from Alfaro, Muñoz saluted and left the room. Without the slightest allusion to their attempted flight, Alfaro selected a paper from those that lay in front of him and tossed it across the table, close to which Jack was standing.

'Read that!' he said curtly.

Jack saw at a glance that it was Rosa's promise to marry Dieguez. With perfect *sang froid*, he picked it up, coolly tore it into a dozen pieces, and threw them on the floor.

'That,' he said decisively, 'is finished with.'

Dieguez let out an oath and took a step forward, but Alfaro waved him back. 'It makes not the slightest difference,' he said. 'A promise is a promise, and cannot be thus disposed of.'

'That promise,' said Jack, 'was given in ex-

change for my life and liberty. It seems you intend to respect neither the one nor the other.'

'It's a matter for you and my daughter to determine. You will be released on condition that you sign this deed and give me your cheque for the purchase price of the mine. Wait a minute,' he added, raising his hand as Jack was about to speak. 'There is yet another proviso. My daughter must become the wife of Vice-President Dieguez now, before we leave this room!'

'Really!' drawled Jack. 'And supposing I tell you to go to the devil, what then?'

'In that case my daughter becomes the wife of this gentleman, and you will face the firing-squad, from which I so foolishly saved your worthless person, in order that you might show your gratitude by attempting the abduction of my only child.'

'You mean,' said the American, 'that you spared my life as a means of forcing your only child to marry a man old enough to be her father—a man whom she detests—and so that you might fraudulently elect yourself President of Cordoba. Truly you are a most affectionate parent,' he concluded sarcastically.

With a contemptuous smile and a shrug of his shoulders, Alfaro waited until Jack had finished.

'All that is beside the question,' he said

coldly. 'Make up your mind quickly, for we cannot wait here all night listening to your mock heroics.'

Rosa, who had been listening to this conversation, now stepped forward, her eyes blazing with anger. 'Our minds are already made up,' she said. 'I would rather die than become the wife of that man; and I know that the man I love would rather die than allow me to do so. But if you'—pointing to her father—'murder him, you will murder me, for I refuse to live as the wife of another!'

The silence which followed her speech was absolute, except for the faint far-away throb of the music, and the soft pad and shuffle of many moving feet as the dancers glided over the floor of the ballroom above, quite unconscious of the drama being enacted within a few yards of them. A picture of the glittering, moving throng flickered for an instant across the mental screen of each of the actors in the drama, and then went out, leaving only the cold, forbidding reality—the dimly lit, vault-like room; the tense waiting forms, grouped around the table with its shaded lamp, which cast fantastic shadows on the walls and ceiling; and, silhouetted against the whitewashed stone wall, the black-clad, stooping figure of the priest.

(Continued on page 757.)

## SEED-GROWING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ONE of the effects of the Great War has been a great disorganisation of the usual sources of supply of many commodities, the result being that merchants have had to look about for new fields from which to draw their supplies. Whether these new sources will be permanent or not after the war depends to a great extent, in the case of natural products, on suitability of climate. Germany obtained a monopoly of a number of products more through business push than by the natural suitability of the country. It is safe to predict that when the readjustment of trade takes place there will be a much closer union in trade matters between Britain and her overseas Dominions and also with Allied countries, than before the war. The Dominions will have a chance such as they have never had before, and it lies with them to take full advantage of the opportunity.

Prior to the war Germany was the source of supply of many farm and garden seeds, and the stoppage of this supply has caused a great shortage, which has to be made up from elsewhere. For a number of years Canada has been increasing its seed production. This development has been encouraged by both the Dominion and the Provincial Governments by the issue of leaflets, by trials at experimental farms, and latterly by a bounty on certain seeds.

British Columbia—in particular Vancouver Island—enjoys advantages over other parts of Canada in its mild winters, which allow growers of some root-seeds, cabbage, and similar plants—which require two years to produce their seed—to leave these in the ground all the winter; whereas in colder parts they require to be lifted and stored in frostproof cellars, thus adding considerably to the labour and the expense. The climate of Vancouver Island resembles that of the south of England or the north of France. Vancouver Island is in the same latitude, and the ocean has a tempering effect on the climate. The seasons, however, are much more settled than in Britain. The summers are warm and dry, thus giving a long, ripening season, which is essential. This, combined with a rich virgin soil capable of producing large crops, gives the grower advantages not enjoyed in older countries. Bringing the land into cultivation, however, is expensive, as the island was originally almost entirely covered with heavy timber, and to clear it costs anywhere over two hundred dollars an acre. In consequence of the expense and the labour of clearing, farming has not been developed so rapidly as in parts where these difficulties are not met with, and the farms are comparatively small. Except in favoured districts where clearing has been easier, many farmers have

been content with a few acres cleared. Besides the high cost of land, one of the principal difficulties is the expense of labour, and seed-growing requires a great deal of hand-labour. Chinese is the cheapest labour, but even Chinamen get more than the usual wages in Europe, and this condition of labour shortage is likely to continue for a considerable time.

Seed-growing as an industry has not been developed in British Columbia, although increased attention has been given to it in the last few years, and the results have gone to prove that with most seeds the crop has been superior to imported seed. The attention of seedsmen in Britain has been called to this new source of supply, with the result that there is an increasing number of inquiries, and one large seedsman has such faith in the future of seed-growing on the island that he has purchased two hundred acres to develop as a seed-farm.

Among the varieties of seed thus far grown may be mentioned all species of the cabbage

family, turnips, radish, carrot, lettuce, beetroot; also all ordinary varieties of flower-seeds—in particular sweet-peas, stocks, and asters. Peas, beans, and grass and clover seeds have not been grown to any extent, as these are usually produced on a large scale, and the business has not been developed to this extent yet. There is, however, no doubt that such seeds could also be grown of the finest quality.

For the reasons already given it can hardly be expected that prices of seed will be low for at least a considerable time to come, but if there is any article for which it is true economy to pay a fair price it is seed. There is no question as to the suitability of the climate of British Columbia for producing all the varieties of seed hitherto supplied by European growers. What is required now is that a sufficient market in Britain should be established to show the superiority of British Columbian grown seed, and merchants will have the additional satisfaction of helping to develop one more industry within the Empire.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER IX.—*continued.*

THE orders for the destroyers on patrol were very simple and elastic, and all the commanding officers knew exactly what was expected of them. They knew the exact speed at which the leader intended to fight, and that, until they came into close action, they had only to conform to his movements. Complications really began when the engagement became general and the formation was broken, for then it was a case of each ship for herself, her duty to single out an opponent, and, if possible, to stick to him until he was crippled or sunk.

They were at liberty to use their own initiative, taking what chances they were offered of ramming or of using their torpedoes, and utilising their gun-fire to the best possible advantage. Beyond that, nothing else much mattered; and if, in the *mêlée* which was almost bound to ensue, any friendly vessel had the ill-fortune to be stopped or sunk, it was an understood thing that her crew would have to take their chance until the close of the engagement. Their mates could not break off the action to succour them. The orders were very definite on one point—that while a British ship could steam and a British gun could fire, the raiders were to be pursued, hotly engaged, and reported.

By this time the enemy was at a distance of little more than a thousand yards, and, still steaming fast on a roughly parallel and opposite course, seemed quite oblivious of the presence of the British. It was scarcely possible that he had not sighted them, for even with the naked eye Langlands could clearly see the humped-up, unfamiliar shapes of the German destroyers, with

their two squat funnels standing nearly upright, the tall masts aft, and the shorter ones forward. There was no mistaking them.

Perhaps they took the British for friends. Maybe they were merely reserving their fire, or were trusting to their speed to slip past without giving battle, for not a light twinkled down their line, not a gun roared out. They still steamed steadily on, grim, menacing, and silent. There were five of them.

The flotillas must have been drawing together at a combined speed of fifty knots, possibly more, and if both continued their courses they would flash by each other at a distance of about four hundred yards. And at fifty knots, one thousand yards is covered in thirty-six seconds; but still the British leader held steadily on his course. The seconds dragged—the enemy came nearer and nearer—the suspense became maddening. Langlands felt his heart thumping like a sledge-hammer. Was the leader missing his opportunity? It seemed as if in another few seconds it would be too late!

But the senior officer was an old hand at the business and knew what he was about, and at exactly the right moment his helm went over, and Langlands saw the leading destroyer swerving abruptly to starboard until she was heading straight for the centre of the hostile line. It was evidently the senior officer's intention to attempt to ram the fourth or fifth ship, leaving those ahead to the other destroyers under his orders. It was the plan agreed upon, the plan they all knew by heart.

There came a blaze of greenish-golden flame

and the crash of a ragged salvo as the leader's guns opened the ball. A little cluster of spray fountains, white and shimmering, leapt out of the dark sea close to the leading German, and almost before they had tumbled out of sight the guns were flashing all down the hostile line. In another instant every British ship replied and the firing became general.

The time was 1.49.20.

The guns were firing at point-blank range, so that careful aiming, even if it had been possible, was unnecessary. The din became deafening as the loading numbers crammed projectiles and cartridges home, the breeches of the guns slammed to, and the gun-layers pressed their triggers and fired. The air thudded and shook. Intermingled with the deep roaring of the heavier weapons came the unmistakable stutter of the two-pounder pom-poms as they fell to work to sweep the opposing bridges and decks, and the shriller stammering of Lewis guns and Maxims. Projectiles screeched and whinnied overhead, burst with a dull, crashing explosion, and sent their fragments humming and hissing through the air to strike funnels, hull, and deck fittings with an insistent jangling clatter like pebbles in a tin can. Machine-gun bullets sprayed past in droves, swishing and crackling as they came like raindrops through foliage.

Langlands, all but blinded by the brilliant flashes of the *Minx's* guns, held steadily on his course. The water round the ship seemed to be spouting and boiling with falling shell, and all he could see of the enemy was the flashes of their guns bursting out redly through a leaping curtain of shell geysers, and clouds of dense, rolling smoke. The Germans seemed to be altering course a little, for the ship the *Minx* was making for, the third in the line, was drawing slightly across the bows.

'Port ten!' he ordered breathlessly, intent on running her down.

'Port ten it is, sir,' came the deep voice of the coxswain, as he twirled the wheel.

'Midships! Steady so, Baker!'

'Steady it is, sir!'

A searchlight from some ship in the German line flickered into brilliance, illuminated the scene for an instant in its sickly glare, and then was suddenly extinguished.

There came a crash, an explosion, and a momentary blaze of reddish fire from amidships, as a shell drove home by the *Minx's* after-funnel; but Langlands paid little heed, for the ship still sped on. Another projectile detonated on the water close under the bow, and a signalman on the bridge sat down with a grunt of stupefied astonishment and began cursing softly to himself. The coxswain, with his right arm broken by a piece of the same shell, groaned audibly as he tried to use the limb and felt the jagged ends of the bone grating horribly together. He suffered excruciating torment, for, unknown to

himself, another sliver of red-hot steel had penetrated the muscles of his back. He was in agony, but he still watched the captain, waiting for his next order, and casting an occasional glance at the compass before him to keep the ship on her course.

A red Very light, soaring aloft, bathed the scene in a momentary flush of crimson before, curving over, it fell hissing into the water. The crashing, thudding medley still went on, but above the din M'Call could be heard passing orders like an automaton, and without a tremor in his voice. He passed his orders, but he little knew that the man below whose duty it was to transmit them to the guns was stretched out on deck, slowly sobbing his life away.

'Can I fire, sir?' suddenly screamed the sub., hoarse with excitement.

'Yes!' the captain shouted back, without turning his head.

And a moment later, when the boy saw the flame-spouting silhouette of the enemy's leader in line with the sights of his instrument, he pressed an ebonite knob, shouted through a voice-pipe, and looked anxiously aft. He was rewarded, for he saw the dull, bluish flash and the silvery streak of a torpedo as it leapt from its tube and plunged with a splash into the water. Where that particular torpedo went he never knew, for there was no resultant explosion.

But a second or two later, when the second German came in line, he pressed another knob. The range at the time seemed absurdly short, and the enemy flashed by in an instant, but the weapon went home. It seemed to strike her fairly amidships, for there came a lurid blast of flame and a cloud of grayish smoke and spray, followed by the roar of an explosion which for a moment completely drowned the sound of the guns.

'Got her, by George!' the sub. muttered softly to himself, watching her as the turmoil subsided and he caught a glimpse of the dripping bow and stern of the enemy's ship lifting themselves out of the water, with the middle portion sagging horribly. 'Clean in halves!'

He had never seen the effect of a torpedo before, and could hardly believe his eyes.

Then several things seemed to happen all at once.

A torpedo fired by the enemy, travelling on the surface in a flutter of spray, suddenly shot past within ten feet of the *Minx's* bows, and almost at the same moment the destroyer astern of the one which had been torpedoed crashed into her helpless consort with a grinding, splintering thud which could almost be felt. The firing from both ships ceased abruptly, and a chorus of shouts and screams came out of the darkness.

The collision occurred within about two hundred feet of the *Minx's* bows, so close and on such a bearing that Langlands could hardly avoid the tangle.

'Hard a-starboard!' he yelled, however, unwilling to risk damaging his own vessel by running down an enemy which must already be helpless through having been collided with by a friend. 'Hard a-starboard, Baker!'

The coxswain flung the wheel over with all his strength, but it was too late.

The ship slewed, but a moment later Langlands caught a hasty glimpse of the black hull of his enemy right under the bows. He found himself looking down on her deck; could see the blurred, white faces of her men as they stared up at him; heard their frightened screams as they saw this new monster bearing down upon them to complete their destruction. It must have been a terrifying sight, the towering, V-shaped bow tearing remorselessly towards them at over twenty knots, with the twin bow-waves leaping and playing on either side of the sharp stem.

A gun roared off from somewhere close at hand, and with the orange flash of it Langlands felt his cap whirled off his head and something strike him across the forehead. A warm gush streamed down his face; but in the excitement of the moment he scarcely noticed it.

The next instant the ship struck.

There was a rending, shuddering thud, the shrill, protesting sound of riven steel, and then a sudden cessation of speed. The hostile destroyer, struck in the stern, twisted round with the force of the blow, and heeled bodily over until the water poured over the farther edge of her deck. Then the *Minx's* bows tore their way aft, splintering, grinding, and crunching—enlarging the enormous wound, wrenching off the side plating, and allowing the water to pour in. The stern of the enemy slid free, and it could be heard slithering along the starboard side as the *Minx* still drove ahead.

The time was exactly 1.52. Four and a half minutes since the enemy had been sighted; two and a half since the first gun had been fired. It had seemed an eternity.

Out of the corner of his eye Langlands caught sight of the shape of one of his friends, spouting flame, driving past to starboard and circling madly across the *Minx's* bows; while another shadow, vague and indistinct in a smoke-cloud, and with guns silent, flashed past, travelling to the north-eastward at high speed. It was the German leader escaping.

For a while the flashes of guns still broke out of the darkness from the direction in which the scattered remnant of the enemy, pursued and hotly engaged, were flying for their lives. The flashes gleamed golden and ruby, while an occasional shell-burst showed up as a flicker of smoky scarlet. The flashes receded farther and farther towards the horizon, and the sobbing, pulsating thunder waned gradually, fainter and fainter, as the combatants steamed away. Then the rolling thud of a distant heavy explosion,

and save for the dull matter of the guns ashore the night was still.

About an hour later, when the pursuers returned, they found nothing but an area of sea strewn with the wreckage of sunken ships, the unmistakable flotsam of battle. They lingered on the spot to rescue several badly wounded and half-drowned Germans who cried piteously for help; but of the *Minx* there was no trace.

'*Minx*! Oh, *Minx*!' they asked by wireless. '*Minx*! where are you?'

But the *Minx* did not answer, and it was with a touch of sadness in their triumphant hearts that the victors picked their way back over the rippling sandbanks towards the anchorage in the golden-gray light of the dawn.

#### IV.

The rain-clouds had cleared away, but with the advent of daylight a dense sea-fog lay close and thick upon the water. And through it three battle-scarred destroyers steamed wearily but proudly home towards a certain English port whither they had been ordered for necessary repairs.

All three exhibited plain traces of the fight. One, with an enormous gash on the water-line in the engine-room, caused by a bursting shell which had put the port turbine out of action, limped painfully along at a bare ten knots, with her pumps working to keep down the flow of water, and a collision-mat plastered over the orifice. Another, the leader, had her bridge wrecked, her foremost four-inch gun useless, and a number of jagged holes through the fore-castle; while the gray hulls, upper works, and funnels of all three were torn and perforated by shell-splinters, and mottled here and there by the unmistakable yellow splashes and charred paint where projectiles had struck and detonated. They looked as if they had undergone a severe gruellling, as indeed they had; but their casualties were remarkably light—no more than seven killed and thirteen wounded.

It was nearly noon when, with new White Ensigns fluttering gaily from their mizzens, they steamed jauntily into harbour through the entrance between the well-known gray stone breakwaters, each crowned with its white lighthouse.

The fog had cleared a little. The time of their arrival had been reported by wireless, and as they entered a bunch of signal-flags went up to the truck of the admiral's flagstaff ashore. An instant later the men-of-war at their moorings seemed suddenly to swarm with men.

'Oh lor!' grunted the senior officer of the incoming destroyers, realising what was about to happen as he coned his ship from the battered bridge. 'Hell and scissors! I always feel such a damned idiot on these occasions! Never know what to do.'

And a few moments afterwards, as the leader passed within a hundred feet of a huge, blister-

sided monitor, the signal ashore came down with a rush, and the monitor's men, waving their caps, broke into a roar of frenzied and uncontrolled cheering, which was taken up by ship after ship. It was no ordinary three cheers. It was a noise like the yelling of the crowd when a goal is scored at a popular football match, a deep-throated bellow which reverberated across the water and echoed and re-echoed from the cliffs. It was an encouraging sound, a sound of good-feeling and good-fellowship, very genuine and spontaneous; and nobody can make more din than the sailorman when he is happy and really puts his heart into it.

The sea-front was densely packed with civilian spectators, who had heard vague rumours of a naval engagement, and even they shouted themselves hoarse and waved parasols, hats, and handkerchiefs as the three slid up to their buoys.

'I'm glad they're pleased,' murmured the senior officer, blushing a rosy-red and rubbing his unshaven chin. 'I do feel a sanguinary fool, though, and I wish to Heaven they'd stop their beastly row! I can't hear myself think.'

'Signal, sir,' said the yeoman of signals, who had been busy with his telescope. '"Vice-admiral to division. Well done! Congratulate you most heartily on your success. Admiral

would like to see commanding officers when convenient. *Minx* reports"'—

'*Minx*!' shouted the S.O. in delighted astonishment. 'Has she got back, then?'

'Seems so, sir,' said the yeoman, looking round with his telescope. 'Yes, sir,' after a pause. 'That's her! They're just putting her into the floating dock. Her bows are smashed up somethin' crool, and her topmast has gone over the side.'

'Ah, that accounts for our getting no answer to our wireless signals,' murmured the commander. 'Thank Heaven, she's in, though!'

He meant it.

'On the night of the 28th-29th four of our destroyers on patrol met five enemy craft on their way to take part in a raid in the Channel. A hot engagement ensued, in the course of which three of the enemy were sunk. The other two, hit repeatedly and hotly pursued to their base, succeeded in escaping in a badly damaged condition, though from aerial reconnaissance it is believed that one of them subsequently foundered. We lost no ships, and our casualties, considering the close range at which the action was fought, were very slight. All the next of kin have been informed.'—*Official Communiqué.*

(To be continued.)

## PEAT AS A FUEL

By EDWARD INGHAM, A.M.I.Mech.E.

**PEAT** has long been utilised in certain districts for household purposes, but our former abundant supplies of coal (which is far superior as a fuel) precluded its general use, except in districts where there is a plentiful supply. The scarcity of labour, however, owing to the war, has reduced the output of coal, and the needs of the navy and of our Allies have aggravated the shortage. The dearth of coal is a matter of concern not only to each individual householder and industrialist, but to the nation as a whole. The most rigid economy must be exercised, and, whenever possible, a suitable substitute should be used.

There are, of course, several substitutes for coal, but peat offers advantages which cannot be ignored. Peat is a form of soft turf, and is composed of the partially decayed remains of plants. It is found in various parts of the British Isles, particularly in the Fen country, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Scotland and Ireland. Naturally, the heat value of peat varies somewhat, depending on the locality from which the material is taken, but the average calorific value of dried peat is roughly about one-half that of coal.

One great advantage possessed by peat is that comparatively little labour is involved in obtain-

ing it. Whereas the production of coal necessitates a complete mechanical equipment (boilers, engines, special mining machinery, &c.), all that is necessary to obtain peat is to dig it up from the surface of the ground. Since the material is almost invariably wet when first dug up, it must be dried, so far as possible, by exposure to the air, and afterwards arranged in stacks, or housed. The peat obtained in this simple manner is far from being a satisfactory fuel for general use; but by certain mechanical processes it can be converted into a fuel admirably suited for numerous industrial purposes. It may, for example, be converted into hard compressed briquettes, suitable for various forms of heating. During the period of the war many householders have had experience of these briquettes for ordinary fires, several enterprising firms having sent out circulars broadcast, pointing out the advantages to be derived by burning peat instead of coal. It is claimed that the peat gives out great heat with little or no smoke, and leaves only a small quantity of ash; also that it is more healthy than coal, being recommended by the medical profession, especially in case of illness. Peat-briquettes are very suitable for firing steam-boilers, and in this connection possess advantages

over coal, inasmuch as they do not produce dense black smoke; whilst, owing to the absence of sulphur in the fumes, there is less liability to wasting of the plates and the tubes.

Peat may also be converted into charcoal, and in this form is a most valuable fuel. The calorific value of peat-charcoal is almost equal to that of coal. It is well known that charcoal is much used as a fuel for smelting certain iron ores, and the resulting pig-iron is usually much purer than is the case when coal or coke is used as the fuel. Charcoal of great purity may be produced from peat; but hitherto an objection to the use of such charcoal in the blast-furnace has been that the material was too weak to withstand the weight of the ore. It is, however, now possible to manufacture peat-charcoal sufficiently hard and strong for this purpose; but the cost of production is as yet too high to warrant the general use of the material. We see, however, the possibilities in this direction, and we may hope that at no very distant date British iron and steel manufacturers will find themselves

independent of the supply of charcoal iron imported from abroad.

As in the case of coal, many important by-products are obtainable from peat, all of which add to the commercial value of the material. Under proper treatment it may be made to yield a large quantity of gas, which may be employed for both lighting and power purposes. Not only has peat-gas proved suitable for firing steam-boilers and driving gas-engines, but quite recently it has been employed in the place of heavy oils for running Diesel engines. By an adequate process of distillation, both light and heavy fuel oils may be produced.

Further examples to illustrate the commercial value of peat might be given, but sufficient has been said to show that in this material we have a substitute for coal which offers the most far-reaching possibilities, and there can be little question that in the immediate future great developments will take place in all districts where there are large peat-bogs capable of being converted into fuel.

## THE BARBED WIRES OF MISUNDERSTANDING.

### A TALE OF THE MALTA HOSPITALS.

By ALBERT G. MACKINNON.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE BIT OF PAPER.

'MON, the way he looked at me fair made my flesh creep.'

The words were muffled by swathes of bandages that left most of the speaker's face to conjecture; but Donald MacLuskie always had a good voice, and such obstructions as lint and linen were trifling impediments to him. He had turned on his bed to talk to Jock M'Gowan, who had wheeled his chair down the ward to speak to the new-comer and listen to his startling tale.

'Cud ye no defend yersel' in ony way?' asked Jock.

'Me! I was lyin' there like a spiked gun. The only thing I cud move was my eyelids—an' it wad hae been a great relief to me if only he had used his, an' blinked aince. But he never did. He juist stood there motionless, starin' at me. We had that corner o' the battlefield a' to oorsel's; but I cud hae wished that it had been mair solitary. I telt him aince or twice to gang awa', an' my voice was the best pairt o' me at that moment. The shrapnel hadna knocked it oot. But though I used my maist threatenin' tone, it was nae use. He never moved an inch. I doot the beggar had some deception aboot him tae, for when sick o' the sicht o' him I shut my e'en. On openin' them again I cud bet my boots he was some feet nearer, though he was juist as silent an' still as ever.'

'Ay, Donald, it must hae been an awfu' experience, juist lik' a nightmare,' interrupted Jock.

'Weel, I've had mony a dream in my time o' crocodiles an' sea-serpents. One can staund seein' mooths o' teeth an' twistin' bodies, but the calm steely glance o' yon e'en beats a' the nightmares I've ever had. I cudna get awa' frae them. When I shut my ain the sly rascal aye cam' a step closer, sae oot o' pure self-defence I had to stare him back. We faced each ither, exchangin' broadsides o' glances, an' as lang as I cud keep up the ammunition, like, I was safe. He was bent on playin' a waitin' game. I cud see that fine. Maybe he had already eaten his first course o' raw e'en, an' cud bide his time an' work up a little appetite for his second. He didna seem impatient-like, but was quite ready to suit my convenience for deein'. That pit my bluid up. I didna feel inclined to oblige him, an' that made me stick it to the last. Afore he cam' I had gien mysel' up for lost, an' nae doot wad hae slippet awa', but the cauld impidence o' that bird fair roused the last ounce o' life in me.'

'Thae vultures are uncanny brutes,' said Jock. 'I hae seen them mysel', an' am no' anxious for a second introduction. Weel, hoo did ye get rid o' him?'

'I was gettin' a bit tired o' this e'e artillery business. In fact, I realised that I was nae match for him in that kind o' warfare, when suddenly I saw somethin' that roused my curiosity. It's queer what men 'll think o' at sic a time.'

'What was that?' was the impatient query from the visitor.

'Roond ane o' the bird's legs there was tied a bit o' paper. "Ye haena done that yersel'. Some mon has had ye in his grip," was what I said to the blinkless bird. But it didna heed my words. Weel, curiosity to see what was on that paper got the maister o' me, an' I fell to thinkin' hoo best I cud get within reach o' it. Then I thocht I wad trick the cratur, an' I a'maist lauched at mysel'. I shut my e'en an' pretended that I was deid, an' noo an' then juist gied a squint to see hoo things were gaein' on. It was a lang game, I can tell ye, for the bird wasna in a hurry; but when he thocht I wasna lookin' I saw him tak' a step nearer, sae I realised that it was only a maitter o' time. The verra thocht o' what I was daein' pit strength into me; an'—it sounds funny, I ken, but I nearly spoilt the whole game by burstin' oot into lauchter. It took a' my power to keep it in. Then I gathered up a' my strength for the great effort. The bird was dangerously near noo, an' micht at ony moment begin the big push hissel' wi' a daub o' his beak, sae I thocht I had better get my attack in first. A' o' a sudden my airms seemed to get strength, an' I reached oot, an' had the rascal by the scruff o' the neck in a twinklin'. Ye shud hae heard the fuss he made. But I was after the bit paper, an' didna heed onythin' else. I managed to get it, an' a' I remember was pushin' it into the pooch o' my tunic. I maun hae fainted, for when I cam' to I was on a stretcher, an' bein' carried down the line. Weel, I hae been sae knocked aboot since then, frae dressin'-station to steamer, an' noo to this hospital in Malta, that I havena had time to think aboot the maitter since. The ambulance-men had been attracted by the row made by the vulture, an' had come to see if there was ony mon alive, an' that's hoo they got me.'

'An' ye never saw what was on the paper?' questioned Jock.

'Hoo cud I? They took my tunic frae me when they pit me intil hospital.'

'Whaur is it?'

'Wi' my kit a' richt, they tell me, an' somewhere amongst the stores. I wunner if ye cud get it for me.'

'It maun be gey weel hidden if I canna lay haunds on it for ye,' laughed Jock. 'I'll awa' the noo to mak' inquiries. Ye're richt to see that bit paper. There micht be somethin' o' great importance on it. No mon wad tie it to the leg o' a vulture unless it was kind o' urgent.'

Jock's own curiosity had been aroused, and any mystery tantalised him until it was solved. So he set his chair in motion once again, and began wheeling himself along the ward. He passed out into the corridor, and was turning to go out of the block, when he met a doctor.

'Hullo, Jock! The very man I wanted to see!' was the latter's cheery greeting.

'Good-afternoon, sir.'

'We have a Scot in the next ward here, and I do not know what to make of him. You might go along and see him. He needs a bit of cheering up. Perhaps the sight of a fellow-countryman may put spirit into him. The man is pretty down-hearted whom you cannot make laugh, and a laugh might save him.'

'I'll gang this meenit, sir,' was Jock's response. 'What's his name?'

'George M'Cracken. You will find him in bed ten. His face is like a concertina all drawn out at present. Put some breadth and music into it, and you will do him more good than medicine,' replied the doctor with a smile as he turned away.

Jock was getting accustomed to these commissions. He had graduated in the science of human nature. The art of picking the heart's Chubb lock is the most difficult of all to acquire, yet the most stubborn had to yield him an entrance; no secret, however hidden in the innermost safe, was beyond his reach. If one key did not fit, he tried another; but he always got there. Though it is only just to him to say that he never used any information thus obtained for ill purposes. His mission in life was to help people, and he was well equipped for that task.

'Weel, Geordie, ye've juist been haein' a dose o' castor-oil, I see,' was Jock's familiar greeting.

The new patient looked at him suspiciously. He had not been very long in the hospital, but already he had heard all about Jock. His neighbours had warned him that he would get a visit before long, and that he had better make a clean breast of all his misdeeds at once, for Jock would worm them out, and it was better to have him as a friend than as an enemy.

'Ye're Jock M'Gowan, I suppose. They were tellin' me ye wad be roond to hear a' aboot it.' The speaker's tone was provokingly doleful.

Jock's keen scent sniffed a new mystery.

'Ay, it'll dae ye nae hairm to tak' me into yer confidence. What's the maitter wi' ye? Wounds?'

'Na; I hae nae wounds.'

'Dysentery?'

'Na; I'm no sick.'

'Then what are ye here for?'

'Reduction; that's what's wrang wi' me. But it's a lang story, an' I dinna ken whether I shud tell ye it or no. But there is ae thing ye micht try an' dae for me. It's a delicate business, but maybe ye cud manage it.'

'Weel,' replied Jock with some zest, 'I'm no easy stuck.'

'Juist afore I left Saloneek I got a letter frae hame,' he began, turning his lugubrious face towards Jock. 'It was frae Mary Henderson, the girl I hae an' understaundin' wi'. We hae been fond o' ane anither since we were at schule. A fine spirited lass she is, I'm tellin' ye; the richt sort, an' nae mistak'.'

'Ye're to be congratulated, then,' said Jock with his usual quickness to emphasise the agreeable.

'Na, that's the worst o' it,' was the down-hearted response. 'If she hadna been sae perfect like, my mind micht hae been easier the noo. But that's what troubles me. She said in her letter that she was comin' to Malta as a nurse; an' she'll be here noo, worse luck!'

'Geordie, ye're a puir lover, if that's what ails ye. Ye dinna deserve a girl like that, an' if I were only a bit smarter on my legs I wad find her, an' maybe cut ye oot. In Malta, ye say, an' ye look as if ye had come frae her funeral!'

'Weel, I may tell ye at aince that I dinna want to see her, an' I want ye to find oot if she's in this hospital, an' if she is, to try an' get the authorities to change me to anither. Ye'll hae to dae it verra quietly, for she maunna hear that I am here.' M'Cracken lowered his voice almost to a whisper as he added, 'If I telt any o' the nurses, they cudna keep a secret, but wad gang an' tell Mary richt aff. She maun be kept i' the dark at a' hazards.'

'There's somethin' verra far wrang, if ye dinna want to meet the girl ye are in love wi', answered Jock suspiciously.

'Perhapa. But I'm no to blame for that. Still, though my conscience is quite clear, I canna face her. She'll believe what ithers are sayin', an' it's a gey hard thing to catch up on a lee, if aince it gets a stairt.'

'Surely she'll hae faith in ye,' Jock said reassuringly.

'No against the evidence. The fact is that wi' sae much against me I wadna believe in mysel', did I no ken that I was guiltless.'

'What's the evidence?'

'Weel, first o' a', there's the army. Ye canna gang against it.'

'Na; ye're richt there.'

'Weel, I had my rank reduced. I was a corporal, an' noo I'm a private. Hoo can I explain that awa' to Mary, if I meet her?'

'There maun surely be some explanation. I expect ye forgot an order or somethin' o' that sort. Folk wha hae lived quiet lives are apt to forget that we're at war, and gey strange things happen i' the trenches. I hae seen mony a lad tak' forty winks at his work, but if he tries that up the line he gets shot.'

'I've had a month's imprisonment an' my stripes ta'en awa' for naethin' I ever did. They said I wad hae gotten mair, only my conduct hitherto saved me. I'm a jail-bird noo. That's why I canna face Mary Henderson, an' I want ye to keep her oot o' my road.'

'But ye havena telt me yet what ye got yer punishment for,' persisted Jock, as, with the instinct of a terrier, he hung on to the main thread of the story.

'It was like this,' began M'Cracken, not with-

out considerable effort, for the subject was evidently painful. 'The captain had his pocket-book stolen. Forby there bein' a guid mony pound notes in it, there were some important despatches. It had been ta'en frae his overcoat in his dug-oot, when he was awa', an' it was found in my kit. That's a' there is to tell, for that's a' I ken about it. I was asked to explain hoo it cam' there, an' I cudna. They questioned me as to whether I suspected any ither mon wha wanted to get me intil trouble, but I kenned nane wha had a grudge against me. Hooever, I was held responsible, an' got what they ca'd a licht sentence; but it has been gey heavy for me.'

'That's maist extraodinair,' exclaimed Jock. 'Hoo cud the pocket-book get into yer kit? An', tell me, was there onythin' stolen frae it?'

'Na; that's the strange thing. Naethin' was missin'. It wasna like an ordinary robbery. There were a lot o' notes, but not ane o' them was touched.'

'Weel, I'm verra sorry for ye, Geordie,' said Jock in tones of true sympathy; 'an' I'll dae my best to find oot about Miss Henderson, an' keep her frae meetin' ye, for I quite understaund.' So saying, he wheeled his chair away, happy that he had a new problem to solve.

#### CHAPTER II.—WHAT WAS ON IT.

JOCK tackled the quartermaster-sergeant with regard to Donald MacLuskie's clothes. 'There's a maist important document in ane o' the pockets,' he explained.

'Everything would be taken out; so, if that is all you want, there is no use looking,' was the gruff retort.

'Maybe; but when a wounded man tak's a fancy for onythin', it micht be a maitter o' life or daith to him to hae his whim gratified. MacLuskie wants to see his claes, an' if ye dinna get them for him he'll be in a fever. He maun pit his ain haund into the pockets an' see for hissel', persisted Jock.

The quartermaster-sergeant capitulated and did his bidding, and soon Jock was carrying back a tunic to the ward. He was very curious and impatient, but refrained himself from searching out of a sense of honour.

'Here it is,' he said, as he approached MacLuskie's bed. 'Ye ken which pocket ye pit the bit paper intil. See if it is there still.'

MacLuskie raised himself on the pillow, spread the garment out on the bed, searched with his hand, and pulled out a torn piece of paper. 'Here it is, a' richt!' he exclaimed. 'I expect that they didna think it worth their while to touch it. Noo, let's see what's on it. There's a blood-stained finger-mark, onyhoo, sae it has been written by a wounded mon.'

'Maybe it's his last wull an' testament,' suggested Jock, whose previous experience in

such matters made him on the outlook for their recurrence.

'Mair than likely, or he wadna hae ta'en the trouble to tie it to the leg o' the bird on the chance o' its bein' seen. Somebody's fortune depends on what's here,' said MacLuskie with an air of importance.

'Ay, if he's signed it a' richt; but that's what maist forget to dae,' Jock rejoined, as he bent over the bed, and watched the wounded man unfold the paper.

'Weel, I never, after a' oor trouble!' MacLuskie exclaimed in surprise. 'There's naethin' here ava but a blank sheet. Some puir chap has been haein' his last joke on that bird.'

At a first glance MacLuskie's words seemed correct. Then Jock seized the paper and scrutinised it more carefully. 'Ye're wrang,' he said. 'There's somethin' here in pencil.'

'Mere scrawls, juist to hoodwink the bird, an' mak' it believe it was a carrier-pigeon.' MacLuskie laughed at his own joke.

'Na; it's mair than scrawls. There's meanin' in them, though I canna mak' them oot. It looks gey like a foreign language, an' reminds me o' what the Irishman said when visitin' a Hebrew cemetery wi' a freend. When his freend asked him if he cud mak' oot the inscriptions, he replied, "No; but if I had my fiddle I think I cud play them." Maybe this is the scribblin' o' a Turk.—Hey, orderly! what dae ye think o' this?' Jock called to an R.A.M.C. man who was passing.

He stopped, and looked at the paper. 'Why, that's shorthand!' he exclaimed. 'Do you want me to read it for you?'

'Rather!' replied the other two together.

'This is how it reads,' said the orderly: "'I took the pocket-book from Captain Turner's pocket, but did not mean to do any harm.—ROBERT BRUCE.'"

'Weel, that beats a'!' was Jock's exclamation.

'I dinna see that we are much the wiser, though I'm glad I havena been made a fool o',' retorted MacLuskie.

'Dinna ye see that it's the confession o' a deein' mon?' said Jock eagerly. 'An', if I'm no mista'en, I ken somethin' aboot it. Leastways I think sae. It means the healin' o' a mon in this hospital wha is sick wi' naethin' except doun-heartedness—an' a happy weddin' into the bargain.'

'Ye certainly see mair in it than I can. I hope ye're richt, for it kind o' gies me the pull ower that bird. It wad aye rankle in my hairt if the lauch had been on its side,' MacLuskie replied.

Jock then told him M'Cracken's story, and finished by adding, 'It looks gey like as if this bit paper had to dae wi' it. There's no likely to hae been twa captains wha had their pocket-books stolen. Clearly Bruce had been deein', an' this was the only way to ease his conscience.

I see it a' quite clear. It was clever o' ye, mon, to get the paper, an' ye'll deserve to be invited to the weddin'. Noo, I maun be aff to tell M'Cracken the guid news; it'll pit new life in him.' So saying, Jock, with the paper in his hand, wheeled himself out of the ward, and, with as much haste as was compatible with the safety of himself and others, sped on his way.

'I hae got somethin' noo to mak' yer face as broad as it's lang, Geordie. Sae cheer up!' was his salutation. 'What think ye o' this?' Then he read the message in shorthand written and signed by Robert Bruce. 'Dae ye ken wha that chap is?' he asked.

'Ay; he was in my company, an' we ca'd him "the Cherub"—a bricht wee chap, aye smilin', but as gritty as granite,' replied M'Cracken. 'I canna for the life o' me see what wad mak' him dae sic a like thing. He had plenty o' money, for his freends were weel-aff. Sae it cudna be the lack o' siller. I wad hae trusted him wi' my last penny. It's gey queer, mon.'

'It seems to be. There are funny things happenin' i' these days,' Jock replied with a puzzled air. 'Ye say he wasna the sort to be a thief?'

'Na; it's the last thing that the Cherub wad dae. I'm sure o' this, that if he took the pocket-book, he didna steal it,' remarked M'Cracken with some emphasis.

'Ye mak' a nice distinction,' replied Jock, smacking his lips, a habit he had of expressing his appreciation of some mental subtlety. 'I see ye hae a regard for the lad, an' are no wullin' to blame him. Hooever, that doesna affect the main point; this bit o' paper clears ye richt enough. We'll get it into the richt quarters. I'll tell the colonel here the whole story, an' ye'll be done justly by. Sae ye needna mind aboot meetin' Miss Henderson. I hae heard a'ready that she's in this hospital, in anither block, an' I am gaein' directly to tell her where ye are. I'll juist gie ye time to get yer smile ready.'

But there was no need for this injunction. Already a transformation had taken place in the patient. His face had shortened like a closed concertina, as the doctor had expressed it, and had broadened into a very happy expression.

The doctor met Jock at the door of the ward as he was going out, and said, 'Really, Jock, I do not know what magic you possess, but you have beaten us all in the way you have cured that man. Just look at him now. He is actually laughing to himself.'

'I'm only beginnin', sir. Wait for anither half-hour until I'm feenished, an' he'll be the gayest mon in the ward,' was Jock's reply as he wheeled himself onwards.

It was quite a journey to the block where the new nurse was, but Jock, absorbed in his

mission, never thought of the trouble. His surprises, however, were not yet at an end. On entering the ward he saw a Scots cap hanging above a bed, and instinctively he glanced at the name and regiment of the patient. He started with surprise when he read it—'Robert Bruce.' Then he looked at the wounded man, who was but a boy, and recognised the description of 'the Cherub's' face. He lay there a picture of innocence—how could he possibly be a thief?

'Sae ye're Bruce? Then maybe ye'll ken this, an' be able to explain it.' As he spoke Jock produced the piece of paper.

'Rather!' was the astonished answer. 'Where on earth has that come from?'

'Ye may weel ask, but it has turned up a' richt, an' juist in time to save a mon's character.' Jock was slightly severe. He was not going to be taken in by seeming innocence. 'Ye'll no deny that ye wrote it?'

'No; but I am sorry to hear that any one has got into trouble by my act. I was afraid that might be so, and when I thought myself to be dying I scribbled that message on the chance that it might be picked up. Do tell me what has happened,' said the lad with a guileless eagerness.

'We'll hae your explanation first,' responded Jock, still with the tone of the censor. 'Why did ye tak' the captain's pocket-book?'

A blush crept over the features of the young fellow, and he stammered one or two inaudible words, which were not to Jock's liking. 'I really did not mean to steal anything, and that ought to be sufficient explanation just now. If need be, I will tell the captain all when I see him.'

'Ye'll hae to tell me first, my mon,' was Jock's comment. 'A corporal has lost his stripes through your act, an' if this bit o' paper hadna turned up in time he wad hae lost a wife tae. Sae it's nae lauchin' maitter.'

'Very well; I'll make a clean breast of it to you. It was foolish of me, I admit; but when a man is in love he will do many a silly thing. You see, the captain kept a photograph in his pocket-book in which I was especially interested. It was one of his wife with some of her Girl Scouts, and in the forefront is Jessie Allan—a—special—friend of mine'—

'It's a' richt. I understaund perfectly,' interrupted Jock, in haste to cover the other's confusion.

'Well, I knew we would be going over the top soon, and as I had not a photograph of her myself, I longed to get a peep at the captain's one. But, to tell you the truth, I had not the courage to ask him. So I kept my eye on his dug-out. When I saw him going down the trench I slipped in. I found the pocket-book in his tunic all right, and was just going to open it, when I heard steps approaching. I dodged out, and hid it for a moment in a soldier's kit, meaning

to return in a few minutes, take it out, have the look I wished at the photograph, and return it to the captain's tunic. But at that moment I was called away. Then I had to go on patrol duty, and got knocked out. As I lay badly wounded on the ground I thought about the pocket-book, and would have liked to get a message back telling what I had done with it. Then the vultures began to gather round me, and as a last chance I thought of scribbling a message. I was very weak; but knowing shorthand well, I found it easier to write in it. I managed to grip one of the birds, and tied the paper round one of its legs, in the hope that it might be seen by one of our men. It was not until next day that I was picked up. Then followed a fortnight's semi-consciousness, during which I hardly knew what was happening. When I got back my senses the first thing I did was to tell my story to the colonel in charge of the hospital. He was sending me on to Malta, but he promised to put things right if he could. That is how matters stand at present.'

'An' in verra guid shape,' was Jock's comment.

'Tell the corporal how awfully sorry I am that he has got into trouble through me, and ask his pardon.'

'I'll dae that, an' I'm sure he'll grant it to ye, for he's in a graund mood the day. Can ye tell me, is you nurse there Miss Henderson?'

'Yes.'

'Ah weel, I want a few words wi' her.'

Jock brought the blush to another cheek that afternoon, as he told the girl that her lover was lying ill in that very hospital. On getting permission, she followed him to the block where MacLuskie was waiting impatiently, a new man with the love-light in his eye.

'Here's the corporal,' said Jock, emphasising the rank. 'By the looks o' him noo, he has been shammin' sickness. I'm thinkin' it's a been a ruse to get to Malta to meet ye. He'll tell ye a' about it hissel'. Onyway, he's lookin' nane the waur noo for bein' held up on the barbed wires o' misunderstaundin'.'

#### SEPARATION.

THIS mute communion of my heart with yours  
Shall break down barriers of time and fate,  
Till I grow brave who am disconsolate  
Remembering and reliving happier hours.  
Thoughts outstrip sighs: those gallant thoughts  
which built

A nest in Hope's high tree-tops, safe and sweet—  
Calm broods our love there while the tempests  
beat

And autumn's largesse of gold leaves is spilt.

The silent skies spread far above will keep  
Sacred the splendour of the halcyon days;  
The watchful stars will guard the dreams that  
sleep

Sends down to solace now our parted ways;  
So I would fain believe: God make this true  
When my rebellious soul cries out for you!

C. FARMAR.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

LOVE for Paris is an absorbing and uplifting emotion. It is almost like a passion in the appeal it makes to the spirit of those who find their happiness in the fancies and creations of the intellect. Apart from its fascination being irresistible and its stimulation necessary to such beings, they feel the better spiritually and morally for this great love of theirs, as the lover of a splendid girl feels worthier because of his love. So we would say that no man who really appreciates and understands Paris, and—as then he must—loves her, is spiritually and intellectually unworthy. The instinct and the taste are sure; there is discernment; he is one of the associate Parisians who in the outer circle of this great world academy of the spirit seek the flame not less ardently than the elect who drew their baby breath near the Seine, and had the advantage of being fed upon the spiritual ambrosia that hangs in the atmosphere of this matchless city. It is to delicate minds—not overcome with a materialism that looks upon stone walls as most marvellous things—the chief wonder of the world; for Paris to such minds conveys a sense of etherealism, of the advance of the mind, and its final conquest over mere matter, which humans have had the tendency to regard as the highest ultimate good. If there is good in the mind and the imagination of a man, Paris will produce it. The beautiful city that has passed through terror to light and liberty, through fear to confidence and a new strength, that in its long history has run the gamut of human experience and emotion, has an appearance and a power, a capacity for inspiration, that no other city has, and that only Rome can approach. There is a vulgar side to the life and the looks of the city, which makes a different appeal to a more extensive community; but this is like a mere bodily and vulgar love with which the high emotions are not concerned; and it pulls quickly and fades away, as the other strengthens with every new fancy and each spiritual breath. Some would say it is a mar upon spiritual Paris that there should be this vulgar aspect, but perhaps that is not so. It may be there for contrast; or for the attraction of the materialists who furnish

the means for the others to live and rise; or, more likely, because for its studies of life Paris must comprise the whole of available experience. The world would be a less entertaining study for the humanists and the moralists and the philosophers if there were no rascals in it; neither the realists nor the romanticists of French literature and art could give life to their creations if they had not the complete life of Paris to draw upon. Perhaps it is natural that the Latins should have known and loved their Paris better than other races; it is, one fears, a reproach against us of commercial Britain that we have understood it so much less, and it is a credit to the instinctive idealism of the United States of America that she has had a higher and better appreciation of Paris than of any other city. It has been the City of Delight to which all Americans have wended their way when they could. We must place this love by the Americans for the best thing in cities and communities that the world can give as a proof of their worth, and that materialism is not master in their minds. No people can love Paris and be bad, and of the Americans and this affection of theirs two things are commonly said. One is that when the good American dies his soul proceeds to Paris. If his dollars have not spoiled him, if the great American instinct for light and progress and human advancement has held him, then it may be imagined that Valkyries will bear him to this Valhalla to wild strains of music. More practically, Americans say that the more sensible of their number have always two countries—their own and France, which means Paris. And as we find the people of the United States at one end of the scale of ambition towards progress and liberty, and the German confederation at the other end, and as America has flown to the aid of threatened Paris, so we should hardly be surprised to know that only one nation in the world could ever possibly contemplate the destruction or mutilation of this priceless heritage of humanity. That nation is Germany, which did indeed calmly and deliberately and enviously contemplate such destruction. This is one more of the major condemnations of unhappy Germany, one more count in the indictment to which

there is no possible answer, no conceivable defence. . . . But Paris has been saved.

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There often seems to be something about great cities that is above time and circumstance and human will—something almost immortal. Burn them, hack them to pieces, destroy them, let them decay—they rise again, and often in glory, and are the great cities again of a new era. It seems as if the soil has the seed of the city in it. The hearts and the consciences of peoples by instinct and through generations are focused to certain points on the surface of the earth, and so they return to them. It is the ages, with the mystic power of stability that they enforce, that have wrought this condition. It is even so with smaller towns and little villages if time has given them a warrant for endurance. We see examples of this in pathetic numbers in the France from which the invader is being expelled. Hundreds of villages have been destroyed by the barbarians; their buildings have been beaten to the ground, so that often they cannot even be identified. The outlines and the boundaries of the homes of these small communities can sometimes not be traced; there is nothing left but little heaps of ruins, a chaotic wreckage, where once was happy life and peaceful hearths and laughing children. The community are widely scattered; many are dead. But when the barbarians have been driven away by the soldiers of civilisation, the community, with flaming hope in their breasts, creep back to their old place of life and work. The destruction that appears before their eyes does not daunt them. Having expected it, it hardly even chills them. The past is gone, and the devils have gone; the future is theirs, and the heaven of home again. Upon every reckoning it would be easier far, and cheaper, too, if that were a consideration, to make a new town or village rather than attempt to restore the old one to something like its former self. It would be easier to take a patch of plain green country, chosen for its beautiful and convenient surroundings and all the new advantages that it would yield, than it would be to rebuild this poor, sad place that is battered to extinction. But then it would not be the same; it would hold no memories, and it is better that there should be some sadness in memories than no memories at all. But indeed it is not a matter of reasoning, for it is the simple case that the old communities seek again the old places as by a compelling instinct, and that is why at the present time such communities are creeping back north and west in France, and amid the ruins are searching for the marks of their old homesteads, and there are rebuilding, reconstructing, starting their own worlds anew with such a pure happiness and joy in their hearts as they have never known before. Sometimes,

as they tell each other continually of their mutual joy, one among them, in the fullness of delight and hope, will murmur that indeed, if the barbarians did but know, such joy as theirs in returning was almost worth the pain of— But then no; remembrances still young shoot like tongues of fire in the heart and compel silence, even as they seem to impose again the duty of rebuilding. In all the parts of France that were invaded this is happening now. Perhaps some improvements are being made, modern ideas are being applied; but in general the reconstructed towns and villages are intended to be made as nearly as possible like those that were destroyed. Even where there was nothing left, the old places reappear. In this we see the working of the remarkable instinct of patriotism, and the love of hearth and home and place; and that instinct is a part, but not the whole, of the mystery of what might be called the enduring permanence of places. Such thoughts lead us to the fancy—and it may be more than fancy—that there is something almost supernatural in the origin and the growth of the king and queen cities of the world. We think of Rome immediately. If you have passed a week in Rome and seen the Colosseum beneath the starlight, then paced the rise of the modern Via Nazionale, you have felt that more than men and more than history and time have been concerned with Rome. And there are the beginnings of London; they were strange, mysterious. Rough men in coracles paddled on the waters that ran by, and did trade with men who came from far. Most of the site of London was marsh and forest then, but its future seems to have been predestined. What there was before the men who lived in the mud huts and steered the coracles is unknown, but of most of these king and queen cities it is related, suitably to the sentiments, that it was the gods who made the first beginning. And it is right that it should have been the gods.

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Such suggestion is in harmony with our adoration of Paris. The queen city of the world, because of its beauty and what it has done for the best intellects of men, is one that spirits must have designed and started, if they started any. So it is declared that the gods first gave light and life to Paris; but mythological lore yields us no details of this splendid and worthy action. What there is apparent agreement upon is that either Hercules or Francus, the son of Hector (whose genealogy, it is said, reaches back to Noah), has this inspiration and achievement to his credit. Let it be so. Of the earthly origin there is nothing known, or ever will be now. Nobody knows whence comes this sweet name of Paris, or that of the Parisii, who were the first known inhabitants of this place, and from whom it took its name. We do not know why they were called the Parisii, or whence

they came. They can hardly have been evolved through the ages in the place where they were found. It was only fifty-three years before the time of Jesus Christ that other parts of the world became aware of these Parisii and the place where they were living, and they were not then of much account. Wonderful seems that start of Paris upon the world. There was just an island in the midst of a big river—a marshy island, we are told. A few huts were upon it, made of reeds and willows, and it was inhabited by a handful of savages, who seem to have lived chiefly on the fish they caught in the river. These were the Parisii, the forerunners of the most brilliant intellectuals that have lit the world through many ages. The Parisii were one of the little peoples of Gaul, and they were so few in number, so unpretentious, and so impotent that they thought it wise to place themselves under the protection of their powerful neighbours, the Senones. This was their political state at the time that the Romans came into those parts. Labienus of Rome seems not to have thought much of them, from what one can gather. At this time their city, or their abode of huts, was not called Paris. It was Lucetia, or Lucotetia, or Lutetia, the recognised French form of this old name of Paris being Lutèce. Perhaps it came from *loutonchez*, which was Celtic for a habitation in the middle of water. It was not until the end of the fourth century in our modern reckoning that Lutetia, having become a bishop's see, took the name of Paris. The Romans had paid it some attention before this; the Emperor Julian had a palace on the island. Some instinct seems even then to have moved those Romans to the thought that there were possibilities or advantages in this little place. However, before their time, those few and humble Parisii, vassals of the Senones, having nothing more to do with war than they were obliged to have, appear to have thrived upon some sort of river traffic they conducted. They gathered wealth, and the idea occurred to them that with a part of their riches they would maintain a fine temple of Jupiter, which they had built on their island. The island still exists. The silting up of the river-bed has made it bigger than once it was, and by the same process the banks of the river have come nearer to it. Lutetia in course of time extended to the banks, and the city rose about this old kernel. The island seems now almost lost in the city, but it is still set in the Seine, with the water flowing on each side of it, the Île de la Cité. There are on it the Palais de Justice, the headquarters of the Prefect of Police, and various other important establishments; and where there was once the temple to Jupiter there is now Notre Dame. On the banks of the island are the Quai de l'Horloge, and the Quai aux Fleurs, and others; and many bridges join it to the mainland. It is hardly to be

recognised as an island; if you know a little of Paris, you may have been upon the Île de la Cité many times—going to Notre Dame—and not have known you were on that little strip of land on which in those far-back ages the Parisii lived and laboured and died. The making of Paris from that time to this has been a wonderful work. And it may well be that Paris, now saved, has a greater mission to serve in the advancement of man and the world than all it has accomplished in the past.

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Detaching the mind from the horror of the thing so far as possible, we shall find it interesting to consider the barbarism of the Germans from a purely psychological point of view. In a thousand years from now, when Paris may still hold her foremost place in the intellectual life of the world, philosophers, unaffected by its horror, will be interested in this psychological view of Germany's action. They will find it difficult to account for it. They will have many interesting theories, and their superior knowledge may enable them to come to some satisfying conclusion. For us, attempting this examination of the case with minds that we endeavour to keep unprejudiced by our consciousness of the terrible wrong done, we cannot arrive at any satisfying thoughts upon the psychology of the Germans, their mental attitude in the vast and appalling work of destruction they have been engaged upon. It is not enough to regard them merely as a reaction against the intense processes of civilisation which have been at work for many centuries, and in which they themselves have been so keenly concerned, or just as barbarians, the heirs of the roughest and most savage families in Europe. If you brought from some central spot in Africa a band of savages who had not looked upon the work of civilised man before, and invited them, goaded them—anything you please—to commit such devastation in Lourvain as the Germans did, to attempt the final ruin of the cathedral of Rheims even when the city was no longer of interest from a military point of view, or, above all, to conceive the indiscriminate destruction of Paris, one doubts whether those simple savages, with all their barbarous instincts, could be persuaded to enter upon such work. They have their instinctive fears and reverences; they might fall on their knees with their faces to the ground at the appalling demand. For they would see that here was something grand and magnificent, something seeming to be far above the work of man—the work of many generations, each impelled by divine instinct and inspiration. Awe would hold even such a horde of savages. To kill man would be nothing, for he grows again quickly and is seldom missed; but this would be different. Yet the Germans set themselves to these tasks with a complacency far above the easy attitude of Nero making Rome

ablaze and contemplating the flames as a theme for verse. In the early stages of the war one read in one of their newspapers an article by a professor concerning the proposed reconstruction of the world on German lines when the Fatherland had been victorious in arms, and one of the main points was that the monuments of culture to be found in the rest of the world, Paris, Venice, and London included, were all poor stuff, and would be well destroyed, and their places taken by new things made in Germany. The professor must have had some consciousness of the stupidity of his suggestions, but it was a case of obsession by the idea of the new German world, the recommencement of life on earth under a Hohenzollern military domination. And only recently we found the Germans setting themselves in the most remarkable manner to the deliberate destruction of Paris. It is an intention that it is impossible to explain by any of our most fanciful psychological methods. The German is, and will remain, a mystery; for he, unlike the savage, who has only his instinct to guide him, knows the value of these things. Any of the shells he shot from his long-range guns might have undone the finest human effort of many centuries. Had he not been stopped by Foch in time, he would undoubtedly have brought his general artillery to bear on the capital as soon as he approached a little nearer to it. That was his immediate intention, and the Parisians, with Clemenceau at their head, had determined that in such an event the supreme sacrifice should be made. They would not desert Paris in order that it should be preserved for a German occupation.

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But even with all this known, there are people who feel that perhaps the Germans have lost knowledge or appreciation of their actions; that, for instance, when they fired on Paris and destroyed a church with people praying in it on a very holy day, they were merely careless, and were acting in a kind of subconscious way. As to that, there is here on the table an extract from an article that appeared last June in a prominent and responsible German newspaper, the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, one often quoted for its statements on international and war affairs. In its way the article represents one of the most remarkable examples of German thought, reasoning, and intention that these four ghastly years of war have yielded us. Seeking for any good that may underlie the heap of bad in the Germans, we come upon this, and desist from the task, resolving that the Germans are impossible, that they need generations of purification before they can sit at the table of the

nations again. Paris has taken the attacks upon her with a marvellous insouciance and cheerfulness. She has cared, of course, for she is Paris; but she has not feared. Yet when Parisians heard of this and read it they were chilled. It was not reproduced in any French or British newspaper; there is a limit to horror such as this, even in exposing the enemy. But a neutral nation took it up, and in a Spanish daily newspaper of the first rank I read a translation which was presented to its readers as a marvel of the time. The German newspapers just then were occupying themselves much with particulars about Paris, feeling that it was falling into their grasp. The newspaper just mentioned headed its article with the words, 'If Paris were Destroyed,' and the writer proceeded to ask and answer the question as to whether or not humanity would lose anything if the destruction of the city were effected. 'The city of Paris is being spoken of,' said this man. 'Our long-range guns send a warning to the Parisians of what they may expect. The French press begins to speak of the barbarians, the Huns, the Vandals, whose criminal idea it appears to be to dishonour humanity, threatening the capital of civilisation. But is it the case that Paris represents such a splendid treasury? Actually there are in Paris only two monuments worthy of being taken into consideration—the Sainte Chapelle, which is far from being as valuable as some of the churches of Trèves, and the cathedral of Notre Dame. As to the Gothic monuments, these being of the German style, there are better examples in Strasburg, Cologne, and Ghent. Apart from those two churches, Paris preserves only gross imitations of the Italian Renaissance. The Panthéon is nothing but a copy of a Roman temple; the Vendôme Column is a pallid imitation of the Trajan Column; the Louvre is a conglomeration of Italian pieces. In Paris there is absolutely nothing that cannot be found in a very superior, more original, and nobler form in Italy and Greece. Therefore, if Paris should disappear from the face of the earth, the architecture of the world would not find itself much impoverished, and all the declarations of the French press will not persuade us that the light of the world will disappear if the last lamp of Paris should be extinguished.' That is what the Germans said, and the Spanish commentator remarked that, apart from the absurdity of the statements, the attitude of the man who could not see in Paris anything more than architecture was frankly repulsive. 'With him,' said the Spaniard, 'History, Art, Science, Tradition, Life, stand for absolutely nothing.' . . . But Paris lives free; it has been saved.



## A DAUGHTER DEFIANT.

PART II.—*continued.*

## VIII.

SUDDENLY the throb of the music faded away, and in its place came that which sounded to their listening ears like a muffled explosion. Alfaro sprang to his feet and stood in a strained, listening attitude. Again came the ominous sound. Dieguez ran to the door and opened it. Mingled with a draught of tepid night-air was the unmistakable crash of a volley, and in its wake the barely audible, yet strangely alarming, sound of many voices raised in terror.

With an oath on his lips, Dieguez turned, beckoning to Alfaro. 'Come!' he said, as he fumbled with the lock of the door. The moment was one for instant action. Jack wheeled round in time to see Alfaro reaching down to pick up the loaded revolver from the table. With a lightning-like movement Jack snatched up the weapon, and with all the weight of his body he sent the table crashing into his enemy. Then, swinging round, he aimed at Dieguez and fired, barely in time to prevent that individual from closing and locking the door. Through the obscuring cloud of smoke they saw the general stagger, clutch his side, and fall face forward into the room.

'Come quickly, Rosa,' said Jack, catching her by the arm and rushing her to the door. Alfaro had risen from the floor, and came running towards them. He reached the door almost as soon as they did, but Jack, giving Rosa a last push through the opening, spun round and caught Alfaro a blow on the chest that sent him reeling back into the room. Before he could recover his balance, Jack slammed the door and turned the key in the lock. Slipping the key into his pocket, he turned to the girl, who stood leaning, white-faced, against the wall.

'Now, dear girl, pull yourself together,' said Jack. 'I wonder what all the shooting is about!' as another volley shook the building.

'The people must have risen, and the soldiers are firing on them,' she gasped.

'Well, we must get out of here,' said Jack. 'I only hope our horses are somewhere handy. Let me see; we came down these steps and crossed a courtyard. Come along, and keep as close to me as you can.'

Mounting the stairs, they went along the narrow passage, at the end of which they were confronted by two doors. Jack thought he remembered the one by which they came in. The handle turned in his grasp, and opening it a fraction, he peeped into the yard. Voices warned them that danger lay in that direction. Jack again recognised the voice of Teniente Muñoz, who doubtless was coming to inform Alfaro of

the insurrection—if such it was. Closing the door again, Jack felt for the key, which luckily chanced to be on their side of the door. He turned it in the lock just in the nick of time to prevent Muñoz from entering.

Having locked one of his opponents inside and the other out, Jack now turned his attention to the second door. Opening it cautiously, he discovered a flight of stairs leading upwards. He hesitated, but only for a moment. Some one was trying to force the other door. 'Break it open,' said the voice of Muñoz.

'Let's try the stairs,' suggested Rosa in a whisper.

'All right,' said Jack; 'but go easy until we see what's at the top of them.'

He went ahead of her. The pungent smell of newly fired ammunition greeted their nostrils as they mounted. About half-way up, a crash warned them that the door behind them was being forced. When Jack's eyes came on a level with the head of the stairs they looked directly into the great marble-paved court of the building, and beyond it into the ballroom. A group of men in uniform filled the arched opening, and beyond them he distinguished, through the smoke-laden atmosphere, a number of the guests herded together like a flock of sheep. Shepherding them stood a soldier with fixed bayonet. In the middle of the court a tall, distinguished-looking officer was talking to a white-bearded gentleman, whom Jack at once recognised as his old friend and lawyer, Hermojenes Trujillo. Sentries stood on guard at the different exits.

For a few moments Jack and Rosa stood drinking in the scene, the significance of which was to them a mystery. The crash of splintering woodwork told them that Muñoz had succeeded in gaining an entrance to the passage below, and a moment later footsteps warned them that some one was mounting the stairs. Jack's fighting instinct tempted him to await his enemies and give them a warm reception. But, on the other hand, Rosa's presence and the danger she ran prompted him to follow the saner course of advancing boldly into the court along with his beautiful companion, confident that the presence of his friend Trujillo would ensure them a kind reception.

It was no time to hesitate; so, drawing Rosa's arm through his own, he stepped into the court, and boldly advanced to where Trujillo stood conversing with the tall officer.

'Aha, Mr Selby!' shouted the old gentleman, as he caught sight of them; 'so there you are at last! Come here and be introduced to my good friend and *compadre*, General Vasquez, who, I

fancy, has arrived just in the nick of time to save you and your charming companion'—bowing to the señorita—'from some very unpleasant experiences. Am I not right?'

'You bet you are, Don Hermojenes,' said Jack. 'But please be good enough to explain what all this shooting is about.'

'That is very soon done,' said the other. 'General Vasquez, at the head of the Government troops from off the *Almirant Silva*, by making a forced march, has executed a very clever *coup de guerre*—in which I played a very minor part—and has completely turned the tables on your enemy, Ex-President Alfaro.—I make no apologies to you, señorita, for thus referring to your so-called parent, for the simple reason that he was your father by adoption only—a fact which he carefully suppressed in order to get control of the Dolores mine, which, as you know, was bequeathed to you by your mother.'

'I have often suspected as much,' said Rosa, 'for I have never felt the slightest affection towards Don Jacinto—quite the contrary, in fact. But you must tell me all about it at some more opportune time, Señor Trujillo.'

'I shall be delighted to do so, señorita. But, meanwhile, can either of you enlighten us as to the whereabouts of Alfaro and General Dieguez? Their disappearance is the one thing which is troubling my friend General Vasquez, for he had hoped to lay hands on them, and so prevent them causing further bloodshed.'

'Why, I guess I can put you wise, general,' drawled Jack, taking a key from his pocket and handing it to the soldier. 'Here's the key to the situation. Down that stair—first turning to the right—there you will find the Ex-President, very much alive, and the Ex-Vice-President, very much the opposite.'

With an exclamation of delighted surprise, General Vasquez took the key, and calling a young officer, told him to take a picket of soldiers and bring Alfaro into his presence. A few minutes later the erstwhile President was led ignominiously before the general.

To say that Alfaro was crestfallen is to put it mildly. But there was still plenty of venom in the glance he cast at Jack and the girl who had passed as his daughter.

General Vasquez regarded him sternly. 'So,'

he said, 'this is the gentleman who thought to overthrow the existing Government, and constitute himself Dictator, in order, doubtless, to enrich himself at the expense of the people. A very pretty little plot, Señor Ex-President Don Jacinto Alfaro, had it succeeded; but a rather expensive one for you, since it has failed. Have you anything to say for yourself? Speak up and let the people hear it.—Teniente, withdraw the sentry and summon Alfaro's friends, so that they may be present at this, his trial, before I pass judgment upon him.'

It might have been a scene from medieval times. The gay, fantastic costumes of the guests as they trooped into the marble-paved court; the sentries in their faded blue uniforms, grimly alert—these were the supernumeraries, as it were, in the massing of the scene. And as *dramatis personæ*, the tall, commanding figure of General Vasquez, the venerable, white-bearded Trujillo, and the beautiful señorita in her dark-blue, close-fitting costume, leaning on the arm of the bronzed, khaki-clad American.

But the central figure in the scene, upon which every eye was turned, was that of the would-be Dictator and Ex-President, Alfaro, who stood facing his accusers, beaten, yet still defiant. But why dwell upon the downfall of one who, however much he may have deserved it, was perhaps less to be blamed than pitied as the victim of the scheming brain and vindictive character with which Nature had endowed him? So at least both Rosa Alfaro and Jack Selby seemed to think; for, when General Vasquez would have passed sentence of death on the Ex-President, he refrained from doing so at the intercession of the señorita and her fiancé.

How Alfaro managed to shift the blame for the revolution on to the shoulders of the dead General Dieguez, and how he lived to foment another rebellion, is another story.

Rosa's ownership of the mine having been fully established, the deed of sale transferring the property to the Gold-Mines Consolidated was duly executed, as was also a quiet wedding at which the venerable Señor Hermojenes Trujillo played the part of the heavy father, and the distinguished General Vasquez that of best man, to the eminent satisfaction of every one concerned.

THE END.

## THE AMAZING EEL

By CHARLES RAY.

THERE would seem to be very little that is romantic about the common eel of our rivers and lakes, although the poets have sung of it again and again. Pope and Keats both speak of 'the silver eel,' and many of the lesser men follow in their train, so that it has become quite a prominent creature in verse. The Greeks and

the Romans thought nothing of it as an object for nature study, but in their admiration for it as a dish for a royal feast they went to absurd lengths; and farther back still the Egyptians deified the eel, and actually accorded it divine honours.

Whatever may be thought of the eel as a

subject for literature, however, there is no doubt that in natural history it is one of the most romantic of all creatures. In fact, it is only during the last few years that its amazing life-history has been known. We catch an eel in a stream or a pond or even in an old well, and it seems to have lived there all its life, and to be essentially a creature of the inland waters. But it is a mighty traveller, and that eel, like every one of its fellows, was a few years ago living away in the depths of the Atlantic Ocean, far below any range to which man can penetrate.

So mysterious a fellow is the common eel that the ancients came to the conclusion that he must generate spontaneously from the mud and slime of rivers. No one then had ever found the eggs of the eel, and no one, indeed, has ever found them yet. Step by step, here a little and there a little, during the past quarter of a century, men of science have been finding out something about the eel and its strange habits, and by assembling the fragments as in the construction of a mosaic, we are now able to know what the life-story of the eel really is.

It has, of course, long been known that eels migrate from the rivers to the sea, though only in recent times has the full extent of this migration been realised. They go down the streams and rivers until they come to the sea, and in their journey, if they are stopped by any barrier, they climb up banks and weirs, squirm across wet fields and through ditches, making a bee-line for the next body of water, which they evidently find out by some unerring instinct. These land journeys are carried out at night, and in the course of their travels the eels snap up frogs and rats and even young ducks, for they are most voracious feeders.

Nature has given the eel a wonderful provision for its overland journeys, so that it can live for a long period without water. It has the power of distending the skin on each side of the head so as to form two swellings or pouches, and before leaving the river or pond it fills these with water for the journey, and is thus enabled to keep its gills moist. We can perform an interesting experiment in connection with this ingenious apparatus by taking an eel from the water, leaving it in a dry place for some time, and then putting its head into a basin of water. The eel will at once take two or three gulps and restock its reservoir.

In one way and another the eel at last gets to the mouth of the river, but it does not stop there. On and on it goes till it gets out into the deep Atlantic, away far beyond the Irish coast, hundreds of miles from land. It travels along the bed of the ocean till it reaches a depth of half a mile or more, and there it mates, and there the female lays her spawn with an enormous pressure of water above, such as would crush a man to pulp. In these depths the eggs are hatched out.

But here again is another wonderful thing about the eel which has only been discovered in recent years. The offspring that are born are not at first eels at all, but little, flat, leaf-shaped fish that are almost as transparent as glass. In fact, if several of them are put into a tumbler of sea-water and held up to the light, it is extremely difficult to see them, owing to their transparency, which extends even to their blood.

These little fish had long been known to men of science, who never dreamt they had any connection with the eels, but thought they formed a genus or family of their own, and named them *leptocephali*, which means thin or small head. One day, however, a naturalist watching one of these fish in an aquarium in France saw it gradually get narrower and narrower, until its body became cylindrical and opaque; and, lo! there swam a little eel. The news flew over the world, and scientists everywhere investigated the matter. At last the researches of two Italian naturalists, Grassi and Calandruccio, proved clearly that the *leptocephalus*, or little, transparent, leaf-shaped fish, was not a special kind of fish at all, but really the young of an eel in a very early stage of its existence, in somewhat the same way as a tadpole is a young frog, and a caterpillar or a chrysalis an earlier stage of the butterfly. The Italians were able to investigate the matter better than men of other lands, because the Mediterranean gets deep very near the coast, and the *leptocephalus* was found in great numbers at a depth of two thousand feet not a great distance from land.

When the *leptocephali* change into young eels about two inches long, they begin to leave the sea and move towards the land. Making their way into the estuaries of rivers, they come up in millions, so closely packed that they may be taken out of the water in thousands with a bucket. This incoming of the young eels from the sea has been known for centuries, and is called the 'eel-fare' or eel-journeing. The young eels are called elvers, which is really a corruption of 'eel-fare.'

The rushing of the eels up the rivers does not take place in the same month in all countries of the same latitude. The nearer the countries are to the Atlantic, the earlier do their rivers swarm with eels. Ireland, for instance, receives them about the month of November or December, while Denmark does not get them till April or May.

Wherever the eel may be found, in stream or pool or lake, in the midland counties, even hundreds of miles from the nearest sea, and a long distance from any river, it must have come from the deep ocean, for only there can eels breed; they have never been induced to breed in captivity or in fresh water. It is interesting to note that these curious fish are found in the upper reaches of the Thames; but since the river has been used for commercial and industrial

purposes and has become polluted, they do not travel up from the estuary. It is, therefore, supposed that they find their way into the upper reaches of the Thames by means of tributary streams, into which they get from other rivers or by cross-country journeys. Curiously enough, eels do not breed in the Black Sea, and therefore the Danube is an eelless river. Now and again, however, a few stray eels are taken there, and it is believed that they find their way into the upper part of the Danube from the Rhine by way of canals and small streams.

As to their up-river journeys, a writer, Mr St John, has given the following account of some young eels which he himself saw ascending the river Findhorn in Scotland: 'When they came to a fall which they could not possibly ascend, they wriggled out of the water, and gliding along the rock close to the edge, where the stone was constantly wet from the splashing and spray of the fall, they made their way up till they got above the difficulty, and then again slipping into the water, continued their course.'

Up to comparatively recent times it was supposed that the silver eels and the yellow eels were distinct species, but it has been found that the silver eel is really a yellow eel which has donned its courting-dress, in the same way as a bird at the nesting-season puts on a brighter plumage. The females are generally seven or eight years old before they become silver eels, but the male puts on this gala-dress at five or six. If, by any chance, an eel is quite unable to leave the well or moat where it happens to be, it becomes very restless, and the silver skin is only partially assumed. The females are usually larger than the males, and some eels

attain very great size. Frank Buckland mentions one that weighed eight and three-quarter pounds, and another, the largest he ever examined, which nearly turned the scale at ten pounds.

The eel, having to live among mud and stones, needs some special protection for its eyes, and this it has in a wonderful eyeglass, formed, as Buckland has pointed out, by the ordinary scale-covered skin of the head, just at the point where it passes over the eye, taking the form of a thin but strong transparent membrane, which makes an excellent guard.

The eel is not thought so much of in this country as on the Continent, and the Germans, with their usual foresight, some years ago stocked their rivers with young eels obtained from England. It was in 1905 that the Kaiser's Government sent an official of the Fisheries Department at Berlin to Gloucester to make enormous purchases of elvers from the river Severn. Hundreds of thousands of these young eels were collected in England and taken to Germany, where they were distributed in the various rivers which had hitherto been poorly supplied. Once they have peopled a river that communicates with suitable breeding-places, successive generations of eels are said to return thither, provided conditions are favourable, and the Germans are no doubt now reaping the harvest resulting from their foresight a dozen years ago.

Much more might be written about this wonderful creature, but sufficient has been said to show what a romance surrounds its whole life; and the next time we see an eel in stream or pond or ditch, let us remember that some years before it was living away in the depths of the ocean, many miles from the nearest shore.

## ONE MAN'S MEAT.

### A FOOD STORY.

By CLARA I. MARTIN.

#### I.

**FOOD-HOARDING** was in the air of the little West-Country town, and portly Mr Penperrow, great as auctioneer and Mayor of Avalon, greater as head of the local Food Control Committee, was having 'the time of his life.' That, of course, was not how he put it; it was the bitter comment of Sir Jasper Carew, Bart., justly incensed at having had to disgorge a stock of eatables which he had complacently thought would carry him and his large household to the end of any war. The affair had made quite a sensation in the West Country. It had been referred to in a London paper; while the local news-sheet called Mr Penperrow 'our industrious investigator and true patriot,' going on to compare him to Robin Hood, for Sir Jasper Carew

was not popular in Avalon. Several smaller and less noteworthy cases had followed; but lately there had been a lull, and Mr Penperrow sighed for fresh hoards to conquer.

Now in his own room at the Food Office, leaning well back in his chair, legs outstretched, thumbs in armholes, he conferred with two of his henchmen.

'About this Miss Kinsella, now. You think she hoards, eh?'

'Well, 'tain't in natur' that a woman—or two, for that matter—should live on air,' replied Amos Moore slowly. 'Once a month she comes down-along to town here, an', by all we'm hearin', don't spend a pound then.'

'An' fruit an' greenstuff, an' trash o' that sort, she gets,' chimed in his crony, Tom Barron, in deliberate tones, 'wi' a little bit o' meat you

could put in your eye, so Brawn do tell me. I tried a chat wi' the maid, an' a vitty piece she be, but furrin tongues do put a man about. When I be seekin' for information, I d'low I do want it give me in English.'

'Ha!' Mr Penperrow pricked up his ears. 'A foreign maid, you say? Not German, I hope?'

'Eye-talian, they do tell me down at police-station. I couldn't rightly sort one lingo from t'other myself.'

'An' what we'm thinking is two women must live on something.' Amos Moore was a man of one idea. 'Stands to reason, if she don't buy, hoard she must, an' I say go up-along to Moor Cottage an' squinty.'

'Yes—yes. She's Lord Glencoe's sister-in-law,' mused Mr Penperrow doubtfully. 'Lived with him in Italy till the war. He may send her provisions.'

'Not by post, nor yet by carrier,' declared Amos, whose mind was not so slow as his tongue.

'Well, as you say, Amos, the woman must eat something. There's a garden, perhaps? I don't know the place—never been past it in my life. The road up there is terribly bad for motors.'

'There be a garden,' admitted Tom, 'wi' a fine show o' cabbage, an' a bit o' glass, an' poultry a-cluckin' all over place in one carner. But cabbage an' chicken'—His tone was scornful in the extreme.

'Well, men, go up to-morrow. Be very civil, but find out what she's got. And come and report to me here.'

## II.

To Amos and Tom's chagrin, their search revealed nothing—nothing hoardable, at least. Miss Kinsella, a stately lady of fifty, with a firm but humorous mouth, and exquisite manners, received them with icy civility, opened cupboards and drawers, conducted them herself from cellar to garret; but from the potatoes in one to the apples in the other, nothing to satisfy the searchers came to light. Her store cupboard was full, indeed; but on the shelves stood jams, bottled fruit, bottled vegetables, olive-oil, chutnies, pickles, salad-dressings, sauces—'All kinds o' sauces, wi'out a bit o' solid to put 'em to,' as the exasperated searchers reported to their chief. He listened with mouth down-drawn at the corners, as disappointed as they.

'No rationed foods at all?' he asked incredulously.

'Pound or two o' sugar, a pound o' butter, not so much as a smell o' bacon, an' no tea—only coffee. Two women wi'out a bit o' tea. I calls it un-Christian,' said Tom, with heat.

'Said she left it for those who liked it, preferrin' coffee herself,' growled Amos; 'an' not a scrap o' butcher's meat. We'm feelin' fools.'

'It comes to this. She's cleverer than we thought,' said Mr Penperrow, with asperity; 'but I'll have her yet.'

'“I live on fruit and greenstuff mostly, as the Eye-talians do,” she says,’ grumbled Amos, ‘an’ spoke as if we’m fools not to do the like. An’ that maid followin’ us round, noddin’ like a graven image an’ showin’ all her white teeth at us. An’ throw a kiss after us leavin’, she did, an’ we’m respectable married men.’

'Well, men, we can do nothing more now,' said Mr Penperrow to his discomfited lieutenants. 'But I'll have her yet,' he declared, bringing a large red fist down with a thump on the office table. 'Keep your eyes open.'

'Ay, we'll keep a sharp lookout up-along,' agreed the two.

With this vindictive resolve they parted.

## III.

News flies fast in country districts. The next morning an elate Sir Jasper Carew rode up to Moor Cottage. He swept off his hat to its mistress sitting on the veranda.

'Good-day, good-day! Hear you've got Penperrow on toast,' he called exultantly.

'Indeed?' replied Miss Kinsella, advancing to the gate, tall and stately. 'I was not aware of it.'

'Why—why, he *found* nothing, I heard!' The baronet had dismounted, and his small eyes peered up at Miss Kinsella. 'The town's full of it. His men searched all day, found nothing, and he's like a bear with a sore head, and swears he'll find your hidey-hole before he's done.'

He laughed his high nickering laugh, shaking his thin shoulders.

Miss Kinsella's dark eyes snapped. Outwardly serene, she was a very angry woman, and her anger was not all for Mr Penperrow.

'They found nothing because there was nothing to find,' she replied in even tones. "Like master, like man." Elena told me the two men he sent here made some remark of that kind as they left. I thought the business ended with that one day's search. But I see I shall have to take steps to convince Mr Penperrow I spoke the truth when I said I did not hoard—possibly to convince others.' Her dark eyes looked full into his small light ones, which fell before them.

'Well, I wish you joy of your tussle with Penperrow,' he remarked, turning to his mount. He had come to chuckle with a fellow-sinner, not to have her ride the high horse over him. Then his vindictiveness broke bounds. 'To think that a greasy, gobbling auctioneer can give his orders to you and me,' he spluttered, 'and gorge as he likes himself—fat, red, guzzling brute! I may have had stores—I kept within my rations—but he—meat suppers—meat teas'—He hurled himself into the saddle.

'Then you think he is not too careful over his own rations?' inquired the lady with interest.

'Think! If I searched his larder and stores'—He shook a powerless fist in the direction of Avalon, saluted, and galloped off.

Miss Kinsella went thoughtfully back to the veranda.

A few days later Amos and Tom were hailed by Mr Penperrow from his car.

'We've got her,' he cried, waving a note exultantly. 'I'm invited to Moor Cottage to spend the week-end. Wants my advice on all these food questions. I'm off up there now to give it her.'

He grinned, and an answering grin appeared on the faces of his lieutenants.

'Well, that's vitty,' declared Amos. 'But go careful. She be an upstandin' female.'

'Mayhap she'm thinkin' to show you where she do hide stuff,' suggested Tom hopefully.

'Thinks to curry favour, more likely; but she'll find soft-sawder won't blind me,' said Mr Penperrow boastfully. 'I'll come back wiser, or my name's not John Solomon Penperrow. I'll see what she lives on.—Right, Cobley,' to his chauffeur.—'See you Monday at four.'

And the 'industrious investigator' was whirled away towards the sunset.

#### IV.

Miss Kinsella impressed her guest almost uncomfortably. She lived in Moor Cottage, rented (as he well knew) at ten pounds a year, but she was a great lady. She received him in state and her best gown, which, like herself, was pleasant to look at, but imposing. She chatted agreeably, and food might not have existed, so completely was it ignored.

Miss Kinsella meant to please, and she had taken the measure of greater men than her present guest in days not long past.

'Pon my word, an exceedingly well-informed woman,' said Mr Penperrow to himself at the end of his dissertation upon the war.

Then a thrill of excitement ran through him, for the pretty maid appeared on the threshold, smiling brightly as she murmured something in Italian. His hostess rose, saying graciously as she led the way, 'I hope our moorland air has not made you very hungry, for my evening meal is a light one.'

'Quite enough, I'm sure, for me, madam,' declared her guest, seating himself. 'I always make my heavy meal in the middle of the day, too.'

Miss Kinsella's eyes twinkled as she bent her graceful head in assent.

The meal was a light one—soup, a dish of macaroni, and a salad. Rising, Mr Penperrow felt that he might as well not have sat down. He groaned within himself to think he had not even brought a flask and a few biscuits—and to-morrow was Sunday. What a fool he had been! But he cheered himself. 'The woman

must have something for Sunday dinner.' She had not—nothing, at least, that counted as 'something' in Mr Penperrow's eyes. For the first time in his life he passed a Sunday afternoon without that comfortable drowsy feeling of repletion he associated with the day. He felt as Tom had felt about the lack of tea—it was un-Christian.' He could not have chatted amicably with his hostess, so made his escape to the moor.

As he strolled there after that unsatisfying meal, he began to believe that Miss Kinsella had spoken the truth. He didn't believe she hoarded, after all. If she had hoarded, she certainly did not use them. Her meals were Spartan in their simplicity, and Italian in their cooking.

'Smell so good as may be, and you eat a couple of platefuls, and in half-an-hour after you might have had nothing at all,' groaned Mr Penperrow to himself. He groaned again, remembering he had told Cobley not to bring the car till three to-morrow. Another midday mockery of salad, fruit, and macaroni, washed down with light Italian wine, must yet be gone through, and already he felt empty beyond belief. He looked down on the distant smoke of Avalon with hungry longing. Ah, to be there! Sunday supper was a satisfying and savoury meal. Ten miles was a longer walk than he had taken for years, and he felt absolutely weak, but he began to revolve the possibility. Ten miles on foot, but then a meal!—

'What lovely air!' said Miss Kinsella behind him. 'Avalon looks quite pretty from here. I've come out to get an appetite for supper too.'

#### V.

Mr Penperrow could not sleep that night, he was so hungry. Never had he greeted a day with more gladness than the Monday that dawned fresh and fine, the day that would take him from Moor Cottage.

'The sun smiles on your last day here,' said his hostess graciously.

Mr Penperrow muttered something about all pleasant things having an end, and wished he had ordered the car for twelve. His hostess looked at him, and her eyes twinkled.

'Would you mind sitting on the veranda this morning?' she inquired. 'To-day my charwoman comes, and in our tiny household that is an important event. I fear I shall be too busy to be with you much this morning, but you shall have the paper as soon as she brings it.'

He readily acquiesced. There at least he could smoke.

The charwoman arrived. He heard her welcomed by Miss Kinsella.

'And you've brought your dinner with you, Mrs Brown? That's right. Put it on the kitchen stove; it will stew there nicely.'

The kitchen window stood open at the end of

the veranda, and presently a savoury odour greeted Mr Penperrow's nostrils. He put down his paper and sniffed. Yes, it was *meat*! Upstairs he heard cheerful voices, and pattering to and fro. Miss Kinsella directed, now in Italian, now in English. The paper dropped at Mr Penperrow's feet unheeded. He stole round to the kitchen door. No one was there, but on the stove simmered an Irish stew.

'A lot of meat there—she'll never miss a bit,' he thought. The table was laid for a meal. Almost unconsciously his hand stole to a fork. He jabbed, and a steaming morsel entered his mouth. Delicious, but too hot. He jabbed again; then, with his mouth full, his eyes watering, he lifted the pot to the table, and with the aid of fork and spoon devoured the charwoman's dinner.

Guilty, abashed, a thief, Mr John Solomon Penperrow, J.P., stole out on the moor, and tried to walk away from his accusing conscience. He felt—*full*. Oh, the satisfaction of it! The sun shone down.

## VI.

At a safe distance from the cottage he sank into a dimple in the dry, springy heather, and lost all sense of both guilt and satisfaction in sleep. He woke to find the sun lower in the heavens, to realise that it was long past lunch-time, and—yes, that was his car waiting at the door. He must go back and say goodbye to that terrible woman; but then he was free.

Miss Kinsella was far from angry. She stood at the door, a bright-coloured Italian handkerchief twisted round her iron-gray hair, and looked gay and handsome and amused—very much amused. He thought he heard chuckles from the kitchen. He felt uncommonly like the small urchin before the severe schoolmistress, but he faced her like a man.

"Bread eaten in secret is pleasant," quoted Miss Kinsella, her dark eyes dancing.

'So—you *knew*?' he stammered.

'She saw you,' gurgled Miss Kinsella.

Another burst of laughter came from the kitchen.

'I'm sorry, ma'am—exceedingly sorry,' said the burly sinner. 'The fact is—I confess I don't keep within the rations so well as you do, and—I was uncommonly hungry.'

For an instant a flash of pity crossed the lady's face; then she smiled again.

'You've made your confession, Mr Penperrow; so listen to mine. I don't always dine quite so lightly as we've done for the past three days, but I always live largely on food that is despised and often wasted in this country. I keep within my rations, and—I don't hoard, Mr Penperrow.' She looked him full in the face, and his eyes fell.

'I'm sure of that, and I'm sorry. I can't say more.'

'Elena! Elena! Bring those birds.—These have been hanging in an outhouse since Saturday, and to show you forgive me my little revenge, you are going to take them with you for supper to-night.' A brace of plump grouse were handed to the grinning chauffeur.

Mr Penperrow thrust a tip into Elena's hand, and, turning, gave a small piece of paper to her mistress. 'For the charwoman,' he explained.

'Oh, Mr Penperrow! was it worth all this?' cried Miss Kinsella.

'It was,' said he stoutly.

'If you'll trust me for next Sunday's dinner, it shall be different from the last,' said she, smiling as she shook hands.

Mr Penperrow dived into his car. 'Home, Cobley,' he said, and a murmur of thanks and excuses was borne on the breeze as he was whirled away.

'I really like the man,' Miss Kinsella declared aloud. 'But—I don't think there'll be quite so much searching for hoards in this part of the country in the future, and perhaps a little more keeping within rations by the Food Controller himself. I wonder whether he'll come next Sunday.'

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

## THE WORLD'S WATER-POWER.

NOW that fuel of all kinds has become so much more costly than it was, and is never again likely to be obtainable at pre-war prices, the inhabitants of nearly all civilised countries are taking an increased interest in other sources of power, of which the most promising is water. A preliminary report of the Committee of the Conjoint Board of Scientific Societies appointed 'to report on what is at present being done to ascertain the amount and distribution of water-power in the British Empire,' of which an abridg-

ment recently appeared in *Nature*, contains some interesting matter bearing upon this subject. A rough estimate gives the total amount of power used throughout the world as one hundred and twenty million horse-power, of which twenty-four millions are employed for the propulsion of ships, leaving ninety-six millions for factories and railways, which could be worked by water-power if that were available. Of this ninety-six million horse-power, thirteen millions are said to be used in the United Kingdom, and six millions in the British Dominions and Dependencies. The estimated horse-power available

from hydraulic sources in various countries is given in a table, together with the amounts already developed, and other data. From these we learn that Great Britain has available some nine hundred and sixty-three thousand horse-power, though this estimate is considered by *Nature* to be much too high. According to a 1915 estimate, only eighty thousand horse-power has hitherto been developed. The waters of Canada are also capable of yielding far more power than is at present demanded of them, nearly twenty-seven million horse-power being available, while only about three and a half millions are as yet developed. Germany is far and away the most go-ahead country as regards development, over 43 per cent. of her nearly one and a half million horse-power being utilised, against a little over 8 per cent. in this country—the lowest of all except Russia, which employs only 5 per cent. of her resources. During the past ten years great progress has been made in the manufacture of nitrates from the air by means of water-power, some four hundred thousand horse-power being thus employed in Norway alone. Owing to the probable future exhaustion of natural nitrate deposits, and the increasing demand for nitrates throughout the world's wheat and cotton growing areas, it is thought that their manufacture from the air must be greatly extended. In Canada the water-power available is amply sufficient for this purpose, as her requirements, when all her cultivable land is cultivated, are estimated at ten million tons, which could be produced by three and a third million horse-power. Among the conclusions arrived at by the Committee are (1) that fifty to seventy million horse-power are available from the hydraulic resources of the British Empire, (2) that much of this could be economically developed at once, and (3) that the development of such enormous possibilities should be carried out under the guidance of some competent authority.

#### ABOLISHING A STEAMER'S TELL-TALE SMOKE-TRAIL.

Every one who has been a sea-voyage is familiar with the fact that the smoke of an approaching steamer is seen long before the vessel herself comes into view. This fact is taken full advantage of by the German submarines when hunting for their quarry. If discharged upwards from a steamer's funnel, smoke is said to rise, under favourable conditions, to a height of one hundred and fifty feet, where it forms an excellent indication, visible over a wide area, of the ship's whereabouts. It may be said that the masts of large vessels extend to the same height. This is certainly true, though 'standard ships' have hinged masts, which fold down into a horizontal position. But the tops of masts are much more difficult to distinguish than a trail of black smoke. Assum-

ing the eye of the observer, or the periscope of a submarine, to be fifteen feet above the water, a smoke-cloud one hundred and fifty feet high would be visible for over eighteen miles all round the vessel, whereas the top of a funnel sixty feet high would not be visible at a greater distance than thirteen miles, and even then it would not be easily seen. Moreover, with the apparatus we are about to describe there is no reason why the upper part of the funnel should not be hinged and folded down, thereby still further reducing the range of visibility. The apparatus referred to consists of a horizontal pipe fixed across the ship at the base of the funnel, into which it opens. The last twenty feet or so at each end of the pipe are inclined downwards to the side of the vessel, where the ends terminate just above the deck. A high-pressure water-spray is fitted in each pipe at the turn, and these sprays tend to blow the contents of the pipe down on to the surface of the sea. When a damper in the funnel just above the pipe is closed, the smoke is drawn into the pipe by the suction of the sprays, and is discharged at the sides of the vessel, the sprays effectively cooling the hot gases, so that they have no tendency to rise. A damper is fitted at each end of the pipe, by means of which the exit on the windward side may be shut off, so that the smoke is always discharged on the leeward side, where the wind carries it away from the ship. The draught caused by the water-sprays more than compensates for the loss of height by shutting off the upper part of the funnel. In fact, the sprays have the effect of forcing the fires—no inconsiderable advantage when a vessel is being chased by a submarine. This interesting and valuable device was invented by Sir Alfred (then Mr) Yarrow, a great many years ago for the purpose of rendering torpedo-boats less easily visible to enemy ships, and he has now generously granted the right to use it, without fee or reward, to all who are fighting against the Hun.

#### STRANGE FOODS FOR THE FARMYARD.

The shortage of feeding-stuffs for animals has been much more pronounced in Germany and Scandinavia than in Great Britain; hence these countries have made every effort to utilise all possible sources of fodder. Some account of what has been done in this direction recently appeared in the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture*, from which we learn that heather, bracken, seaweed, reeds, and many other products of the vegetable kingdom not usually eaten have been pressed into service. In Germany the leaves and flowers stripped from the stalks of heather and ground up are mixed with molasses and albuminous material for fattening pigs, while horses and cattle are fed on the still green stalks after they are ground and mixed with molasses. In Sweden, Denmark,

and Austria, also, heather is used as fodder, its food value, if gathered in the early flowering stage, being said to be half that of hay. Army horses in Sweden have also been fed on bracken, which they will eat dry; but the results are not so good as with heather. After being dried and roasted, bracken-roots are used extensively as a substitute for coffee. The root of a certain species of fern is employed in Austria for feeding pigs, as much as six shillings and threepence per metric hundredweight (about one hundred and ten pounds) being paid for these roots by the military authorities. Experiments made in France show that three pounds of dried preparation of seaweed picked up on the Breton coast have a food value equal to that of four pounds of oats; while horses fed on this dried seaweed recovered from an epidemic disease prevalent at the front. In France, Sweden, and Germany reeds and rushes are used as fodder, either ground up or in their raw state; and leaves, young shoots, and twigs are also being extensively utilised. Acorns and horse-chestnuts have long been known to possess high food values, but it is surprising to hear that even hazel-catkins and pine-needles can be used as fodder after suitable treatment.

#### LARGEST CRATER IN THE WORLD.

On the Alaska Peninsula, in a district almost unknown except to survey expeditions, is to be found the biggest volcanic crater in the world—that of Katmai. One of the most violent eruptions that have ever taken place blew off the entire summit of this mountain in 1912, and the results have been studied recently by expeditions of the American National Geographic Society under the leadership of Mr Robert F. Griggs, who gives a description of the devastated area in *Nature*. Before 1912 no eruption had taken place in the Katmai district since it was first occupied by white men. The original summit consisted of three peaks, the highest of which rose to seven thousand five hundred feet above the valley of the Katmai River. So violent was the eruption that the enormous mass of material blown off was reduced to dust and small débris, no pieces of pumice being found of more than a foot in length. The ashes, moreover, were blown to enormous distances, Kodiak, a hundred miles away, being covered a foot deep; while dust and fumes were met with at Victoria in British Columbia, a distance of over sixteen hundred miles. As already indicated, the crater produced is of huge dimensions, being three miles long and two and three-quarter miles wide. What makes it so particularly impressive, however, when compared with other craters, is its tremendous depth of three thousand seven hundred feet. The next largest crater—that of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands—is not much inferior in length and breadth, but has a depth of only five hundred feet. One of the

most remarkable effects of the eruption has been to produce hundreds of fissures in a series of valleys, covering an area of about seventy square miles, to the north of Mount Katmai. Innumerable volcanic vents occur along these fissures, from the tiniest jets to respectable volcanoes belching out columns of vapour which rise to more than a mile in height. This area is known as the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, and the expedition spent four weeks in exploring it. So hot was the ground that although one of the coolest spots was chosen for camping on, a thermometer rose to boiling-point at six inches below the surface. All vegetation has been destroyed, and in most places that fact would have caused the members of the expedition to be hard put to it to maintain fires for cooking their food. In this valley, however, it was found that culinary operations could be carried out well and expeditiously at one of the small jets. The neighbourhood is exceedingly difficult of access at present, and no one has been there except the members of the Geographic Society's expeditions. It is of such absorbing interest, however, that steps are being taken to render it more generally accessible.

#### FUTURE HOME-GROWN FOOD.

'The experience of the war has shown that the dependence of the United Kingdom on imported food has already involved the country in special difficulties, and in the future may become a source of real danger. We have found that it has increased the cost of the war, aggravated the difficult problem of regulating foreign exchange, and absorbed an undue proportion of the tonnage of the mercantile marine at a time when its services have been so sorely needed for other purposes. We are conscious also of the possibility of a development in the construction of submarines which in a future war might make impossible a continuous supply of food to the people of the United Kingdom from overseas. We hope and pray that the greater sanity of nations and their increased obedience to the Divine law may save our country from any repetition of the hideous catastrophe which has to-day overwhelmed Europe; but we can feel no positive assurance that this will be the case, and we do not think that we should be faithful to our trust for our descendants if we omitted to take any practicable measures to increase the national safety in a future time of need. . . . Burdened with a huge debt, the nation will be strongly interested in producing as much as possible of its food at home, in order that it may buy as little as possible abroad. Exhausted in man-power, it will find in the expansion of the rural population of these islands the best restorative of its vitality and creative energy.' The above excerpt is taken from a report recently issued by the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee of the

Reconstruction Committee, appointed in 1916 to consider the methods of increasing the supplies of home-grown food. In a later portion of the report there occurs another interesting passage which reads thus: 'It must be explained to landowners, farmers, and agricultural labourers alike that the experience of this war has shown that the methods and results of land management and of farming are matters involving the safety of the State, and are not of concern only to the interests of individuals.' The Sub-Committee recommend the fixing by the State of minimum wages for agricultural labourers and minimum prices for wheat and oats. 'Waste of good land on game or games' is said to be 'inconsistent with patriotism,' while the occupation of fat land for golf-links is strongly condemned. Rabbits also come in for adverse criticism, being referred to as 'a curse to both agriculture and forestry.' Perhaps the most revolutionary recommendation in the report is that, where necessary, managers should be appointed by the Board of Agriculture to manage such portions of private estates as can be utilised for the production of food. These managers are to have complete control, although their salaries are to be a charge on the estates concerned. If any profits accrue, they will be paid to the owners by the Board. Other recommendations concern rural cottages 'with ample gardens attached,' which are to be provided as soon as possible after the war; technical advice for farmers by a department of a reorganised Board of Agriculture; the education of women; and the reconstruction of social and industrial village life.

#### THE MAGNETO ELECTRIC TORCH.

In these pages for April 1917 reference was made to an electric torch for which the current was produced by a tiny dynamo worked by the thumb. This dynamo was similar in construction to a magneto, which has several important drawbacks when used in such a device. For instance, it is by no means efficient, being heavy, and needing an undue amount of power for the current generated as compared with other types of dynamo. Then the part which produces the current rotates, and the current has to be collected by rubbing contacts, which involve friction and extra power. Lastly, the thumb has not nearly so much power as a squeeze of the hand, in which all the fingers are brought into play. These drawbacks seem to have been completely overcome by a different form of dynamo, recently described in *Industriel Electrique*, but, unfortunately, not likely to be procurable in this country until after the war. In any dynamo it is immaterial whether the armature (the part in which the current is produced) is rotated and the magnets are stationary, or *vice versa*. Further, the magnets may be in the form of a horse-shoe, as in the ordinary magnet, or a number may be arranged radially

inside an iron ring, so that they are symmetrical and properly balanced. It is the latter form that is almost universal in commercial dynamos and motors. Now, although horse-shoe magnets could not be rotated round a stationary armature, this can be and is done with the ring forms in the improved electric torch, a method of producing permanent magnets of this shape having been devised by the inventor. The result is an efficient little dynamo with a stationary armature, and therefore having no rubbing contacts. Power is produced by the grip of the whole hand through a lever and a train of wheels, the speed of the magnets being three thousand four hundred revolutions a minute. The wheels run only while the lever is being squeezed in, a spring causing the lever, when the grip is relaxed, to come out again, where it takes a fresh grip of the first wheel by means of a ratchet. Meantime the magnets continue to spin by their own momentum.

#### REFLECTOR WHICH ECONOMISES ELECTRIC LIGHT.

In nearly all cases where electric lamps are used for indoor illumination, the light from them is wanted below the level of the source of the light, and any rays directed upwards are largely wasted. The ideal lamp would give evenly distributed illumination throughout the whole of the hemisphere below it, and none in the hemisphere above it. The former desideratum is almost completely fulfilled in an electric lamp when fitted with a reflector which has recently been put upon the market. The even distribution of the light is shown by the results of a test carried out at the National Physical Laboratory, in which the intensity of the degree of illumination was accurately measured from the horizontal to a point directly under the lamp, which hung vertically. The candle-power in a horizontal direction was slightly over twenty-nine, while vertically below the lamp about twenty-four and a half candle-power was obtained. At eight intermediate angles the highest and lowest candle-powers observed were a trifle over thirty-one and about twenty-four and a half respectively. The illumination of the lower hemisphere was, therefore, to all intents and purposes even all over. This result was in marked contrast to the figures obtained when the same lamp was tested without the reflector. These steadily decreased from just over twenty-nine candle-power in a horizontal direction to only four directly under the lamp. The reflector is of silvered glass, and somewhat resembles a shallow inverted saucer with a hole in the middle, through which, when the reflector is in position, the upper part of the electric lamp projects. It is put on before the lamp is pushed into the holder, and is kept in place by copper clips that grip the bulb lightly. The use of this shade should prove a real economy, as fewer lamps would be required if the maximum effect

was being obtained from every lamp in use. It may be noted that similar results are achieved by means of other types of silvered-glass reflectors, but these are more costly, and as a rule are not so easily applied.

#### OPENING OF A SHIP-CANAL AT SEATTLE.

According to a recent issue of the *Bulletin* of the National City Bank of New York, an important project for furthering the development of the busy port of Seattle has just been brought to a successful conclusion. The ship-canal uniting Lake Washington with the waters of Puget Sound, by way of Lake Union, is now open for traffic, and furnishes access to a vast non-tidal harbour, with ample frontage on the shores of Lake Washington for the erection of docks, wharves, and warehouses, which will be readily accessible from the city. Lake Washington is a fine fresh-water lake situated on the eastern side of Seattle. It is twenty-five miles long and four miles broad, and its surface being nine feet above that of Puget Sound at high tide, the canal is of necessity provided with locks. The chief lock is eight hundred and twenty-five feet long, eighty feet broad, and has a depth, when full, of fifty feet of water. Large ocean-going steamers pass through this lock in about twenty minutes; vessels of smaller dimensions go through a smaller lock in not more than half that time. The construction of a waterway along this particular route was first recommended by a Government engineer in the year 1856, but the commercial importance of Seattle at that date did not warrant such a formidable undertaking. With the growth of the city, however, the scheme was revived, and has now become an accomplished fact. The canal is eight miles long, one hundred feet wide, and thirty-six feet deep. The total cost, including locks, right-of-way, &c., was about a million pounds. The cost of the locks, which can accommodate larger vessels than any other in either North

or South America, except those of the Panamá Canal, was borne by the Government of the United States.

#### 'TUBULAR EARTHS' FOR LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

It is perhaps not generally known that an efficient lightning-conductor does its work in two ways. It not only receives the lightning-flash when it comes, and carries it safely to the earth, but it also tends to prevent the flash by neutralising the electricity of a passing thunder-cloud through the discharge of the opposite kind of electricity drawn from the earth. In order that the conductor may perform these two functions it is absolutely necessary that its lower end should be carried below the surface of the ground and kept in contact with moist earth. The usual method of trying to secure this is to attach the rod to a copper plate, which is then buried in the soil. This plan is quite effective at first, but in course of time, as the soil dries and shrinks, it ceases to be in contact with the plate, and the conductor no longer affords the desired protection. To obviate this defect, Mr Killingworth Hedges, M.Inst.C.E., the honorary secretary of the Lightning Research Committee, has designed and patented a new form of earth-connection, the 'tubular earth,' as it is called. A pipe terminating in a steel point is driven into the ground, and the lower end of the conductor is dropped to the bottom of the tube, which is then filled with granulated carbon. The carbon is kept damp by surface water trickling in, or by means of a small pipe communicating with the nearest rain-water spout. The adoption of this plan ensures the continued efficiency of the conductor, while the cost of installation is much less than that of a copper plate.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

## THE VOICE ABOVE.

By BART KENNEDY.

I SAT on the bench outside the inn, and looked up and down the one street of the little village. Everything was quiet. Everything seemed lifeless. No one was either going into or coming out of the few shops.

Of what possible interest could life be in such a place? I thought. Surely to be a dweller here was to be a dweller on the outside of things! It meant living in dullness and in silence. And the greatest town the world had ever known was but a matter of some thirty miles away! It was hard to realise it.

For a while I sat, waiting for some sign of life to turn up. And then I saw a little girl

coming up the sunlit street. Here at least was a person who was going forth on some quest or business. She came along on the side of the street where I was sitting, looking neither to right nor to left. She was a little maid of about five years old, and she carried a doll that had been in the rough and tumble of the wars. It had but one leg.

The eyes of the child were blue, and her hair was flaxen. She walked soberly and sedately along, a being full of her own affairs and concerns. She had the detached and aloof and incurious air that belongs to certain children.

She was out of sight now, gone from my ken

and vision. She had come and passed on her way along the sunlit street, and I fell to wondering what her errand or mission might have been. Suddenly my speculations as to this were cut short by a loud barking. A big black dog was in the road, right opposite to me. He was not barking at me. He was only barking in defiance of the world in general. He was the dog-bully of the little village. After a while, he, too, went on his way. And there was silence.

But only for a moment. Two other dogs came into the road and barked in the direction in which the big black dog had gone. They did not stay long, however. Perhaps they were afraid that the big dog might come back.

Since the little girl had gone, no human being had appeared in the street. Things were still going very slowly. And then two pigeons came down quite close to where I was sitting. I watched them, for I had to watch something. They pecked about for a bit, and then they went on their way up above the tops of the houses. After that a sparrow arrived on the scene. Why he came was not clear. And then a brown-and-white cat walked calmly across the road.

Something of real import now happened. An old woman came out of a shop on the other side of the road. Her shawl and bonnet were of the Victorian era. She had been making purchases, for she carried a basket that sagged down rather. Yes, she had been making purchases—groceries, I believe. I felt thankful to the old woman for bringing a comparatively dramatic element into an over-quiet situation. Another woman emerged from a shop. And then a labourer turned up from nowhere in particular. He asked me for a match, which I gave him with much pleasure. Things were getting on in the village. Events of import were occurring.

All at once there came into the air a sound—a formidable, sinister, droning sound. It shattered instantly the quietude of the village. For several people came out of the shops and looked up into the air. The landlord came out of the inn. The sound became louder and louder. There were several people now in the street. All of them were looking up. And a soldier came along with a quick, easy, swinging stride. He was a man who belonged to the village. His face was browned and hardened, and there was a strange, alert look in his eyes. He came and stood near to me as I stood with the landlord, who was looking up to where the sound was coming from.

The big aeroplane was flying low. It was at once a terrible and a beautiful thing with a monstrous voice. It was passing over the village, which but a few moments ago had been sunk in a slumber profound. It had come, an immense and potent sign in the heavens. There it was, flying against the blue! Upon

it the sun was shining. It went along through the air, its voice sounding forth as a terrible herald. No longer was the village a place alone and quiet. No longer was it out of things. The sound in the blue above had wrought a change. I felt in the quiet, sunlit street the pulse and the throb of London, the mightiest town the world had ever known. I felt the spirit of the raging Armageddon. The voice above was as a vast tocsin—the sounding, immense, passing voice.

Quiet though this village was, slow though it appeared, it was quick with the whole of the life of England. Though it was a seeming back-water, it was even as an artery of the vast, immense London. It was transfused with the same vital current. The same fire lived within it. At the time of stress and danger it was alert and vivid. It was a sounding part of the organism of the Empire.

Again I was sitting on the bench outside the inn. Again I was looking up and down the sunlit street. Everything was now even as it had been before. No one was either going into or coming out of the few shops.

And then I noticed a small figure coming along. It was the little girl I had seen in the beginning.

She was coming back, wearing the same detached, aloof, incurious air. She was still carrying her doll.

Her doll that had been in the rough and tumble of the wars.

#### THE MARTYR'S GRAVE, DUNSYRE MOOR.

LONE hills, and a wintry morn,  
And the blackcocks rapid winging,  
By stretching heath with its fragrance shorn,  
And the Medwyn's ceaseless singing:  
Gray hills and a lowering sky,  
The mists o'er the moorland sweeping;  
It is there in a realm where the hill-birds cry  
A martyr-saint lies sleeping.

Gray hills, and a sunset glow,  
In a land that is blessed for ever,  
Where homing birds at the twilight go  
To their haunts beside the river.  
Calm hills, and a darkening vale,  
The stars in the sky awaking,  
The Pentland winds, and the wild whaup's wail,  
O'er the grave of the martyr breaking.

GILBERT RAE.

#### \*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to 'The Editor, *Chambers's Journal*, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible. ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### MR CRAIGHOUSE OF NEW YORK, SATIRIST.

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER, Author of *The Man who Scoffed*, *The Mad Hatter*, &c.

#### PART I.

##### I.

A RAW wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that classic publication stretched his arms lazily, then crossed to the rattling window and looked at Broadway, far beneath. A few belated flakes of snow mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind. Like gnomes, the people hurried on in an endless diverging torrent of humanity, slouch-hats of soldiers adding a strangely Western effect to the usual bizarre costumes.

The telephone rang, and the editor, Mr E. H. Townsend, left the window to answer it.

'Yes?' he said. 'Mr Craighouse? Send him right in.'

He took from a drawer a box of notoriously expensive cigars, and laid them on his desk. The reasonings of Dr Watson himself could hardly have failed to deduce that the visitor was of some importance.

A moment later a young man, in the uniform of a United States officer, knocked, and, in response to the invitation, entered the inner temple. Mr Townsend offered him the arm-chair, and reached for the cigars.

'You look well in uniform,' he said, after appropriate comments on the April weather had been made by both.

'Thanks. I received your note this morning asking me to call.'

'Ah yes. By-the-by, you are sailing soon, I believe?'

'Any time, now; naturally, we don't know to a day.'

'What branch of the Service are you with?'

'The Engineers.'

The editor thrust his hands into his pockets. 'That is odd,' he said. 'Did you know anything about engineering?'

'A little.' The young man's voice was abrupt, but not unmusical. His brain had always been alert, and army training was making his voice so. 'I was a science grad. at Harvard.'

The editor gazed out of the window again. 'You are a remarkable combination, Mr Craighouse,' he said. 'There is nothing more stifling

to the artistic nature than a purely scientific training; in fact, the influence of this journal has always been used against absolutely technical schools. Almost the first requisite of any artist is a keen appreciation of the intangible; science deals only with things that can be proved. I often nurse along a young writer if he is incoherent, because, as frequently happens, his temperament is greater than his technique. Scientists always marshal their facts well, but they never soar to the heights.'

The editor tapped the window gently, while the young officer gazed quizzically at him. They were a strangely contrasted pair, the editor in the autumn of life, with the calm voice and bearing of one who had fastened routine to art, and become jaded with the process; the young man keenly alert, with eyes that never lost their restlessness, while thin, satirical lips mocked the high forehead of a philosopher.

'I am greatly interested in your writing,' said the editor, after rather a lengthy pause.

The officer smiled. 'Is that why you rejected my last two manuscripts?'

'Yes. Neither of them did you credit. Both of them betrayed rather a nasty cynicism in your style.'

'I meant them for satire.'

'Ah! there is a great difference. Cynicism recoils on the cynic; satire is always delightful, and is never offensive. However, I may say, in spite of their faults, if you survive the war you should become one of America's finest writers.'

The young man flushed with pleasure.

'Thanks very much, Mr Townsend.'

'You have temperament and you have language,' went on the editor, 'and, though your emotions are artificial and your judgments too impetuous, that is a natural condition of youth—nature has to keep something to recompense us for growing old. But you have big moments plus some most promising incoherency, as I said before, and when that chaos becomes cosmos, the world will acknowledge you. You have never been to England before, have you?'

The officer shook his head, a little puzzled at the abrupt descent from the abstract.

Mr Townsend smoked reflectively for a full minute. 'England,' he said slowly, 'is the para-

dox of the ages. In America we have the present and the future; England has the present and the past—principally the past. Inefficiency is often no bar to success there—as a matter of fact, an Englishman dislikes appearing efficient—but remember that the British Navy is the most thorough organisation in the world. I have often thought that England's success in colonisation was largely due to her utter inability to understand the temperament of the people she governed. Look at Canada. There was never an Englishman who really appreciated the restless independence of the Canadian; yet, when the Old Land goes to war, Canada sends and maintains a mighty fine army corps to help her. Listen, my boy. I want you to go to England with your pores open; receive impressions and make a note of them. I want a series of articles explaining England to America—not as it is being done by those polished gentlemen who visit us from London, but by an American for Americans. Don't send me a description of the Strand, or Westminster Abbey, or your thoughts on first seeing the Thames. Go deep. I want a series of articles that rises above journalism. I want the psychology of England written up in a light satirical vein by a clever man with red blood in his veins. You will be there for some time, I suppose?

'Very likely, as we are the first of the vanguard.'

A half-hour later the young officer rose to go, with a contract that promised him generous remuneration, in return for which he had agreed to write ten articles on England. He stood, facing the older man, and smiled slightly. He had removed his cap, and his black hair, struggling into an unruly curl, combined with his dark, brilliant eyes in an appearance of arresting virility.

'You are very encouraging, Mr Townsend,' he said. 'I had no idea that an editor could be so—so nearly human.'

'My son,' said the older man, 'we are literature's midwives, toiling year in and year out in the hope that some day we shall assist at the accouchement of a masterpiece.'

'But how is it that you don't write yourself?'

The editor shrugged his shoulders. 'Why does a hangman never commit a murder?' he said.

## II.

Three weeks later a great ocean liner, known since the war as H.M. Transport, No. —, dropped gracefully down the river towards the open sea. Craighouse, from the hurricane-deck, watched the amazing silhouette of New York, as her mighty buildings stood outlined against the darkening sky-line. From the wharf came the strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and hundreds of handkerchiefs fluttered in farewell.

A British cruiser was lying at anchor, and a

thousand bluejackets roared three mighty British cheers for the new crusaders. A bedlam of shouting from the transport acknowledged the compliment, and one American soldier, whose constant attendance at baseball matches had produced stentorian qualities within him, boomed out the words, 'Good old Roast Beef!'

Every one laughed. Why not? Men always laugh readily when their emotions are playing leap-frog with each other.

The strains of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' sounded fainter; the handkerchiefs were blurred into a fluttering white cloud. A French battleship lay a quarter of a mile from them. As they passed it a bugle sounded on board, followed by a salvo of cheers from the crew. Craighouse noticed that the French cheers were a full third higher in pitch than the British.

Another roar came from the transport, and all eyes were turned towards the stentorian private. He took a deep breath.

'Good old Froggy!' he bellowed, and two or three soldiers laughed. To America, France is the martyr of the ages, and there is a strange sense of the feminine in the affection which the Old World republic inspires in the New. Truly, the ways of an extempore humorist are unhappy.

They passed the battery, and, nearing the open sea, received the blessing of the Statue of Liberty beckoning her welcome to all those who are weary and discouraged.

Craighouse experienced a thrill of patriotism, and, feeling that he must express it in language, turned to his nearest neighbour, who happened to be a British officer. 'That's an inspiring sight,' he said.

'Which?' said the Englishman briefly.

'The Statue of Liberty,' answered Craighouse with the tone of a 4th of July orator. 'That is the spirit of America—equality for all, freedom of thought and action, liberty for every one.'

'Oh yes—splendid,' commented the Englishman politely.

There was silence for a moment, and then, in a burst of inexcusable chauvinism, Craighouse said, 'You haven't anything like that in England, have you?'

'No,' said the English officer casually; 'but we had an army in France two weeks after war was declared. I say, do come and have a drink.'

## III.

Three months later the editor of the *New York Monthly Journal* received a letter from Craighouse. Adjusting his glasses, he settled comfortably into his chair and read it.

'MY DEAR PATRON,—I hope you have not been disappointed at my lack of articles, but, to be candid, I have not struck the proper mental balance yet.'

'England is delightful; England is absurd. I was on a bus yesterday, and the conductress

gave the signal to go ahead by hammering the side with the fare-box. It fascinated me. *En passant*, the girls have wonderful complexions over here, but they do not dress as cleverly as ours. I know you will say it is war-time, but nothing is powerful enough to interfere with anything so fundamental as a woman's clothes.' ('A bit laboured, but quite good,' muttered the editor.)

'The country, as you know, is like a garden, with all a garden's charm and limitations. I don't feel yet that I can take a deep breath. There are woods; but the trees seem to huddle together for lack of space, and one always feels that just the other side of the woods there is a town or a village. England is lovely, but I feel the lack of immensity. To me, the whole effect is that the country is complete; there is nothing more to do. Everything that can be built has been built.' ('And well built, too,' muttered Mr Townsend.) 'In fact, I don't see what there is over here to employ to the full the brains, the nerves, and the imagination of a full-blooded *homo*. Again I return to the garden simile. Is the task of maintenance big enough for the splendid specimens of manhood that England rears?

'I feel that there is something wrong with the public-school system. Not that it is inefficient, but rather that it is too thorough in its results. Judging superficially, of course, it seems that the public school ignores the fact that every one is born an individual, and proceeds to produce a type. To use a vulgarism, it is a high-class scholastic sausage-machine. It takes in variegated ingredients, and turns out uniformity of product. It instructs the youth of the land in the manly virtues of past ages, but appears to ignore the creative instinct. Public-school men are the Greek chorus of England's national drama; they seldom supply either the dramatist or the principal actors.

'My biggest disappointment has been the English stage. I know our "playsmiths" are futile enough, but we would never endure in New York what is put on at many first-class London theatres. At a time when her grandsons from the four corners of the world are paying, in most cases, their first visit to the Old Country, England offers them the spectacle of a once classic stage given over to inanity and vulgarity. Of course, there are two or three producers who still maintain a commendable standard of art, but in the majority of first-class London theatres one finds a coarseness of innuendo, an utter lack of refinement, and an almost total elimination of humour. In their musical shows the producers still go in for the type of comedian known on Broadway as "hard-boiled"—the kind that carries his own jests in a valise, and whose *pièce de résistance* is the word "damn," which seldom fails to convulse the audience. If I may coin a phrase, I would say that the aim of some

London producers appears to be "to be vulgar without being funny." ('I wonder if that is original,' observed the editor.)

'I like the restraint of the better English newspapers, and there are still five or six monthly journals that demand a high standard of writing from their contributors. Some of the popular English magazines, however, publish stories that would hardly do credit to a blushing schoolgirl's first attempt at authorship. I remember my mother used to say to me, "Out of nothing, nothing comes." She had obviously never seen one of these fiction magazines.

'Judging by the advertisements in these publications and in the society illustrated papers, I would say that manufacturing women's underwear, or "undies," as they are coyly called, is the greatest commercial industry here. The advertisements state that an officer can send a lady a complete set of these garments with his regimental crest on them. I am still trying to gauge the mental attitude of an officer who would do so.

'The political situation puzzles me. Lloyd George looks like a mighty big man, but he has to spend most of his time dodging snipers from behind. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, but a certain section of the English House goes in for absolute symphonies while Britain is locked in the death-grip with Germany. But she's a dear old country, and her people are as brave and cheery as in the days when she was Merrie England, and not England of Many Sorrows.

'To hear her people talk, you would think that the Canadians and the Australians had done all the fighting, and that the United States was the saviour of the world; but I know there's hardly a home in England or Scotland that hasn't lost a son—and often the last son too. And when the old families send their boys, it's right into the trenches, not back on the lines of communication.

'There—you can see why I have not written before. Incoherency alone is hardly sufficient. I haven't seriously sorted my impressions as yet. As you would say, the chaos has not yet become cosmos.

'By-the-by, the British Navy mothered us from the coast of Ireland like an eagle with her young.

'Every one is most cordial, and invitations are showered on us from every quarter. I'm going to-morrow to visit the Earl of Lummersdale, who seems to want to entertain a real, live American. As I have six days' leave, I'm going to let him. They tell me he comes of a very old family, so look out for an article on the aristocracy.

'This letter is rambling most aimlessly. I suppose you are bored to tears. Just a minute, till I read over what I have written. . . . Yes—I might add in my comments on the English theatre that a chap named Beecham is doing

opera in English, and it's pretty nearly the finest opera I have ever heard. Then, of course, Barrie produces a play every now and then, just to show that he hasn't lost his genius of tenderness and whimsical charm.

'Perhaps my visit to the Earl of Lummersdale will crystallise some of my vagrant impressions. Good-bye, dear patron.—Faithfully yours,  
LAWRENCE CRAIGHOUSE (Lt.),  
c/o American Officers' Club, London.

'P.S.—We're working like beavers getting things ready for the American Army which is coming. It looks slow, but when Uncle Sam's men are ready, Fritz is going to enjoy a real avalanche. This I promise you. L. C.'

## IV.

One morning a south coast train contained a first-class compartment which was shared by Lieutenant Craighouse, U.S.A., and a timorously proper gentleman who read the *Times* for twenty minutes, and then stared at nothing very intently—an art highly developed amongst those who worship at the shrine of good form.

Craighouse was silent also for over an hour, which was a feat of the first magnitude for him. He was thinking of some official figures shown to him, in confidence, a week past—figures which gave the totals of England's manufacture of munitions and guns, her construction of aeroplanes and tanks, her production of all the minutiae of war essentials, in quantities which his brain could hardly grasp.

Judged by any standard, the achievement was amazing. For a nation at peace it would have been stupendous; but, in addition, this country that amused Americans, this nation of obsolete methods and lack of organisation, had held the seas open and frustrated Germany's plans on land. He wondered if he had been a fool—if, after all, the English were not the most efficient race on earth. Just then an advertisement, conspicuously placed beside the mirror in the compartment, smote his eye, and he gasped.

'How many people ride in a carriage like this in one day?' he asked abruptly.

The well-bred one cleared his throat and shook his head. They had never been introduced; and, besides, he didn't know.

'Ten—twenty—forty—say thirty?' said Craighouse.

'Very probably—oh yes—rather—quite.' The words were decorously languid.

'Thirty people a day,' went on Craighouse rapidly; 'say a thousand a month. In a year that would mean, roughly—oh, put it at ten thousand. Am I right?'

The Englishman shifted uneasily. 'Very probably—oh yes—rather—quite.'

'The war has been going on for three years.' The American was warming to his subject. 'Three years mean approximately that thirty thousand passengers have travelled in this compartment since the beginning of the war, eh?'

His companion reached for his cigarette. 'Very probably,' he said. 'Oh yes—rather—'

'How many of these carriages are in use?' interrupted Craighouse. 'Two hundred—four hundred—say three hundred?'

'Very probably—oh yes'—

'I may be short or long on that estimate, but putting it at three hundred, this line has had about—well, roughly, nine million first-class passengers. Is that correct?'

'Very pro'—

'Then, great Scott! look at the advertisement behind you, the most prominent one in the compartment. This line has had a chance to have a heart-to-heart talk with nine million average, well-to-do passengers. From the standpoint of propaganda, figure out the national importance of that. From the commercial point of view, estimate the value of that space; and yet, after three years of war, it says that the steamship line from Newhaven to Dieppe is the shortest route to Austria, south Germany, and Spain; and it gives a map! Austria, south Germany, and Spain'—The American's tirade ended in a splutter of indignation.

The train stopped at a junction station, and both men emerged, the Englishman proffering his cigarettes.

'Thanks very much,' said Craighouse, taking one. 'Good-morning.' And he disappeared into the crowd.

The Englishman paused to light his cigarette.

'What extraordinary people these Americans are!' he said to himself—which recalls the well-known saying of a Quaker to his wife, 'Every one is queer but thee and me; and thou beest a little queer.'

(Continued on page 795).

## BRITISH INSECTS AND DISEASE.

By C. A. EALAND, M.A., Author of *Insects and Man*, *Insect Enemies*, &c.

WITH the return of our heroes, many of them broken in the war, it is unfortunately only too probable that diseases foreign to our shores may be introduced into the country. Already certain local authorities have protested against the lodgment of malaria patients in their midst,

and not without good cause. Other protests, unbacked by reason, may follow. As many of these strange diseases are transmitted from man to man by the agency of insects, it is fitting that the limelight should be turned upon the British blood-sucking arthropods.

Fortunately we are safeguarded against many of the more deadly tropical diseases, mainly by reason of the fact that the insects which transmit the causative germs cannot long survive in our climate. We have no 'tiger mosquito' to carry yellow-fever, no tse-tse fly to transmit sleeping-sickness, no sand-fly to spread phlebotomus-fever, and the particular gnat which infects mankind with the dreaded filaria is beyond our ken. There are, however, several actual and potential disease-carriers in Britain, and every care should be taken to prevent them from becoming infective.

Healthy insects which have fed solely on pure blood—the disease-bearing insects are, for the most part, blood-suckers—cannot transmit disease. The deadly 'tiger mosquito' is harmless till it has fed upon the blood of a yellow-fever patient. The tse-tse fly must partake of a meal from the person of some one afflicted with sleeping-sickness, or from some creature acting as a reservoir for the causative trypanosomes, before it can pass on the disease to a healthy individual.

The student of medical entomology cannot fail to be struck by the fact that there are definite carriers for each and every insect-borne disease. Yellow-fever, for instance, is always carried from man to man by the 'tiger mosquito,' and though other species of mosquito abound in yellow-fever areas, they never become infective, even though they may feed upon the blood of fever patients. The reason for this interesting phenomenon is that in almost every case the causative germs pass through a developmental period in the bodies of their insect transmitters, and only insects of certain species can act as incubators for the germs of determinate diseases.

There are in this country two very common species of gnat or mosquito—the common gnat and the spotted-winged gnat. The former is no more than an annoyance; the latter is a possible carrier of disease. In fact, it and its near relatives are known transmitters of malaria. Fortunately the two insects may easily be distinguished in all stages except the nymph, and even then there are characteristics which are by no means difficult of observation. The absence of spots upon the wings is the most marked feature on which to rely in distinguishing the common gnat from its congener. The former insect, when at rest, tucks its head down upon its chest, as it were; whilst the spotted-winged gnat reposes with its head and sucking mouth-parts in line with its body; its hind-legs, too, are often stretched straight out or waved gently in the air. Both insects deposit their eggs upon water; but, whilst those of the malaria-carrier are laid singly and are supported on the surface by little floats, those of the harmless gnat are laid in groups of from two to four hundred, and are glued together so that they form rafts.

The larvæ, again, are quite distinct. Those of the common gnat float, normally, almost at

right angles to the surface of the water in which they dwell; those of the spotted-winged gnat, when undisturbed, remain parallel to the surface. The curious comma-shaped nymphs are not so easily distinguished, but they do exhibit differences which are readily observed on close examination.

In the past a considerable amount of misunderstanding existed with regard to malaria. The disease was always associated with damp situations; till comparatively recent times it was thought to be caused by the mist-laden air of such regions. The classic experiments conducted by Sir Patrick Manson in 1900 proved conclusively that the spotted-winged mosquito, and not the atmosphere, is responsible for the spread of malaria. The sole connection between the disease and dampness arises from the fact that water is a necessity for the breeding of the mosquito.

Concerning the possible effects of malaria in Britain, Sir Ronald Ross made some pointed remarks in an address delivered to the Oxford Medical Society in November 1906. In the address, which was mainly concerned with malaria in Greece, he said that 'the malady is essentially one of infancy among the native population. Infecting the child one or two years after birth, it persecutes him till puberty with a long succession of attacks, accompanied by much anæmia. Imagine the effect it would produce on our own children here in Britain. It is true that our children suffer from many complaints—scarlatina, measles, whooping-cough—but these are of brief duration and transient. But now add to these, in imagination, a malady which lasts for years, and may sometimes attack every child in a village. What would be the effect on our population—upon its numbers, and upon the health and vigour of the survivors? It must be enormous in Greece. . . . We now come face to face with that profoundly interesting subject, the political, economical, and historical significance of this great disease. We know that malaria must have existed in Greece ever since the time of Hippocrates, about 400 B.C. What effect has it had on the life of that country? In prehistoric times Greece was certainly peopled by successive waves of Aryan invaders from the North—probably a fair-haired people—who made it what it became, who conquered Persia and Egypt, and who created the sciences, arts, and philosophies which we are only developing further to-day. That race reached the climax of its development at the time of Pericles. . . . Suddenly, however, a blight fell over all. Was it due to internecine conflict or to foreign conquest? Scarcely; for history shows that war burns and ravages, but does not annihilate. Thebes was thrice destroyed, but thrice rebuilt. Or was it due to some cause, entering furtively, and gradually sapping away the energies of the race by attacking the rural population, by slaying

the new-born infant, by seizing the rising generation, and especially by killing out the fair-haired descendants of the original settlers, leaving behind chiefly the more immunised and darker children of their captives won by the sword from Asia and Africa? . . . Causes such as malaria, dysentery, and intestinal entozoa must have modified history to a much greater extent than we conceive. Our historians and economists do not seem even to have considered the matter. It is true, they speak of epidemic disease, but the endemic diseases are really those of greatest importance. . . . The whole life of Greece must suffer from the weight which crushes its rural energies. When the children suffer so much, how can the country create the fresh blood which keeps a nation young?

Elsewhere Sir Ronald refers to malaria as 'the principal and gigantic ally of barbarism.' Sir Patrick Manson avers that in the tropics 'malaria causes more deaths and more predisposition to death, by predisposing to other affections, than all the parasites affecting mankind together.' Yet another authority states that 'malaria has been estimated to produce half the entire mortality of the human race.' Those responsible for the public health must realise that this malady is within our gates.

The oldest of all known diseases, the most dread infection that has ever attacked man, is the bubonic plague. The disease makes its appearance in this country from time to time, so we may well learn some of its peculiarities. Plague is caused by bacilli; rats and other rodents act as the reservoirs of the causative germs, and fleas transmit the disease to man.

One of the most curious and interesting facts in connection with plague is that, although the causal agent has been discovered only within the last quarter of a century, its association with rats dates, at least, from Biblical times, and probably earlier. The emerods and mice referred to in the First Book of Samuel are undoubtedly references to plague; rats assisted in the spread of the disease—most probably plague—which attacked Sennacherib's army. The disease is first mentioned in the writings of Rufus of Ephesus, in the third century B.C. During the sixth century A.D. the malady reached Europe. Originating at Pelusium in Egypt, it spread to Constantinople, where it was responsible for ten thousand deaths in a single day. In the same year it visited Italy; three years later it spread to France; and England fell under its spell in 664, 672, 679, and 683. For two hundred years its ravages continued unabated. Further outbreaks occurred in the eleventh and fourteenth centuries, and during almost the whole of the sixteenth century it was permanently established in Europe. Its final appearance in this country in epidemic form was known as the Great Plague of 1665, when seventy thousand persons succumbed in London alone.

It is well known that the ancient Egyptians revered the cat above all animals. Feline mummified remains were preserved by these people as reverently as human corpses. According to some authorities, the Egyptians were well aware of the relationship between rats and plague, and they cherished their cats as their saviours from disease.

Despite the antiquity of plague, its causative bacillus was discovered less than a quarter of a century ago by a Japanese physician named Kitasato. The disease is endemic in the Kurdistan Hills and about the Himalayas, and it is spread in Asia, at any rate, by the agency of the black rat. As this rodent is the true ship rat, it is easy to account for the advent of plague in other parts of the world. An epidemic of the malady always commences by infection passing from rat to rat, thence from rats to man. Various other animals, such as mice, cats, and squirrels, may also become infected.

The most notorious transmitter of the plague bacillus is the plague-flea, sometimes called the Oriental rat-flea. A native of the Nile valley, it has now been carried by rats all over the warmer parts of the world. Other fleas capable of transmitting the disease are the European rat-flea, the Californian ground-squirrel flea, and the human-flea. With regard to the last insect, we may hasten to add that, although experiment has shown it to be capable of carrying the plague bacillus, it is highly improbable that it does so naturally. The degree of septicæmia in man before death is so much less than it is in rats that the probability of a human-flea imbibing a single bacillus from a plague patient is very remote. In the Middle Ages, when the septicæmia was greater, human-fleas possibly acted as carriers of the disease from man to man.

Both sexes of plague-flea transmit the disease. The precise method of infection is open to some doubt. A very commonly accepted theory is that man himself carries out the inoculation, and in this manner. Plague-fleas, in common with others of their kind, ejaculate a drop of excrement at the time of feeding. In the case of an infective insect the dejecta would be laden with bacilli. The wound caused by the insect's bite sets up irritation, and the victim, in scratching to relieve the irritation, conveys some of the bacilli to the sore.

Plague can be effectually eradicated only by exterminating rats. Not only must they be killed, but their bodies must be destroyed; for directly a rat dies the fleas with which it is infested seek some other warm-blooded animal. The sporadic outbreaks of this disease in Suffolk have been kept in check by drastic measures against the local rats.

Few diseases have been the subject of more controversy in recent years than pellagra. Like malaria, it is essentially an endemic disease; but,

whereas malaria is associated with stagnant water, pellagra is prevalent near rivulets and streams. The disease has been known in Spain for more than two hundred years. Though rare in England, it is endemic in eastern Scotland and the Shetland Islands, where it has existed for over fifty years. In Italy the malady is rampant, and it is spreading in America.

Various theories have been propounded to account for the spreading of pellagra, the most common being that the disease results from eating mouldy maize. Unfortunately for those who hold this theory, pellagra occurs in districts where no maize is eaten. Everything, indeed, points to the fact that the malady is insect-borne, and that buffalo-gnats are the germ-carriers. With one exception, these little flies are always to be found in districts where pellagrins occur. In the Nile delta, however, where pellagra is by no means rare, buffalo-gnats have never been found. Their place is taken by a closely related fly. Maybe it also transmits the disease.

The female buffalo-gnat alone sucks blood, and by doing so transmits disease. The life-history of the insect is of the greatest interest, all stages except the adult being passed below running water; hence the association of the disease with streams.

With the return of our troops from the Italian front there are more unlikely events than that pellagra may establish itself firmly in this country. At least, we have the buffalo-gnats necessary to carry out the work of transmission from one patient to another.

Three more British blood-sucking insects claim notice—the louse, the bed-bug, and the stable-fly. The louse has drawn attention to himself as a disease-carrier in no uncertain manner during the present war; the bed-bug is more than suspected of being a disease-carrier; and the stable-fly, which is often mistaken for the house-fly, though the last-named insect is quite incapable of sucking blood, is the probable carrier of infantile paralysis, a common disease in Scandinavia, Germany, and America.

As a matter of fact, there is no more insidious, more dangerous disease-carrier in Britain than the common house-fly. Though not a blood-sucker, he is known, of a certainty,

to transmit at least half-a-dozen diseases, and is suspected of carrying as many more. At best the fly is a disgusting creature; the midden and the garbage-bin are his playground, and he varies his recreation with visits to our food, which he fouls with the filth upon his body, his excrement, and his vomit. An eminent entomologist has estimated that an active house-fly bears, on an average, twenty-eight million bacteria in its intestine, and four million five hundred thousand about its hairy body. Other observers have credited the average house-fly with a total of five hundred million bacteria. 'That a creature born in indescribable filth and absolutely swarming with disease germs should practically be invited to multiply unchecked, even in great centres of population, is surely nothing less than criminal.'

In all wars up to the present, fly-borne disease has proved more deadly than bullets. Eighty per cent. of the casualties in the Spanish-American War were due to fly-borne typhoid; in the Boer War the percentage was probably as great. 'In a tent full of men, all apparently ill, one may almost pick out the enteric cases by the masses of flies they attract. . . . The moment an enteric put out his tongue a fly would settle on it,' says a writer in describing the medical history of that campaign.

Enteritis, a still more deadly disease, owes its spread to the house-fly. This almost domestic insect takes its toll of infant life year by year. In the hot summer of 1911 enteritis spread through practically the whole of England. Thousands of pounds were spent in fighting the disease; yet the real cause of the outbreak, the loathsome house-fly, was allowed to continue on its way unchecked; no one, apparently, gave a second thought to the insect responsible for the mortality.

Medical entomology has made vast strides in recent times; many brilliant discoveries have been made by men whose names are almost unknown beyond the confines of a small circle of enthusiasts. Their work would have been proclaimed from the house-tops had it related to some more ostentatious, yet less useful, craft. Much remains to be done. In the tropics the problem of insect-borne disease is paramount; here it is a reality which must be faced.

## THE RETURN OF THE TOLTEC.

By PAUL TYNER.

PITCAIRN GEDDES was about the last man in the world one would call superstitious. In all the south-western country no engineer commanded greater confidence in his judgment and common-sense. He had won fame, when little over thirty, as the constructor of one of the world's great irrigation systems—one which had

literally made the desert to blossom as the rose, in the transformation of many thousands of acres of sandy waste in the whilom 'Great American Desert' of Arizona into fruitful orange-groves and peach-orchards. More than six feet tall, he was spare of build and wiry, as becomed a man who had spent the greater part of his life

in the saddle, alert in expression and bearing, with the bronzed complexion, aquiline features, dark hair and eyes, of an Indian. His talk, ordinarily, was that of a very practical man of affairs, and one immensely interested in the development of the mines, the ranches, the railroads, and the fruit-farms of his much-loved Arizona.

And yet, sitting there on the veranda of his comfortable little house on the outskirts of Phoenix—then a frontier territorial capital, but since developed with Arizona's assumption of statehood into something like metropolitan importance—there, looking across the Salt River valley to its fringe of snow-capped foothills on the far horizon, the stars in that wonderfully clear, dry atmosphere, so suggestive of Egypt, seeming very near and bright, he had related an experience that appeared to challenge credulity, and carry one entirely beyond the bounds of this matter-of-fact mundane sphere. At least, it would have challenged credulity if told under any other circumstances. In the mystic stillness of the present scene, the dusk of tropic night accentuated by the brilliantly burning stars set like diamonds in a sapphire vault, the languorous softness of the air penetrated by the subtly delicate scent of orange-blossoms, the encircling snow-crest that edged the landscape seeming to float like silver islands in the upper air, the tale carried a sense of unquestioning conviction in the telling.

An introduction from a New York editor, who afterwards served his country with distinction as ambassador at the Court of St James's, had opened the way to our acquaintance, and it had ripened rapidly, our friendship being helped on by a certain very human sympathy underlying our common interest in ethnology and archæology. The New York editor had spent several winters in Arizona, building a beautiful home there, and recovering his health in its salubrious dry air. He had told me that Geddes knew more than any other man living about the 'buried cities,' then recently uncovered a few miles south of Phoenix. And I certainly found him an informed enthusiast on the subject. There was an entire room in his house that had been turned into a veritable museum of mementoes of prehistoric America, recovered from the noted excavations begun by Geddes in association with Dr Frank Cushing, head of the United States Bureau of Ethnology, and continued by him after Cushing's death.

That very day we had ridden out to the buried cities early in the morning, and spent most of the day going over the remains of the ancient temples, palaces, and burying-places. In the hall of a large stone and cement structure, uncovered about thirty feet below the surface, we had come upon an arrangement of altar and seats, four-square to the points of the compass, and of anterooms, easily identifying it in the

mind of any member of the craft as a Masonic lodge-room. This reminded Geddes that Cushing had been a thirty-third degree Mason, and that his great archæological find in Arizona had been made possible through his recognition as a 'blood-brother' by an old Zuni medicine-man, who had responded to the 'signs' given him by this remarkable American.

But to the story. We had been puffing away at our pipes for nearly half-an-hour after dinner, luxuriously abandoning ourselves to the alluring pensiveness of the night, and enjoying its cool restfulness after a day of much hot riding, when I broke the silence by some lazy and inane remark about the pleasing prospect of the countryside as contrasted with the vile hustle and hubbub of New York, to which I was returning on the morrow.

'The things that have been will be again, and there is nothing new under the sun,' rejoined Geddes.

He refilled his pipe, lit it, and, after a few meditative puffs, went on.

'I can easily see in my mind's eye this corner of our continent again the seat of a mighty civilisation, as it undoubtedly was in the past—perhaps ten thousand years before the first European landed on these shores—ay, before the Montezumas set up their throne in the Aztec capital; a country of busy and populous cities, and of splendidly organised and administered agricultural and industrial activities; the home of a people in some respects much in advance of the reach of us moderns in the arts and the sciences, and in religion and philosophy. In their culture, I imagine that city slums and poverty, with all their sordid concomitants of vice and misery as we have them to-day in Europe and America, were entirely unknown. Their social organisation may have unduly exalted monarch and nobles (under any system the man who *can* is king); but it also contrived the comfort and the welfare of the masses, and a very satisfactory approach to equality of opportunity, with careers for the talented and the ambitious. Why, when our ancestors were still in the Stone Age in Britain and Gaul, living in caves and wearing the skins of wild beasts, these ancient Americans had a symbolic art that found beautiful expression in the structure and the ornamentation of their dwellings, in the fashioning of their pottery, and in the implements, utensils, and ornaments into which they worked—often with marvellous delicacy—their gold, silver, and copper. They wove and dyed fabrics of wondrous textures and tints, rivalling the purple and fine linen of the Orient. They studied the stars, and had a calendar, and foretold eclipses and the recurrence of comets. Who knows but they had penetrated many of the secrets that scientists to-day are still grappling with, such as the transmutation of metals and the constitution of the electron? *Quien sabe?*'

'Wouldn't it be fine to meet one of those old fellows and talk things over?' I exclaimed laughingly, catching something of Geddes's enthusiasm.

My friend looked up suddenly and eyed me sharply, as if to see how much in earnest I might be. Then he blew another cloud-wreath into the still air, and declared with decision, 'I have talked with a man of that time. Listen!'

And, having attended to the refilling and lighting of his pipe with due deliberation, he proceeded to relate the experience with which I shall always identify the name of Pitcairn Geddes, and of which the mere mention of Arizona starts me thinking. It is more than twenty years now since I heard the recital, and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it somehow embalms a wisdom beyond that usually found in books. It ran something like this:

'You remember that it was shortly after I had been helping Frank Cushing to open up the buried cities here that I was engaged as chief-engineer of the big irrigation project that did so much to put Arizona on the map? Well, the last day we were together exploring what seemed to be a place of tombs, Cushing put into my hands that skull which holds the place of honour in my cabinet of Arizona relics. We agreed that it was, in all probability, the skull of a veritable dweller in the ancient city, and a dweller of some distinction. This from the strata in which it was found, the evident care taken in its interment, and the shards of swastika-decorated vases and bowls found near it.'

'But,' I interrupted with some assertion of scientific discernment, 'that skull seems to me, judging by its general contour and by its excellent state of preservation, especially as regards the teeth, to be the headpiece of one of our modern Zuni or Navajo Indians.'

'Oh, as to that,' Geddes quietly resumed, 'I have satisfied myself that both Zunis and Navajos are directly descended from this same prehistoric race. As to the skull's state of preservation, I need only remind you how remarkably favourable are the air and the sand of the desert. If you will measure this skull, you will find that, while it bears a close resemblance in contour to that of a Zuni of our own time, there are differences accounted for by race degeneracy. But to resume.

"This belongs to you, Geddes," said Cushing with a quizzical look, as he gave me the find; "take good care of it."

'The thing interested me strangely from the first. I took it home and set it on the mantelpiece in my living-room. You may laugh, but I soon got into the way of greeting it with a "Good-morning, Old Chap!" each day as I sat down to breakfast, and came to have a pleasurable sense of company in my bachelor diggings here. And often, when alone with it by lamplight in

the evening, I found myself in ruminative speculation concerning the original owner of the skull. "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well," came to my mind. At the last the conviction came over me that I really *did* know him well; but the name that came to me was not Yorick. It was *Mikurnum*. My feeling now is that this name was given to me for a purpose—a bit like our substitute for the "lost word" in Masonry. At any rate, it served as a clue to the identity of a most interesting and admirable character, one with whom, in the end, I discovered a very close affinity. The use of the name led to a habit of daily and familiar communion with the skull, so to speak, in the Zuni tongue, which I had mastered in years of intercourse with the tribesmen hereabouts.

'When I started out on the first survey for this irrigation system about a fortnight after Cushing's departure, I was irresistibly impelled to take with me the skull of my ancient friend, safely packed in a little box with a sliding cover, which I happened to have handy. This was a strange thing for me to do, now I look back upon it. One doesn't cumber one's self with excess baggage on a surveying-trip, you know.

'I had been out for three days, laying tentative lines for the canals from a reservoir planned in the upper reaches of the Chiquita River, when we were camped one night at a point in the desert country about midway on the present line between Phoenix and Tucson. Several perplexing problems of an engineering nature had arisen, and I was not entirely satisfied with the general plan as it had so far developed in my mind. Before turning into my hammock, I took the skull out of its box and held it in my hands. Possibly my reflections took the shape of an adjuration to the "Old Man," as I now called him, to help me out. However that may be, I was suddenly awakened about an hour after midnight by a strange illumination in my tent. It was a soft, yet intense, light—something, I imagine, like that which produced the mystic atmosphere in the room into which Abou Ben Adhem was awakened.

'At the foot of my hammock stood the noble figure of an Indian. Tall, lithe, copper-coloured, his flowing black locks confined by a temple-band of jewelled gold, his splendid figure was unclothed save for a richly embroidered blue-and-silver riding-cloak draped from his shoulders a little in the style of the Mexican's *serapé*.

'Speaking in the Zuni language, he declared himself to be indeed Mikurnon, and eager to help in my task. In proof of this, he directed my attention to a great relief map apparently attached to the tent wall. I at once recognised the topography of this entire section of country: the spur of the Wasatch range on the north, the great level tablelands between it and the Mogollon Mountains on the south, the slope of the valleys along the river system in which

mingled the waters of the Chiquita, the Red, the Colorado, and the Gila. The varying elevations were plainly indicated. On the dark background of this map Mikarnon proceeded with a deft index-finger to draw lines of light. In less time than it takes me to tell it, he had clearly and definitely outlined what I recognised instantly to be the logically scientific system of irrigation reservoirs, canals, and laterals which would most effectively store the waters from the melting snows in the mountains of the north, and supply the largest area of plain and valley the year round with abundance of water. I jumped up and quickly made a copy of the plan, my ancient sage smiling approval the while. When it was finished—I had only to mark the reservoir points and run the lines of the canals on an outline map of Arizona I had with me—the light seemed to fade, and with it both my friend and his map disappeared in the blackness of the semi-tropical night.

‘I went back to bed, and slept soundly until sunrise. When I awoke the whole episode recurred to me; but I should have felt it was all a dream had it not been for the evidence of my newly drawn plan. This, on examination, was found to differ in several important particulars from the one I had tentatively drawn, based on an old United States Geological Survey map. In fact, it solved the very problems that had so perplexed me the evening before.’

He paused, and seemed to be sinking into a reverie. The incident reminded me of the instances, familiar to all students of psychology, of mathematicians obtaining the solution of baffling problems during sleep—through the powers of the subconscious mind. So I could not help breaking in with a question: ‘And you used that map in planning the great Arizona irrigation system?’

‘Simply checked it up and verified it by our actual surveys from day to day during the following five or six weeks,’ Geddes answered. ‘With one or two trifling modifications, that very map is a map of the system as it exists to-day. But the great surprise came when we got down to the work of actual construction. In the first place, we found that the points selected for the main reservoirs in the foothills of the north-western corner of the territory were simply great natural chasms or gullies, formed by some cataclysm of nature in the native solid rock; then we found that abundance of stone for the masonry and of sand for cement was available in the neighbourhood. In laying the foundations for the southern and eastern walls of the great reservoirs into which the gullies were turned, we came across numerous fragments of ancient masonry half-buried in the old stream-bottoms. More than that; we soon found that our excavations for the main canals in accordance with the plan of Mikarnon simply followed the lines of an ancient irrigation system, and this for several

hundreds of miles, the original excavations and their cemented banks being brought to light again and again.

‘During the surveys and during the construction-work I had a distinct sense of the frequent presence of my old friend Mikarnon, and I must say that I found him wonderfully stimulating and helpful.

‘Soon after the work was finished, I had a curiously keen desire to get away from everybody and everything for a holiday all by myself. I selected a glorious week of late summer moonlight, and I slept or loafed most of the day, riding in the coolness of the night under the stars. In this way I went again over the entire length of the canal system. And during these night rides I was constantly accompanied by another rider—none other than the “Old Man.” And what a joyful comradeship it was! Most of the time we rode in silence together, and at an exhilaratingly rapid pace. Between these dashes we walked our horses (his seemed quite as real a mount as mine) and talked. We talked astronomy and mathematics, engineering and economics, science and art, religion and philosophy. And we even talked music and poetry—one thing leading naturally to another. How we did pour out our hearts to each other, and how our souls warmed within us! Let me tell you, that communion of souls was a most heavenly experience, and yet it seemed the most natural thing in the world. There ought to be more of it in this life of ours! It seemed to me that we had known each other for ages, and that just as we were riding and chatting together through those glorious Arizona nights in the year of grace 1890, so in like nights of an earlier era we had ridden together many and many a time.’

A meditative pause on the part of Geddes, which I at first thought meant the end of his story, afforded me opportunity to ask, ‘Did he seem to have any special purpose—a purpose beyond the personal interest and joy of a friend in renewing an old comradeship, I mean—in those night talks?’

‘A very distinct purpose,’ replied Geddes promptly. ‘With most interesting illustrations, historical and imaginative, he brought argument after argument to bear in support of his main thesis, which was that the true greatness of any civilisation must depend above all else upon the fullest attention to the cultivation of the soil—the right relation of man to the land, and of the land to man and his needs, mental and spiritual, as well as physical. He viewed with distrust the tendency at that time in our south-western country to subordinate agriculture to mining and ranching. Any truly wholesome, vigorous, and beautiful national life, he pointed out, must be based on the art of the gardener, using the word in the broadest sense of the dressing, the tending, and the beautifying of the land. A

national life dominated by industrialism, with its sordid motives and ruthless methods crushing out all joy and beauty in the common life, he asserted, was doomed to speedy disintegration and decay. On these points he seemed to share the views of those modern heretics, Ruskin and Morris and Kropotkin.

With this rhetorical squaring of the circle, Geddes rose from the low porch-chair, laughing softly in a way he had when he felt himself likely to incur the imputation of 'preaching.' Then, shaking and stretching his long, lank bulk, and knocking the ashes from his pipe, he added as a sort of afterthought, 'Come and have a look at the Old Man before you turn in.'

We went inside, and Geddes lit the candles. In the dim light the skull of the old Toltec had a grim and portentous look. Silence and the deep mystery of silence—the silence of the desert—seemed to be symbolised in this relic of old mortality, this abandoned house of the mind. It made one *feel* as a tangible thing the unearthly silence of that Arizona night.

It was to some such impression that I gave vague expression.

'Yes,' rejoined Geddes; 'since the last of those night rides together, I have never been able to get any more out of him. I don't know why. It has seemed as if from those empty sockets, those set teeth, even the emptiness of the skull cavity suggested by the opening worn in its top bone, issued sphinx-like and with utter finality the command, "SILENCE!"'

There was a moment or two of absolute stillness in the room; then, 'I think I'll put him back in his box,' Geddes declared, as if moved by a sudden impulse.

He brought out a little oblong wooden box, and carefully deposited the skull within it in a bed of soft paper. Then he quickly slid to the close-fitting cover and pushed the box away from him.

Contemplating the closed box, he murmured half to himself and half to me, 'I wonder who the Old Man really was! The idea came to me once during our rides that he was a great king or chieftain among the ancient people of this land of sunshine; possibly a prehistoric Marcus Aurelius or Akbar—an empire-builder and a philosopher, the super-man in whom the man of thought and the man of action are balanced. He seemed disinclined to satisfy my curiosity on that point. And although we were united by a love surpassing the love of woman, a truly David-and-Jonathan kinship, I feel that I really know very little about him. Even the name "Mikarnon," I've come to think, was just a sort of *nom de guerre*, as I have said. I wonder what his real name is!'

The unconscious lapse into the present tense struck me as significant. My attention was strongly drawn to the inscription in my host's bold black lettering on the cover of the box:

PITCAIRN GEDDES.

'Maybe the owner's name is on the box,' I suggested, pointing to it. 'After all, is not that the name of the *owner* of the skull?'

Geddes started and coloured in some embarrassment. 'Pshaw!' he laughed—that peculiar little low laugh. 'You know I don't believe in reincarnation!'

## THE LOST TASMANIAN RACE.

By STORY WHITING.

THERE are very few sadder chapters in the annals of Australian colonisation than that which deals with the utter annihilation of the aborigines of Tasmania by the ruthless hands of the early settlers. True it is that on the islands of Bass Strait there are still to be found a number of half-castes, the descendants of the native women and the old-time sealers. In these picturesque isles, which, like a necklace of ocean pearls, link old Van Diemen's Land to the mainland of Australia, romance keeps her vigil. During many visits to these delightful islands I have had opportunities of listening to the tales and legends of the half-caste beach-combers, stories of runaway convicts, and of buried treasure in the old piracy days. This narrative, however, is an attempt to give a short but accurate account of the last days of the original inhabitants of Tasmania, whose destinies became so dark when the 'blessings of civilisation' came

upon them as a destructive flood. In this I am indebted to extracts from the journals of the early navigators and explorers, and also to the Histories of Tasmania by West and Fenton.

When the colony was founded in 1803 the blacks numbered about six thousand, belonging to a race distinct from the natives of the mainland of Australia. The true character of the aborigines can be gathered only from those who saw them, undisturbed by strangers, wandering at large in primitive simplicity over the island, then all their own, with its open grass-covered plains and countless herds of kangaroo, with its headlands and bays abounding with birds and fish which afforded ample means of support; before European vices, war, starvation, and disease had thinned their numbers; before their hunting-grounds were taken from them, and they were scattered abroad in broken families to mix with

hostile tribes in the most inhospitable and unproductive regions of the interior.

The native language was considered melodious; the frequent recurrence of vowels contributed to the softness of the intonation. Péron was struck with the modulation of the songs he heard, and the analogy of the tunes to those of the Arabs of Asia Minor. The four principal tribes had different dialects, which varied considerably.

The natives were exceedingly superstitious, and never liked to speak of the dead. They believed in the existence of both a good and an evil spirit, and had some faint notion of a future state. Their dead were burned on funeral piles, the body being first prepared by turning the legs back against the thighs, bending the arms together, and binding the whole round with twisted grass. Dying natives had a keen perception of their approaching end; when they knew it was at hand their last desire was to be removed into the open air, to die by the funeral pile.

The first British occupants of Van Diemen's Land arrived in June of the year 1803. Lieutenant Bowen, with Dr Mountgurett, a surgeon, a few soldiers, and convicts, landed on the shores of a little bay on the eastern side of the Derwent. The place where they made their first encampment was named Risdon. Hardly had the British been fairly settled before an unfortunate encounter with the natives took place.

On the 3rd of May 1804 about three hundred blacks were heard shouting on the Risdon hills, as they drove a herd of kangaroos before them. They were armed with *waddies* only (short, thick hunting-clubs), and were accompanied by their women and children—a certain proof that they had no hostile intentions, as it was their rule to leave the women behind them when they went out to fight. There is not the shadow of a doubt but that this was merely the usual encircling kangaroo-drive; but the military officer in command, fearing treachery, ordered the soldiers to fire volleys of grape and canister shot, with the result that over fifty men, women, and children were slain. Thus commenced hostilities against the blacks. They afterwards proved themselves a subtle and wily foe. That inhuman slaughter on the slopes of Risdon was the prelude of countless troubles while the blacks remained at large on the island. It produced retaliation, and retaliation provoked revenge, until both parties were actuated by the bitterest feelings of hatred toward each other.

The subsequent famine in the camps of the British multiplied the misfortunes of the natives. Bands of lawless convicts were let loose over the country to gain subsistence as best they could. Without any check upon the indulgence of these men's evil passions, it can easily be conceived how the natives were molested on their hunting-grounds. Not only were the herds of kangaroo,

on which they relied, killed in large numbers for the use of the settlement, but the black women were lured away and their husbands shot, children were murdered, and maidens violated. Cruelties such as these led to resentment still more savage. The inhumanity of the white man bore its bitter fruit. Cattle and sheep were killed, and men and women were speared if they ventured away from home.

While these shocking tragedies were occurring on the mainland, the natives were subject to similar cruelties from another quarter. Bands of freebooters—runaway sailors and convicts from Port Jackson—had taken possession of some of the islands of Bass Strait. The sealers, as they were generally called, were not long upon the islands before they commenced a systematic kidnapping of the native women from the tribes on the north and east coasts of Tasmania. They practised every degree of falsehood and deceit to get possession of the women and carry them off to the islands in their boats. Sometimes the women were tempted to go voluntarily, but more frequently they were purchased from their relatives, and departed with reluctance, or were violently seized, while the blacks who tried to protect them were shot down.

Early in 1827 a Government order was issued commanding all the blacks to retire from the settled districts. Military posts were established, with instructions to explain to the natives the necessity which existed for a line of demarcation in order to ensure mutual safety. This plan entirely failed, the blacks not understanding the order.

On 1st November 1828 martial law was proclaimed, and a reward of five pounds for every adult and two pounds for every child captured without injury was offered by the Government. This led to the formation of parties who at first had no uniform plan of action, the object of all, however, being to bring in the natives.

But Governor Arthur was not satisfied with the slow progress made by the roving parties, whose mode of operation was in other respects objectionable. He therefore devised the plan of a *coup de main* on a gigantic scale. This movement was known as the 'Black Line.'

The total military force in the colony at this time consisted of about eight hundred men. They belonged to the 63rd, 40th, 57th, and 17th Regiments. The object of 'the Line' was to round up the hostile tribes and drive them before an advancing cordon until they were safely secured on the Tasman Peninsula. The cordon extended from St Patrick's Head on the east to Lake Echo on the west. The whole of the intermediate country was thoroughly scoured; and as 'the Line' advanced towards the peninsula care was taken that no gap should occur to afford the natives a chance of escape. There were in all about three thousand persons engaged in this enterprise, of whom seven hundred and thirty-

eight were convict servants. The only result of the great undertaking was the capture of one man and a boy in an accidental way.

While the country was still in arms endeavouring to subdue the blacks by force, there was one man—George Augustus Robinson—who quietly and unostentatiously devoted his energies to the same work, but by an entirely different method, the force used being simply the power of *moral suasion*. Robinson was a humble mechanic in Hobart Town, of little education and small means; but he had a noble soul within him, and thus he became a philanthropic hero. The distressing state of the aborigines engaged his sympathies; he studied their habits, acquired their language, and by his kindly attention and gentle demeanour soon gained an extraordinary influence over them.

Governor Arthur was very anxious to ameliorate the conditions of the natives, and published a notice in the *Hobart Town Gazette* offering a fixed salary to any man of good character who would interest himself in the unfortunate race, reside on Bruny Island, take charge of provisions and clothing, and look after the welfare of any native who might be induced to go there. The work appealed to Robinson's sympathies; he applied for the situation, was accepted by the Government, and appointed at the salary of one hundred pounds a year.

The establishment formed at Bruny was not a success. Whalers, sawyers, and other immoral characters had access to the black settlement. Robinson was dissatisfied with the result, and made a fresh proposal. This was nothing less than that he should proceed into the wilderness with a few companions, *all unarmed*, endeavour to fall in with the aboriginal tribes, and, if possible, conciliate and persuade them to surrender peaceably.

In January 1830 Robinson entered upon his mission. He selected a few of his Bruny Island blacks to accompany him on his dangerous enterprise, among them the noted Truganini and her husband, Wooreddy, both of whom remained with him during the whole of his bush wanderings. He met many tribes, walked hundreds of miles, and slept amongst the savages round their camp-fires at night. The impressions he left behind were highly favourable to his future exploits. He traversed the north-east country while the Black War was still raging in the south, and, having authority from the Government, visited some of the islands in the Straits and rescued eighteen females from the sealers.

In the following year his salary was raised to two hundred and fifty pounds. His success in conciliating the blacks wherever he travelled satisfied Governor Arthur that moral force alone would accomplish the end he desired. All the armed parties of captors were called in, and strictly prohibited from appearing before the natives with firearms in their possession. Robin-

son was invested with full command as conciliator and protector of the aborigines. It was decided that the blacks were to be brought in. Flinders Island was prepared for their reception. It seemed an ideal place for the purpose required; and as it was about one hundred and thirty miles in circumference, it provided ample space for hunting and recreation, and abounded in wallaby and kangaroo, whilst the surrounding sea teemed with fish.

The first arrivals were those formidable warriors known as the Big River and Oyster Bay tribes, so long a terror of the country-side. They came quite willingly, relying on Robinson's promise of fair treatment. These once powerful tribes, formerly numbering about a thousand souls, now yielded only twenty-six individuals.

Robinson continued his labours unceasingly during the two following years amid trying and dangerous surroundings, as his journal shows. He makes an entry: 'In all my difficulties, my sole dependence was on the Omnipotent Being; and I may truly say I was led in the paths which I knew not, preserved in danger, by His power alone. Frequently have I seen the sun go down without any expectation of beholding it again in the morning. I have been surrounded by savage blacks, with their spears presented at me, and have been spared when all hope had fled.' And so, on the 22nd January 1835, the last party of aborigines was brought in by Robinson. He might well be proud of the complete success which had crowned his self-denying devotion and dauntless courage. He had walked four thousand miles over the wildest part of Van Diemen's Land, and without shedding one drop of blood had brought into an abode of peace and safety the desperate savages who had held the colony in terror. The number placed on Flinders Island was two hundred and three—all that were left out of several thousands.

Robinson and other philanthropic individuals had hoped that Flinders Island would afford to the unfortunate exiles a safe and lasting retreat, where, their wants being all supplied, they would increase in number. But it soon became evident that at no distant date the whole race must become extinct. Various causes operated to bring about this unfortunate result. The enforced association of different tribes, whom bitter feuds had separated when they were at large in their own country, was a great cause of discontent to them. The change in their habits, and, it is said, the unhealthy position of the settlement, partly caused by a scarcity of pure water, contributed to reduce their number. Whatever may have been the cause, it was soon evident that disease and death had marked them for a prey. Many perished from home-sickness. They were in sight of Tasmania, and as they beheld its not distant but forbidden shore they were often deeply melancholy. They were

treated with uniform kindness, but nevertheless the births were very few and the deaths numerous. In spite of all efforts to prevent the total extinction of the race, they continued to decline rapidly. Removal from alcoholic drink and from contact with other European vices failed to accomplish the desired result. At one time an idea was entertained of transporting them to Port Phillip, on the Australian mainland, under the protection of Robinson, who was already engaged there on his native mission. The proposal was not favoured by the Sydney Government. He was, however, permitted to take with him two men and three females from Flinders Island, whose civilisation, he believed, would be useful to him in conciliating the Port Phillip blacks.

In 1847 the number of natives at Flinders was reduced to forty-four, comprising twelve men, twenty-two women, and only ten young children of both sexes. In November of that year these were removed to Oyster Cove, on the mainland. They were pleased at the thought of coming back to their native land; but, alas, changed was the home of their fathers! Melancholy indeed are the last records of the wild, happy race whom Captain Cook and M. Péron described in such glowing terms. Calder observes in his *Memoirs*: 'Those who saw the aborigines after their removal from Flinders Island could never believe them to be part of the same people who, ten years before, had given such goodly proof of rapid emergence from barbarity. The apathy into which they had been permitted to sink, from neglect of cultivation, prevented any recurrence to their old predatory habits, for they had now hardly life and spirit left for action beyond excursions to the public-house whenever they could raise the means—either by the sale of shell necklaces, or by worse practices, or through the good-nature of visitors—to obtain drink, or, as they called it, *giblee*.' Who can reproach the unfortunate creatures? They were placed under no restraint. Splitters, sawyers, and sailors had access to the settlement, for what purpose can be readily imagined. The order and the surveillance maintained at Flinders had been withdrawn; they were, in fact, brought home to die. The last page of their history is not the best.

The history of Mathinna is heart-rending in the extreme. She is described in Fenton's *History* as a beautiful girl who had been brought up by Lady Franklin—the wife of Sir John Franklin, the Polar explorer, then Governor of Van Diemen's Land—educated, petted, and trained in all the polite accomplishments of society as one of Sir John's family. She grew up to be a tall, graceful girl, with singularly regular features. When Sir John was returning to England it was thought it would be unsafe for the tender Mathinna to risk the climate of the North. She was accordingly left behind.

But the friends she had possessed at Government House were gone, and those whom she had met in society now neglected her. She went to her countrywomen at Oyster Cove. The sequel is thus told in the *Hobart Town Gazette* of that period: 'Too soon, alas! she fell into the habits of the rest; and, as they were permitted to wander about the bush amongst sawyers, splitters, convict servants, and characters of the deepest depravity, the reader may guess for himself what was the result. One night, however, Mathinna was missing; and although "Coo-ee!" after "Coo-ee!" resounded from hill to hill and from gully to gully, no tidings were heard of the lost girl. In the morning the search was continued, till at length the wanderer was found. The little wild girl, with the shell necklace and the pet opossum—the scarlet-coated, bareheaded beauty in the carriage, the protégée of Lady Franklin, the reclaimed daughter of the native chief—had been drowned, in a state of intoxication, and abandoned by every virtue, in the river.'

The last male of the race, William Lanné, died on the 3rd March 1869, at the early age of thirty-four. He grew up in Flinders Island until, at the age of thirteen, he was removed with the remnant of his countrymen to Oyster Cove. Ultimately he became a sailor, and for several years went whaling in vessels belonging to the port of Hobart Town. He was pleasing in habits and appearance, and was always a favourite with the crews with whom he sailed. The citizens of Hobart Town took an especial interest in him.

The female natives who still survived passed away one by one, until at length—on the 8th May 1876—the very last of the full-blooded race, Truganini, died. She was a woman, evidently, of more than ordinary physical endurance. Amid heart-rending vicissitudes, she had taken a prominent part in native affairs for half-a-century; neither the wear and tear of a strangely active and erratic life, nor the insidious habits induced when she beheld her people falling around her, seemed to affect her vitality. Truganini's chequered life was full of touching incident and wild romance. She was the daughter of Mangana, chief of the once powerful Bruni Island tribe. Her sister Moorina was taken captive in the early days by a party of sealers. Truganini's first associations with the British accord with those of nearly all the natives, and make one wonder that, instead of proving friendly, she did not become a bitter foe. Her uncle was shot by a soldier; her mother was murdered by the whites. The following statement is from her own lips: 'We were camped close to Partridge Island, when I was a little girl, when a vessel came to anchor without our knowing of it. A boat came on shore, and some of the sailors attacked our camp. We all ran away, but one of them caught my mother and stabbed her with a knife and killed her. My father grieved much about her death, and used to make a fire at night by him-

self, when my mother would appear to him. I used to go to Birch's Bay. There was a party of men cutting timber there. While I was there two young men of my tribe came for me—one of them named Paraweena was to have been my husband. Well, two of the sawyers said they would take us in a boat to Bruni Island. When we got half-way across the channel they threw my companions overboard, but one of them held me.' It appears the poor blacks, when thrown overboard, being good swimmers, followed the boat and overtook it; they laid hold of the gunwale, and tried to get into the boat, but were prevented by one of the boatmen seizing a tomahawk and chopping off their hands near the wrists. Thus disabled, they sank, and their murderers went off with the girl and forced her to live with them. Truganini was supposed to be about eighteen at that time. She followed Robinson in all his dangerous excursions through the wildest forests of the island, acquiring a

knowledge of the various native dialects, so as to be enabled to communicate more fully with the tribes. She always went in advance of the party, risking her life among the hostile blacks, saving Robinson's life on more than one occasion, and remained faithful until the last great enterprise over the western mountains was accomplished. It is difficult to suppose that any incentive animated the mind of this Tasmanian woman but a philanthropic desire to rescue her race from utter extermination. Without the aid of the friendly natives, and chiefly that of Truganini, Robinson could hardly have been successful in his mission. Often at Flinders Island was the poor woman upbraided by her countrymen for enticing them into captivity; nevertheless they would have suffered death by violence if left at large. Truganini died at the age of about sixty-five. She was the very last aboriginal inhabitant of Tasmania, and in her death a nation became extinct.

## REFORMING THE COINAGE—THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

By Professor J. A. STRAHAN.

WE are threatened with a change of the coinage. It is to take the form of a decimal system, in place of the old pounds, shillings, and pence. By a decimal system is meant a system in which we count in tens and multiples of tens. Whoever invented it did his species a very small service. From one point of view, no more awkward numeral than ten could have been selected, save perhaps five, seven, or eleven. These cannot be divided at all, while ten, being an even number, can at any rate be divided by two.

For some reason, or more probably by mere chance, ten has, at least among the Southern races, been for innumerable centuries the basis of notation. It was the Roman mode. How the Romans ever contrived to keep their books is one of the mysteries of history. Just imagine the task of adding together, say, 25, 42, and 121 in Roman characters. The figures would stand thus: XXV., XLII., CXXI. Surely even a skilled accountant would take some time to add these up. If we went to thousands and tens of thousands the task would be, as the Germans say, 'kolossal.'

Existing evidence goes to show that counting by tens was not the original practice among the Northern races. With them twelve seems to have taken the place of ten. Thus our numerals are separately named up to twelve; the 'teens only commence with thirteen. The pound in our coinage represents the old pound weight of raw silver, which preceded all coinage, just as the *as* or *libra* of the Romans represented the pound weight of raw copper. The shilling and the

penny are the old coinage; and a shilling is, and always has been, twelve pence. The jury still consists of twelve men; and in the market to this day most things are counted by the dozen.

Counting by the dozen is called the duodecimal system. Undoubtedly it is infinitely more utilitarian than the decimal system, because twelve, unlike ten, is capable of very many divisions—into halves, thirds, fourths, and sixths. This is the reason why the shilling is still the most popular of coins, and the dozen the ordinary mode of selling things—from eggs to volumes.

It may be said that, however advantageous the duodecimal system of counting may be, it is impracticable now to base our arithmetic upon it. This may be so; and still it may not be wise to base our smaller coinage on the decimal system. While people persist—as they are likely to do for many a generation—in buying and selling most things by the dozen or by sections of that easily divisible number, the fixing of prices in a coinage which excludes the dozen will be no easy matter.

Whatever reform takes place in our coinage, one error, into which all the Continental nations have fallen, should be avoided. Any one who has travelled much abroad knows that inaccuracy in addition is far more common there than at home. I have seldom received an hotel bill in England incorrectly counted; and when I did, the inaccuracy has always been to the advantage of the hotel—from which circumstance it is possible to draw inferences. This is not my experience abroad. In the year before the war, for instance, I stayed for some weeks at an hotel

in Switzerland. On leaving I found that the bill presented to me was wrong to the extent of two hundred francs to the disadvantage of the hotel. After leaving Switzerland I made a tour in northern Italy, staying at Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Genoa, and Como. Of the six hotel bills which I then received, only two were correctly computed; and, of the four wrongly computed, only in one case was the blunder to the hotel's benefit. Further, on returning to Switzerland, I obtained, at an office there of Messrs Thomas Cook & Sons, coupons for our journey home. The official who totted up the charges for the different sections of the journey was a French Swiss. A week after my return home I received a letter asking for a remittance of thirty francs, as an error of ten francs had been discovered on each of the three coupons. I freely admit that my experience of Continental powers of calculation was on this occasion exceptionally bad; but I can say confidently that I have never been abroad for a month without having experiences very similar, if not quite so numerous.

For a long time I was puzzled by this strange difference between Continental and English powers of calculation. Suddenly it occurred to me that it arose from the fact that, while we were counting in units, our neighbours were counting in tens and hundreds. For example, where we would put down £1, they had to put down 25 francs; where we would write 1 shilling, they had to write 120 centimes; where we would set down 1 penny, they had to set down 10 centimes. Say, for instance, our bill—we were a party of three—ran in a week to £12, 12s. 3d. This in Latin coinage would amount to 315.31 francs. Four weeks' bill at the same rate would be in English money £50, 9s. In Latin coinage it would be 1261.25 francs. Now in theory it may be as easy to count in thousands as in tens; but in practice it is not. We have all heard of the schoolboy who came home one day, tearful and indignant. His father asked him what had happened to him. 'I was whipped by the master,' he said, 'and it was all your fault.' 'My fault!' exclaimed the amazed father. 'Pray, what had I to do with it?' 'Well,' said the boy, 'the master gave me yesterday as a home task to find out how much £2,000,000, £3,000,000, and £5,000,000 would make if added together. I couldn't do it; and when I asked you, you said it would make a deuce of a lot of money; and when I told the master that, he whipped me.' Now, if the question had been how much £2, £3, and £5 would make if added together, the boy would not have had to consult his father.

This danger of the new coinage driving us to count small sums in thousands seems inevitable if the proposed change is carried out on the proposed lines. The pound is to be divided into 1000 parts, to be called 'mils.' Are we to count our bills henceforth in 'mils'—practically

farthings? It may be said we are not, since the sovereign is to be retained as the standard coin. That, no doubt, will save us from counting in thousands when the sums to be added are even pounds. But how often does that happen? And when it does not, we shall have to count in 'mils,' or thousands.

Take, for instance, the hotel bills given above. The £12, 12s. 3d. will stand thus: £12 612.5 mils; the £50, 9s., £50 450 mils. This may be avoided by counting sums under a pound not in 'mils,' but in florins and tenths of a florin. In that case £12, 12s. 3d. would become £12, 6 fl. 1½ tenth-fl., and £50, 9s., £50, 4 fl. 5 tenth-fl. If we wish to retain counting small change in small numbers, the smallest unit must be, not the thousandth part, but the hundredth part, of the pound; and we must count as we do now in three kinds of coin, and not merely in pounds and 'mils.'

#### TEN THINGS OF WONDER.

TEN things of wonder unsurpassed God made,  
And one in mists of pearly gray is born—  
The faint awakening sigh of coming day—  
The Dawn!

And one there is, all glorious majesty  
From mystic dawn until its course is run,  
Sinking 'mid colours only God could paint—  
The Sun!

And one is fraught with love and mystery,  
Filled with great throbbing stars and silver light;  
Fanned by the sweetest perfumed breath of Heaven—  
The Night!

And one the symbol of Eternity;  
Changeless, yet ever changing: grand and free;  
Raging in splendid wrath, or calm and still—  
The Sea!

And one leads souls apart awhile with God,  
Lifting them high above life's cares and ills:  
Clothed with still forests, or with great bare rocks—  
The Hills!

And one a thousand mysteries unfolds,  
From opening bud to blue on swallow's wing.  
A strange, sweet impulse, filling every heart—  
The Spring!

And one the emblem of all beauty is,  
The perfect product of God's mighty power:  
A harmony of colour, kissed with dew—  
A Flower!

And one there is whose melody divine  
In God's own mansions surely must be heard:  
An ecstasy of harmony and song—  
A Bird!

And one there is all innocence and grace,  
Bathed in the tender light of beauty wild:  
The living emblem of divinest Love—  
A Child!

And one so precious is that few there be  
Who, finding it, may hold it to the end,  
Loving and true, for ever at their side—  
A Friend!

DOROTHY M. NEWMAN.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### SISTERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

By Sir GEORGE DOUGLAS, Bart.

#### PART I.

I.

PEOPLE often expressed surprise that so exceptionally charming a woman as Cordelia Blanerne should remain unmarried at forty. Well, of course there was a reason for this—a romantic reason.

Some twenty years ago or thereabouts, when we were all more or less young, I doubt if there was a pleasanter house in the good town of Pelter than that of Lysimachus Blanerne, the solicitor. That kind and courteous elderly gentleman, who had married rather late in life, had been left a widower some few years back, with two daughters on his hands—namely, Letitia, whom all fair-minded people recognised as brilliant and handsome; and Cordelia, who was considered by a select minority the more interesting and sympathetic of the two. Old Mr Blanerne was keenly conscious that it was his duty to give his two motherless girls, who were now approaching womanhood, as good a time as possible. Nor was this difficult. He had a sufficient income; whilst, as for the girls, they had plenty of interests in life, and had also the gift of making nice friends easily. Their tastes were artistic, Letitia's pianoforte-playing being above the average, while Cordelia had something of a turn for modelling. And they were deeply interested in the society of artists of all sorts.

Thus, in course of time, it came to be understood that when players or musicians, not of the ultra-Bohemian kind, came to Pelter, they would generally find a welcome at the Blanernes', and be hospitably entertained there. The house became, in fact, a sort of rallying-point for such artistic life as was to be found in Pelter, which was not a very great deal. On these occasions old Lysimachus would keep modestly somewhat in the background, confining his exertions to pressing good cheer on his guests, or addressing them in kindly words of welcome and appreciation. Taking him at his own valuation, you would have thought that the old boy knew nothing about art. And yet his reminiscences of Sothorn, Fechter, Robson, and Bannister were well worth listening to; whilst, if a part-song

were got up, and he were pressed to join in it, it would soon be discovered that his ear was true and his baritone voice still resonant.

The sisters were at the period of life when sisterly affection is usually at its strongest, and were mutually devoted. But, of the two natures, I think Cordelia's was the more essentially affectionate.

Among young men who attended the supper-parties at the Blanernes', and who at other times were frequent callers at the house, two require to be specified. These were Frank Follett and Jimmy Ashdown—two specimens of young manhood who, whether you considered them morally or physically, resembled each other about as little as it was possible to do. Follett was at this time the most brilliant figure in Pelter, though I would not be understood as implying that Pelter had a higher standard of brilliancy than other provincial towns. He was not a native of the place, having, indeed, been brought there recently to speak on behalf of a candidate at a political meeting, and having made such a hit with his speech (to which Letitia Blanerne had listened from the ladies' gallery) that his chief had judged it expedient to appoint him his political agent for the district. Frank Follett's manners were easy and affable to a degree that was rare in Pelter, and he and old Lysimachus being on the same side in politics, and indeed having business together, he soon became intimate in the Blanerne household. He had abundant self-confidence, talked easily and well on many subjects, and, as he soon allowed Lettice Blanerne to know, had ambitions beyond his present subordinate position. His confidences interested Lettice more than a little, and she sympathised warmly in his aspirations.

In Frank Follett's social qualifications Jimmy Ashdown had no share. He was a shy, reserved young man of twenty-two, who had been trained as a painter in the local school of art. He had more talent than knowledge, and would probably have gained not a little from a year or two spent in some first-class Parisian studio. For, besides having much to learn, he had something to unlearn. But being the only son of a doting mother, a widow in poorish circumstances, he

was not a free agent. She feared the temptations of Paris for her son, and thus far he had yielded to her wishes. Yet his outlook in Pelver was most discouraging, seeing that few indeed of the inhabitants took any interest in landscape-painting, in history, or in still-life; whilst, of those who might have cared to have their portraits painted, all with one accord recoiled before the slightest suggestion of modernity in style. They wished to be portrayed smiling and rejuvenated—if they were men, with an inkstand within reach; if women, with a bunch of flowers. This state of matters was depressing to an artist who had theories of his own, and beneath its pressure James Ashdown became more silent and reserved than Nature had intended him to be. Alas! it is the fate of those who wish the world other than it is. It was only with Cordelia Blanerne that he found full sympathy and comprehension. Though a painter by profession, he knew a little about sculpture, and had thus been able to help her with her modelling. She had been touched by his melancholy, had 'drawn him out,' and in so doing had come to recognise what no one else, so far, had recognised—the richness of his nature. Then her essential womanliness had made her keen to help him. But how to set about it? He was not an easy man to help. Repeatedly she had invited him to her father's supper-parties. But he made no figure there—sitting silent and ill at ease, whilst Frank Follett held forth at large, and every one but himself was cheery. At last he frankly said to Cordelia that he would rather not come to any more of the parties, preferring to call quietly on her and her sister when they were alone. To this Cordelia, nothing loath, assented. She was true woman, and loved to pour out sympathy where there seemed to be a yearning for it, not deeming for one moment that in so doing she might be risking her own peace of mind. Yet so it turned out. As for Lettice, she was always nice to Ashdown, though, as a matter of fact, she had eyes for nobody but Follett, who was paying her the most marked attention.

It happened that one Saturday afternoon the two young men had called at the Blanernes' at the same time, though not together. As they were both of them frequent visitors, there was nothing remarkable in this. Jimmy Ashdown had come by appointment, to make a study of a fine tulip-tree in the garden at the back of the house, of which Cordelia also was essaying to make a water-colour sketch. The other two, after a 'single' at tennis, had yielded to the heat, and were now strolling round and round the garden at a very leisurely pace, apparently deeply interested in their conversation.

After working for a longish time in silence, Cordelia at last broke out with the words, 'I am no good at all!'

She spoke almost pitifully, for she was an extremely modest young woman, and conscious

of her own defects. But in this case truth compels me to admit that she did not overstate matters.

Ashdown interrupted his own work. 'Let's have a look,' he said, and took the drawing-board from her with a calm assurance, which, outside the affairs of the studio, was no characteristic of his. Then, after glancing at the sketch, he went on: 'No, you certainly have not got the hang of it, Miss Cordelia. Those flowers, for one thing, are not rightly put on; they look like toys tied to a Christmas-tree. And your green is not true either—not nearly gray enough.'

Now, in thus delivering himself, Jimmy was speaking simple truth, with no desire except to serve his friend's interest. Yet the effect of his words was just to wound her. For she had done her best in the desire to please him, and could not help feeling that, after giving much sympathy, she was getting precious little in return. In fact, so sharp was the momentary twinge she felt that the eyes of some girls called on to endure it would have been suffused with tears. But Cordelia was not supersensitive, and, besides, was beginning to get used to Jimmy's ways. Still, the manner of his speech was not the manner of one who loved—even a little. It was simply matter-of-fact.

'I am, and always will be, a duffer!' rejoined Cordelia as she drew a vermilion bar across her sketch.

'You needn't have done that!' was Jimmy's comment, and he quietly went on painting. Having no further work to occupy her, Cordelia dreamily allowed her eyes to follow Lettice and her attendant swain, as they passed out of shade into sunlight, and then into shade again, in the course of their walk round the garden. Lettice wore white. Frank was clad in flannels, but he had shoved no cabbage-leaf between his straw-hat and the crown of his head, as, for the sake of coolness, Jimmy had done. Frank was far too conscious of appearances for that. He was dwelling on his favourite theme—his ambitions, his career. In fancy he had already landed at Westminster, where he occupied a post in the Government, though without a seat in the Cabinet. As you see, he was not wanting in modesty! Lettice listened, and was not bored—very far indeed from that.

Meantime Jimmy's eyes were fixed thoughtfully upon Cordelia. Nor was she unconscious of his gaze or displeased by it. After a long pause he spoke. 'Miss Cordelia,' said he, speaking as if he very much meant what he said, 'how handsome your sister is!' Then he sighed.

This remark was not exactly what a pretty girl like Cordelia might have expected in the circumstances. None the less it gave her so much pleasure that she actually blushed a little.

'I think so,' she answered eagerly, 'though

perhaps I may be biassed in her favour.' She smiled, and then added musingly, 'There is so much in her face, I always think.'

'There is indeed! I should like to paint her portrait.'

Cordelia considered that her sister would be quite pleased to sit to him, and agreed to sound her on the subject. Then they discussed Frank Follett.

'He is remarkably clever. Don't you think so?' observed Cordelia.

'In his own way, no doubt he is,' replied the artist.

Now Cordelia had noticed that the two young men did not hit it off perfectly together. Still, the dryness of this answer surprised her.

'In what way do you mean?' she asked him.

'Why, in looking after number one! To use a vulgar phrase—if it is a vulgar phrase—Follett excels in taking the cream off other men's milk. And his cleverness ends there.'

'Surely you are unjust to him! Think, for instance, how well he talks!'

'That's a case in point. He has no ideas of his own, but is always ready to adopt those of other people when he thinks they will serve his turn. I'll give you an instance. You remember his witty defence of woman's suffrage two nights ago? Well, I found it almost word for word in last month's *Candid Critique*! I do despise a plagiarist!' He spoke with conviction.

'Would you call that plagiarism?' asked Cordelia, anxious to stand up for her sister's friend.

'Why, what else is it? The fellow conceals his own emptiness by a display of other men's goods. He is shallow and a sham!'

'You are too hard on him! I know that father, for one, believes in him, for I have often heard him say that Frank will get on.'

'Ah! there I am with your father,' rejoined Ashdown sarcastically. 'There is no doubt that Follett will get on. People generally do when they have no convictions to sacrifice and are always ready to trim their sails to any wind that blows.'

His apparently uncalled-for bitterness was beginning to be painful as well as surprising to Cordelia, so she tactfully put an end to it by a move into the house, on the pretext of examining a portfolio of engravings after Callot. The extravagant designs were commented on at leisure, but still the second young couple did not find their way indoors.

'What can be keeping them?' asked the younger Miss Blannerne, as she crossed over to a French window that gave access to the garden.

She looked out, and her question seemed to be answered. Frank and Lettice had discontinued their walk, and betaken themselves to a bench beneath the tulip-tree, where they were

now seated, lost to the world. Frank, bending forward towards her, was speaking earnestly; whilst Lettice listened with eyes cast down upon the racquet which she was still holding. Taken together, the two graceful figures made a subject which is represented in every picture-exhibition, and is always popular. It is sometimes labelled 'A Declaration.' Cordelia, looking from the window, took in the situation at a glance. Her first feeling was one of pain at the prospect of losing her sister. But, being before all things unselfish, she was soon rejoicing over her sister's happiness. Only, in her heart she could not help wishing that Jimmy Ashdown's ill-timed diatribe had not been uttered. For, with her, his words carried weight.

## II.

It was quite true that Frank had proposed to Lettice, and that she had accepted him. Her father's consent to the marriage was readily given, and in a very short time the engagement had become the talk of Pelter. Many girls envied Miss Blannerne her brilliant fiancé, with his prospects of distinction; and many young men envied Follett his future wife, with her beauty, talent, charm of character, and substantial wedding-portion. For it was an understood thing that old Lysimachus would provide handsomely for his daughters. Meantime the feelings of one young man and one young woman were much more highly complicated. These were Cordelia and Jimmy—the first of whom was the natural recipient of her sister's confidences as to her own good luck, her intense happiness, and Frank's manifold perfections; whilst the second seemed to become daily more depressed, more inclined to mope than ever. Cordelia was perhaps the first to notice this, and after turning it over in her mind, she decided to say nothing about Jimmy's desire to paint a portrait of her sister. If things were as she suspected, that would not be expedient just now.

Then, for a time, the Blannerne's house became more cheery even than before. Frank came and went at all hours, always lively, full of eager talk, charged with political gossip. And at all hours Lettice was on the look-out for him, ready to sympathise, to applaud, to enter heart and soul into all he said and did. There were times when Cordelia thought that she gave herself up to him almost too much, and might run a risk of spoiling him. But, if it was a little unguarded, Lettice's behaviour was altogether spontaneous and sincere. There could be no doubt whatever that she was in love with Frank. As for Jimmy Ashdown, he had almost ceased to come to the Blannerne's. And the strange thing was that the old gentleman was the only one who commented on his absence. At last one day, after a long interval, he called. It was Cordelia who received him.

'Why, where in the world have you been,

Mr Ashdown?' she asked, though she knew all the time.

Jimmy, who was looking pale but determined, answered her, 'I have not left Pelter, but am expecting to do so. My dear mother has withdrawn her objection to my working in a foreign studio, and I start for Paris to-morrow.'

Cordelia caught her breath. She had often blamed Mrs Ashdown for acting as a drag on her son, and now she felt inclined to blame her for letting him go. But a rapid intuition put the true state of the case before her. The widow had seen that her son was really unhappy—unhappy from some deeper cause than merely being fettered, and she had sacrificed her own inclinations in the hope that he might find consolation.

'This is sudden,' remarked Cordelia, almost before the pause became perceptible.

'Yes, it is sudden,' answered the artist; 'but it is better so—I've put off too long as it is. What I want to do, Miss Cordelia, is to measure myself against other fellows, and to get to know if there really is any of the right stuff in me. It is quite possible I've been mistaken in believing so, but somehow I scarcely think it. Anyway, for better or for worse, I shall soon know now. I have been very fortunate in getting taken on in Duran's studio, even at the cost of doing some dirty work—palette-cleaning, and so forth. What I mean to do is to work for all I'm worth! After all, what other happiness is there?'

In her heart of hearts Cordelia thought that this was not quite the only, nor yet the greatest, happiness. But she would not say anything about that. And seeing that Jimmy inclined to talk of his future, and that it did him good, she indulged him, whilst admiring the new spirit he was showing.

At last he rose to take his leave.

'You will say good-bye to my father and to Lettice?' said Cordelia, rising too; and she was about to go in search of them, when he stopped her.

'No, no!' he exclaimed, detaining her; 'you say my good-byes to them for me—that will be better.'

She understood, and offered no opposition. Yet her heart craved some satisfaction, some consolation, slight though it might be.

'Are you not sorry to be leaving Pelter?' she asked, glancing up at his fine, dishevelled head; for Jimmy Ashdown, not being superior to all the weaknesses of his profession, wore his hair long and untidy. This, by the way, was a favourite 'crab' of the admirably groomed Frank Follett.

'Sorry to be leaving Pelter?' echoed the

young Hercules. 'Sorry, did you say? No! I am out-and-out glad.'

It may be that he exaggerated his own hard-heartedness, but there was no mistaking the decision with which he delivered himself. Nor did he observe the look of pain which crossed Cordelia's sensitive face.

'But you are sorry to be leaving your mother, your old friends?' she persisted wistfully. And this time she met with hearty response.

'Of course I am!' the great, single-minded fellow answered her; nor, as usual, was there any doubt that he meant what he said. 'You have all of you been most kind to me, and I should be a beast if I were not grateful.'

Then, by way of completing the expression of his gratitude, he wrung her fingers almost painfully, and the next moment was gone. Left by herself, Cordelia gave herself up for a while to melancholy thinking. He was gone—for months at least, perhaps for years—gone to fight his battle and to make his way in the world, as she believed that he would make it. That was right enough—it was what she herself would have wished for him. But though they had been such friends—she and he—had spent so many happy hours together over her damp clay or his half-finished mill-boards—though they had been such friends, could she honestly claim that he had ever uttered one word to her that was of warmer character than the words of friendship and fellowship? No! it was not she who was uppermost in his heart; it was her sister. Warm-hearted and impulsive as she knew him to be, she had no doubt that he liked her, valued her friendship. But he loved Lettice—that was plain; Lettice, who had been so much less his comrade, who cared so infinitely less for him. Well, if Lettice had wanted his love . . . But, so long as there was a Frank Follett in the world, she had no eyes for any other. Why were things so often ordered in this cross and contrary fashion? Alas! it is a question many girls, and not girls alone, have asked themselves. But it has not as yet been answered. . . . Cordelia's temper, however, was not a rebellious one. She had that sweetness of nature which adapts itself with good grace to what must needs be. And she had the high hopes that accompany youth. Presently she was telling herself that Jimmy would not be absent very long. When he returned, it would be to find Lettice happily married to the man of her choice, and thus placed once and for all beyond his reach. Well, the transference of affection from one sister to another was by no means a thing unheard of. . . . She pursued the subject no further. But, within her, hope was not yet dead.

(Continued on page 813.)

## A DREAM OF OUR PHILOSOPHY.

By HENRY HILTON BROWN, F.E.S.

[THE purpose of this narrative, which is founded upon ascertained facts, is to show how easy it was in the past for people to be accused of witchcraft on the slightest pretext, and how difficult it was to refute the accusation. The course of this world tends towards coincidences, and in a charge of witchcraft coincidences were accepted as positive proof. I have tried to explain how it might happen, even in the nineteenth century, when public opinion had forbidden the making of such charges, that the mere suspicion of trafficking with the powers of darkness could bring social ruin upon an unhappy woman.]

## I.

I HAVE an unusual story to tell, and the best way of telling it is to explain how I happened to hear it, and then to set it down without further comment.

Few persons, I fancy, apart from specialists, know the plain little butterfly which the old entomologist Haworth named the marsh ringlet. Scottish forms of the butterfly occasionally vary from the type, and the variety has been called *Scotica*, and is prized by Southern collectors. About thirty-five years ago a correspondent in the English Midlands asked me to get him a few specimens of *Scotica*. These could be procured on the Mannoch Hill, a wide tableland of moor and bog situated between the valleys of the Spey and the Lossie, at the point where the former valley is watched by the rocky scurrans of Ben Rinnes. In addition to securing the specimens, I wished to see the varied and extensive view, and to explore the Bean-Stalk Land through which the road passes. As it happened, I did not succeed in seeing the view or exploring the land, but I heard this tale, and I think it was worth the journey.

It was a sultry day in July, one of those days upon which, in Scotland, we half-expect a thunderstorm. I had procured the specimens which I wanted, and was striking across the heather at an angle to catch up the Mannoch Road, when I saw that such expectations were to be realised. Great black clouds with snow-white edges loomed above the edge of the hill, and warned me to seek shelter without delay. No houses stand on the higher parts of the hill. These must be sought in the glens by which the burns that drain the mosses run down to the rivers. I turned into the nearest glen, and by haste and good luck reached a little thatched 'biggin' just as the first heavy drops of the storm began to fall. It was, indeed, fortunate that I discovered this house, because the storm was violent, the lightning

was dangerous, and the rain fell as if a sluice had been opened. The cottage was occupied by a shepherd and two dogs, who welcomed me, the former with the natural courtesy of a Highlander, and the latter with the dignity of well-trained collies.

The way to the heart of a shepherd is through sheep or dogs. Of sheep I could not speak with knowledge, but of dogs I knew enough to start my host, and he was soon talking quite freely. He told me many things about dogs present and dogs past. I learned that there are among young dogs as many differences as among young human beings. Some are good; others are good for nothing. The useless boy is given a chance in life; the useless young collie is shot. No praise is too high for a wise, well-trained dog.

From dogs we passed to the hill and the ancient road, and he told me that the small pointed hillock at the beginning of the track was named Shian-na-Mannoch. I asked him whether this name alluded to the fairies, the word *shian* having in my mind some such association, and whether there were any old legends connecting fairies with the hillock. To my surprise, the question seemed to startle him, and to bring to memory something unpleasant. He did not answer for a moment, and then said in a hesitating way that it was not wise to talk of such things; it might be foolishness, but he himself knew of sad trouble coming of meddling in such matters. It was better to speak about dogs. There was in his manner so much of 'I could if I would' that it was clear that he had a tale to tell, if he could be induced to tell it. The task was not easy, but after a while I got his story, and I am now for the first time, after all those years, going to set it forth in writing.

## II.

My shepherd was not a native of these parts. His natal valley was in Inverness-shire—Glen-ailley, let us call it, as I have no intention of using real names. Marion Kerr was the daughter of a Borderer who had come to be manager of the home farm when Cameron of Glenailey brought his bride from Liddesdale. Her mother died when she was an infant, and being an attractive child, she was much petted at the 'big hoose.' Mrs Mertoun, the laird's widowed sister, in particular, made a plaything of her, teaching her a little, and spoiling her a great deal. It was the lady's intention to take the girl with her to London as her own maid, but this plan fell through. There was a tall, handsome Highlander who was the laird's stalker, and Marion and he fancied each other. There was nothing for it but to set up the young couple in a

comfortable farm. Both sides of the 'big hoose' contributed to this end, and Malcolm Macgregor and Marion were established in a place called Ballechan, the 'home of Hector.' Mrs Mertoun did not like this name, which she declared to be ugly, and being of a romantic and whimsical temper, suggested that it should be changed to Balshian, the 'home of the fairies.' The laird had no objection, and the change was made, with many head-shakings in the glen. 'It would not be likely that Echan Cameron would be pleased to see his name taken away from his house,' and 'It will be a foolish thing, whatever, to be speaking about the folk when there will be no need for it,' were common forms of criticism among a people who, above all men, hated anything approaching the removal of an old landmark, and who still had a lingering fear of the mischievous attentions of the 'little folk,' whom we disregard except as subjects for the decoration of our children's toybooks. The shepherd, sensible man as he was, shared the opinion of the glen, and declared that this foolish and needless taking in vain the name of an irritable race was the beginning of the trouble which followed. I now saw why my question as to the Shian-na-Mannoch had brought this tale to the shepherd's memory.

There is every reason to believe that Marion's marriage was happy. Malcolm, though weak, was a good-hearted fellow, and altogether lovable. Balshian was an Eden; but it is the defect of our Edens that there are little serpents in them, which, although they may not cause us to be driven out of our Paradise, yet sadly mar our happiness. The little serpents soon appeared at Balshian. Malcolm was a valuable servant, but not a good master of himself. When the eye of authority was off him, and considerable sums of money began to pass through his hands, he proved himself to be a bad manager. The banker at the market-town had to speak seriously to him more than once as to his carelessness. On market-days Malcolm took more whisky than was good for a young husband who had to fight the battle of his household. Many men struggle through a lifetime in this fashion, but poor Malcolm was not to have a long lease.

As the light was lowering on a February market-day ten years after the marriage, the snow which had been threatening began to fall heavily. Marion had been restless all day, and when six o'clock arrived, and then eight o'clock, but no Malcolm, her agitation became extreme. Shortly after eight she went over to the nearest farm, wrapped in her plaid, and begged them to get some of the shepherds to follow her to the pass, as she feared something had happened to her husband. The people urged her to stay until the men were collected, but she would not listen to them, and hurried away, saying to herself, 'It canna be; surely it canna be.' The words were not forgotten.

In half-an-hour the rescue-party followed her, for these brave fellows respond quickly to such a call for help. No one knows whose turn it may be next. Six men started with as many dogs, the latter under command of the veteran Ness. It was a remarkable sight to see how the younger dogs understood and obeyed the direction of their senior. If a young collie was inclined to disobey, Ness gave him a single pinch, and with a howl the rebel subsided.

When they reached the pass the rescue-party arranged itself with care. The dogs moved in front on a long line; the men joined hands to reduce the risk of separation. The pass was quite an ordinary one, without any features of grandeur, being merely a short cut for foot-passengers to the market-town. It passed through a 'glack' between two mountains, crossing the ridge at about eight hundred feet. The road was a rough track, passable even by carts, running along the face of the northmost hill until the ridge was reached. So long as the traveller kept the road he was safe, but if he left it on a night of drifting snow, one could only say, 'God help him!'

About half-way up the pass, and about two hundred yards from the road, there was a boulder named 'the caird's stane,' after an unhappy tinker who perished there in a terrible drift about the beginning of the nineteenth century. When opposite this stone a dog on the left gave a loud cry. Dogs and men were soon on the spot. Malcolm and Marion were both lying almost covered with snow. She had wrapped him in her plaid in a vain effort to retain some heat and life. How she had found him was never known. Some instinct of affection had doubtless led her; but at a later date the circumstance was not overlooked by her neighbours, who had an explanation of their own to give. Malcolm was beyond human aid; Marion lived. It might have been better for her if she had not.

Great grief softens some, and makes them gentle and sympathetic; others it hardens. They resent what has happened. There is nothing sadder than a life warped from its first hopeful promise, divorced from kindly services to others, disappointed, embittered, wasted. That was the life of Marion Macgregor henceforward. She kept her troubles to herself. She was too proud to discuss her sorrow with her neighbours, with whom, in truth, she had not had much in common. They were Highlanders, she was a Borderer, and the favour shown to her by the laird's family had tended to keep them apart. The neighbours were jealous, and she was offended at their needless jealousy. There were no children at Balshian to soften matters by forming links of sympathy with the mothers of the glen. She spoke seldom, and then too often sharply or bitterly. As often she got a bitter answer, and the bitterness made her more bitter.

## III.

Ten years of mismanagement, and, as the shepherd hinted, of mischievous interference by the offended 'little folk,' had brought Malcolm near to ruin. It was soon known that he had not left means to pay his debts, and that Balshian must go. Cameron of Glenailey, one of the kindest-hearted men in Scotland, was genuinely sorry for Marion, and tried to persuade her to remove from the farm to a croft near the river, and allow him to settle matters with the creditors; but she would not hear of his proposal, and in her bitterness as good as told him that he was trying to cheat her. He said nothing, but desisted from his attempt.

Then matters became worse, and it was necessary, if anything were to be saved for the widow, that the laird should sequester the stock and the crop in security of his rent. It must be remembered that we are speaking of a time long before the abolition of the landlord's right of hypothec. In those days a friendly landlord could, and not infrequently did, help a hard-pressed tenant against his creditors by exercising this legal right. Readers of the life of the Ettrick Shepherd will find instances of this kindly use of legal diligence. Unfortunately for all parties, Marion misunderstood his intention. She cursed him for a Highland thief. Memory of past kindness flies swiftly away in such times of stress. He gave her rent-free the little croft by the river, establishing her there with such effects as could be saved from the wreck. She cursed him again. At his sister's request he even settled upon Marion a small annuity. She cursed him a third time, but accepted the annuity as restitution.

On the first day of the next salmon-fishing, Cameron of Glenailey, an experienced angler, while fishing a pool on the Ailey, which he had fished a hundred times without mishap, stepped in his waders over a concealed ledge of rock, and was gathered to his fathers. He was much loved by his people, and Marion's curses had not been secret. The event was put alongside other happenings in their unfriendly comments. It was well known that no purchaser had got any good from such parts of the furnishings and plenishing at Balshian as had been sold by the creditors. Corn moulded, straw was burned, wooden articles fell to pieces, and breakable things were speedily broken.

Folk also recalled with malicious interest the unexplained manner in which Marion had been enabled to find the body of her husband two hundred yards into the heather in a 'blin' drift.' It was not forgotten that the servant-woman at Balshian had told how, on the night before the fatal market, she had overheard Marion upbraiding her husband with his habit of drinking on such occasions. She had said to him, 'You'll be found dead in the snow some night at the caird's stane.' Malcolm's body had been

found not twenty feet from that ill-omened boulder. The gossips declared that Marion well knew where she would find him. And, indeed, Marion had used the words. They were hasty and ill-chosen, but remembered with what an agony of remorse by the poor woman!

In these whisperings we see the beginning of a *fama* which little more than a century earlier would have ended in a trial for witchcraft and the stake. It was probably a long time before Marion became aware of this heavy addition to her troubles, but that she did in some way learn of the sinister gossip is quite clear. No doubt the discovery gave her keen distress, but as she grew older she seems to have taken a certain pride in the fear caused by her 'uncanny' reputation and the power which it gave her. Possibly, too, her mind was affected by living alone and brooding over what she deemed her dreadful secret—that she had blasted her husband and caused his death in the snow. The delusion was, in a milder way, not unlike that under which we are informed Norna of the Fitful Head laboured respecting the death of her father.

## IV.

Up till this point in his tale the shepherd admitted that he was speaking from hearsay only. He had no personal knowledge of the facts until he came down the glen to be shepherd at the home farm. He described Marion as a tall, stern woman, silent, with piercing eyes, in which one saw 'blue lowes.' He was emphatic as to the blue light, which he seemed to regard as a proof of her 'uncanniness.' At that time her reputation was established in the glen. He told me many instances which came under his own observation. Of these I shall note three, which, if they were mere coincidences, are among the most remarkable that have been recorded.

Although Marion's croft supplied most of her needs, there were times when she had to apply to her neighbours. She did this as seldom as possible, and it was in connection with such requests that the incidents arose.

One day she called at the farm of Aultbreck when the goodwife was churning. She said that her cow was not giving milk at that time, and she would be obliged if Mrs M'Intyre would let her have some butter. It is annoying to be interrupted in the process of churning, especially when the 'moment of projection' is near. Mrs M'Intyre told Marion that she had not time to give her butter; to come back later. Marion turned off in anger, simply saying, 'I think your butter may be long in coming to-day.' The butter never came. Mrs M'Intyre toiled at the churn, and used every known means for bringing the butter; but it was all in vain. The contents of the churn were given to the pigs. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'

Some weeks later Marion went up to Tormore, a farm high on the hillside, in search of milk.

One of the daughters was in the act of milking a cow. To her visitor's request for milk the girl replied that she would give her some by-and-by. Marion, as she was only too ready to do, took offence at once, and marched off with the parting words, 'That's a fine cow, but I fear she's not long for this world.' As she passed the cottage the girl's mother chanced to see her, and came out to ask what she could do for her. Marion answered stiffly that she wanted a little milk, but had been refused. The good woman hastily replied, 'Dinna say such a thing, Mrs Macgregor. You're heartily welcome to as much milk as you want, and I'll get as much from you when your cow's in milk.' So Marion got the milk. That afternoon the cow was seized with dreadful illness, and although the skill of the veterinary surgeon at the market-town brought her round, the gossips declared that if the milk had not been given, all the medical skill in Scotland would not have saved the beast.

It was a custom in the glen for crofters like Marion, who had small holdings, to keep no horse, but when equine services were needed in ploughing or other work to get the use of a horse from a neighbour. Such favours were willingly granted, and could easily be repaid by labour at harvest-time. Towards the end of a late spring all the glen was busy, and every horse was in use. Marion had applied to several farmers, but no one could spare a horse. As a last chance, and most unwillingly, she went to her old home, Balshian. She had not crossed the door since the hateful day on which she left it. The farmer had a fine black horse, but, like the rest, he was busy, and told her that he was in a hurry to get his own ploughing done, and could not then spare the horse, but he would let her have the use of it as soon as his work was finished. Marion replied, 'The more haste, the worse speed.' That night the horse died.

## v.

In the sequence of events which formed the shepherd's tale we discover real tragedy. Fate swept away poor Malcolm. Marion had no blame in connection with that. But pride, hardened by remorse for imaginary fault, counselled that she should be unyielding, defy fate, reject human sympathy, and break those links of kindly service by which human beings are united to each other. She might have helped this, but did not. Her neighbours were at first hurt and offended by her treatment of them, then angry, then suspicious. Coincidences were eagerly noted, and passed with additions from one to another.

Poor Marion, under the guidance of a false and stubborn pride, placed herself in an unhappy situation. The educated dwellers in the glen pitied her, and helped her as far as she would allow them; but the bulk of the people, half-educated or uneducated, and strong in the belief

of inherited superstitions, had no doubts, and, if they had dared, would have enforced the stern command, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'

They even asserted that she had power to assume the form of a hare. This was a common charge in Scottish trials for witchcraft. It was a power the gossips of Glenailey were positive that Marion possessed. They clinched the matter with evidence. Sandy Chisholm, the laird's gamekeeper, was coming home one moonlight night, after taking a turn round the home parks and spending an hour or two at the forester's cottage, when a new jar of whisky was sampled. As he passed the widow's croft he saw a large hare in the grass plot. He quickly rammed a sixpence down upon the charge of shot in his gun (these were the days of muzzle-loaders), and fired. He hit the hare on the left forepaw; for Sandy could shoot, drunk or sober. The animal limped through the garden hedge. Marion was not seen for a few days, and then she was wearing round her left wrist a black band, which odd adornment she wore till the day of her death.

The shepherd told this part of the story with so much gravity that I was for the time carried away, and put a question to him which on reflection I should not have put. I said to him that after her death the women who dressed the body for burial must have seen whether there was any mark of shot upon the wrist. What did they say? He seemed to be put out. The point had not previously been suggested to him, and his answer was not ready. He rather weakly evaded a direct answer, and said that he had left the glen before Marion died, and he had not heard what the women had seen.

But it was plain that the question had disturbed him. It hinted at a weak spot in his armour; and he hastened to repair any damage that might have been done to his theory by bringing up a fact the meaning of which could not be disputed. After pondering some time, he broke the silence by remarking in a hesitating way, 'Marion was buried in Glenailey Kirkyard. . . . I went last month to see her grave. . . . The grass and nettles are long in that kirkyard—very long—up to my knees.' I said, what is truth, that the state in which some of our country churchyards are kept is a public scandal. He passed over my reflection upon the national character, and went on: 'There was not much grass on Marion's grave—just a few tufts—and some nettles.'

Again I spoke unadvisedly when silence would have been golden. I said that there must be some one in the glen who kept Marion's memory green, and took pious care of her last resting-place.

The shepherd looked at me for a little, partly as pitying my ignorance, and partly as hesitating to give words to the awful suggestion which was

on the tip of his tongue. Throughout his telling of the story he had carefully refrained from giving expression to his meaning by using plain, blunt words, but had left me to infer it from dark hints. Now he was about to close the tale with a piece of what he deemed real and

damning evidence, and so he spoke plainly, using a word which, considering all that is implied in it, is the most horrible and hateful name that can be applied to a woman: 'They will be saying that the grass will not grow on the grave of a witch.'

## MR CRAIGHOUSE OF NEW YORK, SATIRIST.

### PART II.

#### V.

WHEN one passed the lodge which guarded the entrance to the Lummersdale estate, all sense of present-day responsibilities fell away like a cloak. Decades made no impression upon Oaklands; centuries made very little. The family was surrounded by traditions; the past pointed the way to each succeeding family, as sign-posts direct itinerant motor-cars upon their course. A Lummersdale never was forced to plan his own future, and there is no record of one ever having done so. Whoever bore the proud title felt that his children did not really belong to him; he was but a pruner, and they were branches to be trimmed to an absolute uniformity. A Lummersdale must resemble nothing so much as a Lummersdale; the associations of Oaklands and a judicious period spent at a public school succeeded admirably in effecting the required standardisation.

To this home Lieutenant Craighouse, of the U.S.A. Engineers, brought his ultra-modern and Western Hemispheric personality. Like all men born in a republic, he had instinctive leanings towards Socialism; like most men of artistic tastes, he was distinctly susceptible to luxury. He snorted disapprovingly when the castle-like turrets of Oaklands appeared, but he drank in the green of the lawns and the colours of the flowers like a desert traveller who finds a pool in his path.

The earl and his lady welcomed him with simple dignity, spoke of the pleasure it afforded them to entertain an American officer; and the butler then took charge of him. He made a facetious remark to that gentleman as they went upstairs, but received no encouragement. Within the precincts of his chamber he made another attempt with creditable bonhomie, but Mr Watkins's reply was not stimulating.

'Your bath, sir, is next door, and will be ready for you immediately. The family breakfasts at nine; lunch is at one-thirty, tea at five; and dinner is served at eight-fifteen. The gong is sounded, and the family assembles in the saloon.' Whereupon, with an air of deferential superiority, Mr Watkins cruised from the room with no apparent physical effort whatever.

Luncheon produced Second Lieutenant Vis-

count Oaklands, the twenty-year-old son and heir, who was leaving that afternoon to join the —th Horse Guards in France. He was of good, athletic physique, and had a high, clear complexion which spoke not only of an out-of-door life, but a clean one as well. He was rather languid, and, in an amiable, impersonal way, appeared somewhat bored. The second son, on three days' leave from Dartmouth, was two years younger, but differed very little from the viscount in any other respect.

There was also a daughter. (Craighouse knew instinctively that, if the countess had been enumerating her family, she would have said, 'I also have a daughter.') She was apparently twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, possessed of an exquisite skin, eyes which were both blue and deep, and a golden luxury of hair. With all these fundamentals of feminine beauty, her appearance was rather disappointing—a lack of animation in the eyes, a stolidity about the mouth. Craighouse felt, like Pygmalion, that if his statue could only come to life she would be irresistible.

The conversation at lunch consisted of flattering questions about America's preparations—questions to which Craighouse, who was never an economist in words, did full justice. They all said that it was perfectly splendid of America to come into the war; in fact, they didn't know what Britain would have done without her.

'I know,' blurted Craighouse. 'She'd have gone on fighting until every family was drained to the last man; and, by Jove! I believe the women would have carried on then. America is going to make victory possible, thank God! but England never would have been beaten.'

He stopped, surprised at his own vehemence. The Earl of Lummersdale protested that he was too generous. The countess echoed her husband's opinion. The officer and cadet sons supported their parents' protests languidly. The daughter, in acknowledged order of precedence, ended the chorus by the statement that it was ripping of him to say so. Had they been discussing the commentaries of Cæsar they could not have shown less enthusiasm. Craighouse pictured a similar situation at home if an English officer had paid a corresponding compliment. He had not learned as yet that carrying emotional moderation to excess is part of the English paradox.

At four that afternoon a trap drove up to the door, and the kit of Viscount Oaklands appeared, followed a moment later by that young gentleman himself. He kissed his mother, and gave his sister a half-embrace; then he shook hands with his paternal progenitor, and nodded to his younger brother.

'Good-bye, old man,' he said, shaking hands with Craighouse. 'Look me up if you ever get near the regiment, won't you?'

For a few minutes every one spoke of the military situation, the delightful fellow-officers he would have, and other things which well-bred people talk of. Amidst all this the trap started, then stopped at a sign from the viscount.

'I say, dad.'

'Yes, Douglas?'

'Do tell Edwards to see that the hounds get some exercise this week.—Cheer-o, mater!' And thus the eldest son and heir to Oaklands, which he was never to see again, went to the war.

#### VI.

Dazed at the bloodlessness of the scene, feeling his heart torn by the apparent lack of depth in the most primeval of all emotions, the parent love, Craighouse strolled away, to find that the daughter was by his side.

'You will miss your brother,' he said.

'We shall,' she said; 'though, as a matter of fact, I haven't seen much of Douglas the last three or four years.'

'How is that?'

'Oh, he was at Eton, and only home during the holidays. I was always away at those times; and, of course, he's been training for the last year.'

'He is joining the —th Horse Guards?'

'Yes. The eldest son always goes into the army until he succeeds to the title.'

'And the second son?'

'The navy.'

A smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. 'Supposing the second son proved a bad sailor, what then?'

She shrugged her shoulders. 'I suppose he would stay on shore, and probably go to the devil.'

He stooped to pick a blade of grass, and munched it meditatively. 'And what happens to the girls?' he asked, after a pause.

Her lips, which were like pomegranates, straightened into a line. 'The girls are not of great account,' she said, a note of suppressed tension in her voice, which he quite failed to sense. 'We are educated in a sort of a way, introduced to the arts, but not allowed to pursue the acquaintanceship; then we marry, if at all, some one of our set, and everybody says, "Didn't she do well to get him?"'

'And then?'

Again she made a pretty shrug with her shoulders. 'Then we move into our new homes,

which are much the same as the old ones, and we bring up a family of descendants for our husbands. When the husband dies, the eldest male child takes over the estate, and his wife rules in the mother's place.'

'And she leaves, in her declining years, the home which, naturally, she has grown to love?'

'Yes. Why not?'

For several moments neither spoke. Always hasty in its judgments, his brain was fired with a rankling sense of injustice. He thought he saw the explanation of the bloodless good-bye to the viscount. The mental inertia of the sons and the emotional placidity of the girl were natural consequences of a hereditary system which dulled personalities and drove initiative into the scrap-heap of tradition. It was monstrous that one's future and entity should be planned like the life of a hot-house plant; it was no longer a puzzle to him that England's real leaders and thinkers sprang from obscurity. He thanked 'whatever gods there be' that he was born in a country which had only one tradition—that it once rebelled against the past.

He turned towards the girl and gazed argumentatively into her very deep and very blue eyes; then he gasped, and a far-away look crept into his own dark, restless ones.

'Galatea,' he said, 'is coming to life.'

Subconsciously she had caught his spirit of resentment, and, being a woman, she thrilled to the sense of rebellion in his nature. With the unlocking of her emotions had come the sparkle in the blue depths of her eyes, and the animation which had lit at once the dormant radiance of her beauty—and his sudden admiration. In addition—though no addition was needed—the mellowing sun lingered on her hair till it seemed like strands of gold.

'You look like a wild rose,' he said irrelevantly, then dashed on into a sea of words. 'Are you content with this? Do you never feel a divine restlessness in your nature, urging you to be the architect of your own fate? Are you satisfied to be a mere link in the chain of generations? Surely the individualistic instinct is not dead in this country?'

He paused, rather astonished, but quite pleased with his burst of oratory.

'What would you have me do?'

'Anything—everything that expresses your own personality. Be yourself, and get away from type.'

'I have done a little.'

'What! appeared in a few charity *tableaux vivants*? Posed for your photo in the *Sketch* as a woman interested in war work?'

'I am sorry,' she said demurely, 'that you disapprove of me.'

'Great Scott!' he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of defiance, 'you are one of the most charming women I've ever seen.' He drew himself up to his full height. 'But

before I succumb to the beauty of these surroundings and the—the—loveliest'——

'Yes? Please don't hesitate.'

'You are mocking me.'

'Not at all, Don Quixote. Only why shy at the windmill?'

He surveyed her carefully with his head cocked to one side. 'I believe you have a sense of humour,' he said.

'The daughter of an earl humorous?' She laughed gaily, and her beauty was exceeding good to look upon.

An uncomfortable feeling that, though armed with the broadsword of masculine self-assurance, he was being beaten by the stiletto of feminism, crept into the mind of Lawrence Craighouse, officer and satirist. His embarrassment, however, was broken by the approach of a servant.

'Pardon me,' said Lady Dorothy. 'It's the mail.'

She took from the salver a letter, which bore the stamp of the Red Cross, and opened it.

'I am so glad,' she said, looking up at him; 'I have been accepted for France.'

'As what?'

'As a V.A.D., my dear knight. I have been one for two years.'

He began to think that his broadsword was decidedly worsted, but he made one final and thoroughly masculine attempt to retain the pedestal of superiority.

'I suppose you soothed a great many convalescent and gallant second lieutenants?' he said airily. It was a lamentable attempt, but he felt a sudden jealousy of all wounded subalterns.

She pirouetted daintily.

'I was in a Tommies' hospital,' she said; 'and when I wasn't scrubbing floors I was waiting on the nurses at table—and you have no idea what cats some of them were.'

Whereupon Lawrence Craighouse of New York handed over his sword and surrendered unconditionally.

#### VII.

Three days later Craighouse wrote another letter to Mr Townsend. That gentleman read it with great interest, and noted particularly these passages: 'They have a library, but nearly every book I have opened has uncut pages.' 'The daughter, Lady Dorothy Oaklands by name, is quite good-looking, but mentally and emotionally she is asleep.' 'The old boy showed me the portraits of his ancestors this morning. I made the mistake of asking what each one *did*. It appears that they merely *were*.' 'I am trying an experiment in feminine psychology—I am acting Pygmalion to Lady Dorothy's Galatea.' 'The earl appears to be very rich, but quite respectable.' 'We had some titled women to lunch to-day. I have at last found out what countesses talk about—how to secure exemption for their gardeners. It has quite done

away with the former vice of gossip.' 'Lady Dorothy plays the piano rather nicely, but with no soul.' 'Have I mentioned the daughter, Lady Dorothy? She is refreshingly beautiful at times.' 'I do like the speaking voices of English women when they are not putting on side. Lady Dorothy has a contralto lilt in her voice that is rather pleasing.' 'Dinner is a tremendous affair. A prune may constitute a course, but nothing reduces the ritual performed by the high priest and his assistant.'

That evening Mr Townsend looked over the table at his wife.

'My dear,' he said, 'what happens when an American young man falls in love with the daughter of an English earl?'

'Why, both families object, naturally,' said the companion of his joys and sorrows.

#### VIII.

It was the last evening before his departure, and Lady Dorothy had played for him for an hour; played little melodies from *La Bohème*, lesser gems from *Chu Chin Chow*, and twice had explored the delightful memories of Gilbert and Sullivan. Once he sang very softly to her accompaniment, and when they finished she turned abruptly to him.

'You have a voice,' she said.

'You play beautifully,' he answered.

'It is easy to play when an artist is listening.'

'Have you found that, too?'

She turned to the piano and softly fingered the opening strains of Rudolpho's aria in the first act of *La Bohème*.

'It is just a matter of personality,' he said softly. 'One woman chokes a man's artistry; another reveals the heights which are in his soul. I suppose it is the same with men?'

She played on in silence for a few moments, then murmured, 'What happened to the statue when it came to life?'

'You mean Galatea?'

She nodded her head.

'I don't know,' he said pensively. 'I have quite forgotten the ending.'

She went on playing, and in the soothing light of the music-room she made a picture that lingered for months in the memory of the American.

'Some day I will tell you,' she said suddenly. 'Here are mother and dad.'

That night, while in the act of disrobing, he heard the calm knock of Mr Watkins at his door.

'Come in,' he said. 'I am going at seven to-morrow morning.'

'Very good, sir.'

Mr Watkins carefully placed a pitcher of hot water on the stand.

'Are you married, Watkins?'

The butler considered deferentially. 'No sir,' he said, after mature reflection.

'You ought to be,' said the American.

The butler carefully drew the window-curtains together. 'Are you, sir?'

'No,' said Craighouse with great energy; 'but when I do marry, it will be with some girl born in the United States of America.'

Mr Watkins drifted towards the door. 'Your bath will be ready at six, and breakfast at six-thirty,' he said.

What Mr Watkins had taken for persiflage was in reality another American declaration of independence.

#### IX.

It was late in March 1918 that two American officers sat by the side of a road in France and watched a stream of refugees go by in an endless pageant of misery. Old men crawled along on bleeding, ill-shod feet; women were carrying grotesque bundles and leading absurd ponies that drew household goods on rickety carts; and there were girls, half-women, who bore infants in their arms, and who looked neither to right nor left, but followed on in mute fatigue and tearless agony.

Craighouse, who wore the badges of a captain, swore softly to himself. His companion bit his lip.

'I hear the Germans are smashing through everywhere,' said the latter.

'God! I wonder if we have been too late.'

Several ambulances passed in rapid succession, their bandaged and bleeding occupants lying crowded together.

A girl, less than eighteen years of age, dropped to the ground opposite to them. In a bound Craighouse was by her side and had lifted her to her feet. For a moment his strong hands gripped her arms tenaciously as though he would transmit some of his strength to her.

Without a word, without a look at him, she freed herself and staggered on, her face livid except where a slight flush showed beneath the black hollows of her eyes.

Craighouse went back to the other officer, but his face was gray and drawn, while his clenched fists drove the nails into his palms until they bled. His companion cursed blasphemously.

The roar of the guns grew louder, like a storm that is driven on the wings of a hurricane. They heard the snorting of engines behind them, and looking quickly, they saw a long line of London omnibuses crowded with English soldiers. They were shouting encouragement to the refugees, and waved gaily as they passed the Americans.

'Those chaps will be in action in an hour,' said Craighouse, and swallowed noticeably. 'Simpson,' he went on, 'do you realise that it's little England who has kept this thing from us for three and a half years? It's England who

stood by her word; and now that she's drained of her men and boys, she doesn't reproach Russia for letting her down; she hasn't uttered a word of impatience for our slow arrival—asking nothing for herself, blaming no one. It's little England who is gathering the spear-points into her breast that your children and mine may live like human beings!'

His companion rose to his feet, and his jaw stiffened ominously. He felt for his revolver-holster, and adjusted his haversack.

'Tell the O.C. I've deserted,' he said grimly. 'I'm going up the line to join the first bunch that'll take me. There's some vermin up there that I reckon need exterminating.'

Craighouse muttered something about discipline.

'To hell with discipline!' said Lieutenant Simpson, ex-mining engineer of Colorado. 'I'm going'—

A corporal had halted before them and saluted. 'O.C.'s compliments,' he said tersely, 'and the company is to go up the line as auxiliary infantry. Parade falling in now, sir. We move off in an hour.'

When the officers reached their headquarters they found a scene of bustling activity. Gas-masks were being inspected, ammunition supplied, first-aid packages given out where they had been lost, rifles cleaned and inspected, and all the accoutrements of war checked and shortages replaced.

Craighouse strode up to his section, ignoring the sergeant's salute. 'We're going into this scrap,' he said quietly, though his voice vibrated oddly, 'and I want every mother's son of you to see red. There's a girl out on that road who is dying of fever, and it's fear of the Hun that is driving her on, and before night she'll be lying dead by the side of the road. She's somebody's daughter—somebody's sister—and, by Heaven, we'll make the Hun pay for it! What do you say, you Yankee sons o' guns!'

They cheered him to the echo, and some of them swore, and some of them laughed (but the laugh had a cruel ring to it), and some of them felt the salt tears stinging their eyes—but every one saw red.

Craighouse slowly walked over to his hut to superintend the packing of his own things. In his heart was a great exaltation and a mad love for the men who looked to him for leadership. In the seclusion of his hut he did what he had not done for years. He knelt for a moment by the side of his kit and prayed that he might quit himself like a man.

There are moments in war when men's very souls are touched by a nobility, by a compassion, by a reverence that rises above all creeds. Out of the depths they have risen to heights supernatural.

(Continued on page 807.)

DECEASED AUTHORS' TRIBUTES TO EXISTING  
BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENTS.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

BEFORE advertising became the fine art which it now claims to be, it was more frequently said that 'the indirect advertisement proves the most efficacious.' But nowadays indirect advertisement cannot, as a rule, be expected to prove profitable in the same way as a series of well-planned direct advertisements. The fact remains, however, that numerous deceased authors—without any of that spirit which disposed the diner-out to sit up all night to prepare an 'impromptu' to be fired off at the dinner-table—have paid tribute, out of the fullness of their hearts, or, at any rate, out of earnest conviction, to several still existing business establishments. Sir Walter Scott, for example, affords instances in *St Ronan's Well*. His excellently drawn character, the elderly Anglo-Indian, Mr Peregrine Touchwood, is made to exclaim, 'Were you to eat your words with the best fish-sauce (and that is Burgess's), I have got all the information from them I wanted.' It is the same worthy who remarks, 'No offence, Mr Mowbray, but you should order a hogshead from Meux—the brown stout, wired down for exportation to the Colonies, keeps for any length of time and in every climate.' As members of Sir Walter Scott's family had served abroad, it is conjecturable that the generous 'Wizard of the North' had himself been instrumental in the shipping of such hogsheads.

Two other sauce-manufacturing establishments have received commendation from a later nineteenth century writer, Mr George Augustus Sala. His last book was on cookery, but more than a quarter of a century previously, when describing London breakfasts in his sketch of 'The Clerks at the Bank, and the Boats on the River,' he writes: 'Say, too, Crosse & Blackwell, what multitudinous demands are matutinally made on thee for pots of anchovy paste and preserved tongue. . . . Say, Elizabeth Lazenby, how many hundred bottles of thy sauce (none of which is genuine unless signed by thee) are in request to give a relish to cold meat, game, and fish.' It is this same writer who refers to a clerk 'passing Mr Mappin's razor over his commercial countenance.' He was, however, anticipated in implied praise of a cutlery manufacturer by the immortal reference in the 'Bon Gaultier' ballad of 'Tarquin and the Augur,' of which the finale reads:

With his searching eye  
Did the priest espy  
Rodgers' name engraved upon the blade.

The humorous allusion, too, to 'Pears's Liquid Bloom of Roses, Cakes of his Transparent Soap!' which is contained in the 'Paris and Helen' ballad of the same series, has, although it first saw the light as far back as 1843, in the tenth

volume of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, been utilised for advertisement purposes within this present century by the soap firm thus referred to, which would appear to bear out the time-worn saying that 'there is many a true word that is spoken in jest.'

It was Mr Sala, also, who wrote, when describing his boyish recollections of Regent Street (he was born in 1828): 'There was Swan & Edgar's, splendid and radiant, then as now, with brave apparel (how many times have I listened to the enthusiastic cheers of Swan & Edgar's young men on the occasion of the proprietors giving their annual banquet to their employees?).'

But one year senior to Mr Sala was that versatile writer Mr Mortimer Collins, the intimate friend of the author of *Lorna Doone*. He gave honour where he considered it to be due in his novel *The Ivory Gate* (a title subsequently more than once plagiarised), in which is to be found the following passage: 'At the corner, it occurred to him that he wanted to verify a quotation, so he entered Sotheran's classic establishment for the purpose. Who does not know that convenient haunt of literature, and the courteous and erudite *librarius* who can answer questions as if he were an embodiment in the flesh of *Notes and Queries*?'

In connection with tributes to the bookselling fraternity, it is the poet Arthur Hugh Clough who records twice in his *Amours de Voyage* how he witnessed Garibaldi's defence of Rome in 1849, with 'Murray under my arm.' On another occasion he mentions in a letter to the Rev. A. P. Stanley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, that 'only a vagrant artist or two represent with me our country. Freeborn, British Consul, abides with his flag; but Lowe, the British grocer, is at Florence. Piale, successor to Monaldini, is a huge republican, and stands at corners in full *civica* uniform, shutting up the reading-room.'

To the present day Piale's book establishment is a great resort for seekers after Vatican intelligence. The writer well remembers the bulletins which used to be hung out there when Pope Leo XIII. was undergoing the operation which threatened his life for some time at the close of last century.

It is recorded of Dickens that he was on a certain occasion offered a sum of four figures if he would consent to the introduction into one of his novels, with some degree of prominence, of the name of a certain proprietary article, but that he did not respond. Both he and Thackeray were given to avoiding actual names in this

connection, but Thackeray a little less so than Dickens. Like the author of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, Dickens, however (vide *The Pickwick Papers*), makes direct allusion to 'Rowland's Macassar Oil;' and Thackeray thus gives prominence to a purveying establishment of wide reputation in his 'Mrs Perkins's Ball:'

"The family are my most particular friends. A tay-ball, indeed! Why, Gunter"—Here I stopped. I felt I was committing myself.

"Gunter!" says the Mulligan, with another confounded slap on the shoulder. "Don't say another word; I'll go widg you, my boy."

Both Thackeray and Mr Sala have a good word for the emporium of Fortnum & Mason, of Crimean reputation, but the allusions are nowise 'dragged in with obvious intent.' Thackeray makes one to illustrate what appears to have been somewhat of an innovation in his time—namely, the invasion of certain localities by purveyors of renown. His words in one of the *Fitz-Boodle Papers* read: 'It has given me pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere—to see fournisseurs and comestible-merchants newly set up. Messrs Morell have excellent articles in their warehouses; Fortnum & Mason are known to most of my readers.' But Mr Sala is still more eulogistic, and brings in Dickens to support him, his statement in one of his *Twice Round the Clock* sketches ('Evans's Supper-Rooms and a Fire') being: 'Mr Charles Dickens once declared in print that were he to start a horse for the Derby, he would call that horse Fortnum & Mason, the delightful hampers of edibles and drinkables vended by that eminent firm about the period of Epsom Races being connected with the most pleasurable of his impressions during that exciting sporting event.' Perhaps it may be put down to delicacy on Mr Sala's part that, knowing that a greater than himself said this, he makes no allusion to the firm in question when writing his own sketch, 'The Derby,' which is the third of those in his volume of *London up to Date*.

Dickens has left many an establishment nameless, but has afforded such descriptions thereof that the task of identification has not proved difficult. Thackeray, on the other hand, was more given to portraying business establishments which have the characteristic features of those encountered in actual existence, but to which he delights in appending fancy names suggestive of the nature of the calling pursued. For example, he designates one firm of bankers as 'Stumpy, Rowdy, and Co.,' and clothes another with respectability and importance by the local qualification of 'Pump & Aldgate.' Thackeray, moreover, besides burlesquing names altogether, had at times an amusing knack of combining two of actual reputation for a similar class of wares. Thus he writes, in 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's,' of

a dessert-service which the hostess's mother's rich uncle had bought for the young couple at 'Spode & Copeland's.' He does not hesitate, however, to speak, in the same story, of a purchase of muslin curtains at Shoolbred's. Nor does he refrain from paying direct compliment in *The History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, when he describes young Mrs Titmarsh's persecution by the unwelcome addresses of the foreigner who accosts her 'close to Day & Martin's Blacking Manufactory (not such a handsome thing then as it is now).'

Reference is made to the same establishment by the American humorist Bret Harte in his parody of the style of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, in 'The Dweller on the Threshold' (*Sensation Novels Condensed*), wherein he depicts the boy who made answer 'as with one hand he tossed back his glossy curls from his marble brow, and with the other he spread the equally glossy Day & Martin over the baronet's boot.' Bret Harte, moreover, shows himself well aware of the proper fee in return for a British 'shine your boots,' for he causes the young bootblack to ejaculate 'Bilk!' when the baronet drops a half-penny into his hand.

The present age is one in which increased competition has created greater suspicion of 'the axe to grind.' But there appears no reason for believing that any of the allusions referred to up to this point in this article was made otherwise than simply with a view to furnishing literary copy. The writer, however, remembers coming across a book, in his boyhood in the seventies, which, to the best of his recollection, was entitled *Tales of the Spirit World*. One individual figuring therein offered to bet 'the best carpet-bag' that could be obtained from a certain London emporium, of which the name was accurately specified; and another wore a ring described as 'a splendid article,' and stated as having been purchased from the same establishment. And it is Thackeray himself who, in his sketch 'A Plan for a Prize Novel,' jestingly suggests that this sort of thing should be done, and that the tailor, the haberdasher, or the jeweller should be asked, 'How much will you stand if I recommend you in my forthcoming novel?' Possibly, like Dickens, he had received overtures to introduce some name in return for a monetary consideration, and so conceived the idea of this particular burlesque. In conclusion, it may be added that, in Mrs Ewing's particularly charming story of *Jan of the Windmill*, the hero of that tale is presented by the Squire's youthful daughter with a paint-box, which thus affords an unsolicited testimonial to the maker of its contents: 'Jan trembled as he clasped the shallow old cedar-wood box. He wondered if the colours would prove as bright as those in the window. He fancied the wan, ascetic faces there rejoiced with him. When he got home, he sat under the

shadow of the mill, and drew back the sliding-lid of the box. They were Ackermann's, and very good. Cheap paint-boxes were not made then. He read the names on the back of them—Neutral

Tint, Prussian Blue, Indian Red, Yellow Ochre, Brown Madder, Brown Pink, Burnt Umber, Vandyke Brown, Indigo, King's Yellow, Rose Madder, and Ivory Black.'

## DÉBRIS OF BATTLE.

### HOW WAR WASTE IS BEING PROFITABLY UTILISED.

FROM time to time we have been regaled with more or less startling stories of the enormous amount of waste which goes on in the army; and while these have unfortunately been only too true in many instances, it is but fair to the military authorities that the other side of the shield should also be shown to the public.

At the present moment, for instance, numerous agencies are hard at work retrieving the stupendous amount of débris collected from the battlefields of Europe; for war, which wastes so many of the products of human labour, has, curiously enough, put a stop to other kinds of waste.

Companies which regularly deal in such old material as scrap iron and steel have for some time been looking forward to the harvest to be reaped from the battlefields after the war. These hopes have been rather rudely shocked lately by observers recently returned from the front, who state that this matter is now being handled by the respective Governments.

According to the systems now established in modern warfare, it is stated that a salvage corps is daily going over the ground near the battle-front exposed to fire, and is gathering all the débris discarded by the contending armies. None of the scrap is neglected with steel worth two to three cents per pound, and copper and other metals in proportion. All the metals are taken to shops in the rear and there worked over, to be cast into various other metal munitions that a modern army uses.

The lead that is fired is practically all irrecoverable, as a bullet travelling at a velocity of two thousand feet or more per second usually buries itself so deep in any object it hits as to be lost entirely. Other metals, however, such as tangled steel from wrecked motor-cars, large pieces of shells, bits of copper, pieces of aluminium, &c., are carefully collected, and later converted into usable condition.

In the factory at home, as at the front, the same care and economy are being observed, and rarely indeed is anything quite valueless. Indeed, the metal scrap-heap has become almost a gold-mine, for the demands of ironfoundries for material to remould or recast are very great, and big prices are obtained for the 'rubbish' collected at hundreds of places in a thousand different ways.

Useless fragments, all sorts of broken pieces,

filings, odds and ends of every description—all become valuable in the hands of dealers in old metal. Scrap-iron has become very expensive, the price being nearly double what it was in pre-war days.

War has always the effect of making this commodity scarce, but the Great War has beaten all records by causing an enormous increase in the demand. Bar-iron was formerly obtained largely from Belgium and Germany, but both sources of output are, of course, closed to us, and may remain closed for many years to come. As a result, Scottish iron and steel mills are reaping a harvest. Scottish iron is superior to English or Cleveland iron, the latter quality being used for a more common class of work, such as light castings.

Throughout the country large foundries eagerly buy up the cast scrap, while the malleable-iron works, mainly in the west of Scotland, receive all the malleable scrap. A few months ago a quantity of scrap-iron changed hands for close upon three thousand pounds.

'Tool-steel' is another valuable commodity; it is essential for the production of munitions. Tool-steel is hardened by tungsten, which costs to-day approximately eight or nine times the pre-war price. Consequently every scrap of the material is searched for with a view to its re-utilisation, and inventors are even busy in the attempt to devise a process by which this substance can be reclaimed from worn-out tools.

Antimony is another metal which the war has enhanced in value. Its price to-day is about six times what it was in August 1914, and the price is more likely to go up than down, owing to its value in the making of shells, the explosive force of which is heightened by the brittleness which antimony imparts to them. Almost every kind of worn-out article into whose composition antimony enters is nowadays undergoing treatment for the recovery of the ingredient. Bits of exploded shell are carefully collected from the battlefield, and old printing-type has become a valuable commodity.

One of the latest schemes for utilising waste from the battlefield is that which gives our brave Tommies new clothes for old. Discarded uniforms, apparently hopelessly torn and soiled, and other items of soldiers' equipment, the worse for wear and tear, are collected on the various battlefields and in home camps, and sent to Dewsbury, where they are dealt with in such a

way as to save the country many thousands of pounds.

Dewsbury has long been famous as the nation's 'old-clo' shop,' and, more than any other town in the kingdom, it has facilities—unique facilities, one might indeed say—for skilfully dealing with such a heterogeneous mass as rolls up every now and again from one or other of the battle-fronts or home depots. As many as ninety truckloads have been received in a day.

The sorters are women. There are about three hundred of them, and they do their work thoroughly, so that nothing is wasted. Garments beyond repair are sold to rag merchants and others, eventually to be made up again into army cloth. Articles only part-worn are neatly repaired for reissue to the troops or to prisoners of war, a local firm of dyers and cleaners assisting in the process of renovating.

Incidentally, up to the present, sales of rags to merchants and manufacturers in the heavy woollen district for reconverting into new cloth show a balance of nearly a million sterling on the profit side.

Time was when waste fat from the army cookhouses was allowed to go 'to the dogs.' Now it is carefully saved and converted into glycerine, and everybody knows how indispensable glycerine is in the manufacture of explosives. Formerly glycerine was manufactured mainly from seeds and nuts, linseed and copra; but it is now obtained as a by-product of soap, and so much of it is constantly required that the supply of oils and fats for soap-making has become a matter of prime importance. In the early stages of the war it was suggested that the waste of army camps in the form of bones and fat might supplement the primary materials from home sources, and the experiment made was so eminently successful that the War Office established plant for the treatment of such refuse in various centres. Now one thousand tons of glycerine are annually produced from the army collection, and this provides propulsive explosives for more than twelve million eighteen-pounder shells.

Nor are our gallant French Allies one whit behind ourselves in this matter of utilising—very profitably, too—all manner of waste and débris of the battlefields. A special correspondent with the French Army recently pointed out that our Ally keeps in constant activity a huge industrial establishment, employing thousands of women and a considerable number of men, whose sole business is to repair, if possible, and, if not, to put to some sort of use, the discarded oddments of the troops. This results in a daily saving of from half a million to a million francs, and provides employment for no fewer than six thousand women.

Everything is grist that comes to their mills. Damaged rifles, helmets, clothing, boots, belts, and accoutrements of all kinds, down to buttons,

are received, sorted, disinfected, and patched up for further service. Articles that cannot be repaired are ripped up or melted down, and the material of which they are made put to some different use.

The Army Repair-Shops at Orleans, which serve a single army, receive daily thirty wagon-loads consisting either of miscellanies from the front or of new equipment, for which the repair-shops act as distributing agent. They are equipped with the latest American machinery, driven by electricity, and reducing to a minimum the number of hands required. The shops turn out per day two thousand cartridge-boxes, on which there is a saving to the nation of nearly eight thousand francs, five hundred pairs of renewed boots, three hundred haversacks, and an immense quantity of renovated clothing and small articles. They ensure a saving of fifty thousand francs a day to the Government. The repaired coats and overcoats alone represent a saving of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand francs a day. Sheepskins save eight thousand francs a day. Cloth slippers are turned out to the value of sixteen thousand francs a day.

Never, indeed, in the world's history were the fields of war so carefully and so scientifically gleaned as they are in the titanic conflict now raging, and the moral effect of these economies on the soldier as well as on the tax-payer should be considerable.

#### THE KHAN.\*

BURY me not in that stately tomb—

Hark to my royal will!

Bear me not to that place of gloom

Where those of my race lie still.

Forgotten are laughter and smiles and tears

By those of my kith and kin;

For there they are roofed through the endless years,

By shuddering walls shut in.

For so cold they lie in their lonely state,

By the marble pent and froze,

That no memory either of love or hate

Can trouble their deep repose.

Lay me there in the open space,

Where the winds of heaven may sweep,

And the flowers lean to my upturned face

As I dream in my peaceful sleep.

Lay me there 'neath the blue, blue sky,

'Twixt the dip of two wistful hills,

Where my heart may thrill to the zephyr's sigh

While the dew in the dusk distils.

Oh, no stifling pomp when I am dead!

No marble tomb be mine!

But Allah's blue canopy overhead

Where Allah's gold stars shine.

MARY M. CURCHOD.

ALGIERES.

\* A Khan of Tartary who so loved the flowers and the wind and the sky that he refused to be buried within the royal mausoleum, and asked that his tomb might never be covered.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

LUIFFY.

By JOSEPH LAING WAUGH, Author of *Robbie Doo*, *Betty Grier*, *Cute M'Cheyne*, &c.

COUNTRY-BORN folks whose lines of life are cast in busy city places, and in whom the homing instinct is strong and clamant, are often strangely touched and impressed by very simple happenings and ordinary, commonplace sights and sounds. A cartload of hay on its way to a city mews, a Cheviot ewe nibbling grass in the Meadows of Edinburgh, a plaided shepherd with his faithful collie in bustling Princes Street, a wandering singer in a quiet by-lane piping 'Bonnie Annie Laurie'—these to the city-born are of no significance, and by such are passed unheeded. But to him whose boyhood was spent with Nature and 'mong Nature's gentlefolks in a breezy, tangy country-side, they have an appeal, immediate and irresistible. Blotted out in a moment is the city; forgotten are its worries and deaving concerns. Suddenly the sunshine breaks on the homeland braes; again the burnie gurgles round the red-scarred bend; once more the lark sings high above the clover-scented meadow. Ah me! how many surging memories have welled up within me as my eye followed a cartload of hay down Lothian Road; how many faces at kirk and fair smile to me through the mists of years as I listen to 'Maxwellton's Braes' or 'The Lea-rig' wafted from an alley in the purlieus of the Bridges! As for the nibbling ewe in the Meadows, and the plaided herd in Princes Street, no sight could be more pleasing to my eye or more conducive to reminiscent thought, for my dearest memories are of my old Lettergill home, where shepherds and sheep were our constant concern, and almost the only topic of conversation.

But my wandering thoughts have been centred more in Kirkton village than in the farm-steading of Lettergill, prompted and stimulated by a little water-colour sketch from Robert Hope's easel, entitled 'The Sweetie Shop.' It hangs above my desk in my manse study, and as often as I look at it I am transported, as on Prince Houssain's carpet, from the turmoil of the city to the quiet and repose of the little upland village where I first attended school. And I see Luiffy Mackay, the grocer, framed in the shop doorway, and a big boy and a shorter chum looking with longing, greedy eyes on sweeties and apples, sugar-biscuits and candy, promiscuously displayed in the window. The big boy of

those days is now a titled surgeon in London, and I was his wee chum in those halcyon times when my mind was more inclined to snaps and candy than to character analysis and theology. Luiffy, however, is the predominating figure in my mental picture, and, with my little water-colour before me as my inspiration, I will endeavour to outline him as I remember him in the days o' auld lang syne.

Mackay, or, to give him his name in full, Nathaniel Mackay, was nicknamed Luiffy because he had no hair either on his face or on his head. 'Bare, like your luif' (that is, the palm of the hand), is a common South-Country simile—hence 'Luiffy'; and as such he was known the countryside over.

As a rule people resent being addressed by a nickname, but Mackay made no demur, partly because he was Kirkton enough to know that to resent would only add fuel to the fire, and partly also because he was too lazy and indifferent to take exception.

In his youth he had been a drainer, but during a particularly long, severe winter he had been almost starved out, and had started to cadge the country within a limited area with a carpet-bag and a modest wholesale purchase of tea.

He soon found out that selling tea was a muth easier and more lucrative job than cutting drains, so he stuck to it, and in a year or two had the wherewithal to open a shop. It was a large, barn-like place in a by-street, with a double back-door opposite the front-door, and as, owing to defective snecks, the hasty shutting of the one always opened the other, there was a continual draught and a perpetual choky cloud of oatmeal-dust and flour. His cat, originally a black one, but now gray with floury powder, was always sneezing; and the banging of closing doors, and the clinking and clattering of hasps of opening doors, were sounds indigenous, as one might say, to Luiffy's grocery-store.

Luiffy was devoid of all method or orderliness. He never wore a collar or a tie, except on Sundays, and a sleeved vest did service for a coat. His gait and his movements were slow and shuffling, probably so to ensure his keeping his boots on, for he was too lazy to lace them; and as he meandered among his sacks and boxes he sissled strange, chirping sounds in a minor key

round a prominent, solitary tooth in his upper jaw.

He kept coffee in canisters labelled 'Tapioca,' tea in drawers with 'Soda' in stumpy black letters on a flowing gold ribbon, treacle in a green japanned tun with 'Golden Syrup' printed above the tap; and a large shallow basket was the receptacle of clay cutty-pipes and ducks' and hens' eggs, new-laid and otherwise.

At an early period of his shopkeeping his mother was requisitioned to serve customers and keep the place in order; but, poor body! her term was a short one, as she could never understand the difference between one and fourpence and fourteenpence, and was under the impression that sweeties were not so much for selling and turning into money as for giving gratis to every juvenile purchaser of a penny dip or a halfpenny herring.

Luiffy used to wear a hat in the shop to hide his bald head; but when his financial position became assured he speculated in a wig and a pair of strong lens spectacles, for, as with many other hairless folks, his eyesight was weak.

These accessories made him what we call 'skeigh.' He bethought him of a wife, and straightway took to haunting the manse back-gate of a forenight, clad in a weird antediluvian ulster with a flapping tippet, with the hope of having a chance word with the minister's bonnie maid, Nancy Broun. Twice in the darkness he frightened the manse horse, and twice—and emphatically—was sent by the minister's man to a warmer place than any on our planet. When Nancy was good-humouredly chaffed by the beadle about Luiffy, she asserted with a toss of her head that 'his impiddence was affrontin';' that he was 'guid for nocht but frichtenin' horses;' and, 'mair than that, the man I'll mairry maun hae hair for either him or me to comb—so there!'

Poor Luiffy was told this and more. It wasn't the first rebuff he had received, so he resignedly hung up his ulster in the back-shop, and devoted his spare time to a perusal of Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*.

It was just about this time that I became acquainted with him. We hadn't the *Tales* on our bookshelves at home, and as engaging literature, to my mind, they knocked Boston's *Fourfold State* and Harvey's *Meditations* into a cocked hat. Soon, therefore, as my lessons were finished, I sneaked out unobserved and hied me to Luiffy's. Here in the back-shop, seated on a soap-box with a tallow dip on either side, I read aloud. And Luiffy, elbows on his knees, hands under his chin, and head raxed towards me, was an attentive, interested listener.

I have often dipped into Wilson's *Tales* since those days, and in cleaner, more congenial surroundings, for my cosy manse study is as unlike Luiffy's back-shop as any one can possibly imagine. But, notwithstanding pleasant environ-

ment, their perusal is not more enjoyable; their appeal is not more direct, nor their charm more alluring. And betimes I lay my volume aside and allow my thoughts to wander adown the years and into Luiffy's little, crowded shop, where, with his dusty wig and his goggle specs, he often keeps his tryst with me.

In retrospect I see it all—the raftered ceiling with its rows of hams; the lime-washed walls and cobwebbed shelves; the stone-flagged floor, on which, in confusion, sacks and boxes were piled; the high-set grate; the guttering candles. I close my eyes and allow the vision to grip me. Then slowly a metamorphosis takes place. My study chair becomes a soap-box, my shaded light a penny dip, and Luiffy's volume slips into my hand. In his slow, measured strain he is speaking, and this is what I hear.

'Davie, laddie, ye micht read that bit over again. Read it slow, as your forebears the hill-men wad hae read it. They never were in a hurry, so ca' your gird canny. I—I like to dwell on thae love bits—imphm! Ye'll mebbe no believe me, but I've had my fling in my day. I—I coorted three different women. No a' at yince, ye ken, but yin efter the ither. The first yin was a nice, wee, curly-haired lass, couthie an' bricht, but an awfu' laucher. Dod, I never could get her to be sarious! An', mind you, coortin's a gey sarious business. I could make nocht o' her. She mairret a Biggar vanman. Then I fell on wi' a weeda. A nice woman she was to speak to; but she had six growin' bairns an' a big gairden that took a lot o' lookin' efter, so I didna propose for fear she wad tak' me. I wasna what ye wad ca' keen, for I couldna forget the lauchin' lass. Man, the first coortship's aye the best. My grannie used to say the first spunefu' o' cream is aye the thickest. She was richt. Then I tried anither lass; but she made licht o' me an' belittled my appearance. I'm mebbe no bonnie, an' my claes are no aye in the fashion; but there's mony a man sodger-cled that's major-minded—'deed there is. But—but what about oor story, Davie? I'm thinkin' it's yin o' the ordinar' kind, an' it's juist comin' oot as I jaloosed. It seems to me that if he disna kiss her, the brazen jaud'll kiss him. But she lets on she's saucy—imphm! Weel, that's juist the wey o' them. They want ye a' the time, an' yet they say they dinna; an' if ye tak' them at their word they'll pu' the sleeve oot o' your jacket to land ye.—Criffins! is that the shop-door bell? Juist haud on a meenit, Davie.'

He raises his voice to a high falsetto. 'Weel, my wee hinny—what's that—eh, corn-floor? I've nane till Setterday. Steek the door ahint ye, like a wee woman.'

'I've plenty o' corn-floor, Davie,' he says with his hand to the side of his mouth, 'but I canna be bothered lookin' for it—imphm! Weel, ou ye go wi' your readin', then.'

Slowly and impressively I re-read that portion

of the chapter which tells how Bertram left fair Emily's side in anger and disappointment, and, with head erect, walked towards the avenue gate.

'Quite richt, Bertram!' Luiffy interposes. 'She's a hertless, hallockit hizzy; no worth a thocht. Keep walkin', if ye tak' my advice.'

I snuff the candles and resume.

"Bertram! Bertram!" she wailed. "Come back; come back!"——

'The deevil a step, Bertram—keep walkin'. If ye cuist your heid even yince you're a goner. Never let on ye hear her;' and Luiffy nods his head deprecatingly.

The shop door opens with a bang and sets the bell aringing long and merrily.

'LUIFFY! Hoy, Luiffy, are ye in?'

Luiffy peers through the gloom.

'That's surely Beadle Dick's voice,' he mutters.

'He buys nocht here. What wants he wi' me?—Eh—comin', Dick. Wi' ye in a meenit.'

'Stey where ye are, Luiffy. Burial intimation. "Your presence is requested at the funeral of Robert Hoatson from Laigh Raw to the place of interment in the auld kirkyaird on Tuesday, at two o'clock." Guid-nicht.'

'Michty me, Dick! One meenit, man. Is—is Robert Hoatson really deid?'

'Robert Hoatson really deid?' and Dick laughs unfeelingly. 'I should say he is, or we wadna be buryin' him on Tuesday.'

'But, lovan, Dick, this is the first I've heard o't!'

'That may be, Luiffy; but we canna keep the funeral back on that account'; and the door closes with a rattling bang that knocks down a framed almanac above the desk.

Luiffy is fingering a battered, dog-eared ledger when he rejoins me, and as he turns over the leaves with a tongue-wet thumb, muttering meanwhile names and surnames, his large solitary tooth, in the candle-light, casts a shadow on the roof of his capacious mouth.

'Ha—Hairstanes—He—Hewitson—Hi—Hird—I'm comin' near it—ay. Ho—here it is—Hoatson. "Robert Hoatson, April sixth, 1896. To one half-chest of tea, fifteen shillin's; To one bag meal, thirteen shillin's; total, twenty-eight shillin's." Ay, twenty-eight bob—one poun' eicht—lost, I doot, oot at the bottom. Robert's weeda'll pey naebody. Davie, lad, is it no infernal? That damned tick has been my ruination. Dod, but I've tried mair than yince to get that oot o' Robert; an' had it occurred to me he was sae near his hinner en', I could hae got square wi' him by borrowin' his barra an' stickin' to it. Wae's me! twenty-eight juist gaen doon the jawhole.'

'But what about the poor man?' I ask. 'Are you not sorry he's dead?'

'Weel, Davie'—and Luiffy scratches his wig—'weel, I can hardly tell ye, man. I'm—I'm sorry he didna live to pey me, onyway. Ye see, I never had cause to, what I micht say, love

Robert. He was a queer man in mony weys. He aye keepit a dog that barkit at me; an'—an' he aye bade again' me at rousps. Mair than that; I blamed him for slairkin' tar on my wig when I had it dryin' on the back-hedge; an' I'll never forget that he yince sell't me a horse—imphm! An'—an' what about Bertram, then, Davie? Let's hear hoo he'—— Criffins! there's the bell again! . . . Jerusalem! it's that birkie wife o' Queeny's. I promised her an empty box to haud some kitlins.'

He shuffles from his chair, and as he 'sclicks' into the front-shop he takes off his wig. Wrapping it round his big hand, he deliberately dusts the counter with it, and before putting it on he dauds it out against the end of a shelf.

'Imphm! It's you, Mrs Queeny; an'—an' hoo are ye the nicht?'

'Brawly, thank ye for speirin'; but before ye address a leddy ye soud see that your wig's on wise-like. As it's on the noo, the back's to the front.'

'Dod, is that so, Mrs Queeny? That is careless, noo, o' me.'

Slowly he turns the wig round his glittering cranium till the long hairs which had been standing out from his brow are 'wise-like' fringing his neck.

'Did—did ye mention the word "leddy," Mrs Queeny?'

'I did.'

'Imphm! An'—an' when last did ye see a leddy?'

'Juist before I cam oot, when I lookit in the lookin'-gless to see that my bonnet was on strecht.'

'Faith, ye're speakin' wi' a damned glib tongue the nicht, Mrs Queeny, an' ye're sae michty sherp an' impiddent that I'm dootin' I was wrang in thinkin' ye had ca'd for the obleegement o' an empy box.'

'I want nae obleegement in the shape o' a box, though I thank ye for promisin' me yin. I drooned the kitlins. Twae unce o' black twist for Queeny is what I've come in for.'

'Black twist—oh, ay—I've that handy—imphm!'

'Ye're no a smoker yersel', Luiffy?'

'No, Mrs Queeny; I dinna use the pipe. I yince tried it when I was a boy, but I got seik, an' my mither thrashed me sae tichtly that I never daured handle yin again.'

'Imphm! It's mebbe juist as weel, Luiffy, for ye've nae teeth to haud a pipe noo. For my pairt, I never could unnerstaun' menfouk's likin' for tobacco. What guid it dis them I dinna ken.'

'Weel, ye see, Mrs Queeny, it's said to hae a soothin' effect on some—mairret men partecularly. They maun hae something to make their sorrows lighter. Wi' a wife tongue-hung, like you, Queeny's sorrows are no far to seek. When I see hoo some puir mairret men are yoket, I'm thankfu' that I've been sae mercifully preserved.'

'Preserved! Preserved! Frae the look o' ye, I wad say ye had been embalmed. Mighty, man! I yince saw a mummy in a museum, said to be six thoosan' year auld, an' frae the little I saw o' him, I wad say he was better-faured an' fresher-lookin' than you. Preserved! Lord sake, man! I—— Here, Luiffy, it was twae unce I asked for—no twae yairds.'

'Yes, I ken; but, ye see, Mrs Queeny, a yaird o' this gangs to the unce—it's easier.'

'Mebbe ay an' mebbe no. Clap it on your scales, Luiffy. I aye gang by wecht.'

'Oh—imphm!—an' ye gang by wecht? Juist so, noo, Mrs Queeny. Weel, if that's so, I wad rather hae a pun' than a hunnerwecht o' ye; an' I'm no gaun ahin your back to say sae.'

'Ye'll get naether the yin nor the ither, Luiffy, let me tell ye; but, frae the look o' this shop, ye wad be nane the waur o' a ton o' womenfouk wi' a stane o' saip an' soda. Hoo ye draw life's breath in a den like this beats me.'

'Yin uses wi' ocht when they're lang eneuch beside it, Mrs Queeny. Your guidman's used even wi' you, I daur say. Ocht else forby the twist?'

'I want nae mair o' your impiddence, onywey. I'm needin' stairch; but I'll get that at Robert Frizzle's, where I get baith weel-bred treatment an' whiter stairch. The last I got frae ye made Queeny's shirt as yella as a jeuk's fit.'

'Ye should hae washed it afore ye stairched it, Mrs Queeny.'

'Lord sake, man, dae ye think I wad dae ocht else?'

'Weel, if yon shirt that Queeny had on last Sabbath-day was a sample o' your washin', you're either runnin' short o' saip or ye hae a very scrimp supply o' clean water. An' I'll juist bid ye guid-nicht, Mrs Queeny. It's rale refreshin' to hae a crack wi' sic an amiable woman as you; an' if you please, when ye steek the door, will ye keep your nose weel away frae the glass panel or it'll cut it like a glazier's diamond?'

Again the door closes with a bang which makes the back-doors shiver on their hinges.

Slowly Luiffy shuffles into the back-shop beside me. His big bare face is aglow, and a smile plays round his ample mouth. Then, blinking and winking at me in the candle-light, he asks if I have read a story called 'Bluebeard.'

'Yes,' I reply; 'it's about a wicked man who married a lot of wives and killed them all.'

'You're richt, Davie, my boy, aboot him haein' wives an' killin' them; but if they were a' like Queeny's he wasna what yin wad ca' wicked.—Whereaway did ye leave off readin'? Did Bertram walk strecht on?'

I hear the question as in a dream. . . . My pipe falls on the floor. I look around me. Here is my desk, there my books; and as I coax my study fire into a glow Luiffy and his wee back-shop fade again into the mists of bygone years.

## HOW AEROPLANE ENGINES ARE BROKEN IN.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT, Author of *Aeroplanes and Dirigibles, &c.*

To conceal a mistake is a crime:  
It may cost a brave man his life.

'MIGHTY busy sharp'nin' up the hornets' stings!'

A sturdy son of toil, his face grimed and perspiring from moiling at the forge of Mars, grinned knowingly as he swung by me on his homeward way in the fading twilight.

At the corner of a drab street, resounding with the rattle of clogs, where from straggling buildings came the strident screech and the heavy thud of metal battling with metal, I had paused to cock my ear to the wind, to catch more clearly an unusual, albeit familiar, drone, which rose distinctively above the bewildering babel of sounds incidental to war in the making.

The passing workman's comment struck me as being quaintly expressive. Of a certainty the humming recalled nothing so convincingly as the buzzing of infuriated hornets about their nest when rudely disturbed by an intruder. Sport of the wind, the music was now a barely discernible pianissimo. Caught by a favourable gust, it rose to fortissimo, bursting upon my ear with such force as to set up violent vibrations,

the peculiar droning being as penetrating as the blare of a siren.

The hive from which that strident buzzing issued was my objective. I had been invited to visit a factory where are made wonderful engines, capable of driving through the air, at speeds up to one hundred and thirty miles or more an hour, frail-looking structures of linen, stretched as tight as vellum over wispy wood. The factory was situated on the edge of a busy town, with crooked, winding, narrow streets, as baffling to thread as a maze. But there was no necessity for me to ask the way. That rising and falling cadence was a far more faithful guide than the most detailed topographical instructions could ever be.

Ten minutes later I was in that hive, and here again the singular appropriateness of the passing workman's picturesque comment struck me. I was indeed in a nest of vicious hornets, where they breed and multiply at an amazing rate. But these are fearsome insects of human design and mechanical construction, such as, fortunately, Nature has never contrived, where-to assail the races of mankind.

In other words, I was in the home of the

Sunbeam aeroplane engine, that wonderful prime mover which Mr Louis Coatalen has evolved from the motor of the famous racing automobile that created such a sensation but a short while before the outbreak of war. The brutes were under restraint, undergoing tuning-up—or should it be taming?—so that they might respond readily to each and every behest of the man who was to guide them over one or other of the many fighting-fronts.

As you stand at close quarters and listen to the terrifying ear-splitting roar, the roaming eye alights upon the warning notice placed at the head of this article. It stares at you, in its letters of red and black, from every nook and corner, as if persistent repetition were imperative to instil into the minds of the workers that unimpeachable quality of workmanship, and unswerving adherence to the rigid standards set down, alone can assure that perfect reliability which must be the outstanding characteristic of the fighting-arm of the air.

The aeroplane engine under review is one which the enemy has been forced to regard with every respect. He, in his day, has produced many wonderfully engined planes, which have snatched fleeting successes, and he is proud of his Mercedes, Benz, and other motors with which his third arm is equipped. They are excellent machines—this cannot be denied—and the influence of British brains is only too apparent in their latest designs. But the engine of which I am speaking is something beyond the Hun, mainly for the reason, I believe, that its creator is for ever progressing. He resolutely declines to accept finality in design. Ere one approved model has got into its stride he has prepared plans for a successor, bearing many decided improvements. Some of these he outlined to me, but for reasons which are obvious they cannot be mentioned here. Suffice it to say that he has succeeded where, as yet, the enemy has failed.

In certain uninitiated quarters there is a tendency to believe that aero-engines may be turned out of a factory as easily as peas can be shed from a pod. If finality in design were practicable and attained, this conviction would possibly be justifiable. But ingenuity and fertility of thought cannot be reduced to a dormant state. The pace set by British engineers in all matters pertaining to aeroplane design is fast and furious, and, so far, gives little indication of easing up. It is this steady progression, methodically pursued, which is proving so disconcerting to the Teutons, and which is keeping their copying-factory so busy, and, parenthetically, so far behind the efforts of the Allies.

The story of the achievements which have been placed on record concerning the motor of which I am speaking affords interesting and thrilling reading. If the authorities could be

persuaded to be a little more communicative in this respect, the public would experience a most agreeable surprise. Nevertheless, there is no harm in relating that the history of the Sunbeam aero-motor is one unbroken record of successive triumphs, from the outbreak of war down to the present day; and this record is consistent, supported as it is by contributions from every front on which the aerial arm has played a part—from the North Sea to the Dardanelles, from Egypt to Flanders, from Mesopotamia to Tanganyika.

It is better to be safe than sorry. This is the guiding British maxim in regard to aero-motor construction. Everything turns upon the reliability and the durability of the mechanical equipment under ever-varying conditions. Once let the airman realise that his engine is free from caprice, mood, or fickleness—that every precaution within human limits has been observed in its construction—and he cultivates a confidence which enhances his intrepidity and daring, and in turn accentuates his fighting-provess and the degree of damage he can inflict upon the enemy.

How long does it take to build an aero-motor? I am not referring to a new or experimental model, but to any unit of an accepted design which is being produced upon a big scale in accordance with the principles of standardisation. If the question were put to the average individual, it would probably be answered from the parallel offered by manufacturing performance in connection with a certain popular motor-car. At all events, the period required would be set down as a matter of hours, or perhaps days. Both hazards would be hopelessly wide of the mark. I mention this fact merely to illustrate the fallacy of a popular idea. Certainly the engines could be turned out more rapidly, but what would be gained in numbers and time would be lost in reliability and durability; and no sacrifices can be made in respect of these.

The aero-engine is a masterpiece of mechanical construction. Every part, no matter how small or insignificant its individual rôle, is as sound as the proverbial bell. Where close measurements must be observed faithfully to the one ten-thousandth part of an inch—otherwise, dead-true—the slightest departure from that measurement, no matter how minute, is sufficient to bring about the rejection of the part affected. It would be fatal to act otherwise. As no chain can be stronger than its weakest link, so no aeroplane can be more reliable or durable than its weakest part, be it only a tiny screw, inasmuch as the failure of one insignificant part must affect the whole.

It is when the last screw has been adjusted that the engine is subjected to its sternest and most exacting tests. It is set going, and is allowed to run unfettered for some hours, receiving only perfunctory attention meanwhile.

At the end of this run it is closely examined to determine whether any hidden flaw in the material has made itself manifest, or whether any defect in workmanship has been revealed. The examination proving satisfactory, it is again returned to the testing-bench. It is now coupled up to face a few hours' run analogous to working under full load in the air.

At the end of the few hours it is once more returned, to be submitted to a second and elaborate inspection. Latent flaws which the first test was not severe enough to reveal may perchance be discovered. The examination is by no means perfunctory, but is one of extreme minuteness. The motor returns once more to the testing-shop for a third burst of a few hours, as further details must be gleaned which only actual running is able to disclose. Again the motor is inspected. It is now ready for the final and supreme test, which is as near actual running conditions in the air as the limitations of the ground permit. This is the time when the motor can make or mar its career.

There is a long line of what at first glance appear to be horse-stalls, divided from one another by thin wooden partitions. It is a skeleton building, boasting nothing beyond a roof and the end walls. In each stall is a wheeled chassis, the exact counterpart of that forming part and parcel of a military flying-machine. The rubber-tired wheels are scotched by, and shored up with, heavy blocks reaching to the wheel-hubs, each wheel having only a few inches of lateral free space; while, furthermore, each chassis is firmly anchored to the ground. The carriage is replete with springs or amortisseurs to absorb all shocks, jars, and jolts. On the deck, small and squat, is the engine-frame to which the motor is firmly bolted. At the front is mounted a standard propeller which is coupled up to the motor.

From the rear the chassis bears a closer resemblance to the footplate of a locomotive than to the pilot's station of a flying-machine. There is space for two testers, around whom are distributed numerous dials connected to gauges.

All is ready. The testers take a final run round to make certain that all connections are in order and have been well and truly made. Special precaution is taken to see that the barrier to the front of the stall is in position to prevent an unsuspecting nomad from walking into the circle described by the whirring propeller. Flaming notices, printed in red, glare from here, there, and everywhere, urging passers-by to keep a respectful distance from the rear of the testing-platform.

Regaining the control-platform, the tester turns the cock. Instantly the propeller commences its rhythmic rotation. The engine quickly settles into its stride, when the tester turns a tap, which is immediately answered by a ferocious intermittent bark. The motor is

accommodating itself to its liquid food. As the bark merges almost imperceptibly into a steady purr, the engine's speed is slowed down until the propeller revolves quite lazily.

'Warming her up,' comments the tester in explanation. 'She'll soon get down to her work, and then you'll hear her hum!'

But while she is warming up the tester is busy. He is swarming over the engine, feeling her tenderly here, there, and somewhere else, satisfying himself that all holding-down bolts are standing fully up to their work, and taking another run over all the connections. As he remarks, she has got to 'rip' presently, and should anything be slack, then the accompanying vibration would precipitate something unexpected with dramatic suddenness.

As he swings down to his footplate the tester raps out, 'Get behind the partition. I'm going to open her out. If the wind catches you, it'll blow you half-way across the works.'

The warning is opportune. A hurried look round, and the tester moves the throttle over steadily. The engine, which has been droning lazily, if not fitfully, and the propeller, which has been dreamily revolving, like the sails of a windmill in a breeze, appear to become suddenly imbued with the life of a fiend. A terrifying roar bursts out; long flames pour from the exhausts. Indeed, the motor seems to have become transformed into a demon, wrapped as it is in flames and roaring agonisedly. The blades of the propeller can no longer be seen.

The tester, with hand to mouth, shouts something, but not a word reaches you. The human voice is impotent amid this din, no matter how siren-like the lungs, because the loudest shout is smothered by the motor's furious roar. The man's wave of his hands conveys nothing intelligible, but you see that he is crouching well down behind his wind-shield. Nevertheless, if you are a lip-reader, you will be able to interpret the two words, 'All out!'

The noise is terrific, but you appear to lose its sense; your brain is stunned. Inquisitively, yet cautiously, you peep round the shielding partition to take a glimpse of the propeller. But you scarcely get your eye round the corner before you withdraw your head as if shot and blinded. Has your eye gone? you wonder vaguely as you rub it vigorously, because it certainly feels as if it had been wrenched out.

With a sign the tester urged me to stretch out my arm. I did so, to his intense amusement and to my own discomfiture. The moment it came into the danger zone it was swept behind me with a disconcerting jerk, which nearly threw me off my feet. Truly, the blast created by a propeller, especially in such a confined space, is something to respect. Further signs from the footplate persuaded me to step farther back and to expose myself. I did so, to receive an indisputably convincing impression of the hurricane

generated by a propeller running at over a thousand revolutions a minute. I could lean against it, while it threatened to wrench my open coat from my body.

The sight is inspiring. The motor, exhaling long tongues of flame and smoke, exerted such a pull on the chassis as to cause the footplate to rear into the air, as if straining every steel nerve to get off the ground. The frenzied greyhound does not strain harder at his leash at sight of the hare than does the aero-engine under test tug at its anchors. As the tester suddenly shut down the power to the lazy, go-easy gait, the chassis sank back upon its rear wheels as if loath to be deprived of its possession of speed and power.

The propeller test is one which will develop any fault or weakness, if such exist, in the engine. The modern motor with which the aerial fighting-machine is equipped is extremely sensitive and most delicately balanced. The slightest error in the correct proportioning of parts or their accurate balancing is speedily revealed. Should the running be erratic, owing to lack of balance, the uneven turning movement is not only communicated to the propeller, but becomes magnified at that point; so much so that the propeller is likely to collapse. Motors which are prone to exercise uneven turning are useless for aerial duty. They are far too dangerous, because they are likely to bring about the aviator's downfall, possibly at a critical moment.

But there is a remarkable confidence in the Sunbeam engine and its balancing, as the tester proceeded to demonstrate very convincingly. He played 'stunts' on that engine comparable with those which the aviator performs in the air. By now the motor, thoroughly warmed to its work, was as flexible as a willow in the wind, and responded with amazing celerity to every movement of the man on the plate. The throttle was moved to and fro as if the hand controlling it were desperately striving to establish a record in wireless Morse transmission. One moment the engine was roaring at the overload notch; the next it was purring sullenly.

From one extreme to the other the throttle was swept suddenly and freely, with rapid eccentric jerks to various positions interspersed. The strain imposed upon the engine and the propeller was terrifying, but, as was explained to me subsequently, not a whit more severe or exacting than what would be imposed when it was sent aloft. The tester was merely reproducing within his limited field very similar operations. Meantime the chassis kicked, bumped, rolled, and lurched like a small boat struggling against a gale blowing from all points of the compass at one and the same time. If ever a revived Earl's Court or White City should seek a novel sensation to attract the crowd, I commend to it the reproduction of the rolling chassis of an aero-engine while under test. I can testify to the participators securing a full measure of sensation.

For hours on end the motor has to withstand these strange and searching evolutions. If anything should be amiss, the propeller will readily betray it by snapping at the boss with the brittleness of a carrot. At the end of the test period the engine is released, swung back to the trolley by crane, hurried back to the workshop, and for the fourth time minutely examined.

After such a thorough putting to the proof under different conditions, it is not surprising that the motor is received confidently by the fighting-men of the air. They do not anticipate any mechanical troubles or the sudden revelation of any latent defects. It is extremely unlikely that the engine will fail the aviator; it is the most sorely tried part of the complete machine.

These four distinct testing-spells, each of a few hours' duration, are not abnormal. They represent the minimum of trial. Some motors, selected haphazard from a battery of passed engines, are put up on the chassis and given a gruelling. In other words, the motor is subjected to a trying-out process which is actually longer than its accepted normal span of useful life in the field. Yet a fifth inspection will reveal it to be none the worse for the ordeal. Such is the wonderful degree of super-reliability and excellence to which the petrol aero-motor has been advanced.

## MR CRAIGHOUSE OF NEW YORK, SATIRIST.

### PART III.

#### X.

IN a private ward at Abbeville an American officer lay in great pain, and tossed restlessly in a delirium of fever. A young woman in the uniform of a V.A.D. watched by his side, and, sponging his palms and forehead, sought to soothe him with a gentleness and tenderness that a mother would show to her child. The man was badly wounded in chest and leg, and exposure

had brought a fever to torment his sufferings. Once he sat up and glared wildly at her.

'Did the guns get away?' he cried. 'Did they get away?'

'Hush!' she said softly. 'You must not talk. You are very ill.'

He sank back on the pillows and laughed. 'There's a girl lying dead on the road,' he said; 'but there's a crowd of Huns who are answering the roll-call in hell this morning.'

He was silent for several minutes, then frowned heavily. 'Look here,' he said sternly; 'I wish you would stop driving nails into my knee. Who do you think I am—Hindenburg?'

He laughed again, then groaned, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his brow. The woman ministered to him with the gentle firmness of her sex that rises to its best when face to face with suffering. She smoothed his pillows and shifted his position so that he might not irritate his wounds; and, as if soothed by her presence, he sighed weakly and broke into a little negro melody:

'All dat I got on de whole plantation,  
All dat I got in de whole creation,  
In de big roun' worl' or de deep-blue skies,  
Is dat fat li'l feller wid his mammy's eyes,  
Li'l feller wid his mammy's eyes.'

His voice was very low and soft. Then he suddenly sat up in bed and pointed past her. 'Look!' he cried. 'The cavalry! The cavalry! By Heaven, how they ride! Look at that officer! Great Scott! it's Oaklands!—Good old Oaklands!—Come on, men—one last fight!—Get those guns away—d' you hear? Get those guns away—*now!*'

Weak from the effort he had made, he sank back with a moan; and the woman stroked his brow, and kept back the tears which welled to her eyes. For half-an-hour he did not speak; then he went through the pantomime of lighting a cigarette.

'The reason I can't marry her,' he said abruptly, 'is the same reason that East is East and West is West. What can I offer her? She can't dress on two manuscripts a month; and, besides, she knows nothing of building bridges. If I made a great success I might come to her, but—as I am now—no—no.' He solemnly shook his head and flicked the ash from the imaginary cigarette. 'Can you picture Lady Dorothy in a pretty little cottage outside New York, helping me to write—my constant inspiration—the mother of my children? Can you picture her sharing my discouragements; telling me I can write if the whole world says I cannot; believing in me when I've lost belief in myself? Can you see her motoring into New York with me, and the two of us dining at Rector's to celebrate the acceptance of a play? Would she be happy in such a life? No—no—no; as Euclid says, "It is absurd." By the way, my dear fellow, you might shift the grand piano, will you? It is resting on my knee.'

His voice trailed into silence, and he sank into a slumber. Twilight was throwing its cloak over the earth when he spoke again. His hand reached out, and she took it in both of hers.

'I thought I was dying,' he murmured. 'I think I should have died there—in that ditch—but Dorothy—Dorothy—was beside me. . . . She held my hand when everything went dark—

she wept a little. . . . It was only a dream, I know; but I lived. She must never know I loved her—because'—

'Lawrence!' The words were low and stifled. 'Lawrence!' That was all. Then she leaned over and kissed his lips. *Galatea had come to life.*

# XI.

The first darkening shadows of an August night crept over the lawns of Oaklands, and settled about the turrets of the house like a mist. Inside, in the music-room, a pale American officer was telling some story—a story that kept his listeners silent and made the distant cry of a hawk sound strangely eerie and loud. He had three auditors—an elderly man, who held an unlit cigarette in his fingers; a woman, with gray locks, who sat, motionless, with folded hands; and a young woman, whose brown hair was like gold, and in whose deep-blue eyes there was a mingled look of pain and love.

'We knew when dawn broke,' went on the American, 'that we were outflanked, and we tried to get the guns away; but the Huns saw our move, and came at us with bayonets. We formed a line in front of the guns, Scots and Englishmen, and the few of our fellows who were left, and we did our best to give the gunners a chance, but they were on us too soon. Everything looked over, when we heard the cavalry coming. God! how our men shouted as they saw the squadron—for that is all there were—bear down on the Germans! Their officer seemed to bear a charmed life, for he parried and thrust and cut like a demon, while his commands rang out above the whole shock and crash of the fight. The Germans fell back, and this officer wheeled about, shouting instructions for the guns and rallying his men. For the first time I saw his face as he rode up to me. It was your boy.'

There was a deathly silence for a moment, unbroken by a sound from his hearers, though a solitary tear fell slowly on the older woman's cheek.

'We contrived to get the guns started back, and we retreated to a sunken road which gave us protection. It was on the way there that I was shot in the knee, but managed to keep up, when a shell lit between two guns and killed some of the horses. We had to leave them, and went on; but a few minutes later we heard a shout. The Germans were surging about the guns, and the little group of cavalry had turned and charged right into the centre of them. Then I was hit again, and dropped; but Simpson, one of our officers from Colorado, led our men back to their assistance, and they fought till only Simpson and eight others were left. Then he fell dead beside the body of your lad who had led the cavalry.'

There was a long silence, broken finally by the voice of the older woman. 'I am glad that

Douglas died bravely,' she said, and her voice was low and calm, 'and I am proud that he lies in France beside a very gallant American gentleman.'

As if by mutual consent, every one rose, and the two women left the room together.

The old nobleman stood by the fireplace and gazed wistfully at the undulating lawns that showed from the windows in the deepening shroud of night. 'It was good of you to tell us that,' he said; 'it will make my wife's sorrow more easy to bear.' He walked slowly to a window and passed his hand wearily over his brow. 'Sometime,' he went on gently, 'I must show you his room. We are keeping it just as it was.'

Craighouse said nothing, but in his heart was a great understanding.

The first silver rays of the moon were dancing on the grass, when the earl spoke again. 'It is hard for my wife,' he said; 'but she will be proud to know that she gave everything she had for—for England.'

The American's heart sank. 'Everything?' he stammered. 'You mean'—

The older man's head was bowed with the simple dignity of his grief. 'I have not told her yet,' he said, 'but I received an Admiralty message to-day that my second son's destroyer has gone down. He is reported "missing."'

## XII.

It was nearly an hour later, when Craighouse was wandering about the lawns in the glistening moonlight, that he heard the rustle of skirts behind him. It was Lady Dorothy, and her eyes were shining like twin-stars.

'I thought you would be here,' she said. 'It is a night that draws one to it.'

'It is a night for memories,' he said quietly. 'What bitter-sweet things they have become since we had war!'

'Yes;' and she sighed.

For a little time they spoke of the sorrows and tragedies of their world; they talked of Oaklands, which would pass from her family because there was no heir; they played on the minor chords of life, and in their voices the melancholy elegy for beautiful things that had died found expression in their hushed and murmuring tones.

But they were young, and in the heart of youth there is always Spring; and the witchery of a moonlight night was calling to it. The minor strains trembled into silence, and the melody of hearts that are young took its place. She had deep-blue eyes that were never meant for tears, and he had a nature that responded to the beauty of life as an æolian harp responds to the moods of the wind.

As men and maids have done for generations, they talked of themselves. (A dangerous topic when the moon is making fairy-rings upon the

grass.) They traced their friendship from his first visit, and lightly touched on the weary hours when she watched by his bedside in France. They laughed, they sighed, and once their fingers touched by accident, and he felt a thrill as the hot blood rushed to his cheeks. He experienced a sudden resentment against her wild-rose colouring, the marble fullness of her throat, and the luxury of silky, brown hair which held a vagrant moonbeam in a lingering caress. It was the protest of the brain to the senses against the allurements of beauty.

'We must never meet again,' he said severely.

'You are right,' she answered wistfully, and something like a smile lurked mischievously in the corners of her mouth. The moon plays havoc with men, but lends great discernment to the daughters of earth.

Another half-hour passed, full of words that meant so little and silences that meant so much. Then, with a quick contraction of his shoulders and a deepening frown, he turned and faced her squarely.

'I came to your home,' he said, 'to gather material for satire. I found it in your parents—in your brothers—in you. In my room are ten completed articles which I am going to send to New York. They are my impressions of the English. They will be published as the psychology of England studied under the microscope of a satirist.'

'And I form one of your satirical studies?'

'Yes. I referred to you as Galatea, and to myself as Pygmalion. You supply the feminine interest which is so necessary. I pictured you as a statue amidst stifling conventionality, and I was the artist who tried to bring you to life.'

'With what success?'

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and his shoulders drooped listlessly. 'The artist,' he said, 'fell in love with her the moment the marble became human. He was a fool.'

'I am so sorry,' she said gently; and for a brief moment—a very brief moment—her hand rested in his. Whereupon the moon was constrained to disappear behind a cloud to hide her smile. 'And what happened to her?'

'Oh,' he said, 'being a woman, she decided to torture Pygmalion. She came out on the lawn at night with him, and, by the music of her voice and the charm of her beauty, inflicted an hour's exquisite pain. I am like a man,' he said, with an abrupt descent from the impersonal, 'who knows that on the morrow he will be stricken with blindness, and is looking for the last time on a sunset.' Whereupon Captain Craighouse sighed like the classic furnace, and Lady Dorothy Oaklands smiled again, though her eyes were glistening with a mysterious dew. 'To-morrow morning,' he went on, 'the sculptor, sometimes known as Don Quixote, is going away to forget about the statue. It is the only thing he can do.'

Her eyes were lowered to the ground, and her breast rose and fell with her trembling breath. 'The woman—Galatea,' she murmured—'she just forgets, I suppose?'

'Women forget easily,' he said, and thought he spoke the truth.'

'Listen,' she said, and her voice was so soft that he could just make out the half-whispered words; 'let me tell you the real story of Pygmalion and Galatea. When the marble became life, she loved the artist who had created her soul. But he didn't return her love; it had been an experiment with him. So the woman in her froze and died, and Galatea became a statue again.'

He caught her hands in his, and his eyes flashed like brilliants. 'Dorothy!' he cried, 'you are not jesting? You are not just—cruel?'

She said nothing; but, oh, what eloquence sometimes lies in a woman's silence! Then did Captain Craighouse of New York say many things which would look absurd in the cold medium of print, but which sounded like sweet music to his companion on that moonlight August night. He likened her to a motif that remained in his life as a melody that haunts the memory. He told her he would scale the heights of fame to cast its laurels at her feet.

'You stupid boy,' she laughed caressingly; 'as if anything you could ever do would be finer than just this—that you are fighting for your country.'

In some mysterious way his hands reached her shoulders; and in an equally inexplicable manner she was suddenly in his arms, and her hot cheek was against his.

'Lawrence dear,' she murmured, 'Galatea only knew one thing about Pygmalion—that he

had brought her into being, and so she loved him. That was all.'

And the moon, feeling that her evening had been a complete success, disappeared behind a cloud, and stayed there.

### XIII.

A raw wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that classic publication crossed to the rattling window and looked at Broadway, far beneath. A few drops of rain mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind.

In his hand he held a long letter from Craighouse, and, after a pause, he re-read the ending.

... 'And so I crept downstairs in the early morning and built a fire of my articles, in a grate. I am sorry to have failed you; but, if one would ridicule England, first let him go to the sea and watch the men that go out in ships—and the men that never come back from the sea. If he would scoff at the simple folk of England, first let him stop at a farm I saw, where an old man of seventy is toiling in the fields, that the King's horses and men may be fed; while his four sons sleep in France. If he would laugh at the old families of England, let him come to the old homes where every son went without a murmur, and where, too often, the last one fell beside his brothers, because England had called for men.'

'If he would make the mothers of England a study for satire, first he should mock the woman at the foot of the Cross, for her love and their love, her grief and their grief, are one.'

Like gnomes, the people on Broadway hurried on in an endless, diverging torrent of humanity.

THE END.

## MTZKHET: THE OLDEST CITY OF THE WORLD.

By R. COURTIER-FORSTER.

I STOOD on a lofty ridge of sun-scorched height, the slippery, burnt, brown grass crackling beneath my feet. Above, the intense blue sky of Asia Minor stretched from horizon to horizon without a relieving trace of cloud, even above the distant shining snows of Transcaucasia. The great arc glowed like one vast sheet of brilliant blue enamel, fresh from the burnisher's fires; while, around, the parched Georgian mountains trembled and cracked in the shimmering summer heat, revealing through deserted defiles ascending heights and distant woods of dark umbrageous trees. A scene strangely like the convulsive beginnings of the stupendous Himalayas! I stood alone in the vast deserted country, insignificant, fugitive; and below me, by the broad, twisting stream of the silver Aragva, pressed between the rounded breasts of the sleeping mountains of Iberia, lay

the forgotten tragedy of six thousand years. The oldest city of the world, Mtzkhet the Mysterious, for long centuries the coveted heart of an opulent and powerful empire, where gleaming white-walled palaces, filled with the rich spoils of a hundred valiant wars, rose among groves of olive-trees!

Her once great towers and bastions and her crumbling walls rise on the hills like fierce cries of passion from a throttled race, and fall away above the river-banks in piles of desolate dust and grass-tufted stones, meet only to mend the hollowed surface of the ill-kept roads, and be trodden beneath the feet of the remote descendants of their proud builders. Low-roofed, squalid hovels crowd within the spacious courts of long-forgotten palaces; pariah dogs and ragged, almost naked, children play where princes passed with laughter-flashing, jewel-decked retinues. Before

Babylon and Nineveh dawned on the strange history of the world, the city in the mountains before me teemed with the ordered life of a picturesque and gorgeous civilisation.

To this hollow amid the desolate wilderness of the cloud-swept rocks of Transcaucasia, which rears its white pinnacles above the ice-sheathed walls of Europe, came Thargamos, great-grandson of Japheth, Noah's son, barred from farther progress to the west by the vast barriers of God, where rebellious Earth threw up her strongholds into the wild stormclouds of heaven, and Prometheus lay chained to the inaccessible rock.

It was Mtzkhetos, grandson of Thargamos, who built Mtzkhet with barbaric splendour, and whose eyes looked with approval and proud sense of possession on these now withered hills, rounded and bare beneath the weight of history. He laid the first stones by the great gray river, still rushing past below—Mtzkhetos of the Master-Mind, who drank the amber wine of Kakhetia, where the swarthy-skinned merchants with the gleaming, perfect teeth filled for me horn goblets from the ghastly swollen skins of beasts made taut with naphtha; Mtzkhetos, whose name five thousand years ago belonged to the ancient history of these great mountain fastnesses.

After the passionate life of faded centuries, the shining cohorts of Alexander the Great streamed through the mountain passes from the east, and wild battle raged about the royal city at my feet. There is the pass through which the Macedonian armies poured on the old mother of civilisation. There in the plain, where the waters of Aragva meet the mighty Kura, the two hosts met, and when the sun sank down behind that wall of mountains at my back, the Karthlians were broken and driven in confusion from the narrow plain. Behind the plateau of Mount Ploskaya the moon rose high, and caught the glint of lances as the flying groups, with helpless grief and rage, swarmed up along the river-course. On this worn, dizzy path some crept, panting with weariness, led by their vanquished king, who, pausing here, turned to look down into the valley below, where fires and faint cries rose from the white city of Mtzkhetos. And then a bend in the mountain path hid the burning palaces from view.

Two thousand two hundred years ago through those now silent streets, where stalwart, suntanned, black-haired men sleep in the purple shade of dusty walls, and long-tailed lizards blink and sun themselves, the royal Pharnavaz, prince of the Karthlians, rode proudly, amid the tumult of mad, adoring triumph, son of the ancient house, liberator of Mtzkhet from the silken yoke of servitude to splendid Macedonia. Then men stood upon these heights, resting upon their spears, and gazed down at the joy-fires of flickering torches flashing among the deep shadows of acacia-trees on the gaunt walls and

towers of princely palaces, while the faint noise of reeds and cymbals, and the sound of wild fierce songs, rose through the night in exultation on the hot, still air. Two thousand years ago and more; and even then the royal city, proud mother of all cities in a yet more ancient world, renewed her youth with huge stones and marble slabs from ruined halls and courts, grass-grown and silent, the quiet, deserted home of tarantulas and swift-footed things of timid eyes, abandoned a long thousand years before.

Before me now ruins extend everywhere: battlemented towers, broken columns, fallen masonry, deep dust, dried grass and hills of stones over all the plain, far up the mountain-side, and on the higher crests, showing the vastness of its former state, while still the silver arteries flow through this ancient heart of all the world. The great Aragva meets the Kura and foams around the buttresses of Pompey's bridge, where the marshalled quaternions of Imperial Rome gathered over the Armenian heights to plant the Eagles of the Tiber above the white walls of the old mother of the world. Wild night-fowl, scared by the glare of Roman camp fires, flew screaming up the wide river-course, where the turgid glacial floods flow smoothly down, seething silently like boiling oil between their low red banks.

Unseen in the gathering gloom the Karthlian warriors stood on this brown ridge of barren hills, the dry brushwood piled before their feet in readiness to flash a signal to the anxious watchers on the towers below. Whispering, they pressed together and gazed down into the hostile Roman camp spread out beneath, while trumpets sounded in distant alarms with new strange notes, and guards were changed.

Day by day the bridge of Pompey grew until the Roman hosts swept like a flood, strongly and irresistibly, into those now broken streets of the city of Mtzkhet, and the steep, bare hills before me, now deserted and desolate, were studded with grim, stricken groups of fleeing Karthlians.

Among the filthy hovels and ruined splendours of to-day rises the stately gray pile of the Cathedral of the Twelve Apostles of the Lord, built on the very spot to which the Saviour's shroud was brought from Golgotha. Here stood the Jewish maiden Sidonia, aflame with the love of Christ, and tore the sacred vesture from her unbelieving brother's hands. A voice from the heavens thundered above Mtzkhet, 'To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;' and Sidonia, clasping the sacred garment in her hands, fell dead in the midst of the group of Christian pilgrims who had fled from Jerusalem after the Crucifixion. They buried her beneath these stones, with the holy shroud held close within her arms, and a great cedar-tree grew over the spot, and wrapped her and the treasure that she held within its roots. When this cathedral of the Sveti Tzkhoveli was built to enshrine the Saviour's shroud, the great

pillar before which I stood was erected over the roots of the cedar-tree to mark the spot.

Gone now are the thronging crowds of stately worshippers and the sacred pageantry of anointed kings. On the old worn steps of the silent and deserted pile two laughing children, each naked save for a single ragged garment, chase darting opalescent dragon-flies that hover in the sun. Within, the wheel of time rolls back. My foot-falls echo through the hollowed aisles amid the gorgeous monuments of long-dead Georgian kings and vanished queens who sought to lie near to the shroud of Christ—Queen Anna, and Queen Tamara, consort of George XI.; Antonius I.; and further on the proud Rodama, Domentius II. and Queen Miriam; the great Prince Mukhranski; and hard by are the tombs of long-dead patriarchs and the haughty Orbeliani, with many others of like renown. And here, among these tombs of his great ancestors, lies the last sovereign of the distraught land, George XIII. (who died in 1800), heir of the oldest reigning royal house in the world. These Bagratides, whose sepulchres are all around, ruled from the throne of Georgia for over one thousand two hundred years, and traced unbroken descent from Noah. The old line still lives, and speaks in Georgia only to be obeyed. Prince Bagration, who fought beneath the Russian flag in the Napoleonic wars, and fell at Borodino, was the descendant of these dead kings. A present scion of the royal house, Prince Bagration, at the head of eighty of his Caucasians, withstood four thousand armed Russian infantry, mad with drink, at the Russian collapse at Kalusz in August 1917, and kept the German Army at bay throughout the night, while behind him rose the flames of the burning town and the roar of exploding stores, mingled with the shouts and cries of the drunken revellers who deserted the trenches, oblivious of all honour and their country's downfall.

Five hundred years ago, in this great church, before the tarnished gold and glowing pictured saints of the lofty Ikonastas, wide-eyed women crouched, pressing their children to them, huddled motionless against the golden gates as though already dead, listening in terror breathlessly above the beatings of their hearts to the dull tramping din of the approaching hordes of Tamerlane. Within these silent old gray walls the wild tumult of the victorious Tatars surged, and above hoarse laughter and the rush of eager, heavy feet, the cries of shrieking women dragged from sanctuary pierced to the vaulted roof. These battered stones have watched the depths of despair, heard frenzied calls for mercy and for help, and seen the sacrilege of blood and fire stain the dark walls.

Now a beam of sunlight falls aslant the hushed and forgotten tombs of royal dead, lighting the dust and dirt that chokes the chiselry. A spider caught in the shaft of light swings down

his thread to the crevice of a stone-carved flower. A door turns sadly on its hinges, and a peasant woman shuffles in, and stands, bowing herself to prayer where her forebears have prayed for over fifteen centuries.

Without, high on the bare, precipitous hills, outlined against the sky, rise the old walls and chapels of the ancient and wonderful Convent of the Angels, from which the mystic chain of heavenly messengers sped invisibly down to the tower of the Sveti Tzkhoveli Cathedral. In the old days, when saints and princes and such-like folk thronged the great city of the shroud of Christ, the Angels of the Holy Way flew between the convent on the heights and the old cathedral far below, bearing messages between the saints of God who lived in each. Then children listened among the hillside grasses, when the evening breezes came, to hear the rustle of the angels' wings; and in the warm, quiet summer nights, when all the sky is filled with stars, the soft-eyed peasants watch and dream and listen still.

The great King Gurgaslan, named the Wolf-Lion, marched out from these old streets not only to become the conqueror of Mingrelia and Abkhasia, but also to secure possession of a large part of royal Armenia. He was the vanquisher of the Ossetes, whose town of Lomys-Kyshel I found high in the mountain wilds. He even led an army into India in alliance with the King of Persia. To this monarch the city of the holy shroud was as the bride of Christ, and by the weight of his royal power he added another patriarchate to Christendom—the patriarchate of Mtskheta. But the vast city in the hills of Transcaucasia was ill-fitted to be the centre of a sovereign power, and difficult of defence. In the year 499 A.D. his son, King Dachi, transferred the capital to Tiflis, a few miles away, and the ancient city of Mtskheta, the mother of the world, was left to fall by slow degrees into decay.

The climax of her superb magnificence was past. In the days which saw the coming of Hengist and his wild warriors to Thanet's Isle, this weary city of Mtskheta lay aching in the sun, bearing four to five thousand years of mighty history. When Britain lay for the most part under the dark shadow of heathendom, the huge stones of this great cathedral already towered towards the sky above the holy pillar and the shroud of Christ, while stately litanies were softly sung and tapers glowed before the pictures of the saints, and these old streets were thronged with all the ordered life of long-inherited civilisation.

Rich monuments of ancient art remain unto this day. The cathedral had to endure many savage onslaughts at the hands of victorious invaders from the East, and much was wrecked and built again; but in the royal cathedral at Gelati, carefully restored in 1089–1125, high in the Georgian mountains, and at ancient Colchia,

the city of Jason of the Golden Fleece, and in many lesser towns, decaying but still perfect specimens remain of stately architecture similar in style to Saxon, but on a far more sumptuous scale of pure art. Literature of the early centuries also remains in scrip attributed to St Mesropius of the fifth century. It is found in two forms—one used exclusively for Holy Writ and liturgical works; the other, named 'soldiers' hand,' resembling the Burmese form of Pali. There is an obvious connection between these and early Armenian. Many ancient manuscripts and forgotten treasures are preserved in the library attached to this cathedral of Mtzkhet, which I was not fortunate enough to explore.

By wretched huts and hovels built from the ruins and dried mud I made my way through scorching unpaved lanes—once royal highways—to the great church of Samtavro, built seven hundred years before the Norman conquest of England. Few people realise that centuries before William the Conqueror gained our shores a lofty Christian culture and civilisation existed in the unknown fastnesses of Transcaucasia, and stately and magnificent churches and cathedrals adorned the land, which are the wonder to this day of the few travellers from Europe who penetrate into the wild mountains of Georgia.

But little now remains of the magnificence of royal Mtzkhet. Even the treasure of the holy shroud has gone, seized by the sacrilege of Shah Abbas in 1619, and afterwards sent by him to the Czar of Russia, Mikhail Fedorovich, who placed it in the sacred treasury of the Cathedral of the Assumption at Moscow, where it may now be sought.

Brown hills, brown hovels, and brown ruins, neglected and strangely still, cluster about the great rivers and the piers of Pompey's bridge. From far away along the dusty road they look a wind-blown heap of shrivelled leaves, lifeless and silent, the dead foliage of the centuries, the crumpled, crushed beauties of Mtzkhet, the oldest city of the world. Slowly they fade in the softening light of the closing day. The Asia Minor heights throw out long arms of blue-gray shade from ridge to ridge, and the white walls of Gostinnitsa Sliós, the Inn of Tears, cast purple shadows on the road. It is the last house in Georgia, where travellers bid farewell to friends and families, and pass on to journey up into the Russian lands, while those they love turn on their steps and make their way back to the homes of Karthlia.

The Inn of Tears—a fitting resting-place after the city of Mtzkhetos, mother of the world.

## SISTERS AND SWEETHEARTS.

### PART II.

#### III.

**CORDELIA'S** anticipations were, however, doomed to be falsified; whilst much that she had never dreamed of happened.

Preparations for Lettice's marriage to Frank were already advanced, when a succession of thunderbolts struck the tree-shaded villa at Pelter, putting an end, once and for all, to its pleasant hospitalities. The earthquake shocks (to vary the figure) came in the form of the failure of a mining speculation in which old Lysimachus had been deeply interested, followed by the absconding of a trusted partner who had suffered in the same commercial disaster. Mr Blannerne never rallied from the blows—ruin, betrayal, his home sold up, the humbling of his dignity. He survived, indeed—a sadder and perhaps wiser man—but was no longer fit for business or for entertaining. Nor was he the one who suffered most; for age, which diminishes the power of enjoyment, generally also deadens sorrow. Neither was he, after all, affected in the very tenderest of his feelings. Pelter did its best to show sympathy with a family which had been both popular and respected; but, among many sympathisers, Frank Follett was a conspicuous defaulter. He possessed that fairly common form of moral courage which recoils from no

bold measure of self-protection, and was well aware of the advantage of acting with decision. So his visits to the Blanernes were straightway discontinued, whilst a business-like note gave poor Lettice to understand that he could not afford to marry a portionless woman, and therefore (very reluctantly) craved to be released from his engagement. He knew the character of the woman he had to deal with—her loving heart, but also her pride, her solicitude for his future. Without bitterness she wrote to him, acceding to his request, recognising its expediency. But the effort cost her dear—how dear, perhaps no one but her sister guessed. She had lost the man she loved, and lost him, not by death or by estrangement, but by a calculated lapse from loyalty on his part, at the moment when he should most have stood by her. For a time she lost her faith in life and in human nature too.

But at this crisis in her existence Cordelia's sympathy was her salvation. For the younger sister read the situation correctly, gauging Lettice's capacity for suffering, and her heart was duly wrung. Probably it was true that something of fellow-feeling entered into her compassion. For, if the departure of Jimmy, who had never spoken of love to her, had meant so much to herself, what must the loss of Frank

mean to her sister, whose ardent lover he had been for several months? So Cordelia surrounded Lettice with a sympathy that was pervasive, and yet never violated reserve or expressed what was better left unsaid. And occasionally a silent eloquent look out of Miss Blanerne's sad eyes would thank her both for what she did and what she left undone.

But there was another great consoler and mighty healer who was by degrees to do wonders for both sisters. This was Work. For, when the wreckage of old Blanerne's fortune came to be gathered together, it was found that, if they wished to live in any comfort, the girls would have to do something for themselves. Through the help of some of her musical acquaintances of happier days, Lettice obtained a few engagements to give pianoforte lessons. Unfortunately there was nothing to be made out of Cordelia's turn for modelling; she at once recognised that. So she applied for and obtained a post as secretary to a dentist in large practice. It was by no means specially congenial work, but it gave her bread, whilst allowing her to live at home and take her share in the care of her fast-aging father. I have omitted to say that the Blanernes had quitted Pelter, and now rented a small house off Kensington High Street.

Here, in a life that was socially quiet and unobtrusively busy, more than two years went by. Before the end of that period Lettice was herself again. She had lived her sorrow down, and had emerged from the ordeal strengthened in character, and but slightly—if at all—subdued in manner. Cordelia hailed the gradual change in her, yet sometimes wondered if it were really as complete as it looked. Might not the duty of cheerfulness for her father's and sister's sake be to some extent accountable for it? It happened one day, however, that she received assurance on this point. Lettice came to her with the *Morning Post* in her hand, and silently pointed to a certain paragraph. It was an announcement of the forthcoming marriage of Frank Follett to the daughter of a wealthy glass-manufacturer. Cordelia read it, and, without speaking, glanced up at her sister.

'That wound is healed,' said Lettice.

That was all, but she spoke quite simply, without a touch of bravado, and Cordelia felt that she had heard the unvarnished truth. It made her happier than she had been for many a day. Then came another spell of quiet industrious life. After breakfasting together, the sisters would leave the house, each to hurry off by bus or by tram to her own destination, and it was seldom that they met again before evening. Then the little incidents of the day would be talked over together, for the two girls were still on those happy terms where each is interested in all that concerns the other; so that Lettice was conversant with the names and the

idiosyncrasies of the dentist's patients, whilst Cordelia had the social status and the degrees of proficiency of her sister's pupils at her fingers' ends. Of nights, on the rare occasions when they allowed themselves any recreation, they would carry off old Lysimachus to witness a 'legitimate' drama—only to have their well-meant efforts rewarded by comparisons between Charles Kean and Macready on the one hand and Henry Irving on the other—all of which, without exception, were unfavourable to the last-mentioned. For Mr Blanerne now lived in the past, and had ceased to be accessible to any new artistic impression.

It was now that, having the dentist's waiting-room to herself one morning, Cordelia took up an album of reproductions of the pictures in that year's Salon, and began to turn the pages. She had not lost her interest in art, though she had ceased to practise it. All at once her eye fell on an engraving which instantly arrested her attention. It was a portrait of her sister—idealised, yet unmistakable, even though the artist's name, 'Jacques Ashdown,' had not stood at the top of the page. The picture bore the title, 'Jeune Dame Anglaise', and truly it represented a refined and noble type of English womanhood. Cordelia looked long and wistfully upon it, and a train of thought was awakened in her. It was long since she had heard from James Ashdown, for, truth to tell, he was not much of a correspondent, and had left her later letters unanswered. Yet she had not blamed him for this, for had not he told her from the first of his programme of hard work? What time could he have to spare for letter-writing? Well, at least his labours had been rewarded to the extent that he was now an exhibitor in the Salon, and one whose pictures were considered worth reproducing. The young secretary was soon called away to attend to her duties; but throughout the day the impression of her discovery remained with her. Curiously enough, she abstained from mentioning it at home. But next morning, on returning to the scene of her labours, she carefully copied Ashdown's address from the illustrated catalogue. It was at Montmartre, and *au cinquième*, from which it appeared that fortune had not yet smiled very brightly on him. This did not, however, prevent her carrying out a purpose which she had already formed.

In her quiet time, when her father and sister had gone to bed and she was in her own room, she sat down at her writing-table and wrote to Jimmy. Though quite unconscious of her own power, she was a letter-writer of the best kind, one who could 'talk with the pen.' She explained her resumption of the interrupted correspondence by telling him of her having accidentally come across a reproduction of his picture, though she said nothing of having recognised it as a portrait of her sister. And then she went on to beg him to send her all his news after this

long interval, and, by way of setting an example, she sent him all her own. As she wrote, the old kindly feeling which had characterised their relations came to life again, transmitting a warm breath of genial domesticity to the garret at Montmartre. 'Lettice is very happy in her work,' she wrote; 'she has at least one prodigy among her pupils, for whom she prophesies distinction. And, really, it is odd how some of these children seem to be able to do intuitively what their teachers only arrive at after years of labour, and to express things on the keyboard which they certainly cannot have experienced. I should find this rather disheartening myself, but it gives Lettice the utmost pleasure. After two unhappy years, she is quite the old dear, cheerful, high-spirited Lettice again, whom you used to admire. I only wish that you could see her.' . . . There was more in this strain, which I need not detail, for the letter ran over several sheets. When it was finished, sealed, and addressed, Cordelia held it for a moment in her hand whilst she deliberated. After the impulse of composition, a certain reaction had taken place in her, leading her to question the expediency of sending off what she had written. Then, in her characteristically unselfish way, she summed up *pro* and *contra*. 'If I tear it up, things will probably go on as they are. If I send it, two people out of three will have at least a chance of happiness—of real happiness.' She sighed. Then she added, with greater decision, 'Yes, and the third person will have a chance of happiness, too—of happiness quite as real as theirs, though of a different kind.' Clearly, then, the *pros* had it! So the letter was posted.

## IV.

Less than a week later, as she came in from her work one evening, feeling rather tired and jaded, Cordelia was told by the little, aproned maid that a gentleman was waiting to see her. This was unusual, for, excepting on their 'at home' day, the sisters received few visitors. To have callers admitted at all hours is a luxury that belongs to the unemployed only. And yet the young secretary was not altogether surprised, although so much affected that all jaded feelings instantly left her. What a greeting Jimmy Ashdown gave her! It was impulsive, boisterous, warm-hearted. Quite obviously, three years in Paris had disposed of his diffidence. But what was charming in him was that, no less obviously, as they talked together, the past—their past—remained quite as real to him as to herself. He had a score of intimate questions to ask, showing that he had forgotten nothing. Neither, upon the other hand, was he sparing of information about himself. The three years had been, as he intended they should, years of uninterrupted hard work, often of bitter struggle. And now, at last, he was beginning to find his feet. The dealers

were inquiring for his work. His 'Jeune Dame Anglaise' had made something of a hit.

'You recognised the subject?'

'Of course I did. It is Lettice as she lives and moves.'

The painter laughed aloud in sheer high spirits. 'Ha! ha! ha! You did not say that in your letter. . . . I say! I hope she does not mind?'

'She doesn't know.'

'Oh! you haven't told her?' (There was just a touch of disappointment in his tone.) 'I see, Miss Cordelia, that you are as reserved as ever. That was your way at Pelver—I never could guess what was going on in your mind.'

Cordelia smiled; but her smile had something of irony in it, and was less for his benefit than for her own.

And then, whilst, with boyish confidence in her interest, which of old had never failed him, he told her in detail of his plan of settling in London—Chelsea, for preference—she listened, and half-consciously took stock of him. There was a change in him, though it was less in form than in expression. The idea of strength, hitherto suggested mainly by his build, was now expressed by eyes and brow, as well as by the decision of his manner. From a youth groping vaguely after he scarce knew what, James Ashdown was transformed into a man who had 'found himself,' one who seemed likely to succeed in what he set his heart on. Whilst they were talking thus, Lettice came in from giving lessons, and Mr Blanerne from a reading-room to which he was a subscriber, and the four of them had a jolly tea together. In one sense, but in one sense only, it was as if Jimmy had never been away—I mean that he so readily took up the old threads of friendship just where he had left them. In other respects, as I have said, the difference was sufficiently apparent.

'How immensely improved he is!' exclaimed Lettice, almost as soon as he was gone.

'I suppose he is,' replied Cordelia, speaking intentionally in rather colourless tones.

'Why, of course he is—so much more interesting than in those old days when he would sit through our supper-parties without ever opening his lips except to put something into his mouth, as Frank Follett used to say. But I remember you always stood up for Mr Ashdown, Delia; I suspect I scarcely did him justice.'

'After all,' put in Mr Blanerne, 'it is only to be expected that he should have more to say for himself, now that he has seen the world.'

'Yes—and broken loose from the cramping influences of Pelver and his home.'

'Well, at any rate, you ought to know best, Lettice, for he addressed most of his talk to you.' And now Cordelia smiled, though, I must confess, not very brightly.

This visit was the beginning of much pleasant intercourse between the painter and the Blanernes. From being a regular attendant at their Sundays

at home, he took to finding out odd times when he would not be *de trop*, and to presenting himself then. He became, in fact, an intimate of the house—almost its only real intimate of his sex. Then he grew very keen about taking the girls to picture-shows, concerts, plays—things they ‘positively must see.’ But, as they did not care to leave their old father (who was growing weaker) quite by himself, one of them almost always stayed with him. And that one was generally Cordelia.

‘But, you know, Jimmy is *your* friend, Delia!’ Lettice would say in her own dictatorial way. ‘It is you who ought to go with him. Besides, I went last time—it is your turn.’

‘But what is the good of my going to hear Caruso, Lettice, when, by your own showing, I have never yet managed to sing the National Anthem as the composer wrote it?’

‘That is true enough, dear! And yet you care for music in your own way. I know that.’

Still, it ended by Lettice’s driving off with Jimmy. And am I to blame him if, once he recognised the principle upon which the sisters distributed their company, he took rather more tickets for concerts than he did for theatrical performances? When an art-exhibition was to be visited, the party sometimes included all three; and so it was, one afternoon, at a private view of the ‘International.’ It was the hour when celebrities were expected to be present, and the galleries were crowded. The artist and Cordelia had stopped to speak to an acquaintance; whilst Lettice, having just discovered from the catalogue that Ashdown had a picture on view, pushed on independently, to have an early look at it. She had found the number, and had taken her stand in front of the canvas, to study it as far as study was possible in such a crowd, when she heard the following words spoken near her: ‘That picture was exhibited in last year’s Salon, and was a good deal admired. It is by a young Englishman who has studied abroad, and is beginning to be spoken of. Ashdown is his name.’

The connoisseur or cicerone was a man, and the next thing Lettice overheard was the whispered rejoinder of the woman who was with him: ‘She is obviously the model from whom the picture was painted.’ It was evident that, true to her sex, this second speaker took more interest in the person than in the painting.

Then, all at once, it rushed upon Lettice’s perception that she was standing in front of a portrait of herself, almost as if to invite comparison. She coloured slightly, and unobtrusively moved on.

‘I hope you are not angry with me,’ said a low voice close beside her.

It was Ashdown, who had been following her movements, while Cordelia remained behind in conversation with her friend.

‘I don’t know,’ answered Lettice doubtfully.

‘I suppose I ought to feel complimented. But I think you ought to have told me the picture was here. I must have looked such a fool standing in front of it.’

‘Let us go and sit down there, on that ottoman, where there is air and space,’ replied Jimmy; ‘and let me try to get you to forgive me.’

They seated themselves among the sculpture—upon which nobody seemed to have a glance to throw away. And there, speaking in his low, deep undertone, Jimmy told her something of the misery of his early days in Paris, and how the thought of her had been always with him, whether he would or not. Then his mother had written him news of Mr Blanerne’s failure, and presumably of what had followed it, and the thought of Lettice had become his inspiration. When he had set to work to paint his Salon picture, he could paint but a single face, for all other faces turned into that one. And that face had brought him success—not vulgar success; *that* would have been impossible, and *that*, she knew, he did not prize; not vulgar success, but the success which is the very existence of an artist—recognition, the proof, from without, that he is no mere impotent dreamer, but has power to reach and touch the hearts of others. This he owed to her!

Lettice was listening, not unmoved.

Then, by a sudden transition, Ashdown turned to the present and the actual. What would not he give to have her ever beside him, to inspire, to make his house a home? . . . His prospects had improved enough to justify his marrying. . . . Would she think of it? Would she make him the happiest of men?

His voice failed him. But Lettice lifted her eyes, which had been cast down, so that they met his; and, with a smile that mingled a touch of mischief with its tenderness, she asked him the simple question, ‘Why not?’

A moment later she rose to her feet, saying that they must go and look for Cordelia—poor Cordelia would be lost.

But poor Cordelia was not far off.

Two or three years later, when Mr Blanerne died, Jimmy and Lettice Ashdown were anxious that Cordelia should come and live with them in their cottage at Knowl Hill. Somewhat to their surprise, however, Cordelia declined this offer, urging, among other reasons, that she was by this time so wedded to her London life that she would be lost in the country. By mutual agreement, Jimmy and his wife returned again and yet again to the charge. But Cordelia’s resolution was unshakable. She was, however, a frequent visitor at the cottage, and became in time the most devoted of aunts to her little nephews and nieces.

And now you know how it was that Cordelia Blanerne did not marry.

THE END.

# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### A LITTLE SHIP.

By 'TAFFRAIL,' Author of *Pincher Martin, O.D.*; *The Sub*; *Carry On!* &c.

#### CHAPTER X.—THE CONVOY.

I.

THE misty dawn broke over a calm, unruffled sea; but in spite of the promise of fair weather, the senior officer of the escort force, a commander in one of the destroyers, was in no very amiable frame of mind. He had been up most of the night, snatching an odd twenty minutes now and then in a deck-chair on the bridge to rest his weary limbs; but for all his own watchfulness, and the persistent activity of the destroyers under his orders, daylight found the bluff-bowed freighters of his convoy spread over a larger area of sea than was compatible with safety. They were passing through a submarine-infested area, an area in which Fritz had already taken a substantial toll in sinkings.

The destroyers acted the part of watch-dogs and whippers-in, and day and night they were busy, urging on the laggards, checking the runaways, coaxing, persuading, and bullying by turns. They encouraged the Norwegian who announced plaintively that, owing to the inefficiency of her firemen and the inferiority of her coal, she could steam no more than six and a quarter knots; satisfied the tramp with eight degrees of deviation in her antiquated compass that the course steered was not taking the procession towards the Arctic Circle. The attendant craft zigzagged here and there like sheep-dogs, darting round from flank to flank to round up those of their unwieldy flock who evinced a desire to dally by the wayside, barking at the tail of the crowd to keep them closed up and compact.

But still the convoy had straggled during the night, so that the commander responsible for their safety was distinctly peevish and irritable. And presently, when it became light enough for signals to be read, he draped his stumpy mast in strings of parti-coloured bunting, while his semaphore wagged lustily, and his destroyers scurried hither and thither on their old, old game of urging on the dawdlers.

With a collection of about twenty merchantmen, no two of them capable of exactly the same speed, some hardly able to understand the King's English, and most of them seemingly blessed with a spirit of perversity and a sweet

desire to do exactly as they liked, when they liked, it was no easy matter to keep them in more or less orderly formation, or to make them realise that straggling from the main body was merely giving any prowling U-boat the tempting opportunity he so fervently desired.

Moreover, the International Code of Signals, excellent though it may be for peace-time purposes, did not lend itself to the rapid manœuvring of an armada, and Morse messages spelt slowly out on a dim flashing lamp from the bridge of a destroyer were apt to be misunderstood, particularly with a disgruntled Scandinavian at the other end. Some of the convoy had proper signalmen, but some had not, and it was a little mortifying when a simple message, 'You are showing a light on the port quarter. Extinguish it at once,' was solemnly interpreted to an astonished and unmarried merchant skipper as, 'You are leaving your wife to the port master. Eztpngulsh him at once!'

The British shipmasters, excellent fellows that they were, got better at the work every day. They no longer shrieked on their whistles and charged madly out of the line when they saw another ship within half a mile of them. They obeyed orders, and regarded the destroyers as their friends, those who would rescue them even at the peril of their own lives if the worst came to the worst and Fritz got home with a torpedo.

But the neutrals—oh heavens, the neutrals! In this particular convoy they outnumbered the British by more than four to one, and were really the cause of all the trouble and the bane of everybody's existence. It was not their war. Until they actually saw a submarine, or got torpedoed, they seemed to regard the whole business with a stolid, bovine apathy, and to consider the escorting destroyers, with their continual signals and remonstrances, as an unmitigated nuisance. When anybody did get torpedoed, as sometimes happened, they suffered from what the commander politely called 'the staggers,' darting erratically this way and that, with no thought for any one's safety but their own. There was no persuading them by any ordinary common-sense methods. They had to

be cajoled and driven; so the navy, like the sister-service in Flanders, swore horribly.

It was half-past four in the morning, a time of day when people's livers, if they are at all inclined that way, are more hobnailed than usual, and when no man loves his neighbour as he really should. The commander, moreover, was suffering from lack of regular exercise. Four hours later, at 8.30, breakfast would have been eaten, a sleepless night forgotten, and affairs might have assumed a more cheerful aspect. He might even think of retiring to his chardhouse for a shave, a luxury in these days when—since a submarine might make her attack at any moment—he daren't even go down to his cabin for twenty minutes for a hot sponge-down and a change of clothing. He was used to going dirty, however; accustomed to remaining in the same garments from the time the ship left harbour until she returned, though sometimes the trips lasted for as long as five days, occasionally a full week. Then thirty-six or forty-eight hours in harbour, followed by another jaunt out and back.

It was worrying, anxious work, for it never gave one much peace. It was only alleviated by the regular five days' spell for boiler-cleaning each month, and the periodical refits in a dock-yard every four or five months, when officers and men snatched what leave they could. But always it seemed as if the human machine were expected to go on running indefinitely, for it was only when the ships themselves gave out that those who manned them got any real rest.

What could one expect? Destroyers were wanted everywhere and for every purpose, and they were now doing work which was unheard of before 1914. Their numbers had increased enormously since the outbreak of war; but even if the output had been twice as large, they would still have been overworked. So it was a time when people were thankful for small mercies—grateful for an extra hour or two in harbour, blessing their luck for fine weather at sea.

The day wore on, and by half-past six the heat of the sun and a freshening breeze had dispelled the mist of early morning. The sea, stirred into minute corrugations, had lost its glassy sheen, and now presented a great velvety expanse of the purest, softest sapphire, darkening here and there to amethyst where cloud-shadows travelled lazily across its surface.

Presently, below the cloud-dappled sky to the north-east, a dim, narrow streak over the hard edge of the horizon gave the first indication of the land; and twenty minutes later the blue, serrated line of the distant coast showed clear and distinct against its background of pale turquoise.

'Thank Heaven!' murmured the commander, dropping his glasses with a sigh of fervent relief.

The convoy had made its landfall.

## II.

Some miles to the eastward, in a position almost directly ahead of the convoy, two officers dressed in the uniform of the Imperial German Navy stood upon the flattened summit of a tapered, cylindrical structure standing up out of the water for all the world like an innocent fairway buoy. But it was no buoy; it was the conning-tower of a submarine, and six feet beneath the surface, clearly visible through the green translucence of the water, was the huge, cigar-shaped hull of their vessel.

Through the open hatch beside them came the buzz of conversation from the interior, and the occasional hiss and chatter of a motor-pump, as, with a small reserve of buoyancy, the craft lay with her conning-tower just awash, ready for an instant dive. In less than thirty seconds a twirl of her propellers could have taken her out of sight on a long, downward slant.

To the north, distant perhaps eight miles, lay the line of the rugged coast, its hills, its valleys, and its woods and fields showing purple, brown, deep green, and golden in the strong sun. Farther to the east several delicate feathers of smoke rising almost vertically into the air told of the presence of a cluster of auxiliary patrol-vessels, which the submarine had passed earlier in the morning.

But it was neither at these nor at the land that the officers were gazing so intently. They did not seem to apprehend danger, and all their attention was concentrated on the western horizon, where a heavier smear of smoke stretching athwart the clear sky, and a forest of masts and funnels from a number of ships, as yet hull down, foretold the arrival of a convoy.

The *kapitän-leutnant*,\* a small, sallow-faced little man with a morose expression and anxious eyes, put down his glasses.

'I can count seventeen,' he said gruffly. 'Some of them are large.'

'Any escort?' queried his subordinate, a tall, dapper-looking man with a rosy, youthful face, the black-and-white ribbon of the Iron Cross conspicuous at his button-hole, and a single gold stripe on his coat-sleeves.

'I cannot see them at present,' the captain answered, 'but I expect they will have the usual destroyers, and some armed trawlers if the convoy is slow.'

He spoke nervously, almost as if he were afraid.

'They are late, are they not?' asked the younger man.

The *kapitän-leutnant* nodded. 'Yes,' he agreed. 'Our orders said they were due to pass this place at dawn.'

'It is unusual for this position to be so clear,'

\* In the German Navy a *kapitän-leutnant* corresponds to our lieutenant-commander, an *ober-leutnant* to our lieutenant, and a *leutnant* to our sub-lieutenant.

said the junior officer, glancing round the horizon and then overhead, as if he half-expected to see something. 'Generally we have sighted their coastal airships and seaplanes patrolling with destroyers and armed outpost boats, but to-day—nothing. Do you remember a month ago, somewhere near here, when we also saw nothing, but one of their submarines fired at us while we lay on the surface, and the torpedo passed directly underneath? We dived so deep that the rivets started to weep, and the'—

'No need to tell me the story,' snapped the captain, to whom the recollection was evidently unsavoury. 'I do not need you to help my memory!'

Von Hagen, the junior officer, smiled, and, unseen by his superior, shrugged his shoulders with easy tolerance.

'I was wondering,' he said, 'whether we were not a little close to the land to be lying on the surface. It is a very clear day, and somebody ashore with good glasses might'—

'Pouf!' the captain snorted testily. 'Our conning-tower is not so conspicuous as all that. Anyhow, these fools of English would not know what it was, even if they saw it. They would think it was a buoy.'

'Fools they may be,' Von Hagen agreed; 'but there are no buoys here.'

'Do not argue with me!' growled the commanding-officer, with rapidly rising temper. 'When I require your advice I will ask for it!'

Von Hagen and Franck, the *kapitän-leutnant* in command, lived a perpetual cat-and-dog existence. They were always at loggerheads, and hardly a day passed without bickering or disagreement. In tastes and temperament, as well as in appearance, the two men were the direct antithesis of each other. They had little in common; for Von Hagen, a regular naval officer of noble birth, was something of a dandy, and of a gay and pleasure-loving disposition. Being high-spirited, he was certainly rather rash and venturesome at times; but he was intelligent, almost clever. He belonged essentially to the officer caste, and therefore had a supreme contempt for those of inferior station. Moreover, he had only lately come from a battleship to serve a short apprenticeship as second in command before being given charge of a submarine of his own.

Franck, on the other hand, though excitable, was surly and discontented by disposition, a natural boor. He had not been brought up in the strict school of the Imperial Navy, and, as an ex-officer of the reserve, would still have been in the merchant service but for the war. He knew nothing of the niceties and the etiquette of the navy, and had all the distrust and the dislike of his class for the pampered aristocracy of which Von Hagen was a member. Franck had been pitchforked into the submarine service at a time when, owing to severe losses, volunteers were badly wanted, and he had subsequently

risen to command more by age and seniority than by ability or merit. His seniors, moreover, had come to look upon him with anything but a favourable eye, for he was slow and dull-witted, a man who, though he could be trusted to carry out orders, missed many opportunities through lack of initiative. He was a good seaman, perhaps, but a dismal failure as commander of a submarine, where technical knowledge is necessary.

Moreover, he knew his own limitations, and cordially detested Von Hagen, with his airs of superiority, his immaculate dress, and his well-bred manner of speech and behaviour. He regarded him as an interloper who had been sent to spy out his actions, and to report thereon to higher authorities; for, some time since, Franck had been plainly given to understand that further failures and unsuccessful cruises would entail his being relieved of his command.

Von Hagen, though he realised that his captain hated him, was not there to note his deficiencies, and was not aware that even now he was ear-marked for the command of this self-same U-boat on Franck's contemplated supersession in the near future. But he did know that the man jarred upon him, and that his captain was ignorant, and unfitted for the position he held, for his incompetence was apparent even to the humblest member of the crew. He realised, also, that, for all his brusque and blustering manner, Franck was really a weak man, and very timid at heart. Sometimes, like other weak men, he was as obstinate and as thick-headed as any mule; but on occasions when things really mattered, he often turned to his subordinate for advice, acted upon it, and then took the credit to himself.

So, while Von Hagen despised and distrusted Franck, looked upon him with amused contempt and feelings of disgust, Franck, for his part, was rather frightened of Von Hagen. But, at the same time, he was cunning enough to realise that his subordinate's ability often stood him in good stead, and frequently saved him from official odium and possible disgrace, so he was anxious not to lose his services.

The German, unlike the Briton, is not a seaman by instinct, and it is as easy to mingle fire and water as to make a regular officer of the Imperial Navy, imbued with the arrogant spirit of Junkerdom, live in peace and harmony with an ex-member of the merchant service drawn from the ranks of commerce or industry. They will work together after a fashion, but not even the common cause in war will quite obliterate the instinctive feelings of class antagonism and jealousy.

Von Hagen, rebuffed as usual, adroitly changed the subject. 'When do you propose to submerge?' he asked politely.

'When they are within ten miles. I want to

make certain of their course before having to use the periscope.'

Von Hagen's face fell, for to him the proposal seemed to be suicidal. 'Ten miles!' he said, pursing his lips. 'It is a very clear day, and at that distance a good look-out could almost see our conning-tower. Do you not think it wise to'—

Franck turned upon him with a face of rage. 'You dare again to question my orders and to offer me advice!' he burst out passionately. 'Have I not said that I shall dive when they are ten miles off?'

'You have,' Von Hagen nodded, controlling himself with difficulty. 'But if I were in command'—

The remark was unfortunate, as a red rag to a bull.

'You are not in command!' thundered the captain, beside himself with anger. 'You are not in command—not yet! And until you are, it is I who will give the orders in this ship. Understand that!'

'Very well,' said Von Hagen resignedly.

'The responsibility is yours. I, as you say, am not in command.'

He saluted and turned to go below, for further conversation could only end in active strife. How he hated Franck!

But as he reached the foot of the conning-tower ladder and started to move forward, he was accosted by a wireless rating.

'There are signals coming through in code, *Herr Leutnant*,' the man said with a salute. 'They are being answered.'

'Tell the captain,' said Von Hagen.—'Hartmann,' he added, turning to a petty officer, 'have the listeners at the hydrophones heard anything lately?'

'Nothing, *Herr Leutnant*,' the man replied with a salute.

'Well, tell them to listen attentively. We may expect to hear—er—something at any time.'

And Von Hagen, though wireless meant nothing—for they heard it every hour of the day and night—experienced a vague feeling of uneasiness as he walked forward to his quarters.

(Continued on page 836.)

## CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE SEASHORE.

By F. ST MARS.

THE first living thing that one sees as the waves' ample breathing landscape opens out before one's eyes, and the last, when the great sea's horizon pales in mist and sinks behind the green hills, is a restless, floating, swerving, halting, circling, swooping, narrow-winged shape, now white with the purity of the white horses that gallop past beneath it, now gleaming silver as the glistening wavelet, touched by the sun—the seagull. There are more degrees than one of seagull, all rather wicked, and all alike in their tribal spotless uniform of the sea; in their superb, lazy, tacking flight; in their long, narrow vans; in their wild sea-cries. To us Britons the seagull is something more than a bird merely; it is a symbol, the very spirit of our peculiar, sea-girt scene, and without it something would be lacking which nothing else could replace.

Along the edge of the snow-line which marks the highest tramp of the high tide, as the bitter dawn pales to a cruel day, through the drifting snow, first one, then another, seagull appears, ghost-like and silent, beating with those wonderful, swinging, shallow half-strokes of theirs, up and down above the sliding waves. Now a pearl-and-white common gull, now a pert, coral-legged, gray-and-white black-head, now a big, slashing, spotless herring-gull, or a black-and-white lesser black-back, passes, returns, circles, sweeps, or settles with big pinions held high, like the wings of some gigantic butterfly, and, as it were some model of a high-prowed junk made in ivory, rides light as a cork on the heaving swell.

They must come from somewhere, as they keep on turning up, more and more, apparently from nowhere; must have spent Christmas Eve asleep in some place—on the mud-ooze of the estuary, on a sand-bar, on the cliffs, it may be; but not all of them there, or even the greater part, I fancy. (The high tide must have floated them off the first two.) Then where? On the angry bosom of the sea? Who knows? Who can swear to it? They slept, anyway, somewhere, and are there along the shore to greet the bitter, sword-sharp north wind of the Christmas morn.

In the wild folk are presented with three great problems: to eat, to avoid being eaten, and to increase. The first of these is to eat, or to feed, practically. All gulls are hungry, and more hungry than usual at the bitter Christmas dawn. But your seagull is no layer-in or provident seeker of breakfasts; he is a scavenger, an adventurer, a rover of shores, a hanger upon chance.

Above, in the pale, dim gray, the hurrying whistle of sharp wings marks where the wild duck—mallard, widgeon, teal, pochard, and the rest—are going out to sea after a Christmas Eve spent in rummaging on estuary, river, pond, and lake for food. They, unlike the gulls, are no waiters upon chance; they take Time by the forelock, and would remain and feed and sleep all day, perhaps, in their happy hunting-ground, if bitter experience did not teach them that it were safer to face the icy hardship of floating the day out upon the waves than risk being

caught inland while it is light and guns can be aimed straight.

As the light—what there will be of it—increases, and the gap between the spotless foam of the breaking waves and the spotless line of the snow widens to an old-gold, shimmering, bending band of sand, the gulls begin to come down here and there. Here one drops lightly upon a whelk that was quick in burying itself when the water went, but not quite quick enough; there a herring-gull swoops on a glistening mussel, which he will keep taking up in the air and dropping till its shell is smashed. Farther on, one falls with swift, plunging dives upon a sodden crust; and, farther still, a fluttering, yelling, winnowing crowd, a white and twinkling mass, has suddenly collected from nowhere, like vultures, round something dark that rolls and bobs in the surf, barely awash. (That something is a dead dog.) Nearer a little is a gull that struggles with a tallow-candle; and afar out one swims round and round at murderous business with some luckless small land-bird, caught by exhaustion and the waves, journeying from some colder climate, and now doomed, though still alive, to play the part of Christmas goose to the gull. Not, mark you, that the gull is a born slayer—he is only a made one. A bungler at the job at best, he will take a long time in the killing, being, as yet, without science in the art, but—he kills just the same.

Anon, from over the white tumble of the sand-hills, heavily, slowly, one behind the other, untidy and out-at-heels, but eminently practical, come a flock of rooks. It will be some time yet before the ground inland about the roots of trees and by springs—where, the experienced rook knows, lie grubs—will be soft enough to dig, and meanwhile friend rook seems to know the hour of the falling tide almost as well as the seabirds themselves. But how they know, any of them, is a puzzle.

There is a long-standing blood-feud between the great crow tribe, of which the rook is a member, and the gulls, and as the lumbering sable band, each answering each with low cawings, volplanes down to tide-line, the gulls at that spot rise with wild, fierce, defiant sea-cries, and swoop and sweep wonderfully, but do not attack. They know the rook. Footpad he is, and worse, but no coward; and he is fully aware that unity is strength.

Most of the rooks canvass the refuse flung up among the dark seaweedy curving line that marks the limit of tide-lift, working, some of them, a little higher up the beach than the waiting, watching gulls, for some reason best known to themselves, seem to care to go. Here one finds the skeleton, with some feathers and leathery skin, of—yea, verily—a rook itself. Probably it was one of the 'missing' out of a flock that journeyed from Norway to Great Britain, and flew into a head-wind by the way. Another

investigates a sailor's cap, with 'H.M.S. —' still plain to read upon it. A third, turning over an old and sodden book, gets quite a lively two minutes, catching evasive sand-hoppers that were holding a horrible, seething, wet breakfast-party beneath that same. A fourth, with sure pickaxe-strokes, digs out a mussel, and repeats the dropping-from-a-height trick of the herring-gull; while gulls and rooks together look on without seeming to, ready to rush in and swallow the prize, should the dropper not swoop almost as quickly as the bivalve falls. And close by three have gathered together to bury within themselves (because the finder could not do the job fast enough, without choking, before the others came) the carcass of some diving-bird of the sea—a razorbill, in point of fact—'wrecked,' or starved ashore, possibly, by injury or rough weather, and partially hidden here among the clinging, sopping seaweed.

By now the waves have sullenly retreated far enough to leave a glistening strand, dotted with gulls (who, in spite of their white hues, look black often against the reflected light shewn on the sand) keeping for the most part as far out and as near the line of rippling 'after waves' as possible. They can see some of the rook band discovering part, at any rate, of a Christmas feast on the pebbles along tide-line, yet in all the generations they have not learnt to—or dare not—go there and do likewise. They hop in and skip out among the grounding waves, paddling about on webbed feet, and snap up stranded shrimps and running crabs—snacks only, and nothing more; but their inherent suspicion of the land seems ever to push them out farther, far as they can go upon the icy strand.

Suddenly, in the midst of a snow-flurry which nearly blots out everything from sight, there is trouble and the sound of discord adown the beach. The gulls are whirling and wheeling, more or less mixed up with clumpy black-winged forms, which at first glance appear to be more rooks. But as they come nearer, oaring slowly along in Indian file—a gang of ruffians, in very truth, if ever appearances counted for anything—it is seen that, though of the same bull-necked tribal caste as the rooks, these birds have gray bodies, with black heads and wings, more murderously designed beaks, and a stronger, swifter flight, or so it seems. They are the arch-villains of the winter seashore, the gray crows—*alias* hoodie, *alias* Royston crow, *alias* Dutchman, and other names; and their character is a thing to conjure with.

These ruffians follow the tide-line too. There was storm yesterday, and they are aware of it. They know their job—too well for some folks' liking. Presently one 'lets up' on the wind, and sinks, swaying neatly, to the line of seaweed. His gouge beak and black head can be seen rising and falling, with quick hammer-strokes, and out of the pile of debris flutters and flops a helpless

white shape that struggles to the wet sand, and lies there, unable to struggle farther. It is a common gull, wounded by some one who could find no sensible use for his cartridges, probably in a ploughed field somewhere inland, the day before. A wing is injured, and there are damages below the water-line. If left to itself, the hapless one would have died eventually, where it had crept in among the flotsam and jetsam, or, worse still, have been eaten by the crabs, for a damaged wing to a gull is like a broken mast to a racing-yacht, and the bird becomes pathetic in its helplessness.

'Cra-a!' says the crow, and in an instant the dark forms of the whole gang are flapping round him. Together they flap and hop out on to the sand where the wounded gull lies, nearly all long white wing, spread-eagled, wet, and apparently almost freezing.

There is a cruel, hard, stony glint in the eyes of all the gulls that seems to have been reflected from the sea, their master; but unless the human brain will insist upon imagining what it will, that poor bedraggled thing certainly looks as if it knew what was coming. There is little mercy in the inland wild; there is none in or around the sea wild, and—the gang of cut-throat crows closes in.

What follows seems to be no concern of the other gulls. They might meet a like fate any day; and their clansmen, the big herring and lesser black-backed gulls, would probably have given their companion in distress a worse death but for the crows. No, down there by the seashore, if you are a wild thing, on Christmas Day or any other, you live, and then—you die; and your place is filled, and you are forgotten little more speedily than is the case with us human beings. So the gull dies—quickly, and is remembered (as it is with others sometimes, not gulls) only so long as a picking can be found on its bones.

Far along the shore, high up, and moving swiftly, a dark line evolves itself out of the leaden sky, and approaches, to the accompaniment of a clamouring chorus, somewhat like that of a pack of hounds heard in the distance. It is wild geese—brent geese, to be exact—journeying westward alongshore to some sheltered inlet or estuary of which the old gander that leads them knows, perhaps twenty, perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred miles away. They pass with their wild, ringing, honking cries, and the loud, regular 'whirr-whirr' of their wings, travelling at great speed with the wind, and fade quickly into space.

A silence seems to reign along the shore after the passage of these big birds, broken only by the hoarse 'Cra-a! cra-a!' of the gray crows, who have now discovered a stranded dog-fish, and are arguing the right of ownership out with the gulls.

Offshore a bird, all black above and all white

below water-line, has been for some time appearing, to float about for a while, and disappearing apparently straight down into the deep. It is a puffin, an odd, parrot-beaked, rotund diving-bird, who sometimes approaches lee shores like this in hard weather. And farther out, quite a long way, a long irregular line of black birds, like rounded ducks, may be seen sitting upon the water, and then all vanishing together in much the same fashion. These are scoter ducks, that sometimes congregate in thousands off the seashore in winter; but, whereas they go straight down to their stationary shell-fish prey on the floor of the sea, the little puffin actually flies through the watery spaces and hunts down the fish, if one may so put it, upon their native heath.

The mellow peal of church bells sounds for an instant on some wandering gust of the wind, and, as if in answer, a little brown bird, that had been running about unnoticed along high-tide line, gets up with a thin, shrill 'Wheet! wheet!' which, like its owner, seems to be suddenly cut off and blown away by the bitter wind. There are others close to where that one rose from—rock-pipits, probably in company with a meadow-pipit or two, seeking a Christmas dinner of shore-hoppers and other weird marine 'insects' among the rubbish cast up by the sea. Except to switchback along low down for a few yards, these little birds never face the gale; and if they do, perchance—as when a gray crow comes and, seemingly wantonly, chases them—the wind appears to cut them off at a height of about ten feet, and blow them away like dead leaves.

Every now and again a gray crow, or a rook, or a gull rises to a height of perhaps forty feet, flaps along a few yards, and settles again. This may, or may not, be to see over the top of the beach, and behold what is taking place in the country around; but it looks like it.

Everywhere along the shore are proofs of the terrible blood-tax that the wild-folk are paying to Frost and Snow and Blizzard—kings of the North. The gray crows and the rooks discover some; the gulls inspect others as they come ashore. Here it is a sparrow-hawk drowned on the tide-line, there a robin badly torn; farther on a guillemot with a smashed-in breast; or, again, a little stormy petrel with a broken wing; or a curlew with little but his sickle-bill and long legs left; or a mallard drake without a head; or a bunch of feathers and a beak that had once been a jackdaw; or the head and some tufts of a green plover; or the flattened, dried (though wet) ghost of a scoter duck, side by side, almost, with a little auk; or a snaky cormorant with grimly shut beak—all dead. And farther up the beach, too, if one could look under the snow, or peer among the spear-like glumes of the marram grass on the sandhills, lie carcasses of skylarks, who have crept in

among the snow, and never crept out again; of redwings and their cousins, song-thrushes, coasting westward, like refugees, to flee the cold, and frozen, or starved, on the passage; and of even a woodcock and a snipe, with their skewer-beaks dug deep, as if they had been feeding there, and had died in the act.

The wet and freezing strand is now dotted with birds as far as the eye can see. Some jackdaws have joined the rooks, and starlings in little parties squabble and scurry among the pebbles; and an immense grand shape, riding the gale superbly effortless, on vast, narrow pinions nigh six feet in span, has—to their horror—joined the gulls. He is a great black-backed gull, as his jet mantle, contrasting so distinguishedly with his otherwise spotless white uniform, attests. He is the king of all the gulls on our coasts, and far less seldom seen than people think. He has come upon some dead thing that was alive, and is standing upon it and tearing it with his carmine-tipped, powerful beak; while half-a-dozen lesser gulls, almost off their heads with hunger and fear, are trotting, in Indian file, absurdly round and round the great one, in a frenzy lest he eat it all before they can summon up courage to make a furtive and perilous grab.

The pale gold of high noon, touching the spotless wastes of snow, the sand, the dark, white-flecked sea, and enchanting them into a magic scene, is all too short. The intangible mists of winter—'blue as a pigeon's wing'—that had been thrust back for a fleeting hour into the hollows and the distance, begin soon to stalk the sun, and the sky to the north lets down a lead-gray pall.

The tide is coming in, and the birds, alive to the risk of being caught in the cruel night cold without plenty of food inside them to keep life's fluttering fires a-burning, feed on furiously against time, under the pink haze that lights the sky and foretells frost, and on into the dim, cold gray, where you can hardly see them if at any distance. And where they go finally I don't know, but they vanish like magic.

The lead-gray pall creeps on, chasing the sun to his lair, and snowflakes begin to follow one another again adown the wind. The bents and the telegraph-wires on the shore road are whistling together between their teeth, as it were; and there is another whistling—high overhead—which announces that the first of the legions of night-feeding wild-fowl are beginning to come in from the sea. They are common wild-duck, mere ghosts far up in the gray, and they will have their Christmas dinner away inland, on stubble-field, or pond, or river—anywhere where they can find things unfrozen to eat.

Another flock of wild geese passes, swinging westward with loud, honking, bugle calls, their wings 'speaking' like swords in the sky; and the approaching and dwindling whistles of wild-

fowl pinions crossing their course become more and more frequent.

The gulls have fallen in above the rising waves, and have begun that wonderful, mysterious, stately evening flight of theirs—westward—alongshore, and about two hundred or three hundred yards out from it, flock following flock, party following party, lone bird following lone bird—all close to the waves, all along the same invisible road, just offshore, and westward. It is, as it were, a mighty march of the gulls, hundreds upon hundreds of gulls, all following each other silently, and so nearly touching the waves that they may have to lift for them occasionally, westward ho! till one wonders where on earth they all come from, and still more whither they go, they with their big sickle-wings—pursuing the vanishing sun.

The phenomenon lasts some time, almost into the dark; but just before that the last lingering light of day, glazing the waves, reveals another phenomenon, a strange, long, dark shape, hurrying shorewards over the cold sea. It might have been a sea-serpent, but it is wild-duck really, 'a-comin' in.' Soon they lift high for the land, and pass—a gust of wind more vicious than usual carries the sound of homely quacking—away over the sandhills, marshward.

Suddenly the weird, soft, but infinitely wild whistle of that exquisite duck, the widgeon, sounds from nowhere special, and half-a-dozen forms shoot overhead, low down, seen and gone again. The half-dozen are followed all at once by a mighty, smudged, and ghostly mass, that leaps out of the dim seascape, going like the wind, and into the teeth of it, inland—gone almost before you hold your breath. More widgeon—a few hundred—followed almost immediately by five streaking lines, whistling like strayed bullets, whose speed they copy—teal those, the bantams and beauties of all the ducks.

Soon, however, there are only sounds, for it has got too dark to see—wonderful, wild, free, weird sounds of mystery, coming and going out of the wind-rushes and the snow-flurries.

Now the lost-soul wail of the sickle-billed curlew sounds, passing, from somewhere alongshore; now the 'Crick!' of teal, as a huge indistinct blur, as 'big as a barn,' that must number hundreds of birds, comes whirling in from the south-east; now the strangely human and oddly ventriloquial whistle of golden plover, hurrying westward, makes the lone watcher start, thinking for a moment that other people are about too; now the very harsh 'Scaup!' of scaup duck breaks out from somewhere over the waves, that are quite close in, thundering louder every moment as they come; now the soft whistled 'Tu-lip!' of ringed plover, wheeling apparently over the lights of some cottages along the shore road; now the harsh rasp of pochard duck, hurrying bang overhead; now again the

soft, eerie 'Whe-yu!' of widgeon, coming, it seems, from beach and sea and sky alike; then, once only, the quick 'Puck! puck!' of a shoveller duck, and a whistle of very sharp, swift wings from out the night; and then, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that it makes one jump, the diabolical yell of a short-eared owl, hunting somewhere on the border-line between beach and sandhills.

Unseen in the dark, a fox, coming from the dunes, has slipped down the shore, and after standing for a moment, looking strangely out over the weird white cauldron of the grounding waves, has turned about and begun hunting along the seaweed band of high-tide line. If you had sharp enough ears, you might hear him sniff here and there like a dog. There are

sharp enough ears to hear him, though, in that place, for suddenly there comes from some way ahead a quick and scarcely audible patter and a click of pebbles. It is one of the great, old, murderous shore rats, that human beings seldom see about, dashing over a last uncovered wet patch of sand, where he had been collecting mussels to take to his lair under a furze-bush near by, and hurriedly retreating up the beach.

Presently, in the silence that comes between two big waves, coinciding with a lull in the wind, the fox can be heard digging and scraping, terrier fashion, furiously among the seaweed. He has come upon some corpse, or semi-corpse, beneath the swept rubbish of the sea, and is assured, anyway, of *his* Christmas dinner.

## THE WAR FROM MY HILL-TOP.

By ERNEST C. PULBROOK.

MY hill is not one of those battle-scarred eminences fought for a score of times until its name is as familiar to the reader of the newspapers as its shell-holes are to those who have captured and lost and captured it again. It looks out, untouched, over a wide-spreading landscape as placidly as it did at the beginning of hostilities—as it has done for years beyond count. Chieftains who led opposing hosts in the days before history were buried upon its tableland-like summit, but the wind and the rain of many centuries have levelled their grave-mounds almost to the dust. Perhaps they ruled the tribes who first beat out the ancient track which passes over it from one river-valley to the next, and, losing its identity amidst lanes and byways, eventually connects with one of our most famous roads; perhaps they were the overlords of the inhabitants of the earthwork close beside the way where it reaches the summit. Who can say, when historians and antiquarians differ? Typically English is it in all its surroundings, for on one side billowing spurs descend to the sea, over which it keeps ceaseless watch, day being marked by smudges of smoke on the far horizon, a broken line of brown-sailed fishing-craft, at times a bluff coaster making for the river-mouth, or dark and sinister vessels on sterner business; night by the winking light on a projecting headland, and, when the weather is clear, a far-distant one, sweeping round in regular procession.

Comparatively few people pass along its roads. In summer-time enterprising holiday-makers explore its many paths and byways, and picnic-parties make tea in its heathy hollows; but now few visit it, and still fewer are aware that it is an outpost of the war. Strain your ears to the utmost, and you will never catch that low, confused murmur of distant heavy guns in action

that may be heard in certain parts of England—although some declare that on very quiet nights, when a gentle breeze blows from the right quarter, the firing may be heard on the adjacent hill—and the stranger might spend hours upon its shoulders without being aware that he was very close to the war. However, though it has never witnessed columns of khaki-clad figures marching to the attack, it could tell many secrets of the war, but it dwells wisely in silent circumspection. For age has brought wisdom, and more than once it has looked on the horrors of war. It has seen the dwellers on its flanks fleeing from the ravages of a heartless foe; smoke from incendiary fires, lit by a force making a hurried descent upon the coast of England to ravage the nearest town, has blown over it; and it has seen the gathering-place of troops hastily marshalled to throw the insolent invader back upon the shore.

Almost from the start some phase of the Great War has invaded its solitudes, and probably for many years to come an unintended memorial of the early days will remain. On its most level portion, set out in large flints, is the name of a Territorial brigade which camped here for some weeks before being drafted overseas. Its name is fast being buried beneath the heather and the gorse; but if these are burnt it will stand out again in all its freshness, until with the lapse of time the order of the stones will be lost. Perhaps at first letters here and there may still be read, and those ignorant of their origin will put forward fantastic readings and meanings; maybe some one will attempt a 'restoration'; but no doubt it will disappear bit by bit, for stones creep and move in a mysterious manner, even though no plants push them aside. Sometimes, when the wind is in the right direction, the distant boom of guns is borne upon

the breeze, because away beyond the line of hills which clasp the setting sun is an artillery camp where soldiers acquire the art of killing their enemies. Sometimes there is a succession of sharper reports nearer at hand. The uninitiated may ask the whereabouts of the quarry apparently so busy, but they come from no quarry—the sound is not the same. Down there in the dip, where several ranges of hills converge upon the little plain, is a townlet, hidden by the trees, where troops are learning the dangerous trade of throwing bombs.

Upon a still and peaceful day, when war seems very far away and the only sounds are the little ripple of the meadow-pipits, a protesting low from the cattle in the meadows below, or the rumble of a cart, a deep, reverberating boom sets the air aquiver. Soon there comes another, and another, followed at irregular intervals by yet more, until, when one begins to look forward to them and listens for their coming, they cease, and all is still again. That is the real thing, war as it is understood to-day; for somewhere out at sea the 'Fringes of the Fleet,' which keep watch and ward over our coasts and shipping, have discovered and are exploding a minefield, laid by some sneaking submarine. There are occasions, too, when my hill-top hears shots fired in anger, when a staccato gun-fire breaks out suddenly, and as suddenly ceases, perhaps preceded by a louder roar which tells its own tale to those who understand. Now and again it not only hears, but sees—a stately procession, a hurrying to and fro, a welter of confusion that draws together and apart again, flashes stabbing the dusk, the secret happenings which it will never tell, but which the future will reveal. And it has seen the victims of the war, not only the blue and the gray clothed wounded driving along its roads for an airing, but stricken victims endeavouring in vain to seek safety, and perishing in the attempt. Were it an oracle that could

answer questions, it would speak of little, indistinct shapes seen through the drifting mists of winter or almost lost in the dusk of a summer eve; of wonders which seem to come from nowhere and return to their unknown retreat; of regular happenings which would reassure those who ask eternally, 'What is the navy doing?'

As the months march on, each bringing its special development, the more peaceful tasks that are helping towards a victorious peace come within its ken. Great changes are occurring in the tumbled landscape which it knows so well—changes which would make it unfamiliar were they not gradually unfolded day by day. Joined to it by a neck between the diverging valleys, which would otherwise separate, is another hill of greater extent, more thickly covered with woods. Here work men of unfamiliar accent, and when the wind blows thence, harsh intermittent shrieks sound upon the breeze; little puffs of steam rise above the tree-tops, and as the days go by the woods grow thinner and thinner, giving sight of places the hill-top has not seen for years. Now the work proceeds even more swiftly, for the first-comers have been reinforced by swart strangers of smaller stature, using an unknown tongue, who sometimes come to gaze upon the view. The sloping valley-sides are also changing, for within recent months the ploughman has been busy, and their almost universal mantle of green has been broken by squares and triangles and parallelograms of brown and dusty red, which turn to misty emerald and then to bronze as the season advances. Other doings typical of the times it has seen—fires upon the hills long after the appointed season, and sights and happenings that must not pass by word of mouth. Could my hill-top smile, it would do so when some one says, 'Of course, you see nothing of the war where you are.'

## SEMI-DETACHED.

### THE STORY OF A WIDOW AND HER MITE.

By C. L. M. BROWN.

#### I.

THE house next door was empty just three weeks. The old couple who had previously occupied it had been ideal neighbours; so at least Mr Gresham came to think of them before the new tenant had been in possession more than three days. They had been quiet; they had kept neither dogs nor babies. Mr Gresham had been on excellent terms with them; he had expounded over the garden wall his theories of vegetable-marrow culture, and had taken a neighbourly interest in the old lady's mignonette and gillyflowers. They had made a brave effort, those

two old persons, to bring a little of the sweetness of a country garden into that region of discoloured bricks, dingily curtained back-windows, and drying underclothes, more or less decently exposed to the public eye. Mr Gresham had not known when he was well off.

For three weeks the house stood empty after they left, and then the new tenant moved in.

The house in which Mr Gresham lived and the house next door were what is called 'semi-detached.' He was a wise man, that agent who first realised that houses which are semi-attached are also semi-detached; he knew how much happiness springs from the simple habit of look-

ing on the bright side. Undoubtedly he was a philosopher.

Mr Gresham soon came to learn what a very little divides us from our neighbours who live in the house from which ours is semi-detached—only a little lath and plaster, barely sufficient to support the weight of the overlaid wall-paper, so it seemed; as little adapted to shut out sounds from the other side as a battleship of papier-mâché would be adapted to withstand the impact of a torpedo. And the new tenant kept a baby, and, what was more, allowed it to sleep in the house—in the very room adjoining that in which Mr Gresham nightly took, or attempted to take, his repose. Thus it was that Mr Gresham came to look back upon the two old people who had left as ideal neighbours. They had dwelt in peace; and when they removed, it went with them. Peace and babies are not on speaking terms.

The new tenant was Mrs Elliot, a widow. Quite a young widow, she was—she had lost her husband just before her baby was born; so Mrs Carew, Mr Gresham's housekeeper, informed him. Mr Gresham came to look upon the late Mr Elliot as a man of forethought, who, choosing discretion as the better part of valour, had wisely fled from the wrath to come.

Mr Gresham was a bachelor—a confirmed bachelor. For seven-and-forty years he had preserved himself intact from the poisoned arrows of that subtle little winged god or devil, before whose cunning aim have fallen so many good men and true. One by one he had seen the companions of his youth bite the dust of matrimony and find it palatable. One by one they had passed out of his life, till now he was left well-nigh alone in the desert of unmarried middle age, with scarce an interest in life beyond a passion for vegetable marrows and a horror of babies.

You may surmise Mr Gresham's annoyance when his sanctuary was thus invaded by the connubial relicts of the late Mr Elliot. The heir of all the Elliots—Georgie, as his mother lovingly called him—was a lusty-lunged young pessimist, who found much to complain of in this new world in which he found himself. Early in the morning his lamentations penetrated the inmost recesses of Mr Gresham's habitation, and by the afternoon he had usually worked himself up to a pitch of frantic grief which sought an outlet in prolonged and vigorous howls. Nor was the silence of the night sacred to this small misanthrope. Many an hour would Mr Gresham lie awake, tortured by the wailings which came with awful clearness through the meagre partition which divided the two bedrooms; and when he slept, it was only to be visited with horrible dreams, in which he found himself pursued by a horde of wild babies, armed with gigantic feeding-bottles, clamorous for his blood, and all the while his flight was impeded by a double perambulator attached to each ankle. It was more

than flesh and blood could endure and refrain from infanticide. Mr Gresham decided to write a note.

He spent a good deal of time over the composition of this note. He did not wish to appear rude or unkind; yet at the same time he would be firm. He would show this woman that he had no foolish sentiment to waste over her and her confounded baby; but he would be polite. At length the note was finished, sealed in an envelope, and despatched next door by Mrs Carew, who put on her best bonnet with strings for the occasion.

'DEAR MADAM,' he had written, 'as perhaps you may have surmised, I have lately suffered considerable annoyance from the persistently loud and unpleasant noises emanating from your house, caused apparently by a baby, which, I understand, is your property. I have no desire to be unreasonable; I am informed that a certain affection not infrequently exists between a mother and her offspring, and though I feel that this is probably mitigated in your case by the infant's peevish habits, which I myself have found most trying, I will not insist upon your taking any drastic measures. I will merely ask you to oblige me by confining your child to some remote part of the premises, where his vocal activities will be more closely circumscribed. May I venture to suggest the coal-cellar as the most suitable region of the house for such an article as a baby to be kept?—Believe me, &c.,

'JOSIAH GRESHAM.'

When Mrs Carew had delivered this at the front-door of 'Mount Pleasant' in her new bonnet with strings, and with no small amount of disdain displayed in the angle at which she contrived to retain her nose during the entire journey back and forth, Mr Gresham sat down to await results. There were none—not even a reply. Except that during the afternoon Georgie's screams rose to a pitch of unexampled ferocity—he was probably piqued at having been referred to as an 'article'—the note might never have been penned.

Mr Gresham went up into his bedroom. Peeping surreptitiously from behind the curtain, he could see Mrs Elliot in her back-garden. She had set a table out on the diminutive patch of sun-baked lawn, and was busy ironing small white garments, as to the nature of which Mr Gresham was profoundly ignorant; he suspected Georgie of wearing them privily beneath his little frilly pinafore. Georgie was held captive in a tall chair. For the moment his grief had abated, and he was indulging in an exciting game, which consisted in the vigorous shaking of a rattle to the accompaniment of blood-thirsty war-whoops. Every time Mrs Elliot paused to renew her iron, she would implant a positive cloudburst of kisses upon his horrible pink face.

'How disgusting!' breathed Mr Gresham.

He noticed with surprise that Mrs Elliot had very nice hair. It was of a chestnut-brown colour, and, touched by a ray of sun, it shone like burnished bronze. Mr Gresham found himself watching her with something akin to pleasure. She was very young—only a girl really; she could not be more than twenty-five. 'How terrible for a young creature like that—who ought to be out enjoying herself—to be burdened for life with a pink-faced, squealing baby! What a warning!' Yet she seemed resigned to it.

## II.

That evening, as he tended his vegetable marrows with solicitous care, Mr Gresham overheard a conversation of two persons in the adjoining garden. It went something as follows.

'Goo—goo—ah—a—mam—mam.'

'Yes, he is a nasty old man—isn't he?—a horrid, bad-tempered, old crabby, who called my little Georgie an "article"!'

'Ah—a—mam, mam, burr-r—gr-r-r!'

'Yes, he is, darling, all that and more. Did he say Georgie ought to be kept in the coal-cellar, then? Horrid old man! What shall mamma do to him?'

'Gooch-a-guggle-guggle, bam-bam.'

'Yes, dear, mamma will; she'll hit him on his nasty old head with a rolling-pin and make him shout out, "Oh, my!" the wicked old fellow—called little Georgie an "article"!'

Mr Gresham broke out into a slight perspiration. Surely this terrible woman did not intend to put her threat into execution. He had a fleeting vision of himself in flight down Corinthian Avenue, pursued by an outraged mother brandishing a heavy rolling-pin and proclaiming to the world that he had called her Georgie an 'article.' It would cause a scandal. People would point to him in the street, and whisper to their friends that he was the man who had told a widow woman that her baby ought to be kept in the coal-cellar! He would have to quit the neighbourhood, an object of hatred to all decent people.

Bending low, that he might not be observed from the other side of the wall, Mr Gresham crept indoors and shut himself in his bedroom. What was to be done? Why, nothing, of course, he reassured himself. He was making a mountain out of a mud-pie. No sane woman would make a fuss over a little thing like that. But were widows with babies sane women? Anyway, Mr Gresham decided he would go to the theatre, a thing he had not done for years, and forget all about it.

'Fol-de-rol,' he hummed to himself as he changed his coat. While yet engaged with the hair-brush he heard Georgie being put to bed within a few feet of him, a proceeding in which the said Georgie seemed to find little relish. Mr Gresham shivered, and hurried down to plunge into the unaccustomed vortex of pleasure.

## III.

With the passing of time Georgie seemed to find the world a more and more depressing place to live in. Moreover, his voice was gaining in volume and intensity; it became increasingly evident that he had a great career before him as an operatic singer or an auctioneer. What poor Mr Gresham suffered during those times will never be related by mortal pen. Life had become a burden of discord.

And yet he found himself taking a certain pleasure in watching Mrs Elliot from the ambuscade of his bedroom window-curtain. Something graceful, a certain suppleness of her figure, was pleasing to the eye. And no one could deny the beauty of her hair; there was living gold in it. Sometimes, in spite of his disgust at the sight, Mr Gresham would experience a peculiar sensation within him while watching Mrs Elliot with her baby. This was strange, for Mrs Carew was a good cook; her pastry was most digestible. Mr Gresham pondered much.

But the nuisance of Georgie's loud-voiced complaints continued; in fact, it and they increased daily. One afternoon Mrs Carew stayed behind, after clearing away the tea-things, to talk about it. That was the worst of Mrs Carew—she had a habit of staying behind after clearing away the tea to talk about things.

'If I was you, Mr Gresham,' she said, 'do you know what I'd do?' Mr Gresham didn't. 'I'd buy a gramophone, I would—one of them with a trumpet—and I'd play it day and night.' Mrs Carew's nose took an attitude expressive of reprisals. Mrs Carew could do wonderful things with her nose; nature and long practice had made it a most expressive organ. She could say more with her nose in five minutes than most people would care to say with their vocal cords in a week. Mr Gresham found it rather trying to his nerves.

'But really, Mrs Carew,' he protested, 'I loathe gramophones. Think of what I myself would suffer! I don't believe in cutting off my nose to spite my pocket-handkerchief.'

'But think of that woman next door, Mr Gresham!' rejoined Mrs Carew. 'You must do something. If you don't, I will.'

'I hope,' said Mr Gresham, 'you will do nothing at all to provoke—er—to annoy Mrs Elliot. We must remember that, although her baby is certainly a trial, she is still our neighbour.'

'Ho, annoy her!' Mrs Carew snorted and left the room. If noses could kill, Mrs Elliot's troubles in this world would have been at an end.

Mr Gresham went to his bedroom, and sat down behind the window-curtain. Georgie was indulging in the sport of rolling over on the grass-plot next door. It was a disgusting sight, Mr Gresham told himself, watching with interest.

Georgie had remarkably plump legs. At the present moment they were waving wildly in the air, while their owner was apparently making every effort to burrow into the lawn head first. Anon came out Mrs Elliot, bareheaded. She sat down by Georgie, lifted him into her lap, kissed him, brushed bits off his pinafore, and pinched his toes. Georgie approved; he made inarticulate noises signifying joy; he caught a handful of Mrs Elliot's hair and pulled it. She laughed; Georgie kicked his heels. He took a double handful of hair, and it came loose and uncoiled over her shoulder. She continued to laugh, Georgie to kick his heels. But in his eagerness Mr Gresham leaned too far forward. Glancing up, Mrs Elliot caught sight of him watching her. With a little cry, she snatched up Georgie in her arms and fled into the house.

Mr Gresham got up and paced the room, a prey to unfamiliar emotions. Soon he heard Georgie in the adjoining room, weeping bitterly, and Mrs Elliot's voice, low and soothing. He listened. Georgie's sobs gradually subsided. Mrs Elliot's voice continued. She began to sing softly. Mr Gresham sat down again in his chair.

#### IV.

In the days that followed two visions floated continuously before Mr Gresham's mind's eye. One was the bronze tresses of Mrs Elliot's hair when it slipped down over her shoulder and arm; the other was Georgie's robust little legs waving in the air. A restlessness filled him, and Mrs Carew's occasional garrulity vexed him more than ever before. It was no doubt partly this unsettled state of his nerves which permitted the enactment of his great folly—his nerves and perhaps some strange freak of that fate which watches over the doings of middle-aged bachelors. It happened in this way.

Mr Gresham was in his bedroom, looking through the window. In his pram, close to the wall, where a patch of shade tempered the heat of the afternoon sun, lay Georgie. He was sleeping. One stout leg had kicked its way from beneath the coverlet and stretched shamelessly bare to Mr Gresham's gaze. It fascinated him, that leg. Even from the distance one could discern that it was a dimpled leg; it was pink; it was plump; it was altogether desirable. Mr Gresham's whole being thrilled at the thought of pinching such a leg—pinching the soft, resilient flesh with thumb and forefinger. The next moment he knew he *must* possess it or perish. Without a thought of the consequences, without a thought of anything on earth but his desire for that alluring little leg, Mr Gresham rushed downstairs and out into the garden. No one was in sight. Mrs Elliot was doubtless engaged in household occupations within doors.

Leaning over the wall, Mr Gresham seized the unsuspecting Georgie, lifted him from his perambulator, and swiftly bore him indoors and into the seclusion of his dining-room! Georgie still slumbered peacefully.

Yes, at close quarters the leg was even more attractive than when seen from afar. Moreover, there were two of them, both equally pink and seductive. Trembling with strange emotions, Mr Gresham gently pinched one of them—pinched the warm, velvety flesh just below the knee. Oh, joy! Mr Gresham pinched it again. Georgie awoke, and their eyes met.

As has been hinted, Mr Josiah Gresham was not familiar with the ways of babies; they had long been his particular aversion. He found himself utterly at a loss how to explain himself to Georgie. An explanation was obviously required. His large, rotund eyes were fixed on Mr Gresham with a look of expectant inquiry. Probably he half-believed himself in a more than usually realistic dream. Mr Gresham passed his hand over his brow. What was he to say? Had it been a vegetable marrow—but that was absurd.

'Er—good-afternoon,' he said in his politest manner.

Georgie did not reply. His gaze left his companion's face and strayed about the room. He squirmed. Mr Gresham thrilled again. What a tiny little creature he was!

'Gug-gug—ah-a-a!' exclaimed Georgie suddenly.

'Good boy,' said Mr Gresham; 'good little boy; don't be frightened. I won't hurt you. Nice little'—

His eager assurances were cut short by the sound of a distant scream proceeding from the direction of Georgie's derelict pram. The theft had been discovered. The full significance of his madly daring act burst upon Mr Gresham with sudden force. Meanwhile Georgie was becoming perturbed.

'Ba—ba—ba,' he said querulously.

'Never mind,' said Mr Gresham soothingly; 'isn't he a brave little boy? Pokey-pokey!' He chuckled the brave little boy under the chin in a nervous attempt at jocularity.

Georgie resented this piece of levity, and retaliated by seizing a button of Mr Gresham's coat and tugging at it angrily.

'Ha-ha! Does he want the nice, big, round button?' inquired Mr Gresham. And as he spoke the front-door bell pealed forth violently. Mr Gresham caught his breath in apprehension. He heard Mrs Carew come from the kitchen to answer the bell. The door was opened, and there followed a brief but heated colloquy. Mrs Carew appeared to be denying the visitor admission, but in vain. At that moment Georgie, at last convinced that he was awake and in a strange presence, burst forth into a full-throated bellow of disapproval. There was a commotion

in the hall, a scurrying of feet, and the dining-room door was thrust violently open, discovering the agitated person of Mrs Elliot. Behind her, with nose eloquent of amazement and indignation, came Mrs Carew. Mr Gresham rose to his feet, holding the vociferous Georgie awkwardly in his arms. It was a dramatic moment.

With a passionate cry of 'My baby!' Mrs Elliot rushed across the room and tore the child from the grasp of his abashed kidnapper. 'How dare you?' she panted, her eyes flashing.

'This woman'—began Mrs Carew, and said no more in words.

Not without dignity, Mr Gresham waved his hand. 'You may go, Mrs Carew,' he said, quietly but firmly.

Mrs Carew withdrew, seeming in danger of exploding, and slammed the door. The two faced each other, Mr Gresham's self-possession oozing away as swiftly as it had come, leaving him red and helpless.

'How dare you?' cried Mrs Elliot again. 'What do you mean by it?' Her colour had risen, and she faced Mr Gresham fiercely, clutching the still weeping babe to her breast.

'His leg,' he muttered incoherently; 'it was only his little leg. I—I couldn't help it. I had just to pinch it once. I meant to bring him back—really, I did.'

Oh for a cosmic cataclysm to relieve the situation!

Mrs Elliot stamped her foot. 'You stole my baby!' she cried. 'You took him out of his pram! I—I could kill you!'

Mrs Elliot made a fine picture, standing there, of ardent motherhood roused in defence of its offspring. What could poor Mr Gresham say? He had not the least idea. But as he stood shuffling his feet, a little winged inspiration took pity on him, and settling a moment on his shoulder, whispered in his ear.

'He looked so lovely,' he exclaimed impetuously, 'I simply had to have him just for a minute. I'm sure I meant no harm. I'm very, very sorry, Mrs Elliot.'

Mrs Elliot's look softened; she glanced down at Georgie, who had stilled his crying and was nestling against her. 'But you called him an "article,"' she said doubtfully. 'How could you have been so cruel? See what a little darling he is!'

'I was a beast,' said Mr Gresham—'a perfect beast! Please forgive me, Mrs Elliot. I thought I didn't like babies—I must have been mad.'

'Do you really think he's lovely?' she murmured softly.

Mr Gresham held out his hand impulsively.

v.

From that day Mr Gresham was a changed being. Before the coming of Georgie and his mother he had counted himself a happy man;

at least he had been contented. His income was more than sufficient for his modest needs; he had Mrs Carew, who, for all her idiosyncrasies of facial expression, was a good housekeeper; and he had his vegetable marrows. He wanted nothing but to be left in peace. And now, faintly and confusedly, but not to be denied, he heard the voice of another world singing, and his old life seemed suddenly void and indescribably desolate. It seems ridiculous, but Mr Gresham was in love. He realised it with an overwhelming but delightful alarm. It really was rather a terrifying idea. The sensation in itself was, of course, one of pure joy—but one had to consider the future. Mr Gresham felt he had been given wings—dare he fly? Could he put aside the habits of a lifetime? Had he the courage to face Mrs Elliot and ask her to marry him? In the unlikely event of her accepting him, had he the self-confidence, the nerve, to accept the prospect of himself a husband and Mrs Elliot, his wife, living together in the same house? It was no light question for a timid bachelor of Mr Gresham's age. Daniel is accounted a hero, and he had only lions to deal with.

Mr Gresham braced his shoulders. Was he not a man? And when one asks himself that question the battle is as good as won. So Mr Gresham began his wooing.

Taking his basket, he went into the garden and surveyed his vegetable-marrow bed. One marrow there was that for size and symmetrical grace surpassed any that he had ever cultivated. It was the apple of Mr Gresham's eye. He had watched over it and tended it since it was a tiny, green, whiskered globe no bigger than a gooseberry, but even then showing promise of a peerless maturity. Often he had dreamed of the day when it should grace his dish, crowned with a delicious profusion of melted butter. He would have roast-mutton that day, Mr Gresham had decided. With fingers that trembled as they gripped the handle of his pocket-knife, he severed the bristly stem. What gift more fitting could he lay at his lady's feet?

He placed it in the basket upon two of its own forked green leaves, and returned to the house, where he penned a little note requesting that Mrs Elliot would accept this small gift; it would, he said, give him real pleasure. Then he summoned Mrs Carew and bade her convey it next door. With eloquent, though mute, reluctance Mrs Carew obeyed. Like her master, she was fond of vegetable marrow. Things were coming to a pretty pass!

That same evening Mr Gresham encountered his next-door neighbour over the garden wall. Her arms were full of Georgie, but her heart was full of gratitude for the vegetable marrow.

'Thank you so very much,' she said. 'It is such a magnificent one—I really must weigh it. It is very kind of you indeed.'

'Pooh, nonsense!' replied Mr Gresham, slightly embarrassed. 'Quite a small marrow—a mere nothing;' and he waved his hand in a manner implying that he frequently grew marrows twice that size and never mentioned it to any one.

'I'm sure it's a beautiful marrow,' said Mrs Elliot, not to be gainsaid.

Mr Gresham changed the subject. 'And how is Georgie this evening?' he inquired pleasantly.

Mrs Elliot hoisted the young gentleman in question to a perch of greater eminence on her shoulder. 'Very well, thank you,' she replied.

'He is a bonny boy,' observed Mr Gresham judiciously, with the air of a connoisseur.

'Yes; he's not a bad little thing—er—article,' replied she, carefully avoiding Mr Gresham's gaze.

Mr Gresham felt himself turning red; he coughed nervously. Then he became aware that Mrs Elliot was glancing at him shyly; he felt she was only waiting his concurrence to break into a more than usually pleasing smile. The next moment they were both laughing across the wall at each other, and Georgie, touched by the infection, was gurgling joyously like an emptying bath. Mr Gresham realised they were friends.

# VI.

Day by day the suspense grew more unbearable. Mr Gresham decided he must put his fortune to the hazard—he must propose. But how, when, and where?

Have you ever proposed? 'Heaps of times,' you say. Ah, but then you were young and didn't realise it. To Mr Gresham it was an ordeal, not a pleasant diversion for a dull half-hour. If he were accepted—and if he were refused, nothing mattered any more—there would be Mrs Carew to tell. What would she think? What terrible things might she not do with her nose?

'Hang Mrs Carew!' Mr Gresham cried as he lay awake one night listening to the delightful melody (so strong is the association of ideas) of Georgie wailing himself to sleep beyond the partition that divided them. 'I'll do it to-morrow.'

The following afternoon, true to his resolution, Mr Gresham made himself ready. He put on his best suit, he parted his hair with scrupulous nicety, he flicked a speck of dust from his cuff, and regarded the result in the looking-glass. Despite his misgivings, he could not help being a little heartened by what he saw there. If only his cheeks were not quite so flushed.

It was annoying, also, that his heart should thump so very violently against its confining waistcoat as he rang Mrs Elliot's front-door bell; it made fluent speech difficult.

'Er—good-afternoon,' was all he could say as she shook hands with him and conducted him

into a little drawing-room in which flowers were evident.

'Do sit down,' said Mrs Elliot hospitably. 'I'll fetch Georgie. Shall I take your hat?' Mr Gresham assented. A straw hat is somehow or other an awkward thing to hold in the hand even in normal circumstances; it engrosses the attention and monopolises one's brightest ideas. Presently she reappeared with Georgie, very spick and span in white frilly garments, with faint suggestions of pale-blue ribbon here and there.

'Er—good-afternoon, Georgie,' said Mr Gresham, painfully conscious that his conversation so far had been scarcely remarkable for variety or originality.

'Say good-afternoon,' instructed Mrs Elliot. 'You are old friends, you know, you two.'

Georgie stretched out a stumpy finger in the direction of Mr Gresham, and made oscular noises no doubt intended to convey his sense of pleasure at this happy meeting.

Mr Gresham, vaguely feeling that something must be done, plucked forth his gold repeater, a treasured possession. 'See the pretty tick-tick,' he said, handing it to the interested Georgie. 'Tickety-tock,' he added conversationally.

'Oh, mind he doesn't drop it!' exclaimed Mrs Elliot, and proceeded to deposit baby and watch together upon a settee. Then she turned to Mr Gresham. 'Isn't it a glorious day?' she said.

What would you have said or done next? In a vague fashion Mr Gresham had rehearsed the scene that was to follow. Skilfully guiding the conversation, he meant to lead tactfully on to the subject of his visit, and then, when the moment was ripe, make his avowal, simply, earnestly, and with dignity. But his mind was a blank, a vacuum. As one in a dream he saw Mrs Elliot smiling in a friendly way at him; a wisp of her gold-brown hair riveted his attention; he was wildly aware of what he wanted, and somehow speech came.

'Mrs Elliot—I don't know what you'll think of me—will you—please?—Oh dear, isn't it awful?' He stopped, with hands outstretched and eyes slightly protruding. He had risen to his feet.

'Oh!' cried Mrs Elliot with a little gasp. She, too, had risen, the colour invading her cheeks with flaming banners of crimson.

'Mrs Elliot, I think I love you—I know I do. I've never done such a thing before—I thought I never should. It's so lonely living by myself—I never felt it till you came next door—with Georgie. Do you think—please?'

Mrs Elliot was gripping the back of her chair tightly, her eyes downcast beneath their dark lashes. Then she raised her head and looked for a moment straight at Mr Gresham.

'Yes,' she said.

Mr Gresham stumbled forward and caught her shoulders in an awkward embrace of his

arms. Then eagerly, but inexpertly, he kissed her in the left eye. But did that matter?

At that blissful moment came the sound of a crash, followed by a shout of triumph from Georgie. He had hurled Mr Gresham's gold watch to the floor, and, striking a table-leg, the face had shattered to fragments.

'Oh, you naughty boy!' cried Mrs Elliot, loosing herself. 'See what you've done—oh dear!'

Was Mr Gresham furious? Hardly.

'Ha, the splendid little chap!' he exclaimed enthusiastically, and stooping, he kissed Georgie on the very pinkest portion of his face.

## SALVING SUNKEN SHIPS.

By JAMES H. YOUNG.

THE salving of sunken ships after the war promises to be the greatest undertaking of this nature that the world has ever seen. On both sides of the Atlantic companies are being formed with a view to the recovering of a large part of the enormous treasure which, as a result of naval operations, is lying at the bottom of the sea.

'Wealth beyond the dreams of avarice,' wealth more fabulous than ever Jules Verne or R. L. Stevenson wrote of, has been destroyed on the vast highways of ocean travel since the outbreak of the Great War. One writer estimates—it is, of course, only a guess, when all is said and done—that the route from Great Britain to India alone is strewn with treasure of lost vessels amounting in value to well over one hundred million pounds.

It is idle, however, to speculate upon the value of the fleets of fine ships that have been sunk—a big liner to-day, even without a ton of cargo inside her, is worth over a million pounds—laden with rich merchandise of every description: specie that runs into millions of money, fortunes in gold and precious stones, gorgeous fabrics and costly silks, copper, lead, quicksilver, oils, wool—in a word, the countless commodities for which men toil and sweat, in many instances risk, even give, their lives, and which we term the commerce of the world.

The essential point is that many—a great many—of these sunken ships, with all their untold wealth on board, are by no means beyond the possibility of being salvaged. On the contrary, many of the vessels that have been sunk are lying in comparatively shallow waters, at a depth which the modern diver can reach.

As a matter of fact, besides organising convoys for our mercantile marine and affording protection, by means of aeroplanes, airships, torpedo-boat destroyers, trawlers, and other auxiliary craft, the Admiralty has already played an important part in salvaging vessels which have been torpedoed or mined.

Since October 1915 some four hundred ships of over twelve hundred tons each have been salvaged and taken to repairing-yards, where they have been refitted and put into commission. To-day, more than ever, it is worth while attempting to salvage a vessel if there is the slightest chance of

success. Round our coasts are numerous bases from which salvage-ships can proceed at any moment to the rescue, as a fire-engine dashes to a fire. Many a ship which the Germans have reported sunk is now riding the waves as a result of the skill and the intrepidity of the salvage-workers.

One of the latest pieces of salvage by this department was a large cargo-ship which, while bringing to these shores foodstuffs, machinery, wool, &c. to the value of over three million pounds, was torpedoed and sunk in some ten fathoms of water. Thanks to the skill of the salvage experts, the bulk of the cargo, with the exception of a quantity of meat, was saved. The ship was raised and taken into port, and she is now carrying on once more her useful work.

In another instance an immense liner was torpedoed, and was settling down, when prompt action by the salvage-men kept her afloat, and saved between six and seven million pounds' worth of property.

One of the greatest of the troubles which have had to be contended with has been the accumulation of gas in the holds of sunken vessels owing to decomposed vegetable matter, decayed meat, &c., and our men in the course of salvage operations have sometimes lost their lives. In one particular case four men were overcome by gas. The gases arising from grain give a lot of trouble, for grain develops sulphuretted hydrogen, which causes semi-blindness and violent sickness, and turns everything a leaden colour. A chemist has, however, made an extraordinary discovery during the war, which kills immediately these gases, and the salvage-men are now able to carry on the work freely as soon as the presence of the gases has been discovered and the rotting cargoes have been sprayed with the preparation.

Expert brains have, indeed, of late evolved many great improvements in salvage machinery, and methods both novel and ingenious have been perfected for saving from total destruction many of the shattered hulks now lying in the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Mediterranean, and the Indian Ocean.

The genius of the inventor has placed in the hands of our experienced and expert divers modern appliances which enable them to descend

to a depth undreamt of a few years ago. A descent of thirty fathoms (one hundred and eighty feet) for long marked the limit of safety for even the few divers who possessed the physical fitness in combination with a disregard for danger beyond the average.

Some two years ago, however, salvage-men employed by the Navy Department, Washington, found an American submarine off Honolulu at a depth of a little over three hundred feet. This vessel was ultimately salvaged.

It is from America, too, that news comes of a new diving-suit which, it is claimed, will permit of a diver descending one thousand feet without inconvenience. This has been perfected by an American inventor, who has himself been down in it to a depth of three hundred and sixty-one feet. The inventor of the new dress came up feeling as well as when he went down, after remaining on the bottom for forty-five minutes.

The dress is really a suit of heavy armour, made of manganese bronze, and fitted with ball-bearing joints. So strong is it that it will withstand the enormous pressure of the water at the extreme depth of one thousand feet; while a compressed-air tank, built on the back of the armour, furnishes the diver with air for four hours. Consequently it is not necessary to pump air down to him, and as he works all the time under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, he feels no ill effects, no matter at what depth he may be.

In raising sunken ships the methods adopted depend largely on the nature of the sea around the wreck, methods applicable to tidal waters, for instance, being quite useless where there is no ebb and flow. In tidal waters full use is made of this natural rising and falling of the surface of the waters, as was shown in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* (see 'The Month,' September 1918). But in a tideless sea the method there described of raising sunken ships is impracticable, and other means have to be adopted. There being no natural lift, the power of buoyancy is made use of, and when the preliminary stages are past, it invariably proves a very effectual method indeed.

Working on this principle, a feature which must obviously commend itself to the divers is that, as there is no tide, there is no current, and the business of these indispensable heroes can be carried on in comparative comfort. As usual, they descend and make a careful examination of the hull, finding out to what extent it is damaged, and making the necessary arrangements for having it repaired at the earliest moment.

Huge iron cylinders have meanwhile been towed out from the nearest dockyard, and these, having been filled with water, are sunk close to the wreck, one or more on each side, and firmly lashed to it by steel cables. An enormous pump drives the water from the cylinders, and allows

air to enter in its place. The result is that as the air enters the cylinders become lighter and lighter, until finally the buoyancy overcomes the dead-weight of the wreck, and gradually the cylinders rise to the surface, bringing the wreck with them.

Considerable success has attended this method, not only with smaller vessels, such as submarines and destroyers, but frequently with big ships as well.

Many romantic stories have been told concerning the numerous ingenious devices to which salvage-men have been compelled to resort in their efforts to raise sunken craft which refused to yield to one or other of the methods referred to, and also of the countless extraordinary feats which stand to their credit in their own peculiar domain.

But it may be taken for granted that in the great hidden-treasure hunt which will certainly begin immediately peace is declared, there will be an opportunity for the enterprise and the genius of salvage-men which will completely eclipse the very biggest undertakings chronicled in the past. Mammoth fortunes will be salvaged from the ocean depths, and the salvage-workers will share in the spoil. Divers, who of late years have been earning anything from five pounds to one hundred pounds a week while engaged on a big and risky commission, should easily outstrip all their previous records; indeed, so keen will be the competition for experienced men that expert divers will command their own terms.

#### GOD'S CARPETS.

##### SPRING.

I WENT within the wood to-day  
To see God's carpet there.  
It is a web of soft, rich blue,  
Enmeshed with green of palest hue,  
And lit by gleaming globes of dew.  
It is the bluebell lair.

##### SUMMER.

I went into the fields to-day  
To see God's carpet there.  
It is a mesh of snowy white,  
Sprayed gaily o'er with golden light,  
So thick and soft, a dainty sight.  
It is the daisy fair.

##### AUTUMN.

I went upon the moor to-day  
To see God's carpet there.  
It is a pulsing, purple glow,  
Seeming to ebb, seeming to flow,  
Changing with all the winds that blow.  
It is the heather flare.

##### WINTER.

I went along the lane to-day  
To see God's carpet there.  
It is a maze of rainbow-gleams,  
Of opal tints and pearl-like creams,  
Of sapphire flames and crystal beams.  
'Tis snow, snow ev'rywhere.

MABEL CLARE.



# Chambers's Journal

## SEVENTH SERIES

### THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday*.

**G**REAT men have been praised. There is an impression abroad—and in the main it is true, perhaps—that the war has produced fewer than was expected of a quality much superior to all the others, men of absolute genius such as are discovered in the world, or given opportunity, but seldom in a century. The event and the opportunity have been so vast, this passionate struggle, almost to the grip of national death, between main sections of humanity has been of such prime importance in the history of the world, that it might have been expected that great men to suit the moment would be produced from the human resources of the earth. But the excess of numbers, a certain confusion, the machinery of organisation, and the deadening effect of bureaucracy conducted on the grandest and most unwholesome scale, and, again, not least, the jealousies, the intrigues, the injustices, and the corruption which have been rampant in the past four years, as they have been during other great wars, have been very strongly against the assertion of real worth, high merit, and positive genius in Britain. Many will come to the conclusion on a thorough consideration of the case, by a careful reckoning of our political system and circumstance and the power of what we may call the negative elements, that the chances for merit to assert itself during the war have been lower in Britain than in the other countries engaged. They have not only been lower, but much lower. In France, the United States, and, let us add, Germany, quality has had fairer opportunity, even though in none of these places have corruption and its companions been absent. In Britain there has been an undeniable tendency—and it has been one of the most remarkable features of the war—to incur the risk of injuring the supreme interest merely for the satisfaction of persons and their petty preferences. Consider the leaders we have scrapped, as the saying is. Often enough it is good for a cause that leaders of it should thus be scrapped; but we have scrapped so many, and so few have been produced to take their places. A nation must be rich indeed in its stores of the best intelligence when in the most anguishing throes of war it can, as a matter of politics, pass so many of its finest men to idle resting-places

in the shade. The system of bureaucracies, multiplied departments, and controllers has, on the other hand, yielded placemen who have often been of good quality, yet far short of absolute excellence or genius. Mediocrity has been the inevitable result of faulty, selfish, and often unprincipled system. This war, which has revealed the grand power of mankind for struggle, its determination and tenacity, its capacity for further and fearless advance upon the mysterious road of time and progress, and has satisfied us, after a terrible period of doubt, that in the main man is for good, and his ideals are sound, has revealed also the pitiable human weaknesses from which humanity suffers, the sad smallness of mind and heart and of conception of the full scheme of things. In the most terrific hours of the world's convulsion there have been some of the meanest things accomplished, fit only for the narrowest, smuggest, and most conventional proceedings of the smallest parish in the remotest country. If we are to have no more wars—and it is well we should not, if love is ever to go with life again—the destiny that leads the human race must have some other means of searing from us this pettiness and meanness that has been so prevalent at a time when the world was most laden with misery and suffering. For in its progress, long and patient, through time towards perfection, the best is not to be made out of our human stuff until such elementary faults as these, which seem to be the first results of intelligence, faults of which the animals are not capable, are burnt out.

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Such as have been suggested may or may not be among the chief causes of the small yield during the war of the greatest men. Consider the full harvest of these. The world in general before the war was so deeply merged in the slime of party politics that, as was to be expected, when the time came it had neither statesmen nor the capacity to produce them. Knowledge and resource being now what they are, an impartial observer in another sphere might reasonably have supposed that ours would have produced a splendid crop of political leaders for this grand trial. When the war began, however, it was seen that those who aspired to

such places, and usually obtained them, equipped themselves chiefly with insincerity, trickery, and secrecy, the whole being accounted a kind of statesmanship, and thus went out to contend with their adversaries. So the war has produced, as some might say, but a man and a half in statesmanship, considered by the highest standards. The man, of course, belongs to the United States, where ideals and thought are in some important respects much ahead of Europe and the rest of the world. President Wilson is not merely the statesman of this war, or the man of a century, but the human essence of a cycle, and the best guarantee the world has been given in this dreadful period that, after all, humanity will go marching on. Let those who have a doubt upon this estimate consider the moral and intellectual authority that he has established over the world, how by instinct the highest of the other statesmen defer to him, and let them estimate, so far as their imaginations will permit, the possible situation in which would have been the world, with the Allies victorious, seeking for peace without him. It is not a failure in compliment to give half a point to M. Georges Clemenceau when in one's reckoning there is not a fraction for any other man. He gains it not for brilliant statesmanship, fine perspicuity, or masterly handling of events or circumstances and their possibilities, but for true patriotism, perfect in its stubbornness, honesty, and faith. He has stood magnificently for the spirit and the determination of a nation, and by his honesty and his faith his beloved France has been saved. On the political side the rest of the party-ridden world, which before the war debated on details through long parliamentary nights, has failed. As to commanders, it is a difficult question. There may be Nelsons—there almost certainly are—if they had the full opportunity for proof of themselves. In scraps there has been fine work done in northern and southern seas. Skill, intelligence, and, above all, shrewd intrepidity have been displayed at their British best. The crop of Napoleons on the battlefields of the world has been somewhat thin. Those who in recent times have been led by an instinct for comparisons to read through the campaigns of the beginning of last century find that in this war the secondary lights, those nearest to the Napoleonic sun, have not been so brilliant and powerful as were those in the army of France in those great days. It is true that conditions are not the same, and that trenches do not yield fame and glory to generals like scampers with cavalry half across a continent. Even so, there seem to be deficiencies in the twentieth century. Germany has produced either two or three military leaders a little below the highest class, but only a little—Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and Mackensen, the last with a peculiar capacity for striking the swift and sudden blow. France has apparently

brought forth one other who is better, and who, when the full truth is known, and the merits of plans, actions, and achievements are carefully analysed years hence, will probably be placed in the very small and exclusive Alexander class. Instinct rather than perspicuity—and it is genius, anyhow—is the supreme quality of M. Clemenceau; and he has won for humanity in this war not merely through himself, but because he and no other discovered and selected Marshal Foch and forced him on to the supreme command. When M. Clemenceau became chief he withdrew Foch from the armies for a time, and kept him near for counsel. But this was only a temporary and preparatory measure, and those about the President of the Council became aware of what was intended for this brilliant soldier who showed in these councils in Paris that he could think and act in terms of continents as well as in those of French and German salients, and feared not the weightiest responsibility ever laid on the shoulders of a military leader.

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But when we are praising great men, there is a tendency, perhaps, to be unmindful at times of some superlative merits that do not happen to be of precisely the same character as those which have most attracted attention. Suppose that in the Shades they fought old battles and constructed new formations, and that with their own peculiar resources there were Alexander and Napoleon for the same army. Would then the greatness of Napoleon be less because, with a true sense of the military necessities and an unselfishness far above the human standard, he gave Alexander complete and fully-controlling best, so that this Alexander had the eye of all upon him and was praised daily? Napoleon might be exercising command and control scarcely less, conducting in person operations of even greater moment though part of the general Alexandrian scheme, and practising that immense virtue which is perhaps the most difficult of all the graces—the virtue of unselfishness, of sacrifice, and of magnificent, loving devotion to duty. It is upon this careful and exact consideration that we come to the sure conclusion that Sir Douglas Haig in some respects is greater than Napoleon, for, indeed, the Corsican could not have made such a sacrifice, and the Scotsman has done it. In the full tale of the war, as it will be read by the grandchildren in their years of wisdom and true discrimination, Douglas Haig will rise higher and higher in esteem. It will be perceived that here, for one, was a worthy and noble man, who, being a great general, in command of the most marvellous army that ever was set upon a battlefield by the demand of sudden necessity, made uncomplainingly such a sacrifice as general had not been called upon to make before. In such circumstances it may be considered doubly for-

fortunate, to the end that the grandchildren may not lack any proper information on the proceedings, that the chief of the British Government was recently informed by Marshal Foch—an observant and a generous man—that, many days before, Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, with his British Army, had accomplished some most brilliant operations in the field which, without any doubt, had the very fullest bearing on the issue of the war, and conducted as much as anything, as we say, to the success of civilisation. On becoming aware of this achievement, by the timely medium of Marshal Foch, the Minister, with a full sense of responsibility and correctness, immediately informed our splendid general that he had just heard of it, and hastened to thank him. Marshal Foch and Monsieur Clemenceau had expressed their appreciations.

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It is perceived that the part played by Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, in this war is both splendid and peculiar. In a certain respect, which has been indicated, it is beyond all doubt more magnificent than that of any other man. Where is the soldier of any nation who has been at the front more than he has in this war, engaged ceaselessly in all the operations of supreme consequence? There is none in any army who has fought so much, because since the beginning of the war he has been there unceasingly. A few times he has been home for the briefest spells of leave, but, for all the honour we would have done him, they have been passed in almost secrecy and simple domestic happiness. Some have told us that they have seen him—or have been almost sure they have seen him, since only a few days before he had indubitably been leading legions to battle—approaching the fifth or some other hole upon a suburban golf-course, and being somewhat disconcerted by earthworks about the putting-green. Perhaps their belief was correct. Sir Douglas Haig was out in France with the 'Old Contemptibles' in that terrible and glorious beginning. He was one of the chiefs of the 'Contemptibles.' He led his men in that retreat from Mons of imperishable remembrance in the fateful days of the opening of the war, and he saved his army from utter disaster on more than one occasion. It is recorded that he and Smith-Dorrien vied with each other in fighting rearguard actions until flesh and blood could endure no more. Their escapes from extreme difficulties seemed at times to be miraculous. Sir Douglas Haig in one of these extremities said to his men, 'We must hold on here for a while if we all die for it.' There were the most desperate occasions when the storm of struggle for the first time raged round Ypres. When the 7th Division left England it was twelve thousand strong, and it lost three hundred and thirty-six officers out of four hundred, and with them nine thousand six

hundred and sixty-four men. One day it veritably seemed that all might be lost, as indeed by one impulsive correspondent it was reported to be. Then, when the troops were faltering, with as good reason or excuse as brave and sorely tried soldiers ever had, Sir Douglas Haig, with an escort of Lancers, left a general's proper place behind the lines and galloped down the Merrin Road, with shells bursting all about, to encourage and give new heart to them. There was afterwards a change for a time in the fortune of war.

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When Sir John French retired, Sir Douglas Haig, who had been his chief assistant, was given his place, greatly to the satisfaction of the British Army, who knew their new leader very well, and trusted him deeply. He fought the battle of the Somme, the longest and hardest that has ever taken place in war; fought it with rare shrewdness, calculation, skill, and persistency. The Germans were forced back from one system of defences to another. It was a slow, a painful, and a costly business, and the British losses were about half-a-million, and those of the Germans more. The strain of this conflict was terrific, but there was no murmur from the British commander, no suggestion to the world that he was doing the mightiest things. Commanders in other places have come and gone, their *communiqués* have familiarised us with their names for a time, and then other names have taken their place; but that of 'D. Haig,' which is the simple signature of our leader, has been continued through all, and it has been appended to but the simplest and most modest statements, which have even exceeded the necessities of simple official form in their modesty. A year ago from now he had pressed his way to the front of Cambrai. Much of what happened in the early stages of the war has been half-forgotten in the thick crowding of events on every following day. Still, we have the clearest recollections of the fearful occurrences of the early part of this year, as once in April when our army was again fighting for its existence in the Ypres sector, and Sir Douglas Haig once more called upon it for the ultimate effort with the supreme sacrifice, if it were necessary, and issued to his men his famous 'Backs to the Wall' Order of the Day. Then the German hosts in vain flung themselves against Haig and his men. The ranks held; the tide turned. The British Army and its Allies no longer defended, but attacked; and if he was great in defence, as great as any general in this war, who has been more brilliant in attack? What army has leapt through the strongest defences, leapt lightly over them, leapt along in a joy of conquest after the harshest and longest trial, like the army led by Douglas Haig? Those men know his thoughts. It is the same with him as with Foch; he trusts to their instincts and knowledge of him to understand his gratitude

and appreciation. So he, again like Foch, is a man of the fewest words. Joffre at the beginning of the war had an inclination for the dramatic proclamation to his army. That has never been the case with Haig or Foch. Few are the words that these leaders address to their armies; but by their fewness their value is enhanced, and sincerity flames in them. So it came to pass that when our grand and decisive offensive was a glorious and well-matured success, when Britain and the world stood in astonishment at vast achievement, when sad Germany reeled in fear and for the first time felt at her heart the steady snatchings of despair, then in an Order of the Day did Haig give thanks to the men he led. 'The capture of seventy-five thousand prisoners and seven hundred and fifty guns in the course of four weeks' fighting speaks,' he said, 'for the magnitude of your efforts and the magnificence of your achievement. . . . We have passed through many dark days; please God, these never will return.' In its simplicity and earnestness, it was the best address made to troops since the world went to war.

\* \* \*

Our great generals, British, French, American, have been the simplest and the most modest men among the leading figures of this tremendous period. For them there has been no artful practice of subtleties, no playing with opportunism, no tricks with words and speeches such as politicians love. They have courted no popularity. When they handle life in the million measure and daily face death, they know they deal with real things and not with politics,

that nothing but action and sincerity can avail. So they are nearly silent. In this splendid modesty Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is as the greatest. They call him the 'soldiers' soldier,' and so he is. They say that it was the influence of the Duke of Cambridge that gained him a commission in the 7th Hussars after he had been turned down for imperfect eyesight. He fought worthily, as we know, in the South African War. It is recorded that once out there his friend, Sir John French, saved him from drowning in the Modder River. He has always been keenly devoted to his profession, studied arms and war deeply before he entered upon this tremendous experience, and has written a book of *Cavalry Studies*. The youngest son of John Haig of Cameron Bridge, Fife, the best type of the Scottish gentleman, he was fifty-seven years of age in June, and is a fine-looking, handsome man, with a strong face, on which, for all its strength, the lights of kindness and humour play. If his soldiers like him and believe in him, knowing that he will never fail them, so also is a large circle of friends in high society devoted to Douglas Haig. It is his sincerity that wins through all. Here is a man who, when others in the war seek in an impious way to make use of the name of God, attends a little Presbyterian church behind the lines on Sunday mornings, and only in reverence, in thanksgiving, and in prayer speaks the Holy Name. He is no opportunist. He has pandered to no politicians. And so the worth and the fame of this British general, valued by Marshal Foch at the highest, stand firm on the hard rock of British history.

## A LITTLE SHIP.

### CHAPTER X.—continued.

#### III.

IN an office ashore, whose plain, distempered walls were hung with charts and diagrams, a serious-faced man in the uniform of a captain of the Royal Navy sat at a desk stirring a cup of cocoa. He was idle for the moment, but in one corner of the room a deep-seated arm-chair, with a dented cushion and a rug flung carelessly across it, showed where he had spent the night. Moreover, the small table beside the chair, with its portable telephone, its well-filled ash-tray, half-smoked pipe, and a scribbled-over signal-pad, made it quite obvious that not all the night had been spent in slumber.

The windows faced east, and already the sun, shining out of a cloudless sky, bathed the room in a flood of brilliance. In a bare patch on the grassy slope outside two sparrows, twittering volubly, indulged in their morning dust-bath. Beyond, the hill fell steeply away towards the harbour, until the gray slate roofs of the water-

side houses, with the blue smoke curling lazily from their stubby chimneys, seemed to be sitting, squat and stolid, on a bed of green.

Over the roofs lay a wide expanse of shimmering water, surrounded by hills. It was the outer harbour, and terminated some distance away in twin-headlands sharply silhouetted against the pale blue of the sky. Nearer at hand a bunch of rusty-looking trawlers and a couple of gray destroyers lay peacefully at buoys under the lee of a small, rocky islet crowned with a gray stone fort. Farther to the right, over the gently rising ground, a number of slender masts and a thin trickle of smoke against a background of wooded hills betokened the presence of still more ships.

A division of mine-sweeping trawlers in line ahead, whooping stridently on their whistles, bustled into view, and swung round the island on their way towards the open sea. One of the destroyers, raising steam, started to emit clouds of inky-black smoke; and presently, when knots

of figures had appeared on deck, she slipped from her buoy and scuttled fussily seaward with her white wake trailing out astern.

The captain, noticing the sparrows, smiled to himself, and started to crumble a biscuit. He loved birds, and the two outside, since they were creatures of habit, came there every morning for their wash and brush up, in the expectation of a subsequent breakfast. And every third morning, when the captain had had the 'night on,' they, together with numerous friends and relations, were religiously fed.

Rising from his chair, the officer pushed the window noiselessly open and flung the powdered remains outside. His guests instantly ceased their ablutions, and, shaking the dust from their feathers, tentatively regarded the meal before them with bright, beady eyes. Then, summoning up courage, they hopped forward and began their feast within six feet of where the man stood regarding them.

Presently half-a-dozen more sparrows appeared from the ivy overhead, and joined the others with every symptom of delight; next, a bedraggled robin, who, in the intervals of nearly choking himself with the largest crumbs he could find, spent his time in chivying the commoner fry with angry chirrups; then a young speckled thrush, four more sparrows, and a starling.

'I'm evidently getting popular.' The captain smiled to himself, watching the throng of birds intently, and reaching quietly for another biscuit. 'I haven't seen that thrush before. . . . Oh, dammit!' The telephone-bell had suddenly wakened into activity with a whir and a jangle which scattered the little flock, with shrill cries of protest.

'Hallo!' he said, moving across to the table and putting the receiver to his ear. 'Private wire. Yes.—Who's that speaking?—Oh yes, Commander Morton. Good-mornin', Morton.—What?—Yes, I've got that. Where d'you say she was sighted?—Ten miles! Silly devils!—Yes, coast-watchers. I understand. Good work—very.—You've informed everybody concerned, and Captain (D)\* is taking the necessary steps.—Yes.—Good. You want me to tell the admiral and to warn the convoy.—No; a slow one this time, expecting to get in sometime this afternoon.—M'yes, that ought to do it, I should think. You can't be too certain, though.—What? Is she the same one?—Hold the line a moment. I'll have a look.'

He left the instrument and stepped across to a chart pinned to the wall. The surface representing sea was pock-marked all over with little red and yellow paper discs, bearing dates and numbers. They showed the submarine activity, the red representing actual sinkings, and the

yellow, abortive attacks. In the area at which the captain was looking discs of both colours were clustered very thickly indeed; while here and there a green paper flag on a pin, with a date and time marked in pencil, showed where U-boats had actually been seen and reported. He measured off a latitude and longitude, stuck in a fresh green flag, and measured the distance between it and another.

'I thought so,' he murmured to himself, going back to the telephone. 'Working to the west'ard the whole time.'

'Morton,' he went on, speaking hurriedly into the instrument. 'Yes. She may be the same one.—Yes, possibly the fellow who sank the *Albury* the day before yesterday. The patrols attacked her, you remember, and oil came to the surface, but there was no other result. Same fellow, I expect, working to the west'ard towards the convoys.—Yes, that's it.—Hope we get her this time?—Yes, of course.—Humph!—with a laugh—'I don't know so much about that. They're not fools.—Right-o! Good-bye!'

He hooked up the receiver and went across to the writing-table, where he pressed a bell-push and rapidly scribbled something on a slip of paper, marking it 'URGENT' in red chalk.

'Take this to the coding-office,' he said, rising from his chair and holding out a sealed envelope as the door opened and a marine orderly appeared. 'Don't waste any time, Riley.'

The marine saluted and departed on his errand, while the captain left the room to seek the admiral.

The door slammed, and presently the birds, regaining courage, returned one by one to their interrupted breakfast. Indeed, when the captain came back a few minutes later their numbers had visibly increased.

'Good business!' he said, breaking up the second biscuit. 'I'm blowed if that isn't a blackbird! First one I've seen this year.'

The captain was thinking of blackbirds, but just as he flung the powdery remains out of the window, a German submarine, a full eighty miles to the westward, disappeared beneath the surface. She lay directly in the track of an approaching convoy, and even now her captain was congratulating himself on the opportunity which was coming his way.

Faint wireless signals came in from the eastward, and were answered from quite close at hand. But the submarine, having dived, was deaf, and did not hear them.

#### IV.

It was an American destroyer far away on the port wing of the convoy who first saw the torpedo approaching. There had been no flutter of a periscope, no tell-tale splash in the water, as the weapon left its tube; merely that hard, whitened track of bubbles stretching straight across the clear bluish-green of the

\* Captain (D)—that is, the captain in command of a destroyer flotilla.

sea like a sun-baked footpath through a grassy meadow.

The convoy, having received the warning, had altered course clear of the danger area, and was well away to the southward, zigzagging as it went. The destroyer was the only ship in the immediate neighbourhood, and hence it followed that the torpedo was fired at her.

Fritz, balked of his larger prey, and considering it inadvisable to come to the surface, as indeed it was, had remained below, where he could only travel at slow speed, and had evidently made up his mind to have a shot at anything that came his way. A small and handy vessel like a destroyer travelling at something over twenty knots is not an ideal target; it is a target, rather, which, since it is apt to retaliate in a sudden and nerve-racking manner, the greater number of German submarines do well to leave alone. But this particular U-boat, though not new to the game, was not very wise, and, disappointed of the larger fry, deliberately tempted Providence and fired. As luck would have it, the torpedo ran very straight.

It did not take the lieutenant-commander on the destroyer's bridge very long to make up his mind. He heard the shout of the gesticulating man on the forecabin, and saw the track lengthening out straight towards his port bow all in the same moment, and in an instant, with his heart in his mouth, he had rapped out the order,\* 'Hard left!' to the helmsman.

The destroyer seemed to hang sluggishly before answering her helm, and already the end of that line of bubbles was within sixty yards of the ship and heading straight for her. The lieutenant-commander gazed anxiously at it, for the torpedo itself must be some distance ahead of its track, and never since the ship had commissioned had she seemed so slow on her helm.

Would she never start to turn?

Then, listing heavily until the water came slopping over her low stern, she suddenly began to swing, faster and faster. It was just in time, for even as she shot round the track flashed down her port side, merged into the troubled water in her wake, and passed out into the clear sea beyond. Whether the torpedo was running deep and went underneath the ship, or whether it missed close astern, nobody troubled to find out. A miss is as good as a mile, anyway, and the lieutenant-commander breathed again.

'Gee!' he exclaimed, motioning to the man

\* It seems hardly necessary to point out that in the British Navy the order 'Hard a-starboard!' means that the steering-wheel is moved to the left, and that the ship's head travels round in the same direction. With 'Hard a-port!' the opposite takes place. The orders, in fact, refer to the direction in which the tiller moves—that is, in the opposite direction to the wheel and the ship's head, and are a survival of the old days when ships were steered with tillers.

In the United States Navy 'Hard left!' is the same as our 'Hard a-starboard!'—that is, the wheel and the ship's head both move to the left. 'Hard right!' similarly, corresponds to our 'Hard a-port!'

at the wheel to right his helm. 'Thought the durned thing had us!'

'We're ready, cap'en,' said an excited ensign close beside him. 'You just say the word when I'm to start. You're running up the track, I presume?'

'Yep,' the commanding officer nodded, shading his eyes without looking round. 'A shade more left, Pete. . . . Steady so, boy!'

The destroyer was travelling straight now, straight as an arrow up that scarcely visible track in the water. It got fainter and fainter as she advanced. Then, 'Let go, one!' said the lieutenant-commander. The ensign pulled hard at a handle arrangement on the deck of the bridge and howled an unintelligible remark down a voice-pipe. Something heavy slid off the stern and fell into the water with a splash. 'Let go, two! Let go, three! Let go, four!'

Again the helm went over and the ship slithered round on her heel; but before she had completed a quarter-circle there came the deep, resounding thump of a heavy underwater explosion at the spot in her track where the first depth-charge had been dropped overboard.

A rounded hummock of whitish-gray water rose to the surface, and burst like a bubble in a fan of feathery spray.

Another explosion, with the same result. Another; and yet a fourth.

'Gee!' murmured the lieutenant-commander delightedly. 'I guess these British contraptions are some go!'

Then the unforgettable thing happened.

The rounded, gray bow of a large submarine suddenly broke surface within a hundred yards of the ship, and hung there with the water pouring off it. She seemed to be making efforts to rise, for the bows still travelled through the water, and, even as they watched, the top of her conning-tower appeared above the surface.

The destroyer was still steaming at full speed and turning rapidly, and the lieutenant-commander's first natural instinct was to adopt the speediest and surest method of sinking his enemy—that is, by ramming. But another look told him she was inside his turning circle. He could never bring about the desired collision unless he were to haul off and make a fresh start, by which time the submarine, if she were only temporarily disabled, might have dived out of harm's way.

Instead of that, he shouted to the men clustered round the foremost gun to open fire, and jumping at the port engine-room telegraph, wrenched it round to 'Stop,' and thence to 'Full astern,' to bring the ship round on her heel. And just as the reply-gongs clanged in answer the gun on the forecabin went off with a crash.

The shell struck short of the submarine's bow and ricocheted off into the distance with a whine, turning over and over in its flight, and clearly visible to the naked eye.

'Durn those fellows!' muttered the captain, as the port propeller started to go astern and the ship began to swing her bows towards the enemy. 'Why in hell can't'—

'Boom!' went the weapon again; and this time the gun-pointer,\* having overcome his pardonable excitement, aimed true, and sent the shell crashing into that gray bow.

A neat round hole suddenly appeared in the steel plating. Next, the thump of an explosion as the projectile burst inside, a little upheaval of splinters and debris, and a thin trickle of oily black smoke.

'Shoot at the conning-tower, boy! At the conning-tower!' the lieutenant-commander shouted, half-beside himself with anxiety lest his enemy should escape at the eleventh hour.

Even as he spoke the gun roared out again, the shell pitching into the sea some distance over its target. But before another round could be fired the conning-tower lid suddenly flew open and a man's head and shoulders appeared. He clambered out on to the superstructure, and waved his hands above his head, shouting something unintelligible at the top of his voice. He was followed by five other men dressed as seamen, and the whole party raised their arms and cried aloud for mercy. There was something abject and miserable about them. They were in evident terror of their lives, fearful lest they should be slaughtered.

'Hell!' muttered the gun-pointer disgustedly, removing his eye from the telescopic sight. 'The durned scum! Drowning innocent women and children one moment, and screeching to us to save their lives the next!'

No man, who is a man, can fire upon an enemy who has surrendered and is crying for mercy, and the gun-pointer, disappointed at being unable to finish the business with another shell, sauntered to the ship's side and evinced his displeasure by expectorating with some vehemence into the sea.

The bows of the stricken vessel reared themselves in the air, and the conning-tower and

superstructure dipped under, flinging its five occupants into the sea. For a moment the bows remained suspended in mid-air, until, with a swift, gliding rush, they disappeared for ever, and the onlookers found themselves gazing at an area of seething, bubbling water dotted with the heads of swimmers. Three more men shot to the surface like corks after she had disappeared. Another rush of huge bubbles, breaking on the surface, and trails of oil gradually spreading into an iridescent film on the water.

It was all over. Nine survivors were rescued; the rest were drowned outright, or entombed in their steel prison fathoms below.

'Lord! listen to that cheering!' laughed the senior officer of escorts a quarter of an hour later, as the destroyer came scuttling back to her station with the convoy, and passed close under the stern of a transport crowded with khaki-clad American troops. 'Can't those "Sammies" yell? Does one good to hear 'em.—Signalman! Make her a signal. "Well done. Congratulate you most heartily on your success. I guess you got right there."'

The reply was characteristic. 'We are proud to have had the opportunity,' it said. 'Blood is thicker than water.'

'Blood is thicker than water,' murmured the British officer, remembering where the words were first used.† 'I should jolly well think it is; but I'll tell you one thing, sub,' he added, turning to the young officer beside him.

'And what's that, sir?' asked the boy.

'When once these Yanks get going there's no stopping 'em,' the commander replied. 'Just think of what they're doing in France; think of what they're doing—er—everywhere! Splendid fellows! Keen as mustard! As for the skipper of that destroyer, I could fall on his neck and kiss him like a long-lost sister—some one else's sister, for preference!'

But the American lieutenant-commander was spared that final indignity.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

### FOOD SUBSTITUTES IN FRANCE.

THE French have been put to much greater shifts than ourselves in providing food substitutes, and some of these have proved very successful. Among them is a food made from the parings of turnips, carrots, parsnips, radishes, and potatoes, mixed with a certain proportion of the vegetables themselves. These constituents are reduced to a pulp by special machines, water is added, and the pulp is then boiled for several

hours until the whole assumes the consistency of thick soup. All the water is now removed, leaving a dry gray substance which in appearance and taste somewhat resembles tapioca. As a substitute for tapioca, this substance is said to be quite satisfactory, having a considerable food value, and producing no ill effects on the system. The petals of many flowers, and strawberry, cur-

\* A 'gun-pointer' in the American Navy corresponds to our 'gun-layer.'

† I write subject to correction, but I think it was at the taking of the Taku Forts during the war in China in the 'sixties that Commodore Tatnall of the United States Navy, a strict but very 'benevolent' neutral, showed his neutrality by towing a British vessel or some boats into action, with the remark, 'Blood is thicker than water.'

rant, blackberry, and other leaves, are being dried and used as substitutes for tea; while acorns are roasted and ground to serve as coffee. Many leaves, such as those of peppermint, beet, wood-sorrel, and coltsfoot, are taking the place of tobacco.

#### SUGAR FROM THE GARDEN.

Readers of this journal who remember the description of the process for making sugar from beet, which was given in an article on 'English Beet-Sugar' in September 1910, will feel no surprise on hearing that sweet syrup can be easily prepared at home from sugar-beets grown in the garden. As in the case of the red beet-root, great care must be exercised in taking up the roots so that the skin is not broken. Naturally the first operation is to remove all dirt by washing, after which the roots are boiled in water until the skin peels off easily. The beets are next cut into thin slices, which are placed in a pan, just covered with water, brought to the boil once more, and then left to simmer for ten hours. The resulting pulp is now put into a muslin bag and squeezed until all the juice is expelled. The juice is then boiled down into a very sweet syrup, which may be used instead of sugar. As the syrup will not keep for more than a few weeks, it is advisable to make only a month's supply at a time; but the roots may be stored for long periods without deteriorating if kept dry and free from frost.

#### OIL FOR MOTOR-CARS FROM COAL-TAR.

Most people are now familiar with the fact that motor-cars can be run on paraffin by making comparatively inexpensive additions to the engine in the form of apparatus for vaporising the oil. With some appliances the motor can even be started on paraffin, one of these being an electric heater in conjunction with other ingenious devices which were successfully developed by Mr F. A. Wilkinson about three years ago. This inventor has recently turned his attention to the problem of using still cheaper and heavier oils in car motors, with a view to further reducing the cost of operation. A float-chamber and a jet carburettor are used as for petrol. Just above the carburettor a small amount of hot exhaust gas is admitted into the induction-pipe under the control of a cock adjusted from the dashboard. So far the apparatus is identical with that devised by Mr Wilkinson for the use of paraffin. For heavier oils, however, an addition is made in the form of an air-supply pipe, which passes through the exhaust manifold, and delivers highly heated air into the induction-pipe through the inlet for the exhaust gas already referred to. This comprises all the apparatus needed for *running* on heavy oils, but without another device the motor has to be *started* on petrol or gas. The starting device consists of a small oil-cup mounted alongside the float-chamber at such a height

that a pipe from the chamber keeps the cup about three-quarters full of oil. Inside the cup is an electric heating coil which is supplied with current from the lighting and starting battery on the car, while a pipe from the top of the cup leads into the exhaust-gas inlet on the induction-pipe. When the current has been turned on for about two and a half minutes, the oil boils in the cup and gives off vapour, which can be used for starting the motor. A representative of *The Engineer* recently had a run on an 'Overland' car fitted with this apparatus, which appeared to be capable of doing all that was required of it, as regards both hill-climbing and steady running, although, of course, the power was slightly reduced. Oil derived from coal-tar, and actually heavier than water, was used on this run. (Petrol, it may be noted, is about three-quarters the weight of water, and paraffin about four-fifths.) The distance run per gallon was eighteen and a third miles, against about nineteen and a half with petrol; while the cost of the oil was only fivepence per gallon.

#### UNIQUE MISSION LAUNCH FOR THE AMAZON.

As is well known, the British and Foreign Bible Society maintains agents all over the world, and some of the districts served are very difficult of access, owing to the lack of roads. This condition applies pre-eminently to the valleys of the Amazon and its tributaries, but here nature has provided waterways which, in the districts they serve, are even better than roads. For the use of the society's agent on the Amazon a steam-launch has been designed, of which some interesting particulars were given recently in the *English Mechanic*. This little vessel measures fifty-nine feet in length, and has a breadth of close on sixteen feet; but the draught (the smallest depth of water in which the launch will float) has been kept down to two and a third feet, as many of the smaller streams have very little depth of water during the dry season. To all intents and purposes the *Canopus*, as the launch is to be named, will constitute a floating house, and a comfortable one at that. The awning-deck has a perforated pipe along the middle of it, through which water can be distributed by means of a pump, thus cooling the boat by evaporation. Right astern is an open veranda, with a piano, intended to be used in connection with services held on the river-bank against which the launch is moored. Forward of this compartment are two state-rooms, with three berths in one and two in the other, besides tables, lockers, and other furniture. Next follows the dining or living room, with a large table, seats, cupboards, and a roll-top desk. The last compartment of these quarters is the galley (the kitchen), with the usual stoves, cooking-utensils, sink, and lockers. Next comes a space containing the engine and the boiler,

the latter being designed to burn wood, the only fuel obtainable in many parts of this vast area. The propeller works in a tunnel which gradually merges into the flat bottom in front of the screw. With this arrangement (one often adopted in shallow-draught boats) the propeller may be half out of the water when the vessel is at rest; but once the engine is started the water gradually rises, fills the tunnel, and immerses the propeller. In this way a much larger propeller can be used than if there were no tunnel, in which case the diameter could not exceed the draught of the ship. Moreover, the propeller is entirely protected by the tunnel, a most important feature in huge tropical rivers filled with all kinds of floating objects. Forward of the engine-room is an open space which will be used for steering in the day-time, and will form the accommodation for the native crew at night. The *Canopus* is to be built on the Amazon, of native woods that are impervious to boring-insects, and will carry enough wood to steam for sixty miles at full speed.

#### OPEN-AIR LIFE FOR COWS.

The advantages to human beings of living continuously in the fresh air are well known, and it is perhaps not surprising that similar benefits should accrue to domestic animals. At any rate, such appears to be the case with cows, to judge by a series of interesting experiments carried out at the Harper-Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Salop. According to statements made by the principal, Mr P. Hedworth Foulkes, at a meeting of the National Birth-Rate Commission, it is the practice in the Midlands to bring in the cattle from the pastures about the end of October, and to house them during the winter, turning them out occasionally into the meadows in fine weather. With a view to ascertaining the effect of continuous exposure, the college herd was divided into two lots, one being kept in during the winter in accordance with the practice of neighbouring farmers, while the other was left out day and night except when driven in to be milked. Equivalent amounts of food were provided for the two lots. The results during the first winter were so contrary to general opinion that the experiment was continued for four seasons, during which severe weather was frequently experienced. Though the results noted were by no means uniform, averages for the four years showed that the cows left out yielded more milk, with a higher percentage of fat in it, than the housed section, and also showed a greater increase in live weight. Experiments have also been carried out during the last two years on twelve cows at the college farm to discover whether equally good results could be obtained by feeding cattle with forage-crops grown upon arable land as by turning them out to graze. It will be recognised that this question

is an important one at the present time, owing to the feared shortage of milk as a consequence of the ploughing up of so much grass land. The results tend to lay to rest any doubts on this point, as the yield of milk per acre when the cows were fed on crops grown upon arable land was about five hundred gallons, whereas not quite two hundred gallons per acre were obtained from grass land. During the experiment the cows were in excellent health, although housed within-doors, the buildings being designed to give an abundant circulation of fresh air.

#### BIG YIELD FROM METAL-COATED SEEDS IN ELECTRIFIED SOIL.

Electricity has now been applied to growing crops, with varying success, for a good many years, certain plants being greatly stimulated, while others appear to be almost unaffected. The apparatus usually consists of parallel wires above the crops, which are supplied with high-tension electricity from suitable generating stations. Seeds are also being electrically treated before sowing, the process being said to cause an increase in the yield of from 25 to 80 per cent. According to the *Scientific American*, electrical treatment of seeds and of growing crops has been combined in a newly patented process which has shown good results. Instead of the electricity being discharged into the air from overhead wires, it is 'sprayed' into the soil from electrodes placed about six inches below the surface, a row of these being arranged down each of two parallel sides of the field. Before being sown, the seeds are coated with finely divided metal for the purpose of attracting the electricity, and they are sown in rows across the field between the electrodes, thereby producing lines of low resistance, which are naturally followed by the electric current. This process has been applied to corn and sugar-beet, the yield from the former being increased by 30 to 40 per cent., representing a money value of twenty-five to thirty-five dollars an acre. Eleven acres were treated at an estimated cost of fifty cents per acre for current and the metallic coating of the seeds, while the outlay for the apparatus was under two hundred dollars.

#### WOODEN LIMBS IN THE MAKING.

An industry which has unfortunately received an enormous impetus through the war is the manufacture of artificial arms and legs, and an interesting description of some features of the work as carried on in Scotland was given recently in *The Engineer*. As most of our readers are aware, artificial limbs are usually constructed of wood, and willow, of which cricket-bats are made, has proved the most suitable for the purpose. One difficulty, brought about by the greatly increased demand, was the seasoning of the timber, which in the ordinary course would have taken a couple of years.

Messrs Yarrow, of Glasgow, the noted builders of naval craft, who have interested themselves in this matter, found that if the trees were cut into two-foot lengths, and a hole was bored through the centre of each, the lengths could be dried in a few weeks by circulating air round and through them. Some idea of the dampness of the wood when the trees are felled may be gathered from the fact that a sample piece was reduced in drying from thirteen pounds six ounces to five pounds eight ounces. Various sizes of limb are standardised, leaving only the actual fitting to the stump to be done at the hospital. The metal parts, such as bolts for knee and ankle joints, and the steel springs for flexing the ankle, are standardised for all sizes. It is interesting to note that in Scotland, following Messrs Yarrow's lead, no fewer than eleven engineering and shipbuilding firms are making artificial limbs. Moreover, the work is being done at cost price, the only desire of the concerns engaged in it being to help those who have lost limbs in the defence of their country.

#### AN ELECTRIFIED POULTRY-FARM.

The importance of saving labour by the use of mechanical devices needs no explaining in these days of shortage of man-power; hence the contrivances having this end in view that have been adopted for his poultry-farm by a man in New Hampshire, U.S.A., are worthy of careful study. One of the chief tasks in connection with the care of poultry is the preparation and administration of food. Grain is distributed to fifteen hundred hens on this farm by automatic devices that scatter it over a wide area. This is accomplished by means of six huge galvanised steel hoppers, suspended from the ceilings of the scratching-sheds, each having a capacity of twenty-two bushels. The bottoms of these hoppers are cone-shaped, and are fitted with circular spreaders into which the grain flows automatically; but it does not run through to the floor until the spreaders are rotated at a high speed by electric motors, when the grain is thrown over a wide area. The motors are controlled by electric clocks that start and run them until the correct amount of grain has passed five times a day, the inventor, whose hens have been very successful at egg-laying competitions, being a strong believer in feeding 'little and often.' For mixing the soft food or mash, the farmer referred to uses a very large hog-head, mounted horizontally on a shaft, and revolved by an electric motor. The various foodstuffs are introduced in their proper proportions, and the hog-head is revolved until the mixing is complete. The food is next drawn off into boxes with opening bottoms, and these are conveyed on a truck to holes in the floor, through which the mixture is discharged into three self-feeding hoppers in the pens below, each having a capacity of fourteen bushels. Another interesting feature of this

farm is a boundary fence, which, in addition to the usual wire-netting, carries a set of electrified wires that has proved very effective in keeping off thieves, of both the four-legged and the two-legged varieties.

#### AN EFFECTIVE CLEANSER AND POLISHER.

The housewife of to-day has many helps which the housekeeper of former days never dreamt of. We have recently had the opportunity of putting thoroughly to the test, with eminently satisfactory results, a cleansing and polishing powder which has been brought under our notice. With its aid the dirtiest and most greasy hands are quickly made clean; tiles, marble slabs, and sinks are restored to their pristine purity; tables, floors, and shelves are rendered spotless; knives, forks, spoons, and all kinds of metal-ware are speedily freed from every stain. Its successful emergence from the searching tests to which we have subjected this veritable 'housewife's aid' leads us to believe that it will receive warm encomiums from all who use it.

#### WHEN WILL THE WORLD BECOME OVERCROWDED?

We are frequently treated to disquieting prophecies regarding the future welfare of this country, many of which have been referred to in these pages. At one time the exhaustion of our coal-supplies occupied much public attention; then the decreasing birth-rate was said to threaten us with extinction; and quite recently a note appeared here suggesting possible limits to the world's production of wheat in the face of an ever-increasing demand. The latest source of anxiety is the rate of increase of the world's population, which in a comparatively short period bids fair to become larger than can be supported. Some interesting figures bearing on this subject are to be found in an appendix to vol. i., *Census of the Commonwealth of Australia*, by G. H. Knibbs, C.M.G., F.S.S., F.R.A.S. This appendix was recently reviewed in the *Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada*, and the review has lately been published in the *English Mechanic*, whence the following particulars are extracted. The population of the world for 1914 is given as sixteen hundred and forty-nine millions, and the average rate of increase per year for the preceding one hundred and ten years (1804 to 1913) is said to range in different countries between fifteen and one hundred and twenty-one for every ten thousand, the average being eighty-six. From 1906 to 1911, for every ten thousand, the annual increase in France was only 16; in England and Wales it was 104; in the German Empire, 136; in the United States, 182; in Australia, 203; and in Canada, 298. The average, including countries not given here, was 116. From these figures the author first works backwards to find out how many years would be required

to produce the world's population from a single pair. At the slowest rate of increase experienced during the one-hundred-and-ten-year period, this figure is nearly thirteen thousand seven hundred years, but at the average rate experienced during the five-year period 1906-1911 a single pair could have been the ancestors of the present population of the world in only one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two years. To look ahead: if the inhabitants of this globe increase at the average rate maintained from 1906 to 1911 for one thousand years, their number will have multiplied one hundred thousand times. Another interesting calculation based upon the possibility of supporting one person to the acre, and upon the assumption that 75 per cent. of the

land in the world may be cultivated, shows that the limit of population will be reached in about eighteen hundred years at the slowest rate of increase, while at the fastest the world will be crowded out in two hundred and thirty-one years. In view of these figures, the author suggests that the only country at the present time that is reasonably living within its assets of land is France, which at the pre-war rate of increase would require four hundred and thirty-three years to double her population.

*To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions, publications, &c. mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.*

## HOME FIRES.

By G. ROBERTSON GLASGOW.

WE heard a great deal about the home fires in poetry at one time; and now we hear a great deal about them in prose, in good nervous English that effectually shuts us out of the fool's paradise in which we live so peacefully and contentedly for the greater part of our lives. We have always, in a manner of speaking, taken coal-fires and food for granted, and it is rather a shock to have to contemplate them from a different point of view, not merely as necessary expenses, but as luxuries that no amount of money can purchase. For that is what it amounts to. In a cold, damp British winter we have to face the fact that for some months to come we shall have so little coal that, either for cooking or for warming—perhaps for both—we must go short.

But, after all, the hardship need not be so tremendous as it appears at first sight—nothing is really so bad as it seems, if you look it boldly in the face. So it is just as well to sit calmly down and contemplate all the possibilities which lie ahead. The rich need no advice, because they are doubtless prepared for any emergency. They can afford unlimited wood and peat, and they have adequate cellars in which to store them; in the country even the poor can often get a useful supply of wood for the cutting and the picking up. In these careless and careless days this is one of the advantages of not living in a town.

But to those whose small, fixed incomes must be considered carefully and spent judiciously, there are one or two things that must be definitely decided before the winter has us fully in its grip. Even if wood were not too expensive a luxury, there is no room for its storage in a small house or flat, where the cubic capacity for holding coal is generally limited to about half a ton; so the first thing to consider is obviously the question of dress. By wearing warmer clothing we can certainly make ourselves much more

independent than we generally are of coal-fires or gas-stoves, without any return to mid-Victorian dowdiness. In fact, it would be a reversion to a more becoming, because more suitable, style of dress. A long, bare neck, burnt brown by summer suns, is not particularly pretty; but a 'pneumonia blouse,' worn as an accompaniment to pinched, blue lips and goose-skin, is even less attractive; and there are several degrees of comfort and beauty between these garments—which were the by-products of radiators and central heating—and the collar, muffled up to the ears, of the 'eighties and 'nineties. What is called the coat-frock is a charming and up-to-date garment, and, if made of velvet or cloth, would be almost as warm as a man's comfortable tweeds. How one's teeth would sympathetically chatter if our men appeared in winter with chiffon blouses open as low as their waistcoats permitted!

Greenlanders keep themselves warm by clothing and by blubber, and by crowding together in a small space—not by fires, which they use only for cooking; so, *for the duration*, we might take a wrinkle from them, and dress more warmly, perhaps more sensibly, putting on an extra wrap, as beautiful as we can afford, in the house, and dressing, instead of undressing, for the nondescript meal we now describe as supper.

Of course, it is quite obvious that we can have only one sitting-room, which is a great affliction to many people who love peace and solitude, and who feel the noise and the untidiness of a general sitting-room to be almost intolerable. But one has to remember that all men and most girls are out all day now; and though we are accustomed to our two or three rooms at home, we have often lived quite contentedly in one, for a definite time, if we happened to be in lodgings, or had taken rooms at an hotel. Even the most extravagant person of limited means would hardly

insist on two sitting-rooms in lodgings, and we have had boldly to face the good, old-fashioned, early-Victorian table dumped in the middle of the room, littered with books and work and what not, which were ruthlessly swept on to the floor at meal-times. It would in this case be quite possible and more convenient for most people to keep a folded empty table in some corner of the room. If the elderly, or the delicate, or the irritable wanted a rest from public life, they could always take a hot bottle, a quilt, and a book, and go to bed.

I have passed four winters in the hills in India—not in the large, luxurious stations, where there was a decent population worth catering for, but in small, empty, out-of-the-way places, where the snow found its way under and through the quite inadequate doors that did not shut; where there was never any coal, and often a deficiency of wood.

It was during one of these comfortless spells, in this inclement world, that an aggravating little boy chose to arrive, presenting himself cheerfully to a cold and rather ungrateful mother as quite the nicest Christmas present she could desire. The snow had been falling all day, and was drifting through every available crack into the bungalow. The wood-carts—so we were told by excited villagers—were still three miles down the cart-road, with their wheels frozen, and no possibility of their getting farther that night; so, in deference to the impatient and chilly stranger, a dandy was broken up, and chairs were burnt, and his mother gratefully watched the flames, and worshipped the flickering tongues of light that licked up her cherished furniture.

'Always kneel to make a fire,' she said to herself, as a Parsi might have said to a fire-god! For the Parsi fire never goes out, and the little light, that looks like a pin-prick against the dark shadows of the Towers of Silence, was lighted in Gujarāt more than two hundred years ago. The household gods that had been so recklessly sacrificed to the stranger lit up the bungalow for the whole of that Christmas night; and the next morning, at daybreak, a devoted *khitmutgar*, with a duvet over his head, and bare legs and red slippers, trudged off, through decreasing snow, to Kāthgodām, at the foot of the hills. At the railway line there he 'borrowed' (a word which in India holds many meanings) a portentous lump of coal from the engine-driver of the local toy-train. He bound it on his head, wrapped in the ever-useful duster, carried it up the hill at twilight, and laid it, like a votive offering, on the threshold of the mem-sahib's room. And so, night by night, it was placed, with almost religious ceremony, in the wide fireplace to keep the fire in; and day by day it was placed again on the veranda, under the charge of a *jhampanui*, and was the wonder and admiration of the whole

establishment. I *think* it lasted for many weeks, and I *know* it lasted for many days.

But I also remember a more tragic story of the home fires and the *khitmutgar*. The mistress of the bungalow was in the drawing-room one day on her knees, trying to blow up a small, red speck into a blaze, when the doors between the two rooms were banged open, and the *khitmutgar* came in, hot and hurried, carrying the largest silver salver, with a glowing heap of wood and charcoal tumbling all over it, and smoke blowing back into his face. He did not expect to meet the angry apparition that confronted him, and, after one paralysed stare, he backed out again, softly closing the door behind him, and in a few minutes reappeared by way of the veranda, with the same little heap of fire more suitably reposing on a kitchen shovel.

But though I have been led into a digression, the gist of the story is that for four cold and frozen winters we managed very well without coal, and what one has done once, in a ramshackle hill bungalow, one can do again in a weather-tight and comfortable flat.

There is just one other thrifty suggestion that one might make. Would it not be possible for the occupants of some of the other rooms to let their fires go out, and sit round the one hearth till bed-time, taking it in turns to keep up a blaze? Bed-time comes early nowadays, and many lonely people might find the companionship pleasant; and certainly our scanty stores of fuel would last longer, if we only needed a fire, say, for three or four evenings a week instead of seven.

But, of course, there are people who would rather freeze to death before a fireless grate than give up the precious hours of peace and silence, and I agree with them so entirely myself that I have nothing to add to the suggestion.

#### TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

You're always with me. When the merry sunbeams

Disperse the shadows of the long, dark night,  
I seem to hear your laughter in the valley,  
And all the world is bright.

You're always with me. When the burning noon-tide

Brings heartache and the loneliness of pain,  
I seem to feel your hand-clasp, and with courage  
I turn to work again.

You're always with me. When the poplar whispers,  
And in the west there lingers gold awhile,  
Sweet memories throng around, and in the twilight  
I think I see you smile.

You're always with me. When the earth lies sleeping,

And Night her purple curtain draws above,  
Your spirit flies with mine to God's great heaven  
To thank Him for our love.

LORNA KEELING COLLARD.

# Chambers's Journal

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

## THE LUCK-PENNY.

By OSWALD WILDRIDGE, Author of *Captains and Co.*, *Paul Musgrave*, &c.

### CHAPTER I.—THE MAN WHO TOUCHED BOTTOM.

WITH the tide on the drain of ebb, the Mersey was sleeping its soundest sleep. Except the never-at-rest ferry-boats, every ship in sight lay to an anchor. On the turn of the tide both watchers and workers had drifted either to the docks or to the city, and so, when Captain Daniel Wise turned himself into a statue on the very edge of the river-wall, he made a mark which observant eyes could not very well miss. Not that Wise cared so much about that. He had reached that condition when a man is supremely indifferent to what other eyes may see in him, or other tongues may say. Like the river, he had run to the drain of ebb. But there was this difference—he had begun to fear that the drain was for ever, that never again would the flood-tide flow. Why he had taken the trouble to cross the dock gates, go round the warehouses, and twist and twine his way to that exposed pedestal he could not have told; he would probably have said that it was because he had nothing else to do. The fact that really counts is that he was there, and that Myles Hayton saw him, motionless, solitary, a being apart, the only living thing in sight, though behind him the docks and the ships bellowed and screamed like giants in pain, and at his feet the river made its sluggish drift to meet the sea.

Of course, some men would have beheld nothing significant in the circumstance, would probably have turned away without a second thought to plunge into a maelstrom of work. But Myles himself was one of the idlers with nothing better to do than watch the world, to take stock of its movements and its pranks, and so he stayed to look on, and then to act. Afterwards, when Romance had had its fling, he declared that in those few seconds Life painted on the canvas of Memory an imperishable picture. Out in the open wilderness of the bay the tawny banks of the Great Burbo, the rolling buoys of black and red marking the highway of safety for the ships; straight in front, across the narrow channel, the massed roofs and walls of Wirral, New Brighton's straddling Tower playing sentinel to the lot; inshore a group of tugs at anchor in the place

where you may nearly always count on finding a tug or two; and beyond this nothing more; not a ship, or a wisp of smoke, or a rag of sail—nothing but a man with his hands in his pockets and his head down-bent.

There was something familiar about him, too. As Myles leaned upon the sill of the tiny window, one of the eyelet-holes punched in the long range of dock-side offices, he had a feeling, a vague impression rather than a living thought, that he had seen the man before. Languidly interested, he reached round for the glasses which always lay to hand on a near-by shelf, and these not only picked out the man, but sent Myles travelling back to an episode he had already forgotten. He saw it all now. There was Wise coming down the gangway of a grimy tramp, himself beyond all dispute a deep-sea skipper. One of the dandy sort, cap at a jaunty angle, his blue-serge suit worn threadbare, but brushed to spotless perfection, its gold braid a trifle tarnished, patent-leather boots making a confession of long travel, but trying to hide the fact under a cover of brilliant polish, he was out to make an impression, that was clear; but it was just as clear that he was down on his luck—a type with which Liverpool dock-land is all too familiar. As Myles went by he had caught a spatter of words as they fell from the skipper's lips, vague and loose, but assuredly the mutterings of despair. And now the man stood there, away from the world, right on the edge of the river as it crooned that insidious dirge it seems to sing only with the outgoing tide. 'He's on the rocks,' Myles concluded. 'He'll chuck himself in next thing. Think I'd better make a cruise that way, and stand by for a call. Can't have a chap like that throwing himself away.'

Between the window and the river there stretched a wide, open avenue, littered with casks of paint and oil, drums of steel cable, propeller-blades, anchors and spars and a riotous mass of ship's fittings, and beyond all these a stout concrete wall, with Daniel Wise three feet away on its outer side. Just as Myles reached the wall and halted, resting his arms upon its

parapet, the statue moved and broke into speech. Inspired by a whimsical impulse, Wise thrust his left hand deep into his trousers-pocket and took from it a copper coin of no importance, a halfpenny, which he laid in his right palm. 'You poor, lonely little beggar!' he said. 'What shall I do with you? You'll not buy me a bed to-night. You aren't the price of half a loaf. If I wanted a drink you'd not get one for me, and you wouldn't help me to a dose of prussic acid. I've a good mind to heave you overboard and start afresh. You'll be safe out there in the river mud, you lonesome little devil! You'll be all right there; the river's a sure bank, with locks that can't be picked. . . . I will. . . . By thunder! I will. . . . I'll start afresh, without a stiver, like I was when I came into the world. . . . Away you go!'

His arm sharply lifted and as sharply jerked. The coin made a curving sweep through the air and sliced its own tomb in a bed of slimy ooze. The penniless man watched the crack in the flat smooth out, and was still watching when Myles hailed him.

'Well, captain, and what's the next move?'

The response was a fine salvo of sea-talk, making known to Myles Hayton some unsuspected flaws in his personal appearance, also announcing the deplorable character of his forefathers, and forecasting for himself a doom of undesirable measure. At the end of it all Myles was invited to come over the wall and be 'jolly well chucked after the blankety ha'penny.'

'Right, sir; I'm coming,' and Myles scrambled over the barrier. 'Only, I'm not going to follow your copper. I've come to apologise, and, if you will, I'd like to shake your hand. If you don't like—well, there's still the river and the mud. You see,' he went on, 'I've an awfully bad habit of doing things first, and thinking about what I ought to have done afterwards. It's always getting me into lumber. I ought not to have listened; only, I'd got a certain idea fixed in my head—and then I was interested in you because you're a sailor. I'm the son of a sailor, a bit of one myself. I—I have a few ships of my own, in fact. So, if you'll forgive me for playing the eaves-dropper'—

The skipper thrust out his hand. 'We'll shake now, if you please,' he said, 'and we'll never mind the apology. It's all my fault. I ought t' have kept a better look-out. A man who forgets that the Mersey docks have as many eyes as that old Argus plug, and that hereabouts he should never speak his secret thoughts above a whisper, deserves t' be trapped. Only, when a fellow is thrown on his beam-ends, he seems, somehow, to—get his outlook shortened. Low visibility, as the text-books put it.'

Myles nodded his head. 'I see,' he said; and then, 'I don't want to—blunder again, captain, but is the story one that may be told?'

'I've never told it yet, sir—not as a story. That would have the smack of begging about it. I've only spun a bit of the yarn when I've asked for a berth—and I've spun that bit till I'm sick of the sound of it.'

'Then suppose you ask for a berth again. I've told you I've got some ships of my own. At any rate, I'm the biggest slice of a company. You'll find my name along with that of another man on one of the city offices—Hayton, Nicholson, & Company.' His eyes twinkled brightly. 'Though I'm afraid, when it comes to the work, that Nicholson does the lion's share. But that needn't interfere with your asking for a berth.'

'I'm obliged to you, sir. Have you got a vacancy aboard any of your ships that I would fit? I hold an extra-master's certificate, sail and steam, but I'm willing t' ship as mate, second greaser if you like, aboard anything that'll float. S' long as I can earn my tack and a bit over for the wife.'

Whereupon he introduced himself. He was Daniel Wise, and he had followed the sea since he was old enough to shin along the futtock-shrouds. A few more scraps of biographical detail, and then the gray eyes dropped and the tongue tripped lamely among the words. Wise had to explain his downfall, and the iron had entered deeply into his soul. 'I—I'm a man who's—touched bottom. Not my fault. Mebbe a bit too daring, risked too much; but then I'd have done wrong if I hadn't. You understand—you're a shipowner yourself. I was fired for it. And I'm no lubber either; been in the East India trade most of my life; had some good commands. When this happened I was on the *Maharajah*, five-thousand-tonner, trading between the Clyde and China ports. Was sent out without a charter-party. Orders were that I'd t' scurry round and hunt up new trade. And I did. I took the hooker into ports that no flag had ever been shown in before—unless it was the Jolly Roger. Sent a boat ahead t' make soundings, and we followed wherever there was a foot of water t' spare. Did over thirty thousand miles, and was back in the Clyde inside six months.'

Still, he hammered out the confession, they had the devil's own luck. They managed to touch bottom; not rock, but just ordinary river mud, Chinese mud, solid stuff, the sort you can cut into chunks with a knife and put a polish on if you only rub long enough. And it gripped pretty tight. The *Maharajah's* own engines couldn't shift her, and the ship would have been there yet if they hadn't paid out a couple of hawsers over the stern, each with an anchor at the end. Took the anchors out in boats, and then set the winches bearing on them. That did the trick, that and the hooker going full speed at the same time. When he put in at Singapore he sent divers down to investigate,

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and their report was all a man could wish for—hardly a scratch on the paint. But perhaps Mister Hayton could guess the rest.

'I think I can,' Myles replied. 'You were logged.'

'Exactly. Posted in the Captains' Register. Black mark against me. I was damned for what might have happened. Owners were pleased with my enterprise, but—ship might have been lost. Delighted that nobody was hurt, but—lives might have been sacrificed. Ship had made a very satisfactory voyage, but—heavy loss might have been incurred. Owners satisfied, but underwriters awkward. Must have a man who wouldn't go too far. And here I am.'

'It's a bad time to be out of a berth,' Myles suggested, though merely by way of drawing him further out.

'I couldn't have hit on a worse,' Wise assented. 'There's a whole fleet of ships tied up. You'll find 'em in every port. After I was—fired, I stuck to Glasgow for a couple of months, just haunting the docks. After that I tried Liverpool, Bristol, and the Thames. From London an old chum gave me a passage to the Tees, and I tramped from Hartlepool to Leith, rummaging every dock and harbour along the coast. It got t'be hell t'hear a man say, "No."'

'When did you come back to Liverpool?'

'This morning. I heard of a ship wanting a mate, a hungry craft that not many men who knew her would look at, and I spent all but my last ha'penny—the one that's in the river—on my railway fare.'

'And the ship?'

'The *Caradoc*? She went out on this morning's tide, half-an-hour before I landed. She's going t'pick up a mate, if she can, at Swansea.'

One more question, dominated by the personal equation, did Myles venture. 'You spoke of your wife—what about her?'

Abruptly the skipper turned away, a cloud suddenly darkening his face. He resented the question, that was clear; was in doubt whether to answer. As between Myles and himself he failed to see that his wife was concerned in the matter. He said so, in fact, but in the next breath declared that, after all, Mr Hayton had been the first man to think about her, and so he would tell. 'At present she's all right, sir. As soon's I made it, I banked some money for her. She has her own account, and as long as that lasts she's not t'know anything. She thinks I'm at sea, off on a new commission, gone to ports where letters can't be so easily handled. When a man runs on a lee shore, there's no call for t'drag his wife after him. It's been meat and drink to me these last few months t'know that she wasn't worrying—any more than a sailor's wife always worries. And now that I've told you all, I'll come back t'where I began. Have you got a  
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berth you could trust to a captain who's been logged? If you haven't, I'll sheer off. When a man's chucked his last copper away, he's no call t'be lying hove-to.'

For one so badly worsted in the battle Wise seemed wonderfully composed, but Myles was under no illusion about the inward tumult, the agony of expectation tearing at the captain's heart. Already, moreover, he had conceived a strong liking for the man, for his quaint mannerisms and his transparent honesty, and was resolved to help him if help were possible. At the same time, a strange fancy, born while Wise was spinning his yarn, had now grown to the dimensions of a definite purpose, and because of this his reply to the appeal seemed to have no actual bearing on the case.

'Rum place, the world, isn't it, captain?' he said. 'You're at war with it because you've got no money and you can't get work, and I'm at war with it because I've got plenty of money and I've no real need to work. On the other hand, we're agreed in this, that you are tired of doing nothing, and so am I.'

'I wouldn't call it war, sir, if I were you. You're not down to your last copper yet. I've never got very much respect for the worries of rich men. They remind me of naval manoeuvres—playing at war with blank charges. While you've got a sound balance at the bank I don't see how you can have much of a notion of what the real thing's like.'

'You've hit it, Captain Wise,' Myles agreed. 'I want to see the world as other men see it, to do things as other men do them, and I can't. If I travel third class, there's no reality about it. How can there be, seeing that all the time I have the power to travel first? If I take off my coat and handle a spade, I know that it's all a bit of play-acting. I suppose I'm suffering from a severe attack of idleness. I've told you that at present Nicholson does most of the work, while I pocket the dibs, and the arrangement lets me down. I'm stagnating; my life seems to have little purpose; I want an object.'

'And I want a berth, sir.'

Lest Myles should miss the emphasis laid on the words, the skipper pulled out his watch. The action declared as plainly as speech that Daniel Wise had wasted enough time upon a young man who had not sense sufficient to leave well alone. And Myles accepted the reminder.

'I've been beating up to that berth of yours all the time,' he announced. 'If you're open to a bargain, I'm going to strike one with you. Suppose I find you a berth, will you, as your part of the contract, try to find something for me to do?'

Never before had Daniel Wise been offered such a choice, and his first inclination was to reject it as a thing of contempt—in which case Myles Hayton would never have embarked upon

that wild Odyssey through lands of unsuspected romance and across uncharted seas. A swift second thought, however, happily saved the skipper from a grave blunder. He remembered that he had just thrown his last coin into the bed of the Mersey, and he also beheld in the proposal a dash of that humour he found it so difficult to resist.

'It's a deal,' he declared. 'Rummiest commission I've ever accepted; but I'll do what I can. And now, what's the first move?'

'The first move,' Myles told him, 'is to come up to my place and keep me company for the rest of the evening.'

#### CHAPTER II.—ROMANCE LOOKED UP IN A DESK.

FROM the time they shook hands over their bargain until they reached the gray, old-fashioned house tucked away in a street of gray houses, all bearing the same family likeness of roominess and respectability—a house wherein three generations of Haytons had lived and died—not a word passed between the two men concerning their bond. Their talk, indeed, was snippety, touching the city and its manners, the sea and its wonders; but all the time the sailor and the shipowner were engaged in a process of mental analysis, each quietly probing the other's character, fingering for some solid fact whereon judgment might be based. About the skipper there was an easy assurance tending to strengthen the good impression already made. For Daniel Wise, on the other hand, a more difficult task was set. Myles he was disposed to regard as one in whom the eccentric waywardness of youth was abnormally developed, but he also detected signs of strength, suggesting that in the hour of crisis there would be power to meet the demand. Beyond this, all he was sure about was that Myles Hayton had about twenty-six years to his account; that he was fairly tall, sturdily built, with eyes of Scandinavian blue, and nondescript hair; and also that he had a likeable face.

This new enterprise was tremendously foolish, a harum-scarum freak—Wise was convinced of it; but to a man compacted like himself, its very wildness made a strong appeal. In Myles, too, he was steadily discovering a certain ingenuous frankness which drew him, and half-an-hour in the young shipowner's den completed his captivation. First, with a sigh of satisfaction, he sank into a deep, squabby chair and abandoned himself to its luxury. His eyes likewise pronounced a benediction on the room, its languorous comfort, its oak furnishings, its pictures—not many of them, but all good and well chosen—its odds and ends of foreign treasures. Myles trapped the approving glances, and was grateful for them, and by degrees he lifted the curtain which screened his life. Yes, it was a good house, and he was proud of it; proud, too, of

the men who had made it, of the business they had established and the integrity of their name—a name to be treasured and guarded. But, while the house might be all right for middle age, it was not exactly the thing for youth. Had Wise noticed its silence, its tremendous absence of sound, of movement? Well, that was the burden it imposed upon him, something that crushed and stifled; the price a man paid for the privilege of being an only son. Of course, he could fill the place if he thought fit; but he didn't think fit. He was very chary about friendships, slow in making them—perhaps too slow. Besides, it was life that he craved—free, boundless, throbbing life, the life of the open road, the wind-swept spaces, all the shackles of convention cast aside, and perchance a meeting with Romance upon the way.

Wise reminded him of his business interests, but he met the challenge with a direct negative. No; it was the men who sailed the ships, and not the men who arranged their voyages, their cargoes, their destinies, who reaped the joy of service. It was different in the old days when his grandfather headed the concern and his ships depended on the caprice of the winds. It was possible, easily possible, for one man to own and work a fleet of sailing-craft; but steam had knocked all that on the head. Steamers were so big and fast. They made life so swift. One steamer was too powerful for the individual; it required a company to possess it. And so there had to be shareholders dividing the interest and the responsibility, and an office full of clerks dividing the work, telegraphic cables instead of letters, a thousand odds and ends to see to, and everything cut and dried.

They came back to it again after dinner, when Myles settled his guest down by the fireside with a box of cigars at his elbow. With a rueful laugh, he suggested that he had been born hundreds of years too late, that he really belonged to the golden days of Drake and Frobiisher, the days of the uncharted seas and a myriad highways leading to delectable lands of high adventure. But Wise would have none of it.

'You're on a wrong course, sir,' he protested. 'Romance isn't dead. It can't be killed, not by steam or any other power. There's more of it than ever; only, men are in too big a hurry to see it. Look at that last voyage of mine, the one that knocked me out, carrying the flag o' trade into the oldest and savagest parts of the world. What more d'ye want? Only, you see, it's this way: Romance isn't a thing that can be found by looking for. It drops on you unawares, slings itself athwart your bows when you're never thinking of it, or else sheers alongside and puts its boarders on your deck.'

'And in the meantime I must content myself with ledgers, and if I want adventure on the high seas, I must seek it from the saloon-deck of a liner or under the awnings of a yacht.'

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Wise acknowledged the sarcasm with a lift of the eyebrows, and that was all. But after a spell of silence which he filled by blowing a chain of smoke-rings, he leaned forward in his chair and fired a surprising shot: 'If I was in your shoes, sir, I'd go to Pará.' He chuckled quietly as he noted the bewilderment he had produced. 'That's the place. Shouldn't wonder if there's a whole cargo of romance waiting for you at Pará. You've a ship out there—the *Adventurer*. You were telling me about her at dinner—how she's held up. Now, I don't altogether fancy that yarn; bit of hanky-panky and a smell o' fish about it. And if you leave a settlement of the trouble to the Dagoes you'll be jewed, as sure's my name is Daniel Wise. You take my tip, sir; if you want work done proper, the only satisfying way is t'do it yourself. If I was you I'd ship myself off to Pará, and see with my own eyes what monkey-tricks were being played.'

To Pará! As one of the workers! A journey with an object! The suggestion had a rare jingle; there was the song of the siren in it. And—but there is no need to labour the record. Some men would have required a week to consider the proposition; Myles Hayton closed with it inside an hour. Had he not already that day confessed himself a creature of impulse?

'All right, skipper,' he announced; 'I'll go on one condition—that you take me. You've fulfilled your part of the bargain; now I'll come to mine. You shall have the command of the *Saracen*, one of our steamers, presently to load goods for the river Plate. There may be a bit of a hitch with the underwriters on account of that Chinese river touch. They may want to load the insurance, but that's my business. If I want romance I'm quite willing to pay for it. And, with your permission, I'll ship with you, either as passenger or cook's mate, for the voyage to Pará and back.'

Daniel Wise bounded to his feet. 'By thunder!' he shouted—and then he remembered his wife, his months of lean wandering, the copper coin in the river, and his voice broke. And so he dropped quietly back into his chair, and stared blinking down at the pattern on the carpet.

About that coin Myles too was busily thinking; and when, with the night far spent, Wise rose to leave him, he again offered the helping hand. 'I'll have you signed on to-morrow,' he said; 'but—perhaps—you'll be missing that ha'penny you threw away, and so—you must allow me to be your banker. You can pay me back later on.' As he talked he turned down the flap of his desk and unlocked one of the inner drawers.

It was then that Wise saw the photograph. He was standing in the centre of the room, the desk in full view, and there in one corner, demurely smiling across the curve of Hayton's

arm, from the setting of its silver frame, was the face of the girl, a face of haunting beauty. Haunting—there is no other word for it; the type of face that no ordinary man is likely to forget once he has seen it. To the skipper this had been a day of surprises, but here was the most staggering sensation of all. A flood of emotion swept over him, sheer bewilderment first, and then consternation, frank, undisguised concern. He forgot everything else—the money he was waiting for, the new chance of his life, the ship, the shipowner, his wife; forgot everything except the face of the girl, its delicate lines, its crown of rebellious hair, the eyes and lips which somehow seemed to blend unfathomable sadness with their smile. All-unconscious of movement, he crept a pace nearer, craned slightly forward for a clearer view, and thus he was posed when Myles turned about with a bundle of bank-notes in his hand. When Hayton saw what had happened his cheeks flushed, and, without a word, he sharply closed the desk. But Daniel Wise still went on wondering and fearing, and when he had said 'Good-night,' he crossed the street and stood there staring blankly at the house.

'Jee-ru-sa-lem!' he muttered; 'but this is a knock-out—a fair knock-out! That girl! There, in his desk! Strikes me I've got t'keep my weather eye open. I've dropped in for more than a new berth.' Then, smiling grimly, he went off in search of lodgings, murmuring as he tripped along, 'Dash my dead-lights, but I've got it now! I've felt all along there was a gap in his yarn, that he was suffering from something besides too much money and not enough t'do. And he is. That girl! Steep me, but this is the thickest of the thick! He's going off t'Pará to look for romance, and he's got it locked up in his desk all the time—in a silver frame.'

#### CHAPTER III.—CONCERNS A MEETING AT SEA.

HOMEWARD bound, ten days out from Pará, the heavens a plain of burnished brass, and the sea new-washed with gold. Many days like it had there been since the *Saracen* steamed out of Liverpool, carrying Myles Hayton and his fortunes, and yet the day was different, everything was different, Myles himself most of all. With his doings in Pará this chronicle is in no way concerned, but this at least may be set down, that in Myles a revolution had been accomplished. He was no longer a shiftless diletante, an idler lounging through life, a dreamer dreaming of he knew not what. He had *done* something, and now he could claim rank as one of the workers of the world. Helped by Daniel Wise, he had unmasked as pretty a conspiracy as the brain of ship-poacher ever conceived, and now the *Adventurer* was free, the conspirators

confounded. The fact is simply stated, but the more he pondered it, the more was Myles astonished by its complexity, its depth, and the reach of its far-flung tentacles. Somehow, it seemed to have completely changed the drift of his life. Even his passion for romantic enterprise had lost some of its edge. Hitherto his ships had never been really invested with the substance of reality—they had been mere shadowy shapes; but now they had become living creatures. He determined that when he got back to England he would grasp more firmly the strings of control. He was the head of the firm, and he would assume the headship, become the real monarch in the little kingdom his fathers had founded.

'That was a real luck-penny you chucked into the mud,' he said to Daniel Wise; and when the skipper was shown the full import of the reference he slapped his thigh.

'I'd a notion of it, sir,' he cried, his eyes aglow, for this voyage and its intimacies had built up a happy friendship between them. 'Want-of-an-object was the name you gave the complaint you were suffering from, and it looks as if you weren't far off the mark. I tell you, work is the finest physic in the world. The chief trouble is that there isn't enough t'go round. And there's another thing'—

Whatever the other thing might be Myles never heard. Wise broke off sharply in his speech, levelled his glasses on the horizon, and then passed them over to the mate. 'What d'ye make of that?' he asked, pointing ahead, a trifle wide of the bow.

'Looks like a yacht, sir,' Anderson replied after a long scrutiny. 'Never saw a trader built on those lines.'

'What about her manners?'

'They're blooming queer. Seems as though she ought t'be flying the "Not under control" signal. Can't see any sign of steam about her, and she's yawing like a ship with a smashed-up rudder or a drunken quarter-master.'

After another long look the captain handed the glasses to Myles. 'Have a squint at her, sir. She's uncommonly well set up for a derelict. Wonder if she's going t'give you that bit of romance you've been asking for. That's her, that bit of a speck up in the nor'ard. Got her?'

The speck in the nor'ard was converted by the glasses into a long, gray hull, with rakish spars and a single funnel, a brig-rigged ship equipped with auxiliary steam, her singularity being that the only canvas she carried was her foretopsail, and yet she was not under steam. While Myles was picking up the stranger's points Wise set the *Saracen* on a new course, heading up for the spot where the ship of mystery was lazily lifting on the waters.

'We'd better hail her,' he said. 'There's nothing about her that seems t'spell derelict,

but, all the same, she may be in need of help, and we'll not pass by without making an offer.'

'But she's got no signal hoisted,' Myles protested.

'Exactly what's puzzling me. Anyhow, we'll hail her inside an hour, and that'll settle it.' As an afterthought Wise added, 'Perhaps it won't. Facts that look all ship-shape and Bristol fashion at a distance often turn out to have some uncommonly nasty kiunks at close quarters, the sort that may take years to unravel.'

Years to unravel! If only they could have seen how much of prophecy was wrapped up in the words, of the leagues they would travel before the secret of this ship with the gray hull and the smokeless funnel was revealed! That there was even the slightest element of mystery about her, except the mystery of her condition, had not yet suggested itself to Myles Hayton; but with Daniel Wise it was different. He beheld her through the eyes of the sailor, all the time he kept turning his glasses on her, discovering things which had no meaning for the landsman; and the more he saw the less did he like it.

The stranger had become a creature of suspicion. If Myles had not been so intent on their quarry he must have been infected by the captain's growing restlessness, by the accumulating signs of excitement and uncertainty. These received a further fillip when, with only half a league of space between them, a catspaw filled out the stranger's sail and drove her away from them, sheering slowly about on a zig-zag course. Then Myles understood what was meant by that reference to the 'drunken quarter-master' and the 'smashed-up rudder.'

As the wind left her she slewed about again. Wise pulled the siren-cord, and the *Saracen* sent up a strident call; but the ship made no response, and they searched in vain for any sign of her crew. Her bridge was deserted; in her wheel-house there was no tenant; from her anchor-winch to her aft grating not a head was showing. She was a lifeless ship. But, while she might be a derelict, she tendered no reason for the fact. Her spars were trim, her rigging taut and well dressed; upon her hull there was scarcely a stain or a scratch; and by the glitter of her brass-work it was plain that not twenty-four hours had gone since the polisher was at work with his brick-dust.

Afterwards they all confessed to having felt foolish. It was just as though the spick-and-spanness derided them; and when the *Saracen* again blared her call, the lap of the waves against the hull was even as the laughter of the sea. About the men of the *Saracen* also a new atmosphere seemed to settle. At the outset curiosity was the dominant note, but now Myles fancied he could detect the note of fear. On no other ground could he understand the reluctance shown by Daniel Wise in his approach. At first

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he ran as close in as discretion would allow; close enough for them to read the name picked out in gilt letters—CLEOPATRA OF LIVERPOOL; close enough to expose everything upon her deck. Next he spoke her through his megaphone; and then, instead of ordering out the boats, he rang up the engine-room and went full speed astern.

For a while he lay-to, and all of them—the three men on the bridge and the crew gathered in the waist—stared at the floating riddle, and did little else but stare, every one of them a living note of interrogation. So far as there was any talk at all, it was carried on in an undertone; this not because they had any fear of being overheard, but because they were dominated by the awe which mystery breeds. Nothing, however, appeared to act as a spur to further effort, and passing by degrees from bewilderment to a sense of irritation, Myles tartly rallied Wise on the 'excessive courtesy of the sea.'

'That's all right,' the skipper growled. 'Talk's dirt-cheap, especially if you don't grasp the reason why, and don't have to carry any of the responsibility. Criticism thrives on want of responsibility; it's the breath of life to it. How would you like to have the lives of all these lads in your keeping?'

Murmuring an apology, Myles also confessed his ignorance. Boarding the stranger seemed to be such a trifle.

Again the skipper rumbled testily. 'Exactly. You don't understand. She looks innocent enough, don't she? But there's a reason for her being here like this. She's deserted. Why? Did you ever clap eyes on a more seaworthy-looking craft? It's not her condition as a ship that's made her derelict. S'pose when we board her we find her a floating charnel-house?'

'Then it's—Death—that holds you back?'

'You've said it, sir. So far I've found only two words that may fit this mystery—one's Disease, and the other's Death. Anyhow, whether we like it or we don't, there's only one thing for it—we've got t' go and sea.'

So saying, Wise pushed over the telegraph-lever, and the *Saracen* again slowly forged ahead, making a wide sweep of the other ship. Twice she circled round her, all eyes still searching for a sign; but the stranger remained mute. The second circuit completed, Wise ordered one of the boats to be swung out, calling at the same time for a crew to man it.

'I don't know what sort of a job I'm asking you to take on,' he explained, 'and I'll blame no man for holding back. It may be murder—which can't harm any of ye. It might even be cholera or Yellow Jack. I don't know. You've got t' take the risk. That's why I'm leaving it to ye.'

He might have saved himself the formality 1918.]

and the speech. Barely did they give him time to finish, when every man on deck stepped forward and clamoured for the service. Daniel Wise muttered something about 'no fool like a born fool,' but he grinned broadly over it, and Myles could see that he was well pleased. Rapidly he made his selection, calling on Duncan Lowther, the second mate, to take charge. Before he was through with his task Myles begged for a place in the boat. This Wise at first refused, and then reluctantly granted.

#### CHAPTER IV.—WHAT THEY FOUND ABOARD THE WAIF.

THOUGH it was only a short pull to the derelict, the boarding of her proved to be a task of unsuspected magnitude. Not a strand of rope did she trail overboard; the sea was running in a long, rolling swell, which ever and again pitched her loftily above their heads; and also there was that strip of sail still set, which the wind might fill at any moment, either sweeping the ship out of their reach or hurling her down upon them. Slowly they ranged along the port side and then the starboard, searching for an entrance. Again and again they sheered in under her counter, only to be driven out; but at last the mate, in defiance of all risk, steered for her bow, and one of the men—it was Jack Rogerson—sprang into the anchor-chains, and thence scrambled aboard. Then, a heaving-line having been passed, the boat was made fast alongside, and the trick was done.

Before setting foot upon her deck it is doubtful whether any of the boarding-party had formed any anticipation of what might await them; but assuredly no manner of upheaval, no excess of confusion, no riot of wreckage, of mutiny and bloodshed, could have astonished them so much as the actual picture that presented itself. It is enough to say that to the sailor the *Cleopatra* was ship-shape. Her deck was spotless, a fact which suggested for the second time that her abandonment was of recent happening; though it was not conclusive, for the sea is so clean itself, and such a scrupulous cleanser of all it touches, that ships when out of port have little to do with dust and grime. There, however, was the fact, not without significance. Moreover, all her ropes were carefully coiled, her gear triced and stowed away, nothing being out of place.

It is hard to find a word to fit the circumstances. Perhaps it would best meet the occasion were one to say that she was uncanny beyond justification, weird, and sinister. Every man there was impressed by the same sense of stupendous, stupefying vacancy; there was nothing to grasp; imagination was dulled, every tongue stricken with dumbness. A mangled deck would at least have meant something—

catastrophe; but here there was utter nothingness. So they grouped themselves hard by the rail over which they had made their entry, and while their eyes took in everything, they waited for the ship herself to answer their questionings.

Even when speech was restored, the boarding-party subdued their talk to half-tones. When Briggs summed up the situation for the benefit of Chips, he did so in a gruff whisper; and yet, 'Well, I'll be jiggered! Rummiest craft afloat!' was all he said. And the spell was there in the voice of Duncan Lowther when at last he suggested a move.

'Wonder what she's got below-decks. Think I'd better be having a look round. Are you coming, sir?'

As they reached the companion he slipped a hand into his pocket, and it returned gripping a revolver. Thus prepared, he led the way into the cabin. But his precaution was quite without necessity. Again there was nothing. The cabin was every whit as unresponsive as the deck. So far as it achieved anything at all, it merely added to their bewilderment. On one mystery it piled another. At the same time, it crossed the t's and dotted the i's in the alphabet of the deck. By its luxury, the cabin indubitably classified the ship as a yacht. It's wood-work was creamy-white, picked out with gold; its deck overlaid with a costly carpet, Turkish of the thickest pile, into which the feet sank noiselessly. There were also lounges richly upholstered, and the cosiest of squabby chairs; at one end a real fireplace, rosewood, with tiled hearth and a mirrored overmantel; and at the other end a grand piano.

Here again there was abundant proof that, whatever terror had attacked the ship, its blow had been sudden, its command irresistible; to its order of flight there had been immediate obedience. You had only to look at the table to be convinced. In all the various chambers of the vessel there was nothing that impressed so much as that table, with its silver flashing placidly in the sunlight streaming through the ports, snow-white napery of exquisite weave, cut glass, costly and chosen with excellent taste. All made a mute appeal, yet told them nothing. The table was laid for three people. Two had gathered for the meal, and with the sweets before them—a portion still remained on each of the plates—they had risen from their chairs, and in order and without panic had quitted the place, had left the ship. At any rate there were none of the marks of panic; the forks and spoons were laid upon the plates, the table-napkins beside them.

Four staterooms opened off the cabin. In each of these the conditions were the same; and so, too, in the captain's quarters, the chart-room, the fo'c'sle. From end to end, from the main-deck to the lazaret, they explored her, probing even into corners that could not har-

bour a child. Down in the vitals of the ship they raised their voices in a united call. Blinding darkness they lighted with the flashing of their lanterns. And at the end of it all Myles framed the question which had been uppermost in his mind all the time, 'WHY?'—only to have it countered by the second mate's 'How?'

Lowther swung his arm about expressively, port to starboard. 'Haven't you seen them, sir?' he barked. 'The boats! All in their davits; not one missing. How have the folk got away? Thickest bit of mush I was ever out in.'

'Picked off by another ship?' Myles weakly hazarded.

'Looks like it, sir; but that brings us up against your question, "Why?"' Blankly Lowther stared about him once more, along the deck, from its planking right up to the cross-trees, and then he capitulated. 'Let's clear,' he said. 'We'll report to the Old Man, and he can take it in hand. Mebbe he'll come aboard himself. Mebbe he'll spot something that we've missed.'

Not for Captain Daniel Wise, however, were the honours of discovery reserved. So far as the ship could be said to give up any part of her secret, it was to Myles that she made the surrender. Together the skipper and the owner ransacked all the deserted places afresh. Not a spot did they leave unsearched, and by-and-by they came to the stateroom amidships which had already impressed Myles as the daintiest of the four, a room apart, a place with an atmosphere which it shared with none of the others.

Nor was there any mystery about it. Its impress was that of a woman's hand, a woman's fancy. In one corner there was a work-basket, in another a fleecy wrap had been thrown down over a chair-back. To Daniel Wise it was a woman's shawl, and nothing more; but Myles found himself unaccountably moved by the sight of it, and when, with a good deal of hesitation, he picked it up, a sense of ache struck its fangs into his heart. There was another wrap, one just like this, which belonged to days he counted dead. There were books also—a mahogany case packed with them, and there was one lying on the top of a locker, as though the lady of the cabin had laid it aside when the gong called her away to that mysterious lunch. This also Myles picked up, smiling when he saw that it was a Meredith, *Richard Feveril*, one of his own favourites. Then he opened it at the fly-leaf, and in the same instant the skipper, hearing a queer, startled exclamation, swung himself about, and discovered his companion standing with an open book in his hand, his face white and marked by fear. Nothing else, the real thing, fear stripped of all disguise. And when Wise stepped across to his side and peered into the open book, he read upon the fly-leaf a name of three figures: 'Myles Douglas Hayton.' And the writing was that of Myles himself.

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CHAPTER V.—A TALE BROKEN OFF IN  
THE MIDDLE.

THAT night, tramping with tireless feet the deck of the *Saracen*—tramp, tramp, tramping to and fro with never a rest, except when, reaching the aft grating, he now and again stopped to stare out over the stern at the red, white, and green lights of the *Cleopatra* towing astern—Myles turned back the pages and tried to read anew one of the closed chapters of his life. About the book in which his own hand had written his name he refused to say a word to Wise. He also declined to part with it; and when he returned to the *Saracen*, he carried it with him along with the white fleecy shawl. Otherwise they left the ship just as they found her.

All his thoughts in tumult, with nothing solid on which he could seize, Myles watched the work that followed, speaking never a word. Even the men, case-hardened, indifferent, gathered from the hard set of his face, the pain in his eyes, that something had gone amiss with him, and dropped their badinage about the prize they had so wonderfully found, and the way in which they would spend their own share of the salvage-money.

Once satisfied of the harmlessness of the derelict, Daniel Wise became a new being, a convert to a new faith. The *Cleopatra* was no longer an ocean pariah to be shunned, but a treasure to be wooed and won. And so he had a couple of hawssers paid out astern, and these having been made fast, set forth again upon his voyage.

'We'll tow her for a bit,' said he. 'Mustn't waste any time. Better toddle on as fast as we can. So we'll sling the hooker along while the men are getting her boilers fired-up and her engines going again. And then we'll put a crew aboard, as many as I can spare, enough t' work her, and we'll cast off and sail in company.'

Given any other ship, Myles would have been tremendously interested, would have insisted on standing his trick at the wheel or lending a hand in some other way—any way—thus sharing the extra work; but now he was overwhelmed, dominated by three things—the book lying tucked away in his pocket, that shawl under lock and key in his chest, and the photograph seen by Wise in his desk. All were linked together—he was sure of that; and yet the link was invisible, something he could neither handle nor see.

And Wise was quite as blind and helpless as himself. That was why Myles resented the few questions the skipper had asked him; their uselessness only irritated. If Wise could help to solve the riddle, it would be different; but that was beyond his power, and so the only thing for him to do was to keep quiet. It was all pitch-black mystery, not a single ray of light; and side by side with the mystery the heaviest

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loss that youth can suffer—the loss of the best-beloved. So he went on tramping up and down under the stars, wallowing in a sea of perplexity, and the more he tramped and the more he racked his brain, the more did he find that somehow the skipper would insist on thrusting himself into the affair. It was preposterous, of course, madly absurd, to suppose even that Wise could know anything or do anything—Myles was floundering too deeply himself—and yet there it was.

So insistent did the circumstance become that Myles was at last driven to seek a reason for it, and by-and-by it all came tumbling out. That night, in his own room at home, when Wise saw the picture on his desk—he remembered now the queer look that he had trapped on the skipper's face, a look he had never been able to give a name to. This he readily linked with some of the events of the day, and with some of the questions that Wise had hinted at rather than asked. Perhaps, after all—but the train had been fired, and away he hurried below-decks, and, gathering together the things he sought, descended like a whirlwind on the skipper, who had just finished his supper, and was now lolling back in his chair, puffing at his pipe and staring impassively at the deck-beams.

Clearing a place among the dishes, Myles laid in front of him the photograph, the book, and the shawl. 'Look here, skipper,' he said; 'can you piece these things together?'

If Wise was surprised, he did not show it. With never the flicker of an eyelid he stared at the objects in silence. Then he picked up the photograph and examined it, stood up under the swinging lamp and again scrutinised it with extreme care.

'I don't know,' he said at last, breathing heavily, his voice a trifle thick. 'I'm thinking that mebbe you can connect them better than me. No, I don't know. Mebbe I can, an' mebbe I can't. But one thing I will say, which is this, that I'm not going t' try, unless you tell me how you came by this picture. Always remembering, of course, that curiosity hasn't got anything t' do with it. I want t' stand your friend, and—and—I can't work in the dark. Must have light—all I can get.'

Myles shrugged his shoulders and frowned, murmured something about 'nobody's business but his own,' gave another glance at the grave face under the lamp, and promptly surrendered. 'All right,' he said. 'Perhaps it's best. It may help. I'll tell you.'

It was a tangled sort of a tale, and at the beginning Wise had some difficulty in following it, for in many of its parts Myles took for granted a measure of knowledge which the skipper did not possess. All the time he was talking he kept to his feet, sometimes pacing the cabin floor, sometimes halting at the far end of the

table, throwing his words along its length to the skipper, who sprawled back at his ease, his pipe in full blast, his eyes fixed steadily on the speaker.

It seemed to begin with a cottage in the Lake Country, and right at the start Myles had to turn back to explain. He thought Wise knew all about it. The cottage—well, it wasn't exactly a cottage, but a comfortable little bachelor's house which he kept going at Rosthwaite; place where he could go to for the fishing and the climbing, or have a few friends to stay if he wanted. And it was here, on the famous road of the silver birches, that they met, the girl and himself, for the first time. He could see her now, just as he saw her that morning. She was wearing a creamy-coloured dress, plain sort of thing without any notions about it, but fresh and dainty, and well cut—even a man, a young man like himself, could see that—and a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with a few buds of flowers.

But it was the girl that he remembered most of all. As if he could ever forget—a complexion that made you think of pearls and rosebuds; and eyes that faced the world, everything, frankly—honest, trusty eyes, daintily blue, often with a smile in them, except—sometimes—when they seemed to fill with—he didn't know what—fear—or its first cousin? Well, that was the beginning of it, the first time he saw her.

That same evening he met her again, walking with her father. And here in the telling of his story he would have shot swiftly ahead, leaped forward to the next encounter with the girl. The father was outside his interest. But Wise demanded everything. What sort of a man? Myles indifferently repeated the question. Oh, he hardly knew. He was—well—perhaps rather difficult to reckon up. Spoke and acted like a gentleman, dressed like one too, and seemed flush of money; though, of course, that sort of thing was hard to judge, appearances were so terribly deceitful.

Whereupon Wise nodded his head in agreement, and then, with a dry smile, added a few touches to the description. 'S'pose I finish it for you,' he said. 'He'd been a great traveller in foreign parts, and his face showed it—cheeks like mahogany, and all cracked up by the sun and wind. Had a scar down one cheek-bone, as though he'd had a nasty cut. And as for the girl, he worshipped her very shadow.'

This was all he would say, but its effect was electrical. Then Wise *did* know them, Ruth and her father. Trifle though it might be, it lighted the torch of hope. At a bound Myles passed from the bondage of despair to a clear assurance that the mystery was on the edge of revelation. But Wise was defiant as the Sphinx. He must have the whole story, every word. So Myles, casting back for the dropped thread, picked it up at that second meeting with the

girl, and passed at once to the third. This time they were all out on the fells, and now luck was with him, and there was something more than a passing glance. Barbon—that was the man's name: John Barbon—had lost his way, and, of course, Ruth was lost as well. Trapped by a mountain mist, they had wandered far from the track, when Myles heard them hallooing, and went to their help. And that was the real beginning of what followed.

It turned out that they were not mere visitors, but settlers in the dale. Barbon had rented a house only a few hundred yards from the bachelor cottage, and—surely Wise could fill up the rest for himself. Though, really, you had to know Ruth to appreciate all her charm, her magnetism. It was not only her beauty that drew him, but—well, everything about her: the way that she had, the way she looked at you, her smile, her voice, and, again—everything. He just drifted—willingly, too—made no resistance—didn't want to resist. All he wanted was Ruth.

And so Wise would understand the ending of it. Myles began to build a new castle in the air, a world of castles, and he put Ruth into every one of them. Not that he ever told her—he hadn't got that far when the blow fell—but he was pretty sure that she understood, knew all about what he meant to tell her; and though he wasn't such a fool as to be certain, he was not without hope of what she would have had to say to him. She would never have given him that photograph without—a reason. As for the book, she found him with it one day on the bank of the Derwent, browsing under those glorious birches, and when he found that she had not read it, and saw that she was interested, he gave it to her.

And that brought him to the shawl. She was wearing it on that night of unforgettable memory. They were walking in the moonlight up and down John Barbon's garden, and if Barbon hadn't come in from Keswick, driving like the fury, the great story would have been told, and Myles would have known his fate. But suddenly they caught the swift, metallic beat of horse-hoofs on the rocky road, the harsh grind of wheels, and then Barbon swung through the gate, jerked the gig sharply up in front of the door, and called loudly for Ruth. It was a strange call, too, sharp and insistent, something that wouldn't be denied, demanded prompt obedience, brutal almost. He had never heard such a note in a man's voice before.

As for Ruth, he caught but one glimpse of her face, and—all her colour had gone; she looked like a weary child; and there was that look he had spoken of—that haunting cast of fear—in double force. With a hasty word of apology, a panicky outburst, she left him, and ran towards the house; but half-way there she stopped, and coming back, begged him not to

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stay. 'Please don't wait,' she said. 'Father wants me now. He'll want me a long time—all night. So please don't stay. Please go away—now.' That was what she said, exactly. The words had burned themselves in, and he would never forget. Then the house swallowed her. And that was the end. When he went round in the morning they had gone. All the servants could tell him was that Mr Barbon had paid them up, and was not coming back. Gone—without a word—not a note—without leaving the slightest trace of the course they had taken. And he had never seen them since, never heard mention of their names.

His own revelation ended, Myles called on Wise for its complement, for all those illuminating facts he was now persuaded the skipper had in his keeping. But instead of receiving a dowry of light, he was plunged into a deeper depth of darkness.

'What did you say the man's name was?' the skipper inquired. 'John Barbon? Never heard of him. First time I ever sailed athwart the name. Now, if you'd said Richard Vaughan!' And then, while Myles was still staring at him in speechless astonishment, he added: 'I've nothing t' tell you—because I don't know—not enough. I reckon nothing of doing things by halves. But if I was you I'd take that thing'—here he rose and pointed down to the photograph lying on the table—'and I'd heave it overboard. And I'd wipe a sponge over all that castle-building business. For this much I will tell you—that girl isn't the sort to put into any castle that you may want to live in.'

#### CHAPTER VI.—A QUEST WHICH ENDED IN NOWHERE.

NOW, the home-coming of the *Saracen* and the *Cleopatra* was quite as ordinary and as matter-of-fact as the home-coming of any other ship, whether a bluff-bowed collier ballooning over the water with nothing in her holds but ballast, or a Blue Funnel liner, her inside crammed with the fragrant treasures of the Orient. This, of course, was exactly in accord with the manners and customs of the sea, which seldom flaunts its romance in your face. Thus, in the golden light of an autumn dawn the *Saracen* rounded the North-West Lightship, the *Cleopatra* following at the length of three cables astern, and for all the notice they took of each other they might not even have been on nodding terms. So they made their way through the lane of buoys and past the Rock and the Landing-Stage into the lagoon of the Sloyne, where they put down their anchors, and Myles and the captain, having satisfied the doctor of their innocence as germ-carriers, went ashore. About an hour afterwards old Jake Croft, who speaks half-a-dozen languages and picks up a bare living on the pier-head, confided to Mat Timmins that 'there 1918.]

was something uncommon queer about that there yacht,' the sign of the unusual being a squadron of steam-launches clustered round the *Cleopatra's* hull. Romance had hoisted her flag.

The world being a day older, the name of the *Cleopatra* was in every newspaper in the two hemispheres and on millions of lips. Of all the ships that have sailed the seas from the day that John Cabot went out of Bristol aboard the *Mathew* until that other day when the *Lusitania* bade her tragic farewell to the world, not one has achieved such fame as the steam-yacht *Cleopatra*, whose owner, accompanied by his daughter and his crew, had vanished into the unknown. Like a magnet, the *Cleopatra* drew the multitude from all quarters of the land. Men, women, and children lined up for hours on the river-wall and stared across the stretch of sandy water at her gray hull; by thousands they showered their silver into the coffers of enterprising tugmen, and steamed around her; a few favoured ones were permitted to go aboard and explore her chambers for themselves. But to the great 'How?' and 'Why?' not one of them could find an answer.

For the allotted span of nine days the land wires and the sea cables strummed with her story—the story as told by Myles Hayton, by Daniel Wise, by every member of the *Saracen's* crew; and afterwards they strummed again with the theories and the surmises of the detectives, the land police and the river police, the novelists of high degree and of low degree and of no degree at all, experts in criminology, and everybody whose place in the world entitled him to a hearing. And still the ship kept her secret; while Myles and the skipper held fast to that other secret of the book with a name written on its fly-leaf, and the fleecy wrap.

To Myles, it must be confessed, these were days of martyrdom. From the notoriety thrust upon him he recoiled as from the plague; all its elements were repugnant, dragging their clumsy, scratchy fingers across the finer fibres of his soul. And yet he sought the martyrdom, laid himself out to be toyed with by the newspaper men, courted their inquiry, did everything in his power to spread the story over the land and across the sea. All this, and more, he justified by the gospel of necessity. He hungered for a solution of the drama as much as for life itself, and he regarded publicity as the most effective tool at his command. But he called into a mute world; there was not even an echo to taunt him with its mocking.

All that investigation brought to light was the fact that the *Cleopatra* had previously sailed the sea as the *Sprite*; that twelve months before her dramatic abandonment she had been purchased through a firm of shipbrokers in London by Mr John Barbon, who came from no one knew where, about whom no one knew anything except that he had money enough to pay thirty-five

thousand pounds, cash down, for a second-hand yacht; that with his daughter Barbon had afterwards cruised the Mediterranean, the fjords of Norway, the Baltic, and the Gulf of Finland—and that was all. So, by degrees, public interest, having nothing further to feed upon, became exhausted, and turned to something else.

No one coming forward to claim her, the *Cleopatra* was sold, and the salvage-money pocketed by the men who had so strangely earned it. And then, having put his own affairs in order, Myles set out to trace the ship's mysterious Odyssey, taking Wise with him to help him in his search. 'For,' said he, 'whatever you may think you know about Ruth Barbon—that being the name she gave to me herself, I'm sticking to it—I'll believe nothing against her that she doesn't tell me with her own lips. And I'm going to search for her until I find her, if I've to spend all my life and all my money in the process.'

So away the pair of them hied to the great inland sea on Europe's southern front, tracing the *Cleopatra* from London to Gib., then to Mentone and Naples, the isles of the *Ægean*, and at last the harbour of the Golden Horn. Afterwards they turned their faces to the north, threaded in and out of the fjords of Norway from Christiania to the Arctic Circle, then sailed back to the Baltic and up the Gulf to the land of the Finns, and finally at Kronstadt confessed to defeat.

'We know as much as when we started,' Myles groaned. 'We've drawn a blank—an absolute, empty blank. We've been following the track of an ordinary holiday cruise, a rich man's holiday, and that's all.'

'You've left one thing out,' Wise replied, turning it well over, as though in doubt whether to speak or to keep silent. 'Or rather, it seems t'me, you've used the wrong word. I wouldn't call it a holiday cruise. I'd call it flight. We haven't done all our cruising for nothing. We've found something out. You mind what happened at Mentone. He was there one day, and gone the next. Said he'd had a sudden call, and cleared off in the night, just like he did from Rothwaite. Same thing happened at Constantinople, and only t'-day I've been poking around at the hotel where they stayed, and I find that, while Barbon had planned to go for'ard to Petersburg by train, he changed his mind in one night, and cleared out to sea aboard his boat. So what d'ye make of that? Only one thing—panic. The man was running away—has been running all the time from—something.'

Something. Wise was in two minds about that word. He might so easily have turned it into a name, though more, perhaps, by way of suggestion than of assertion. Throughout their quest he had ever been conscious of a second figure behind that of Barbon, and a second ship ever coming along in the track of the *Cleopatra*,

and his life at sea had given him at least a fragment of a clue. So that, while he appeared to be working in perfect collaboration with Myles in tracing the wanderers, he was all the time following a double trail. In every port many of the hours he was supposed to be giving to slumber were spent in pestiferous dockside warrens and dens to which none but sailormen had access—with results which he carefully concealed. And thus, while Myles in his discoveries envisaged only Barbon, Ruth, and the *Cleopatra*, Wise always beheld Barbon and the Other Man, the Other Man and his agents, the *Cleopatra* and the shadowing ship. Afterwards Wise bitterly reproached himself for his policy of silence, but at least his error was one of kindly intent. He deemed it best for Myles Hayton that the link with Ruth Barbon should never be reformed, that his interest in her should languish and, if possible, fade away. For this reason, then, he said 'something' when he might have used a name.

To his comrade's presentation of the case Myles took no exception. For a moment he stared drearily out towards the sullen waters of the Baltic. 'I'm afraid you're right,' he confessed at last. 'I've been trying not to think so, but—I've had to see it.' After a pause he added, 'It accounts, I'm afraid, for that look in Ruth's eyes. It wasn't a trifle that stamped it there.'

There was nothing more to be done. He was obliged to admit it. This was the end of the quest—barrenness and black defeat. Ruth Barbon had vanished from the face of the earth. Every theory had been tested and found wanting, every trace and clue investigated and condemned, and now he must simply fold his hands. That was the most awful part of it—enormously worse than effort and defeat—to abandon the quest, to sit down and do nothing more. Deeply though he chafed against it, however, he was compelled to recognise the fact, and so Wise and he, two baffled wanderers, came back to their own starting-point.

By this time the *Adventurer*, having been released from her bonds at Pará, had also returned to the Mersey, and now she was handed over to Wise for a voyage to China and Japan. The parting added another bundle to the burden Myles was already carrying, for he had grown to regard the skipper as the best of all his friends, and he had a vague feeling that in the mystery amid which he was floundering he might find the presence of Wise a most valuable stand-by. On the other hand, there was the possibility that in the course of his wanderings Wise might again pick up the trail, might by accident fall upon a clue; and as they dined together for the last time in the *Adventurer's* cabin, before she put out to sea, Myles adjured the skipper to spare neither time nor money.

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'Remember,' he said, 'that I am behind you all the time. You may draw on me for whatever you want, to the last penny I've got. Never mind what you think you know about Ruth or her father—leave me to be their judge. And if you should discover anything—well, a cable message will fetch me to the uttermost end of the earth.' Then he lifted his glass. 'And here's to our next meeting.'

Their next meeting! Little did either of them dream where that meeting would be, of the way in which they would again forgather, or of the strange happenings that life was going to sandwich in between. For at that moment Martin Cass was working out his great design at the other side of the world, and he had many a league of sea to cross before Myles and he came face to face.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE COMING OF MARTIN CASS.

ABOUT his first impressions of Martin Cass Myles was never quite sure—could not say exactly whether he liked the man or disliked him, trusted or was filled with doubt. The chief reason was that he was too completely taken up by the man's errand to care about the man himself.

Not that there was anything sensational about the manner of their coming together. Nine months had passed since the departure of Wise, and the *Adventurer*, after a run of short voyages between Eastern ports, was now homeward bound. Myles was sitting by the fireside with a book, to which, it may as well be confessed, he was not paying very much attention, when Cass sent in his card, and shortly afterwards followed it into the room. Rising to meet his caller, Myles found himself looking into a pair of clear, searching eyes, cold as steel, and resolute. He also discovered that they belonged to a man six or seven years older than himself, well set up and carefully groomed. That his visitor had spent many years in a land of sunshine, probably a land of torrid heat, there was no need for any tongue to tell, for his face was tanned to the depth of brick-dust, and also fever-bitten, while his frame carried not an ounce of superfluous flesh. His manner and his carriage, too, were marked by a measure of abounding confidence—'swagger' was one of the words that Myles was inclined to apply to it—and yet there was nothing really offensive about him. Rather did he bear himself as one invested with authority, one accustomed to command.

But, after all, it was his mission, the message he brought, that mattered, and almost as soon as he spoke Myles forgot all about the man and fastened on to the thing he had come to say; for here was the mystery of the *Cleopatra* lashed again into fullness of life. First of all there was the usual glad-to-meet-you business, accom-

panied on the part of Cass by an apology for intrusion.

'But I'm sure you'll forgive me,' he went on, 'when I tell you that I'm a sort of ambassador.' He smiled quite knowingly. 'Yes, I'm sure you'll let me down lightly when you hear about the message—and who sent it. Though even without such an excuse I think I should have wanted to give you a call, just to have the tale of the *Cleopatra* at first hand.'

The *Cleopatra*! And a message! Never did fisherman go angling with a more effective lure. Myles flung himself upon it. Here at last was a man who knew something, a man who was able to nod and smile, and almost without speaking let it be seen that he could tell an he would. But for the present his visitor was not disposed to speak. All the eagerness of Myles Hayton seemed to leave this Martin Cass unmoved. Myles wanted to drag the whole thing from him, every scrap of his knowledge, every word of his message, and the name of the one who sent it, and Cass simply stood there mocking him with his coolness.

'Yes,' he drawled away, 'I think I must have read every line that was written about that amazing adventure. I was tremendously amused. Interested as well, of course—naturally, had reason to be—but I was more amused than anything else. To think how that little, abandoned ship staggered and bewildered the whole world, and yet behind the blinding mystery there was—laughter! Oh, it was rich! What is that? Did I know the *Cleopatra*? Well, I should think so. No one better—as you will see for yourself when the time comes for you to learn the whole story. But I'm afraid you'll have to wait a bit for the revelation. The secret is not mine to give away. Lips sealed, and all that sort of thing, you know. But when the proper time arrives—well, you'll see. Really, the thing is ridiculously simple. No mystery at all—at any rate, not when you know; only laughter—a huge joke! And I'm rather fond of a joke. Oh yes, mighty fond of a joke.'

Engrossed though he was in the declaration, Myles was startled by what seemed to be the stab of a sneer; but his glance of suspicion was answered by an ingenuous smile. He was confronted by a face that rippled with rollicking fun. But there was no infection in it, no magnetic quality strong enough to coax a response. It was revelation that Myles clamoured for, and this man had nothing better to do than trifle with laughter. A shock of anger gripped him. The secret he had followed over half of Europe lay in this fellow's keeping, and all he could do was to stand there fussing and smirking at the bidding of his own preposterous sense of humour. And Myles himself being a poor hand at concealment, Cass read him like an open book.

'Sorry,' he murmured, his sentences somewhat

clipped. 'I was forgetting. You will want to know about—your friends. Shouldn't wonder if you've been very anxious. There is no need for anxiety. They are quite safe—and well. Happy too, I think; though about that, of course, you can never be sure. Anyhow, Ruth—Miss Barbon, you know—wished me to tell you how she regretted the hasty manner of their leaving you. She has been quite distressed about it, fancying that you might have misunderstood, must have thought—all manner of things. But she is sure you won't blame her when you hear—what there is to hear.'

This, of course, was better. A solid fact at last. It was good to know that Ruth was alive when he had feared the worst, and Myles made a confused acknowledgment of his appreciation. But there were still so many blanks. Eagerly he demanded if that was all. Had she not sent him anything written by her own hand?

Again Cass lapsed into the darkest mystery. He was sorry, but that would never have done. There were reasons. It was all amazingly simple, merely a very wise precaution—a fact which Myles would acknowledge without any hesitation the moment he heard the full story. But for the present he would have to trust the girl and her friends. Where was she? Cass shook his head in disapproval of the question. That again was part of the secret; very important that it should be kept hidden for a while; not for long, but—Danger? Oh dear, no; not the slightest—then he hesitated—well, not for the girl; but she had her father to think of, and there was abundant reason why he should lie doggo. Not that there was anything discreditable; but Mr Hayton, being a man of the world, and also in touch with life as it was lived in wilder parts, would understand. Men got mixed up with—things—affairs. And again the man smiled and gave his head a sagacious jerk.

Affairs! The word was invested with magical power. It brushed all the mist away. Into the dark places of his brain a flood of light swiftly rushed. Myles felt that he could have thrown up his hat in sheer, exuberant delight. He wanted to shake hands with Cass again, pat him on the back, and call him a jolly good fellow. Affairs—politics—that was it. What a fool he had been not to have seen it from the very first! He knew that Barbon had lived nearly all his grown-up life abroad, and he knew also how the most unlikely of men were drawn into the vortex of political intrigue. Why, there was Stevenson, a man who simply loathed the politician and his craft—even he was unable to settle down in his island home without getting himself unpleasantly involved in the question of its government. And probably Barbon was the same. For aught one knew, he might even have cast eyes on some remote throne, and the plot had cracked up about his ears. Herein

also lay the secret of the *Cleopatra*; he had abandoned her at sea, changed to another ship, to throw somebody off the scent. Though it was really a most expensive device, and, so far as could be seen, not nearly so effective as if he had sunk her. Anyhow, he knew his own business best, and if he thought fit to fling his money about in this way, it was no concern of anybody else. The best of it all was that Ruth was alive and well. And now that he had begun to get the hang of the matter, Myles could see that it was 'real decent' of Cass taking all this trouble, and he must lay himself out to make him welcome and at home.

By a few further inquiries he gleaned that Cass was engaged on a pleasure-cruise aboard his own yacht, had arrived at Southampton only yesterday, and had taken train straight through to Liverpool. A more suspicious being might have asked, 'Why Southampton instead of the Mersey?' but Myles had no room in his head for dubious thoughts of anybody just then, and the point was allowed to pass. He also discovered that Cass had no friends in England, only a few business acquaintances, and no fixed plans; and the upshot of the meeting was that within an hour his visitor's luggage had been brought from his hotel and Cass himself was installed in the house of the Haytons as a guest. A most acceptable guest, too, he promised to be; a man who had travelled far, seen all the queerest corners of the globe, and was a master of speech, able to paint a glowing word-picture and garnish it with exactly the colours it called for.

Over their pipes that night fragments of the life his guest had lived were revealed, and Myles learned that until Barbon retired the two had been in partnership as South Sea traders. That was the term that Cass applied to it, with a sly laugh. A regular gold-mine he declared the business to be; nothing so slow as ship-owning on the Mersey, or indeed anything the Old Country had to offer. For proof it was only necessary to look at Barbon. Not by any means an old man—a big chunk of his life still lay ahead—he had been able to retire and throw all the cares of money-making to the winds. For that matter, he might point to himself as well, only a young fellow, quite an infant compared with Barbon, and yet he could leave the concern in other hands and go gallivanting about the world, seeing its sights and having a rattling good time generally.

One puzzling thing about this business was its indefiniteness; every reference Cass made to it was provokingly vague. General trading was one of the descriptions he insisted on, but he also explained that it was a scheme of trade peculiar to that part of the world, its pursuit being attended by some measure of danger, for which there was ample compensation in very handsome profits. This was as far as he would go, and even over this concession to curiosity he

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was so strangely mysterious that Myles found himself assailed by a flood of suspicious speculations. Not that it mattered so far as Cass was concerned, but he resented the bare possibility of Ruth being linked—let it be ever so indirectly—with anything shady. However, the suspicion soon wore away, and the bond between the two men daily grew in strength.

This brings us, then, to the episode of the telegram which was placed in the hands of Cass as he lounged by the fireside on a Monday night in the third week of his stay. With an air of indifference he opened it, just as though the receipt of telegrams was one of the ordinary happenings of his daily round; but as he watched him Myles saw the widening of his eyes and the wrinkling of his brows. 'All right,' Cass calmly informed the maid; 'there's no answer.' Then he read the telegram again, and afterwards stared steadily into the fire, a blend of perplexity and rising excitement. Finally, he rose and broke into an incoherent sort of apology. He was awfully sorry, but he would have to go. Great nuisance—couldn't understand it either—but most pressing—no time for delay. Might be very awkward for—somebody—if he hung back a moment too long, and so—there was nothing else to be done. Perhaps Myles could tell him the time of the first train to London. Better still, perhaps he would look up a through run to Marseilles. Yes, it was Marseilles the call came from. And then he became still more confused, bit his lip, and looked at his host in a queer sort of way, as though he were weighing him up.

'I don't like to leave you out of it,' he said at length with a gush of candour. 'And there's the message—the one I brought. It sort of clears the way—makes you one of us—so I think I may tell. You're entitled to that much. Of course, you will understand how vital secrecy is in the matter. A word may mean—I don't know what—anything—disaster—absolute calamity to—our friends. Yes, the wire's from Barbon. Something that we never looked for must have happened. He's at Marseilles, and he wants me—needs me. Don't like it at all. At Marseilles, aboard a yacht—Ruth with him—poor girl! He'll ruin her life, if he's not careful.'

'Ruth—in danger!' Myles blurted out, shocked and scared; but Cass checked him.

'Suppose you look up those trains for me. Save time. Then you can come along to the station and see me off. Do our talking on the way. Minutes may be precious—everything. And while you're doing this I'll slip upstairs and throw my things into my bag.'

Myles was still poring over the time-tables when Cass again swept into the room.

'I've been thinking,' he broke out excitedly, 'I might do with a bit of help. There's no telling. Two heads better than one. Not to mention two pairs of arms. What d'ye say to coming with me? I'm pretty sure Barbon won't  
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mind. Anyway, I'm willing to risk his wrath. And as for Ruth'— The old smile, so suggestive, flickered about his lips, and he left the reference at that. 'Of course, he added, 'there's your ships. If you're too busy'— But he got no further.

Too busy! With Ruth in danger! Myles would go to the end of the earth to render her the most trifling service; and although this was not what he said to Cass, it was the interpretation given to his acceptance of the invitation.

'Ah, well; that's all right,' said Cass. 'Glad I thought of it before I got away. Of course, you'll need to be careful how you explain your departure to your people. Must cover up our tracks—sake of Barbon and the girl. How will you do it? Suppose you send a note to your partner telling him you've gone off for a Mediterranean cruise—don't know when you'll be back. You can spin the same yarn to your housekeeper. That suit you? Well, now we can get away. What's that? My boat, the *Coquette*? Oh, I'll soon settle about her—send a wire from London telling Jacobs what to do. He'll perhaps have to bring her round to Marseilles. Now, off you go and tell Mrs Griffiths what you're up to.

'Want to know about the *Coquette*, do you?' he muttered, as Myles hurried from the room. 'You wait a bit, Mister Hayton; you'll get more out of this expedition than you're dreaming of.' Then an evil grin swept away the sneer. 'The *Coquette*!' he said, lingering over the words. 'The *Coquette*! Jove! what a name for the little lady! I'm prouder of it than ever.'

#### CHAPTER VIII.—EN ROUTE FOR THE UNKNOWN.

FOR ever so long after he opened his eyes Myles lay quite still, doing absolutely nothing except stare at the white enamelled panel with the gilt beading stretched flatly about a couple of feet above his head. This, because his brain had not yet resumed its work, even though his eyes had once more opened on the world.

When he really did begin to think, it was in quite a dreamy, semi-conscious fashion, and it was all about the white wood with the gilt ornamentation, and nothing else. Queer sort of ceiling—that was the first impression; queer sort of ceiling. What did anybody want with gilt trimming? And why in the world should they have put it in that place, right on top of a man's head? And what was the matter with his head? It felt as though it was clasped by an iron band, something that gripped it tight and hurt. And what was the matter with his tongue? The thing was more like sand-paper than a tongue, rough and dry as tinder.

There was something else, too—that noise. Surely it was very familiar—a watery swirl, like

the swish of the sea against the hull of a ship—a swiftly speeding ship. That was it, the swish of the sea and the thud, thud, thud of a propeller. He would get up and look round; only, he felt so confoundedly tired and indifferent, it was too much trouble to do anything at all. Besides, his head was horribly fuzzy, and that iron band held it so tight. Accordingly he closed his eyes again and lay contentedly listening to the soothing gurgle of the water and the rhythmic beat of the revolving blades.

By-and-by he dozed off, and when he woke for the second time sensation had recovered some of its power. Looking about him, he discovered on his left hand a port-hole, through which the sun was streaming, and on his right the fittings of a fairly snug cabin. He raised himself on his elbow and looked down at the floor and all around, but found nothing to sharpen recollection, nothing he remembered ever having seen before. Then he turned to the other side, the big round of the port-hole, and beheld the sea racing past in long flumes of white-tipped waves—the open sea, apparently—not a yard of land in sight. A flood of alarm swept over him. What ship was this? How had he come aboard? And why? And when? And where was he being carried?

It was all so fearfully fuzzy, vacuity itself; like looking into the heart of a fog, knowing that there was something behind it, and yet having no power of penetration. This was one of the thoughts that assailed him; and the next, that the chain of life had snapped, that he had lost his grip on all the past, everything that had gone before. Was it going to be like that with him? Lost memory—one of those human derelicts you read about in the papers, bereft of identity, cut away from everything worth having—creatures with nothing behind them to cling to. It was an appalling thought, one that lit the torch of panic in his brain. The mere possibility spurred him on to effort, a supreme attempt to recover himself, to recapture his life.

From circumstances he turned to things, to persons; from vague surmising to the personal equation; and almost at once a smile signalled the conquest of the terror. Memory was awake again. There was Ruth, whom he had lost; and Wise, who was at sea; and—and—ah! he had it now—there was Cass—Martin Cass, in whose company he had set out on a journey. Yes, he remembered the starting, but that was all. He was floundering again. What of the middle and the end?

First of all there was the telegram, and then the train journey to London, the boat across the Channel, Paris, the Gare de Lyon, and the Sud Express—the Sud Express—the Sud Express; and a drink from Cass's flask; and falling asleep. There the adventure ended—the flask and sleep. He could trace it no further. The rest of the journey was a blank.

Marseilles was a blank too, and likewise the arrival on the ship. Why was he on a ship at all? They had set out to meet Barbon and Ruth, and here he was out at sea, reeling along at sixteen or eighteen knots. He must have been ill—that was it—taken ill on the railway, and Cass had looked after him and brought him aboard. As for the ship, of course he saw it now—everything was as plain as print. This must be Barbon's yacht. Barbon's yacht, with Ruth, perhaps, only a few yards away from him! It was a magnetic thought. He would go and see.

Passing thus from speculation to action, he slipped out of his berth; discovered that he was very weak, uncertain on his feet—would indeed have fallen had he not clutched the edge of the bunk; and then, finding his clothes neatly folded on a chair, proceeded with difficulty to put them on.

Afterwards it always seemed that it was from this point his great adventure really dated, this was the jumping-off place—the dressing, the toilet made under such a handicap with scrupulous care because of Ruth, and Ruth herself in his mind all the time. The earlier episodes were lost to him because of what had happened on the train, and everything was dwarfed, made to look so trifling sized up against the terrific movements into which from this moment he was plunged. Fearing nothing now, undisturbed by the merest shred of suspicion, he turned the handle of the door, and learned that he was locked in. Again and again he tried it, and still again, but without making any impression. Forced to admit the fact, he yet felt no thrill of apprehension, but only the irritation with which any man resents his loss of liberty. Even this mood soon dwindled, for he perceived in the act merely an attempt to secure complete privacy for him.

There was nothing for it but to ring, a thing which, he now reflected, he ought to have done at first; only, he never had any fancy for stewards and such-like folk fussing about. He pressed the button, and in a trice the key was turned in the lock, the door cautiously pushed open, and a yellow pate with almond eyes and a pigtail thrust through the chink. One swift, enveloping glance the man cast into the cabin, and then, 'All light, me tell Mista Klass,' he said, and vanished. But by the manner of his going he invested that locking of the door with a significance of stupendous power—for he locked it again.

This was not privacy, but imprisonment. From that fact there was no escape, and Myles recognised it at once. And with the recognition there came baffling amazement, a flood of rage, emotions which left no room at present for fear. In defiance of his weakness, he hurled himself upon the door, and gripping the handle, tried to wrench it round and tear the thing from its place; but it was stout stuff with which he had

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to deal. He was looking about for a weapon in order to smash in the panels, when the key turned again, and Cass and he once more stood face to face.

But it was not quite the same Cass. From the second he set eyes on him Myles was conscious of a change in the man. Of course it was Cass—Martin Cass—there was no mistake about that; but everything about him seemed so different. For one thing, he was no longer the well-groomed gentleman, the traveller of means and leisure, but the sailor rigged out in blue serge and brass binding, all his atmosphere smacking of the sea. He was in his natural element, too; that was obvious, a clamorous fact. Deeply as Myles came to hate him and loathe his life, his past and everything connected with him, he was always impressed by the way in which Nature had built Cass for the part he had chosen to play—his good looks, handsome even in his moments of evil passion; the commanding quality of his presence; his native authority; his power to exact obedience. Now, moreover, there was this about him—he had parted with all his genial familiarity, his pleasant equality, and carried himself arrogantly, as one who would be accepted as master rather than as friend; in his eyes it was possible to read hostility, defiance, a bitter, challenging hatred; and as for the lips, the sneer, so often suspected before, was there now without any disguise.

Meeting as they did, the men were most unequally matched—Myles hot and angry, utterly unable to do himself justice; the other cool and magnificently self-possessed. Cass was the master of the situation. All this was presented to Myles by instinctive revelation rather than worked out by reason or argument; but he rushed to the attack, demanding to know why he was there, on a ship at sea, and why he was being treated as a prisoner.

'A prisoner?' Cass echoed, his brows uplifted. 'Oh no! See!'—and he held the door open—'you are free to go.' Then he closed the door again. 'As for the rest, you are here on my ship because I thought fit to bring you. It suited my purpose, a certain end I have in view.'

'Your ship!' Myles repeated vaguely.

Cass shook with noiseless laughter. 'Yes, my ship—the *Coquette*. The ship you thought was lying in Southampton Water. Don't you remember your anxiety about her when you were so kind as to come away from Liverpool with me? Well, all the time she was waiting for you in the Tagus.'

The Tagus! If he had said the Ganges or the Niger the shock could have been no greater. Myles was lost—utterly, hopelessly lost. He was like a blind man groping in the dark. The fog into which he had come back a little while ago was daylight itself compared with this. 'In 1918.]

the Tagus!' he blankly repeated. 'We set out for Marseilles.'

'And arrived at Lisbon,' Cass chuckled. 'You can do that, you know. The Sud Express stops at Dijon. "Change here for Spain and Portugal." Very convenient.'

'But I don't remember changing anywhere.'

'You were hardly likely to. You had become an interesting invalid by the time we reached that stage of our journey. You have no idea of the sympathy that was poured out on you, or of my devotion to the sick brother whom I was taking to the sunny South in search of life and health. You are really under a tremendous obligation to me.'

Through the darkness a weak, fluttering ray of light was beginning to steal, and because he wanted to give it a chance, wanted to think, Myles made no attempt at reply. And so a spell of silence fell upon them, and all the sounds in the world were merged in three—the swish of the sea, the beat of the propeller, and the hard breathing of a man. As for Cass, he simply stood there and waited the next move.

'I suppose,' said Myles at length, 'that one answer to the riddle is that I was drugged?'

'Oh dear, no!' To the words of denial Cass added a look of injured innocence. 'Oh dear, no! Nothing so vulgar as that! Merely a nice drink with a little soothing syrup in it.'

'Will you tell me why you have done this thing, and where you are taking me?'

'I am taking you,' Cass replied, 'to a place of my own choosing. You don't need to be afraid. It is one of the most charming spots in the world, a perfect paradise, with delightful company.' Then, with a touch of savage violence, 'I am taking you there to stop your game. You are not merely a man for whom I have no use; you are in my way, interfering with plans which I mean to have carried out. And there are some men who will tell you—men aboard this ship, for example—that when Martin Cass wants to do a thing he does it, and when he desires to possess a thing he always ends in getting it.'

Myles nodded his head, and was about to ask another question, but Cass broke in and finished what he had to say. 'Just one thing more. Until we make our landfall the ship is open to you. There is nothing aboard that you may not see. If you will tolerate my society, you can share the cabin—and breakfast will be served in half-an-hour.'

This was clearly intended as a full point to their talk, but as Cass spun round upon his heel Myles called him back. 'There's only one other thing I want to ask at present. There will be plenty more later on, when I've had time to think and my brain has got rid of all your drug. You remember the bait you dangled before me at Liverpool? What about the Barbons?'

It was a question of volcanic power. Under

its tan the face of Cass flushed hotly, and he answered with a snarl, 'The Barbons! You'd better leave them out of your talk. D'ye hear? Leave them out. You have nothing to do with them. The Barbons—are—mine.'

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE 'COQUETTE' SHOWS HER PACE.

BY the gospel according to Cocker there were ever so many things which Myles Hayton ought to have done when the cabin door closed, but seeing that he was neither a dull-witted neurotic nor a prig, but a healthy-minded young Englishman, he did none of them. First of all he pursed his lips and whistled, and then he smiled. 'So that's it,' he reflected. 'The Barbons are his, are they? That's point Number One to me. And he's lost his temper. That's point Number Two.'

The fact is that Cass had blundered in the first round. By his outbreak of fury he had revealed not his craftiness, but his venom; instead of demonstrating his power, he had disclosed one of the chinks in his armour, and to that extent he had played into the hands of his adversary, had left himself at a disadvantage. He knew it, too, and the knowledge accounted for the haste of his retreat. His outburst, moreover, gave to Myles exactly the tonic he required, stirred his blood out of its sluggish flow, blew the cobwebs from his brain, did more than all the antidotes in the pharmacopœia to counteract the soporific, stupefying influence of the drug which had plunged him into such a deep sleep. Happily also for his peace of mind, he merely recognised that he had been badly cornered; not for a moment did he suspect the intensity of the peril which the passage of time was destined to reveal in all its brutal nakedness. As he himself presented the case, he ought to sit down and do a jolly good think; but he was beginning to feel tremendously peckish, and he wanted first of all a great big dose of fresh air and his breakfast. And so he went on deck.

His first sensation was one of freedom. Down below there were bolts and bars; he had been locked in a room. Here were liberty and life, and he threw back his head and drank in draught after draught of the strong, wine-like air, just as a traveller over the desert might gulp down the water of a well.

It was a morning of incomparable beauty, one that made it good to be alive almost anywhere and anyhow. The sun climbing astern flooded the eastern sky with golden glory, while the sea along the vast wedge of their wake was a welter of tumultuous sunbeams. Overhead, the canopy shaded from new-spun gold through exquisite gradations of green and blue, softening to a delicate gray on the edge of the great beyond. Afterwards Myles discovered that he was afloat upon the stormy Atlantic; but to-day it was an

ocean of peace, and the white tips of the curling waves were suggestive of laughter rather than of wrath. The sea was at play. One thing which surprised him was the position of the ship. Believing that the drama through which he had unconsciously passed had all been crowded into a few hours, he glanced astern with assurance for the land, but there was not the square of a lady's handkerchief in sight. Then, for the sake of a wider outlook, he walked away aft, right to the stern-grating, but there was nothing on which the eye could light except the restless plane of the sea. One of the sailors coming aft at this moment, he learned that this was Friday—it was on a Monday night that he had left Liverpool.

By-and-by the sonorous clang of the breakfast-gong gave a new twist to his thoughts, and he steered his way to midships in search of the meal of which he stood so much in need. As he entered the cabin, Cass, who was already seated at the table, received him with a glance free from any show of feeling, and, waving his hand, indicated a place for him on his own right. There were two strangers at the table—Jacobs, the chief officer, occupying the seat at the end facing Cass; and another—whom Myles identified as the doctor, because they addressed him as Squills—on Cass's left-hand side. About the mate he discovered little to interest him. He was clearly the eldest of the three, bronzed and bearded, an out-and-out sailor, and that was all. But where the doctor—James Holmer, Myles afterwards found his name to be—was concerned, it was different. Though he might not be a man to like, at least he was interesting—profoundly so; a being with shifty gray eyes and thin lips, probably shadowed by an unsavoury past, weak rather than wilfully bad, one of the feeble sort easily led into evil, and tremendously difficult to reclaim. As Myles quietly summed him up, he concluded that it was to James Holmer that he was indebted in the first instance for the drug which had betrayed him into their hands. As for Cass, he had himself thoroughly under control again, every atom of his old spirit of assurance restored, the old swagger notable in the swing of the shoulders, the jerk of the head, the mocking run of his talk. He was the host now, moreover, and no one would ever have credited him with the rôle of kidnapper and jailer. Myles, indeed, found himself treated by all three as one of themselves, or, rather, as a guest whose comfort must be studied, and they saw to it that his plate was kept well supplied. All the time, however, he was conscious of strain, an air of watchfulness, as though they were keeping the chain on tongue and action. He had already made up his mind that open rebellion would serve no useful purpose, would really go far towards his ultimate defeat, and so he laid himself out to meet the mood of the moment, playing a part with all the skilled indifference at his command.

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At the outset the conversation ran loosely, much of it being an exchange of cheap badinage between Cass and his companions; but by-and-by it drifted to ships, and Myles suspected the doctor of tempting him to talk about his own concerns. Here he was again thrown up against the edge of mystery. They were on the topic of sea losses, ships posted as missing; and Myles, drawn out by Holmer, was led to mention the case of the *Watergate*, one of his own boats, which, after leaving Auckland, was spoken once, and then vanished—simply sailed into the unknown, and never came back. There was nothing he could find to account for it, but as the name of the ship slipped from his lips he caught that old mocking smile on the face of Cass, an answering look from Jacobs, and an odd trick with which he was destined in course of time to associate all his memories of the doctor. His eyes fell, a swift, drooping movement, so that he seemed for all the world to be looking down his nose, but it was patent that there was little the man was missing in the way of either sight or sound. At the moment the circumstance made a sharp impression, but still Myles could find nothing to show why these three should be concerned more than other men about the disappearance of one of his ships. He decided in the end that he had been mistaken, and soon the incident faded from his mind, only to be recalled violently on another unforgettable day by the word of Martin Cass himself.

The meal being finished, Myles returned to the deck, partly intent on learning the character and the manners of the craft which was bearing himself and his fortunes he knew not whither or to what end. By his first glance he was shown that the *Coquette* was no ordinary, cargo-carrying tramp, but an aristocrat of the seas, the hall-mark of the yacht stamped all over her. Leaning over the rail, he saw that her hull was painted a pale slate-gray. Then he went forward, and climbing up by the boom, he craned well outboard to get her other points, finally completing his inspection by taking in the full length of the ship from the same vantage-point. Upon all that he saw he was able to pronounce an enthusiastic benediction. To a landsman she would have been a handsome ship; but to Myles Hayton, who was able to behold her through the eyes of a seafarer, she was much more than that. There was her clean entrance, the sheer of her clipper stem, the beautiful moulding of her lines, her rise, the rakish cant of her masts, the glitter of her brass, and all her graceful daintiness, combined with an odd suggestion of strength. She was more than a fair-weather boat, that was clear; she was built for battle with the seas of the sternest climes.

Nor was there anything about the ship to excite any man's suspicion. Whatever shadiness there might be about Cass, the boat offered no clue.

'Well, what d'ye make of her?' Myles had  
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now returned to the waist, and here was Cass by his side, as free as though the friendship built up on land had not sustained such a shattering shock. 'What d'ye make of her?' His eyes gleamed with pleasure when Myles pronounced a glowing verdict, rounded off with an inquiry about the vessel's speed.

'Speed?' said Cass. 'Looks as if she ought to be fast, does she? Come up on the bridge and we'll show you a bit of what she can do.'

Together they mounted the ladder, and on reaching the bridge Cass cast off the lashings of the weather-cloths. 'We'd better have the dodger up,' said he. 'I reckon you'll be glad of it.' Then, with his lips to the speaking-tube, he hailed the engine-room: 'Stand by for a call, Steve. I want you to shake her up. You don't need to worry the old thing, but just shove her along a bit.'

For a few seconds he waited, took a long sight forward, and then pushed over the telegraph-lever. At once the engines responded with an accelerated beat, quicker, and quicker still; the hull quivered and boomed; and Myles saw the bow wave break and sheer away in two cliffs of whitened water, waves that climbed high and higher yet, until they curved loftily on each side of the stem—higher, and still higher, until they overtopped the rail, and there seemed to hang, ablaze with a myriad colours borrowed from the sun. But it was not sight alone that was thrilled. A mighty roar thundered in his ears; the air rushed past, smiting, hissing, clutching at him in its flight; the sea stretched in front was overtaken and swallowed. They were literally eating up leagues of space. The madness of motion seized him; its delirium held him captive.

'Oh, but it was great! Made you feel as though you were flying!' he exclaimed when, at the call of the signal-bell, the engines dropped back to their normal thrust, the ship gradually lost her tremendous way, and the power of speech was restored. 'Magnificent! I could have gone on for ever,' he added, eyes and cheeks aglow. Completely mastered by sensation, carried away, forgetting for the time the attack this man had made upon his freedom, he poured out a stream of unstinted praise. As they went down again to the deck a new thought struck him. 'I say,' he demanded, 'isn't it rather an expensive hobby? She's just done twenty-eight knots, and you say she is capable of more. She'll eat up an enormous lot of coal. What's the idea?'

There was a brief pause before Cass answered. Then, 'It's more than a hobby,' he said in a dry, level tone. 'It's business. As a hobby it wouldn't be worth it. As business—there's money in it. I told you before that our trade was not an ordinary one. It is, in fact, one that demands fast ships, so that we can—handle the goods.'

'Goods! On a yacht! What goods?' Myles blurted out, and at once repented, for at present he had no intention, however great his curiosity, of appearing to pry into what was obviously being concealed.

But Cass only laughed, a sneering laugh with a world of meaning in it, though the meaning was part of the mystery. 'Oh,' he said, 'I'll tell you one of these days—when the proper moment turns up. Shouldn't wonder if I give you a sample of our trade.' And then, as though moved by an afterthought, he went on: 'Why didn't you button-hole old Barbon when you had the chance? He'd have spun you some rare yarns—if he hadn't lost his tongue. He might have told you about his own crack boat. Oh yes, there were a pair of 'em. Barbon ran one, and I ran the other. A grand pair—both ships and men! Only, the difference is that Barbon played the fool, and I've not begun that yet.'

'Why did he play the fool?' The question was out before Myles could check it; but afterwards he was glad of it, for the answer was charged with illuminating power.

'Needs must when the devil drives,' Cass savagely declared; 'and in this case Martin Cass happened to be the devil.' He nodded his head as if to give emphasis to the stroke. 'He got rid of his crack boat because he wanted to. He took to his heels because of his partner. He abandoned that other ship which you picked up because I made him. And the reason I didn't sink her was that I'm rather fond of a joke.'

Then he turned upon his heels, and the charthouse door clicked behind him.

#### CHAPTER X.—UNDER LOCK AND KEY AGAIN.

'BECAUSE I made him!' So that was it! The open sesame of one part of the great mystery. It was just as though Cass had thrown wide the first of a series of doors. There were others beyond, all bolted and barred; but one at any rate was open. So it was Cass who was the *deus ex machina*, Cass who supplied the motive for all these bewildering movements. It was he from whom the Barbons had fled, and had kept on flying, from the isles of Greece to the bleak shores of the Baltic; he who had sent Barbon driving hot speed into Rostwaite vale that night when Ruth vanished into the unknown. Cass it was who had extinguished the light of content in the girl's eyes, and filled them to the brim with fear. All this was certain now; the thing established itself beyond doubt. But here Myles reached the end of the corridor he had been permitted to enter. Now he came to the next door, one on which he mentally posted the label—WHY? This door also he found bolted and barred as securely

as the first one had been; but by-and-by it began to yield to his attack, and he was able to gaze along the length of that second corridor, though not with any clearness of vision. It was a place of lowered lights and uncertain perspective. His teeth tightly closed upon his pipe, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he paced the length of the deck, up and down, up and down, thrashing the problem out; but out of the chaos he was able to drag very little that would help—merely the conviction that Cass must have acquired some ascendancy over the fugitives, some secret which made him their master, which compelled them to fly from contact with him. Barbon and he had been engaged in trade together, partners in a business not yet to be named; they had made their wealth by the same means, and they had made it quickly. Did that supply the key?

Swift fortune! A risky game! His own life, his dealings with men of the world, his knowledge of ships and those who owned and sailed them, had taught Myles Hayton that fortunes quickly made were open to suspicion, the hands that reaped them not always clean. Barbon might be involved, and might fear exposure. One after another he ran through a set of possibilities—the opium traffic, with its vast ramifications; 'blackbird' hunting among the islands, not yet stamped out; the slave horrors of some of the rubber plantations; gun-running; barratry—exhaustively he ploughed through the pros and the cons, and in the end was obliged to abandon the quest, his brain in a whirl, not a single concrete fact established on which he could lay his fingers. Not that the circumstance need arouse any wonder, for he had not even touched the fringe of the mystery; and it was not until the ship had spun the web of many leagues of sea between himself and his home that the appalling secret was revealed in all its hateful nakedness.

Half-way through the night of their fourth day out from Lisbon, Myles was awakened by a harsh tumult overhead, the remonstrating clamour of the anchor-chain as it grinds through its hawse-pipe. He missed, also, the beat of the propeller, and putting the two facts together, he realised that the ship had come to an anchor, and must, therefore, have reached some port, probably in the Azores. He rejoiced to think that his adventure had reached the end of another stage. The Azores! And then he remembered that very few ships ever came to these ports for business. The islands were mainly places of call where ocean travellers might take in fuel if they needed it, and fill up their water-tanks.

However, there was no harm in going on deck to see what was afoot, and so he flicked over the electric switch. A click was the only response; the cabin remained in darkness.

'Confound them!' he growled; 'they've cut  
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off the light.' Scrambling out of his bunk, he groped for his clothes, dressed, and felt his way to the door. But again he was foiled. The door refused to budge. He was a prisoner once more; that outside bolt had done its appointed work. Instantly his wrath flared up. This was more than he would stand. Clenching his fists, he beat a mad tattoo upon the panels, and was surprised to find how dull and dead was the response they made. His attack, however, was not without result, for after a brief spell the bolt was shot back, the door thrown open, and there, framed in the yellow light of the alleyway, stood Martin Cass, flanked on each side by one of the burliest members of his crew.

'It's no use, Hayton,' he said, his tone cold and deadly level. 'You might as well settle down to a good night's rest, or as good a night as the noise of coaling will allow. We've just put in at—somewhere, to fill up our bunkers, for you've a long way to go yet. You'll only bark your knuckles on the door; and if you try your feet, you'll run the risk of breaking your leg. Perhaps it hadn't occurred to you that those innocent-looking panels might be only veneer with a plate of steel inside. Whatever you do, you can't make yourself heard to any purpose, seeing that we shall lie out in the harbour, and ship our coal from lighters. Even with that I don't propose to take chances, and I warn you that if there's any more noise I'll let these fellows loose. They'll have you gagged and ironed in a jiffy, and stored away in the lazaret, which you'll find more silent than a padded room. Don't want to hurt you, or cause you any avoidable annoyance, but'—

The pause was eloquent, and Myles fully appreciated its significance; but so far as it was intended to intimidate, it completely failed. 'You may save your threats,' he retorted. 'I'm not likely to bolt. If you gave me the chance of walking ashore, I wouldn't go. I'm rather set on seeing this thing through. Shouldn't wonder if I'm keener about it than you are. So get along with your coaling. I'll turn in till you've finished.'

'Oh, you'll see the thing through all right,' Cass growled in reply. 'That's what I've brought you along for. And, look here,' he added, 'you don't need to get it into your head that our calling here'll help you. None of the loving friends you've left behind'll be any the wiser, nor yet all Scotland Yard. We've covered our tracks too well for that.'

After this they set their course south, steaming swiftly into the torrid heat of the Line, and thence passing again to the less exacting latitudes of the Southern Seas. About their mission not a word was allowed to drop, nor a hint as to their destination; but over neither did Myles allow himself to worry, solacing his anxieties with the reflection that all he had to do was to exercise the virtue of patience, and in due time

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both mysteries would be fully revealed. Nor was he yet troubled by any fear for his own safety. He recognised that he had desperate men to deal with—their very abduction of his person established that—but he had great reliance in the arm of the law, holding it to be long enough to stretch right round the world. He argued, too, that a man of the experience and the calibre of Cass must know that the head of a Liverpool shipping firm could not be carried off across the seas and done for without tremendous risk. Afterwards he saw that he had altogether failed to estimate the character of the men into whose hands he had fallen, and hotly censured himself for his blindness; but then, they had not yet rounded Cape Horn or had that haunting encounter with the *Queen of the Isles*. Once that horror had been enacted before his eyes, Myles was quite willing to believe that nothing was too bad for them to plot and carry to the extremest limit of villainy.

## CHAPTER XI.—A DRAMA BY WAY OF SAMPLE.

THEIR passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific was a real Cape Horner, a voyage of clamour and tumult, through monstrous seas which reared aloft across their track and then with thunder-roar swept by to leeward, through blinding snow-squalls, through hurricanes of spiky hail; they were lashed, too, by rain, and battered by the winds. But amid all the testing strife the *Coquette* proved herself a great sea-boat, sweeping down the slanting leagues of sea with magnificent abandon, climbing the onrushing combers, shaking off their assault in contemptuous defiance of their might. And as Myles, snugly sheltered in the charthouse, watched the battle, he again forgot the potential perils that encompassed him. For a while even his memory of Ruth was dimmed, and with ecstasy he entered into the spirit of the sublime contest. In spite of its terrors, there was a wonderful uplift about the titanic struggle, for every moment he was witnessing the triumph of mind over matter, the supremacy of man pitted against the brute force of elemental strife. That charthouse, he told himself, would for ever be shrined in a set of memories he would not willingly let go; but before he was through, it became for him the most hateful place on earth or sea, and its memory dogged him by day and night as an appalling nightmare, a spectre that not even Time had the power to lay.

For the occasion the *Queen of the Isles* sailed across the track. Truly, it was hard on the ship—but then it was just as luck shaped it, for Myles saw that the primeval barbarity, the brutal cynicism, of Martin Cass had fixed on this method of opening his eyes; and if they had not overtaken the *Queen of the Isles*, they would surely have fallen in with some other

craft. And anything, so long as it had the shape of a ship and floated, was sufficient to serve the ghastly purpose.

Having weathered the Cape, they swiftly passed to a lower latitude, a region of softer winds and veiled sunshine; and on the day of the memorable meeting, Cass quietly called the attention of Jacobs to a blur of smoke flattened out on the horizon dead ahead. Standing beside them on the bridge, Myles first of all detected a puzzling exchange of looks. Then they drew apart and conversed in tones that barely rose above a whisper. Next they turned their glasses on the stranger, and at the end of half-an-hour's run Cass announced, with a slanting glance at Myles, that she was 'the 'Frisco boat, *Queen of the Isles*, 'Frisco to Honolulu and other island ports,' and she would 'do.' Another brief colloquy between the master and the mate, and Jacobs tripped laughingly down the ladder to the deck.

'We're going to give you a bit of a show,' said Cass, addressing himself to Myles, 'a bit of downright fun. Going to let you see why the *Coquette* is such a grand sprinter. Only, we can't have you out here on the bridge. 'Fraid you'd be in the way. But you'll find the charthouse give you a splendid look-out.'

Surprised by what he recognised as an order, and yet suspecting no evil, looking for nothing more sinister than a trial of speed, Myles reluctantly obeyed, consoling himself with the reflection that he would at any rate have the house to himself. Even the locking of the door he merely ascribed to one of Cass's whims; nor was he conscious of anything but another touch of surprise when the storm-boards were screwed on, limiting his outlook to a set of four port-holes—a couple in front, and one on each side. Though the yacht was not being really driven, she was rapidly overhauling the other ship, and seemed to be laying a course to pass her close abeam.

Knot by knot the leagues that lay between them were steadily logged off, until soon he could faintly distinguish the crew as they moved about the deck of the *Queen*, and the officers on the bridge.

Nearer and nearer—and then it almost seemed as if his heart ceased its beating; a sense of suffocation swept upon him; his ears filled with the sound of rushing waters; before his eyes swam a blur of mist that for a moment wiped everything out of sight. A finger-touch did it—the finger of Martin Cass, the finger of crime and greed. At the bidding of a pressed button the walls of the forward bulkhead vanished, disclosing under the fo'c'sle-head the shining muzzles of a couple of guns; in the same instant two dummy ports fell inboard, the guns were run out, and one of them spoke. He saw the flash, heard the roar, beheld the curl of smoke and the toss of foam as the shot pitched across

the bow of the boat from 'Frisco. And then madness seized him. He broke into a bellow of rage, hurled himself against the charthouse door, beat upon the glass of the ports with both his fists. Again and again he renewed his attack, but he was a prisoner and helpless, more helpless than those men aboard the other ship, and all he got for his pains was a smile of contempt when Cass turned his head. After that they ignored him.

His nerves at full strain, Myles rushed again to one of the forward ports. By a second shot the *Coquette* confirmed the imperative message of the first, and the *Queen of the Isles*, unarmed as she was, and at such close quarters as to make flight impossible, had no choice. All that was left for her to do was to heave-to, and soon a great flurry of whitened water boiled viciously under her stern, indicating that her engines had been reversed. At the same time the yacht also came to a stop, and the two ships lay abeam not more than half a mile apart. For the next movements Myles had to wait, as his vision was restricted to the half of a circle, and he was unable to observe the work that was being carried out at the davits. Nor did he know anything until later of those other guns unmasked amidships and astern.

Of the boats, the first sign was a couple of them pulling out from under the hull and heading straight for the other ship. All the men carried arms, most of them rifles, and every one a revolver; and they were further protected in their enterprise by a threat of destroying gun-fire from the bigger weapons if any resistance were offered. Two more boats quickly followed, and then the *Coquette* proceeded to edge closer in. As the advance-party swarmed on to the deck they covered the officers on the bridge with their rifles, and then, when all the others had tumbled over the rail, they formed up smartly in the best man-o'-war fashion. A brief parley, and the crew of the trader, menaced by those guns grinning across the intervening strip of water-flood, fell in on the lee side; whereupon the raiders mounted a sufficient guard, and then dispersed upon an orgy of plunder. Hatches were ripped off, cabins and fo'c'sle ransacked, and soon a great mound of boxes and barrels, bundles big and little, was being piled on the deck forward of the bridge.

Here was convincing fact. Now Myles saw it all. This was robbery—open robbery without disguise on the highway of the seas. He was afloat with pirates. Not the pirates of tradition, of romance; not the pirates of the story-book, but a brand-new creation of modern life. Across the rail the captain of the *Queen of the Isles* craned and bellowed and shook his fist, again and again threw half his length over the iron bar and cried a passionate protest; but Cass turned a deaf ear to him, and concentrated all his attention on the work he had given his men to carry out.

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By-and-by, as the pile on the deck mounted, they set about the task of its transshipment, and load after load was passed by the boats from one ship to the other. What the booty consisted of Myles was unable to tell. Some of the cases were exceedingly heavy; others, as a matter of fact, held nothing more than a selection of provisions from the ship's stores, bales of cloth from the hold, and boxes of jewellery—the cheap sort sent out as currency for trading purposes among the islands. There were loose coins also, for the men with money were robbed of what cash they carried, and not a watch was left on the raided ship.

It was all over at last, and Myles heaved a sigh of relief when he read the signs of withdrawal. But the hour of exultation was not yet. Stirred anew to wonder, he saw a party of his own captors make a round of the *Queen's* boats as they hung in their davits and breach them, smashing in their planks with belaying-pins, and then, jeering at the men whom they had robbed, they tumbled over the side and pulled away back to their ship. At once, rid of their terrorising presence, the *Queen of the Isles* became a creature of life again; her officers sprang to the telegraph-lever and the wheel; the frenzied crew swept down to the rail and shook their fists in a raging farewell; once more the propeller thrashed the water, and the ship forged ahead in frantic flight.

But still the fell work lacked its finish; not yet had the horror gathered to its climax. The breaching of those boats was no mischievous whim, but all part of a malignant plot. His face glued to the side port, Myles watched the wretched ship glide by, watched and watched, and was still watching when—she ceased to be a ship.

Through the fiddley-gratings it came—an appalling spurt of flame, lurid in its colour, volcanic in its might. A huge column of fire and smoke swept upward in fearsome tongues and spectral spirals. Her funnel was tossed aloft like a child's ball thrown by a giant hand. Her decks, burst asunder, were torn into a myriad fragments and scattered over the waters. And there were men there too, human missiles flung into space by a monster catapult. Paralysed by the horror of it all, his face white as the snow-caps on the higher hills, Myles glared through that hateful prison window on the working of the crime; saw the shell of the ship flame again, a floating cauldron of furious fire; saw the big, black hull rent in two; heard the screaming of the riven steel. And then sun, and sea, and the things of terror faded from his ken, and he dropped like a log upon the floor.

When he came to himself the last fragment of the *Queen of the Isles* had vanished. The sea was flushed with golden glory, but its voice sounded in his ears like the wailing of women bereft.

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#### CHAPTER XII.—A TELL-TALE ROLL OF BUNTING.

TO analyse the phases of emotion through which Myles Hayton passed as command of thought came back to him is an impossible task. Most of the elemental factors in this wild adventure were now brutally exposed, but they were not only too gigantic, they were also too closely massed, for him to see and realise their form and significance all at once. At first there was nothing but a mere suggestion, a distressing impression, that the crime he had witnessed must have some relation to his own case; and not until night had again spread her coverlet over the sea, and the Southern Cross was flashing its radiant cluster overhead, did he perceive how closely it touched him, how it demonstrated the real character of the men into whose hands he had fallen, and made plain the full extent of his own peril. But he did see it at last—saw that something far beyond the mere curtailment of liberty was at stake, that lurking behind the dense veil of mystery there was a purpose that menaced his life. Close on the heels of this, also, there came a still more terrible reflection. Whatever the design that had dragged him across the waters of the two great oceans, it was one that linked Ruth Barbon with his own fate. There was no getting away from that fact. This was Ruth's adventure as well as his. And his destiny might be hers. That was the maddening thought—that she should suffer.

When the door of the charthouse was opened again and his freedom restored to him, he crawled out of the place, ill in body and sick in mind, and hastened away to the seclusion of his own cabin. All the normal life of the ship had been resumed, the guns again screened, the booty stored away, and the *Coquette* externally one of the most innocent craft afloat. Jacobs was in possession of the bridge, and Cass was nowhere in sight, for which Hayton was profoundly thankful; he shrank now from the man as from the plague. His hands were red; upon his brow stood the brand of Cain. With a passion of longing Myles hoped that they were nearing the end of the voyage, feeling that to go on daily looking into the face of Martin Cass, to have to listen to his voice, sit at the same table with him, eat from the same dish, was unthinkable, a burden too heavy to be borne. That was surely the way of madness. So, as has been said, he buried himself in his cabin, and dropping into his bunk, lay there with brain on fire, head throbbing, not worrying in any way about himself, giving no heed to his future, but shrinking from the barbaric potentialities of life as the day had revealed them to him.

It was well for him that he came of sound stock; not in vain had some of his forefathers wrestled with the bleak hardships of the Cumberland fells, and others battled with the

tempests of the Seven Seas. So, when stricken nature had exhausted her revolt, his soul again grew strong within him, the fibres of his being tightened, and he began to plan an encounter with the very being with whom he had longed never more to have any intercourse. It was impossible, he told himself, to rest here. Silence meant surrender. Inaction was equal to acquiescence in the crime. With his own eyes he had witnessed the deed. Now he would set himself up as a judge, would challenge the criminal out here on the waters, aboard his own ship, in the realm where he was supreme. To his face he would accuse and condemn. To this end at last, then, he rose and had a bath, afterwards ringing the bell for Chang Hi, of whom he demanded a cup of tea, with a snack of something to eat; and thus refreshed and equipped, he made his way to the cabin, hoping to find Cass there alone. In this, as luck would have it, his desire was granted.

Glancing up as he entered, Cass met him with a cool, challenging stare. He was lounging in the depths of an arm-chair, busy with his pipe and his thoughts, and judging by the signs on his face, they were not pleasant thoughts. In a way, indeed, he had been caught napping; but he had trained himself too strictly to remain at a disadvantage for long, and so, having tossed an inquisitorial nod across the cabin, he followed it with a mocking inquiry about Myles's indisposition, and the mysterious suddenness of the attack. It was a piece of consummate acting, even to the tone of concern, but it is doubtful whether Myles heard him. His health was nothing, a mere bagatelle, when thrown into the scale against that horror over which the sea was crooning beyond the fringe of their wake. He was aflame, absolutely obsessed by the destruction of the *Queen of the Isles*; all his being cried out for judgment, for vengeance. An eye for an eye was the only law in the universe just then. Also, he clamoured for light; no half-and-half waxen dip now, but revelation complete.

'Why have you done this thing?' he demanded, and Cass started forward in his chair and peered at him closely under the circle of the rays showered by the lamp. This was hardly the voice he had known. If Myles had not been standing there in front of him, he would have believed it another who spoke. For Myles had lost some of his old easy-going individuality. A new man had been born within him. Muted chords over which life had never yet trailed its rousing fingers had been released. His tone was that of anguish and of horror, but with the blend there was also a note of virile strength which boded ill for evil-doers, if ever the day of his opportunity should come. 'Why have you done this thing?' And then the rest gushed out. What was the *Coquette*? Why did she carry hidden guns? Under what flag did she sail? Was the tragedy of this

day merely a solitary freak or part of a system? How many ships was Cass carrying on his conscience?

Here he stopped. This was his indictment. Now he waited for the response. A tense silence settled on them, punctuated only by the surge of the sea against the hull, the muffled rumble of the engines, the monotonous beat of the propellers. Not by the quiver of a muscle did Cass manifest any emotion; he merely sat there, leaning forward, that old steely stare in the lift of his eyes. So they faced each other, the challenger and the accused, for how long neither of them knew.

Cass was the first to move. As he rose he pointed to a chair. 'Sit there,' he said. 'You've asked for it. I'll tell you. Only, sit you down. You'll be tired before I've done.' He paused as though uncertain of his course, and then, 'The flag?' he snarled. 'You want to know about the flag? We'll settle that first. Only, do sit down and make yourself comfortable. There's whisky there—and cigars; they should always go with a good yarn. Besides, I can't talk with you standing there like—like—like a tailor's dummy.'

Yielding to his mood, Myles dropped into the seat and watched him as he crossed to one of his lockers and took out a roll of bunting. 'There's the flag,' he said defiantly—'the one we keep for special occasions. Flew it this afternoon. Hauled down the Red Duster, and hoisted that in its place. Never do to sail under false colours, you know.' And he shook out the folds—a web black as the pit, except its centre, where it was broken by a patch of white relief—two crossed bones, and a grinning skull.

'Ay,' he went on, 'that's the flag. Mine. The Jolly Roger. The flag that men like you have driven me to fight under—you and the cursed system you represent.'

He held the flag aloft, flaunting it jauntily, making a fine affectation of bravado, and yet so obviously swept by bitterness and wrath that in the end he crumpled it up and flung it to the other side of the cabin. Yes, that was the text, he declared. Now for the sermon. But he did hope that Myles would not forget the text: The Jolly Roger. From the decanter he poured a stiff glass. Then, lighting his pipe, he returned to his chair, but after puffing out a cloud of smoke, jumped up and broke into a short, quick pacing of the floor. And as he walked, he talked. His bravado had vanished now; the man of so much make-believe had slipped into calm, deadly earnest, and every trace of emotion was subdued. Only now and again, when he lurched out of the shadows into the circle of light, the glare betrayed him, showed that the fires were still ablaze, that all the time he was steeling himself to the wearing of a mask.

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## CHAPTER XIII.—CASS TELLS HIS TALE.

ONE curious feature about Cass's narrative was its circumlocution, the maze through which he twisted to reach his facts, his great play of the circumstance that he did not stand alone in his record. His own history was merely the history of a crowd. This he insisted on over and over again, urging that no judgment passed upon him would be fair if it ignored this all-important point. He seemed, indeed, to be clinging to this as to a shield, the only thing that might save him from full condemnation.

He had been logged. Here was the first of his catalogue of facts. He had been logged, posted in the Captains' Register, ruined for a mistake he never committed; his career had been blasted by the blunder of another man. He was captain of the *Marquis* when it happened—first voyage—the *Marquis*, two-thousand-ton tramp. A swine of a ship, but he was proud of her—proud as if she had been a crack Atlantic liner, for she was his first and his own. He nursed her as if she had been a child. If he hadn't looked after her, would he have spent nine days and nights on the bridge when that hurricane swept down upon her? Nine days and nights! Never had his clothes off; never a square meal, or a wink of sleep except a few bars at a time curled up under the lee of the dodger. Nine days of it, then three of fairish weather, and after that the fog. He'd have gone through the fog too, nine days or nineteen, but that unspeakable mate never called him, and the first he knew of it was when a Cardiff collier sliced his boat open right amidships, hurling him out of his bunk on to the deck. That was what they logged him for. Mate owned up—he would say that for him—but it did no good. The court held the skipper guilty of negligence; shouldn't have been asleep. Supposed the blighters thought a sea-captain never needed any sleep from his departure till his landfall. Anyway, they logged him, marked his ticket. They might as well have cancelled it, for no one would give him another chance, and there he was—a ruined man. Ruined, with all his life in front of him! And so he drifted, from port to port, sinking lower all the time; and he would have been drifting yet if Barbon hadn't picked him up.

Barbon! He treated the name as a full-point to his walk. This was one of the pauses he made. It brought him up in front of Myles, his face gloomy as a thunder-cloud. Yes, Barbon had been his best friend; but Hayton must not make any mistake on that score. Barbon was no whitewashed philanthropist, no church-going benefactor. A different man in those days from the retired plutocrat lording it in Lake-land. He was one of the keenest; always wanted full value for his money, for anything he did. Wouldn't crook his little finger unless he was 1918.]

sure of raking something in. He was one of that sort, was Barbon. That was why he had got on, heaped up his pile. Well, then, it was Barbon who took him in tow, picked him up when he was on the beach, acted the friend—but always for his own ends. Made a dupe of him, a tool—that was Barbon all over; took advantage of his desperation, pitched him neck and crop into some shady work, something tricky enough to have laid him up in crib. After that, of course, it was all plane sailing. Having made sure of him, Barbon could afford to take him into his confidence—when he had got him shackled—turned into a criminal. And that was how he became Barbon's right-hand man—Rear-Admiral of the Barbon fleet, with the Jolly Roger for his flag.

The blow had fallen at last! The seed of suspicion, sown in the solitude of his own cabin a few hours ago, had sprouted now into a sturdy crop, rank and poisonous. It was no longer a terrible theory Myles Hayton had to test, but a devastating fact he must face. Ruth's father—Barbon—a pirate! It was a blow that crushed, robbed him of volition. He tried to force a denial, to hurl the words back in the teeth of the man who spoke them, but his lips refused his bidding. Too well did he recognise their truth! He knew also that Cass was openly exulting, but all he could do was to crouch in his chair, wilted and shrivelled. Until Cass supplied an antidote to his own poison. 'Nice sort of father-in-law, eh?' he chuckled. 'You didn't think that Ruth'—

Only just in time did Cass parry the blow Myles aimed at him as he sprang to his feet, the very incarnation of rage.

'You'll leave Ruth's name out of this,' Myles commanded. 'You hear? You'll leave her name alone. Your lips only soil it. Whatever her father may have been, I'll believe nothing that you or any of your brood have to say against her. You hear?'

There he stood confronting the traducer, his hands clenched, every nerve in his body quiver with red-hot passion. Nor was it much different with Cass. If anything, his fury was the greater; but with him it was the fury of hate. Amid all the stress and strain of the encounter Myles was struck by that manifestation of seething turmoil in his eyes. At the moment it perplexed him; but when he recalled it afterwards, the whole truth being then unrolled before him, he realised that it was not mere wrath that had glared upon him, but malignant hatred. Here, for the second time that day, tragedy crouched for a spring. The moment was charged with peril. A wrong word, a doubtful move, by either of them and the penned-in fires would have flared out lustily, and there the adventure would have ended. There would have been no landing on the island. And, of course, it was Cass who saw it. As they faced each other

there flashed into his crafty, calculating brain a complete presentment of the new issue involved, the possible overthrow of his design. His arms dropped; his muscles relaxed. 'Oh, well, we'll let the lady go free,' he conceded. 'For the present.' He could not resist that fling. And then he waved his hand towards the chair. 'So slip away back to your moorings. I've got to finish the yarn. You mustn't miss the end.'

What an end it was! Gigantic. The record of a colossal crime. Only, the world, not having as yet rendered the desert places of the sea articulate by wireless, had never recognised it for a crime. Accident was the name given to it. The toll of the tempest, and never the hand of man. That Barbon was not a pirate of the ordinary sort Cass was very careful to demonstrate. Nothing so clumsy and vulgar as that. The best description he could think of was that of 'gentleman buccaneer,' and he laughed over the fancy, and repeated it as though his bit of play with words was something smart, a clever stroke to be proud of. He had always been more or less inclined to a lawless way, had Barbon; but that was another story, and there was no need to go into it now. It was enough to say that in the course of his forays he had laid his hand and his brand on all the vast domain of the ocean world, making the islands and the wild stretches of continent south of the Equator his base. Did it right under the noses of the warships, too—fooled the ocean policemen to the top of their bent. Through the earlier days of his enterprise he lived mostly on the water—on ships—all sorts of ships—Chinese junks at one time, himself rigged up as a full-blown Chink. Afterwards he took to steamers, frowsy traders that tricked the cutest eyes; smart yachts like the *Coquette*, alongside which revenue boats and cruisers would lie without ever suspecting.

For the yachting fake, however, Barbon waited until after he had set up a domestic establishment on land, at Singapore. He had a gorgeous house there, passed as a merchant prince and lived like a royal duke, with silver and gold for his table, and a host of servants to do his bidding. That was the sort of bringing-up he gave to Ruth—governesses and special tutors, dresses and jewels, books and costly pictures, and never called upon to do a hand's turn for herself. Of course, Hayton would see that the man had to exercise tremendous care; but the very bigness and boldness of his enterprise was a most effective guard, perhaps the best he could have had. Besides, he had such a brain for detail—never overlooked the tiniest trifle. There was the selection of his crews. He never took a man on for the real thing, never allowed him to see behind the scenes, until he had got him dipped, secure under his own thumb; and after that he made it worth the fellow's while to be loyal. Talk of hooks of steel! Barbon used a tool

with a firmer grip than steel; he worked with hooks of gold. He made every man who sailed under his flag a partner, ran the whole thing on a sort of co-operative, profit-sharing line. Big profits, too. So that was how it was with the men. They stood by Barbon because it paid; and they didn't leave, nor did they blab, because of the certainty of loss and the risk of being found out. They knew that they would swing for it.

Only once, in struggling through his twisting maze of narrative, did Cass make a slip. That was when he referred to Barbon as 'Vaughan.' He would have passed along without noticing it, too, had not Myles pounced upon it as a treasured link in the chain. Under the stress of the greater happenings Myles had forgotten, but now it hurled itself upon him. Vaughan! He heard the voice of Daniel Wise, thick and full of confusion: 'Oh, nothing. But I once fell in with a chap of that name. Met him out in the East Indies. Wondered whether it might be the same.' He had fancied all along that Wise knew a great deal more than he had ever confessed.

'Vaughan?' Myles interrupted, intent on probing the matter as far as possible. 'Who is Vaughan? What has he got to do with it? Is he another of your partners?' Keenly watching, he detected the momentary flash of a frown, was convinced that the man had parted with something he desired to conceal.

But Cass brushed it hastily aside. Did he say Vaughan? Got a bit mixed in names, that was all. Was thinking of one of the crew. And away he sheered on another tack which brought him to the methods on which they worked. He reminded Myles of the way they had dealt with the *Queen of the Isles* that very day. A clean job, wasn't it? That was how they always acted. Dead men tell no tales. That was their gospel. Whenever they sacked a ship they sank her—and all aboard. Of course, it was a fearful waste of treasure, but they never allowed that to influence them. Many a time there wasn't a penny return, but what they failed to get on the swings they made up for on the roundabouts. They simply looted a ship of the best, some of her stores, the things they needed, along with those of the highest value they could lay their hands on, the things they had a market for—and there was a market, a grand one—and then— He waved his hands expressively. It was just as though he had said, 'You've seen it all for yourself.' And they had had some rare prizes in their time. There was the *Australian*.

'The *Australian*!' Once more Myles Hayton's cheeks blanched and his brain seemed to reel under the shock of horror. 'The *Australian*! Not the *Australian* of Liverpool?'

Cass replied with a careless nod.

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'Not the Red Band liner?'

'Same boat. Posted as missing. Supposed to have gone down in a full storm.'

'But she had one hundred and twenty men on board.'

'So the papers said.' And then that irrepressible sneer again. Hadn't he been plain enough? Hadn't he told that he held the key to a crowd of the blank mysteries, the so-called accidents, at sea? It was quite true about the *Australian*. She was one of their richest prizes; had a fine stock of silver ingots in her strong-room. Some very interesting knick-knacks, too. That curious ink-stand he kept in the chartroom—surely Myles must have noticed it—he lifted from the captain's cabin. Yes, that was one of their most famous exploits. A two ship job. One ship was no good, too risky; and so the *Mermaid* and the *Coquette* shared the task of lying in wait for her on the track they knew she would take, and finally settling her. A tough business, with all those men on board. That was where their Maxim-guns came in handy.

Here he checked himself. What was the use of going on? He had shown Hayton what sort of a man John Barbon was, and that was all he had set out for. If a few more details were desired, he would be glad to supply them some other time. He had a list of ships under lock and key, and Hayton was at liberty to go through it if he wished. It would throw a flood of light on what lay behind the 'posted as missing' at Lloyd's. He would find in it some names to surprise him. Among the rest he would discover one of his own boats, the one they had talked about, the *Watergate*. And it would help him to realise what a tremendously big place the sea was—big enough for Barbon and himself to carry on their business without anybody ever popping round the corner and taking them by surprise.

Up to this point, if we except that initial apology, Cass had made no attempt to justify himself; but now, yielding to one of those unaccountable promptings of human nature, he dropped his narrative and drifted away into a rambling statement of defence. He descended also to a very ordinary level; began by insisting that he was no worse than some men, not nearly so bad as a lot. 'Suppose I have killed off a few score, I've done it quickly. So far as there can be any mercy at all about the taking of life, I've been a merciful man. That's more than you can say for civilisation. Bah! Civilisation! Slavery—that's what life in your great cities amounts to. Slow murder. Years and years of grinding poverty and toil, and never a chance of anything except a few feet of earth at the end. Civilisation! Ain't I one of the products? Broken in filling another man's purse. And there isn't one you can count on. Every man has his price. Even Barbon went 1918.]

the way of the rest when he thought he'd got all he wanted. And I'd have trusted John Barbon if every other man on land and sea had failed me.'

Along this course, then, he reached at length the case of the *Cleopatra*, revealing the means whereby she was left such a comely derelict adrift upon the waters. Afterwards, Myles suspected that he had no intention at that moment of allowing his confession to go so far; that masterpiece of play-acting he had scrupulously reserved—it was planned for the great drop-scene when he had worked his drama out to the last act. But his anger against Barbon, coupled with his overweening pride, led him on, and when Myles thrust a question at him he fell, and failed to observe the fact until it was too late.

About Barbon? Why did he break away? Oh, it was the old story. Barbon climbed until he was satisfied, and then kicked aside the ladder on which he had mounted. He didn't turn traitor. No; Cass would say that for him. He was square enough. It was rather a case of desertion. He took a short cut out of his old life. Left the ship; left his house ashore; wiped his old name out, took a fresh one, and skedaddled. Made a bolt out of piracy into civilisation. Became a reformed character. Why, if only John Barbon had been left to himself up there among the Cumberland mountains, he'd most likely have ended by growing into a Nonconformist deacon or the vicar's warden at the parish church. This was a delicious joke to Cass. He lingered over it, reluctant to let it go; his voice shook with laughter. Just fancy old Barbon, who'd made one pile by blackbirding in the Pacific, and another by sinking ships and men—just fancy him wearing a pair of kid gloves and passing round the collection-box on a Sunday!

But that was where he, Martin Cass, came in. It didn't suit his book at all. He had other fish for John Barbon to fry. And so he set out on a new sort of hunt. The pirate hunted the pirate. Found him, too. Every time. Only, Barbon was wide awake, got scared before he was caught, and that meant another long chase. But at last Cass grew sure of his man, and just to pay him out for bolting and—and—well, for something else, he kept on scaring him, played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. That was one of the surest ways of taming him.

In the end Barbon set out on the long trail, started off on a dash round the world, thought that if he made the run long enough he could shake the hunter off. But that was the biggest of all his blunders. He knew nothing of how Martin Cass had salted the trail, of the agencies his money was able to command, and so in due season he sailed clean into a most beautiful trap. When the *Cleopatra* put out from Liverpool on the voyage that made her fame there

wasn't a man aboard on whom Barbon could count. He thought every one of them loyal, but the hand of every man-jack was against him. They were all Barbon's old pirate gang, picked men, his bodyguard; but—they had sold themselves. He, Martin Cass, had bought them, and the only thing for Barbon and the girl to do when the *Coquette* overhauled them was to go down into the boat, taking their luggage with them. That was all there was in it. The baffling, blinding mystery of the *Cleopatra*! Beautifully simple, wasn't it?

About the scheme itself and the triumph which had crowned it he was, it was evident, inordinately proud; but Myles, looking at it through his own coloured spectacles, was not at all impressed. The only fact which mattered to him just then was the revelation that Ruth had been trapped, just as he himself had been; that she, too, was in the power of this monster who roamed the sea sinking ships, and counted human life worth less than a few ounces of gold. That was how he regarded the confession. Ruth was in peril from the same hands. And, against his better judgment, he allowed the dominant question to escape: 'The Barbons! Where have you taken them?'

But Cass refused to tell. 'Oh, they're all right,' he chuckled. 'I tucked them away in—the Garden of Eden, till I came for you. And now I'll turn in. I'll tell you no more.'

'Not even why you left the *Cleopatra* afloat—why you didn't sink her?'

'Oh, that!'—there was no mistaking the contempt. 'Didn't I tell you at the very beginning of this cruise? I did it for a joke. I wanted to fool the whole world, and, by the Lord Harry! I did it, too. It was just a joke. Nothing more. A great, whopping joke!'

And in the end Myles discovered that this was none other than the truth.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THEY LAND IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

SO they came in the end to the island, and for a few hours Myles Hayton found that it was even as Martin Cass had so flippantly described it, the Garden of Eden. One night as he lounged on the deck, floundering in thought, with never an approach to any clearness of vision, there came to him, borne lightly on the wings of a soft, warm wind, an aroma, strange and exquisitely fragrant. Never before had he voyaged so far, but he had sailed the seas long enough to know it for the smell of the land, the first welcome of a hidden realm to which they were steering through the star-gemmed night. Here were all the odours of Araby in one tremendous sachet, scents of gorgeous flowers and luscious fruits, of leaf and sap and virgin soil. Soon the ship was slowed

down to half-speed, and then to dead slow; and for hours, as they forged ahead, soundings were taken, the voice of the leadsmen posted in the chains stabbing the night with its deep, sonorous cry, 'By—the—d—e—p. By—the—d—e—p.' Once it rang more sharply with a cry of 'By the mark five,' but the next cast gave him deep water again.

When the new day broke and Myles once more mounted to the deck, he found that the ship was still being steered with as much precaution as through the blindness of the night, and the only land that offered itself to sight was a strip of rock far astern with a crown of coco-nut palms. As this one vanished, other rocks rose from the sea to take its place—lonely atolls on whose wide-stretched circles the sea was beating its blue waters into whitened surf; tiny coral islets set like cameos on the hidden reefs; larger isles with native villages at the end of long lagoons; islands again with mountains which seemed to leap sheer from the sea and lose themselves in another world of cloud overhead. This, however, was not the isle they sought; nor yet the next, nor half-a-dozen others; and long before they reached their anchorage Myles was lost in the unknown.

Day after day, as they logged it through the water, did he try by all the arts he held to locate the position of the ship, but every instrument and chart that would have helped were rigidly kept away from him by Cass, and all his efforts were in vain. That first island, he decided, must have been one of the Marquessas; but before an hour had gone he concluded that they were much too far to the west, and that the land he had sensed in the night and looked upon by day was one of the Gilbert group.

Thus did mystery enwrap him right to the end, and the land on which he at last set foot was for him an isle without a name. Probably it was one of the Solomons, he conjectured, though on second thoughts he rather fancied the Marshalls or the Carolines; and finally he made up his mind that all his guesswork was wrong. The outstanding fact was that in the fading light of another day the *Coquette* set her bow straight on to one of these enchanted worlds. No fairy citadel of coral, this, but the buttress front of a volcanic island; and Cass himself deftly conned her through a narrow gash in the cliff, steering with all the skill and knowledge of a master-hand. He was clearly no stranger to this sea-washed solitude. Its devious ways were as open to him as the byways of the Metropolis to the driver of a London cab. Even Myles, in spite of his load of anxiety and his aversion to the man, was moved to admiration by the manner in which he threaded in and out of the pitfalls lying underneath their keel and on every side.

So far as could be seen, the island was pretty much like all the others of which he had caught  
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a glimpse in passing, with a luxuriant belt of foliage running right down to the spare strip of beach, and not a sign of life did it give; though no sooner was the anchor down than a boat shot round the point of a toy-like cape. She was manned by a crew dressed in yachting garb, and the moment she made fast, the officer in charge, one of the trim sort, mahogany-tanned and bearded, clambered on board and held a brief colloquy with Cass, who seemed well pleased with the news he brought. No other meaning could be attached to the smile, the nod of the head, his exclamations, 'That's good!' and 'That's all right!' These things Myles overheard as the two slowly passed from the waist and vanished down the companion.

Half-an-hour later they returned, and Cass announced that he was going ashore. 'Sorry I can't take you with me this trip,' he said to Myles; and then, with another of his enigmatic smiles, he added, 'But don't worry; your time will come—soon. Perhaps to-morrow. Yes, perhaps to-morrow you may stretch your legs in—shall we say the Garden of Eden?' As he reached the accommodation ladder he halted, and turning back, pointed to a triangular fin in the centre of the land-locked bay. 'See it?' he demanded. 'That's one of our policemen. There's only one way of getting ashore here, and that's by boat. Savvy? Sharks. Water swarms with 'em.'

He might have spared himself the trouble of the warning taunt. Above all things, whatever the cost to himself might be, Myles was still determined to see this adventure to the end, and he fully recognised that the only doors through which he might pass at present were those of which Cass held the keys. For some purpose—a dark one, he was convinced—he was necessary to Cass; but it was just as true that Cass was necessary to him. And so he was quite prepared to wait the move for which Cass must give the word. All the same, Myles chafed against every hour's delay, and lay awake far into the night, straining his ears for the sounds which should betoken that his jailer had returned. But not until well past noon on the following day did the man come back, bringing with him an order of release.

'Now then,' he cried from the boat, hailing Myles, who hung over the rail, 'better make yourself pretty, if you want to. I'm away back to the shore again in half-an-hour, and I've a mind to take you with me.'

They landed at a low stone pier under the lee of that tiny cape round which the boat had pulled, and at once struck inland, marching along a narrow path, Myles and Cass in front, and a couple of the crew behind. As these two fell in Myles noticed that each man carried a carbine, and he was unable to resist a smile. As if he would attempt to break away! Why, he was as anxious to make that march through

the forest as Cass. Perhaps his was the greater eagerness, for Cass must surely know what was at the end of the trail, whereas in his own case anticipation had no such satisfaction. Even yet, however, Cass failed to understand him, because when he trapped the smile he frowned darkly, and growled something about 'taking no chances.'

Turning their backs on the sea, they plunged at once into the aisle of the trees, stepping out briskly along a well-trodden track. It was a road of abounding wonder, and under almost any other circumstances Myles would have thrilled with delight, abandoned himself with joy to the call; but now he was in no mood for strange sights and sounds; his senses refused to be charmed by the flashing flight of gorgeous birds, the scuttering movements of rare beasts, the myriad beauties of flower and tree. Travel had no joy for him beyond the joy of arrival, and so he thrust ahead along the twisting path, and more than once it was he who made the pace. At the same time, he was keenly alert to pick up and store away whatever signs might be useful to him, for he was completely in the dark about the manner of his return; but he soon found the forest marks altogether too bewildering, and it was only by noting the position of the sun that he obtained any real clue to their direction. From this he judged that they were boring right into the island. It was a longish march, too, and out in the open, with the sun beating on their heads, it would have been unbearable. It was a lonely march also. Once they passed from the density of the jungle into a small clearing, an irregular oblong dotted with the melancholy remnants of grass huts whose condition showed that their people had long since fled. From the time they left the beach until they parted not a human face did they see, not a voice did they hear.

Not even the sound of their own voices. Ever since the destruction of the *Queen of the Isles*, and the confession that atrocity had provoked, Myles had cut himself adrift as much as possible, not of set purpose so much as because he was dominated by an unconquerable aversion to his comrade. There was, indeed, no call to steel himself; hateful circumstance had already done that. His soul was filled with loathing, a sense of contamination by contact. Besides, he was fully conscious of the futility of inquiry. Cass would only tell what it pleased him to tell, and in his own time. And so in silence they reeled off the miles, and when five lay behind them Cass stopped.

'It's good-bye now,' he said, smiling that queer smile of his which might mean so many things. 'I promised you the Garden of Eden, and I have brought you to the gates. You go forward; I turn back. Down there it lies;' and he pointed along the path. 'The Garden—not more than a quarter of a mile. For me

it is the Forbidden Land ; for you—well, you 'll see.'

His shoulders shook with mirth. Laughter exuded from him ; but it was not good laughter. Astounded as he was by the move, by this most unexpected development of the expedition, Myles was alert enough to detect the malevolent note. And again Cass began his banter. 'Quite an unusual rôle for me,' he mocked. 'You looked for a stone, and I've given you bread. Perhaps cake—wedding-cake—there's no telling. The pirate turned fairy godmother ! Ah, well, you never know.'

Then he dropped it all, and spun round into the track by which they had just come, but Myles sprang in front of him and barred the way. 'Look here,' he cried ; 'what does it all mean ? Can you never be straight ? What treachery are you planning now ?'

Protestingly Cass spread out his hands, a being of injured innocence. 'Treachery !' he repeated. 'Oh, come now, Hayton ; that's too bad of you. This is what comes of having picked up a character with a few holes in it. The old story—give a dog a bad name and hang him. Can't you accept good fortune when it falls into your lap ? I've set you free again, and pointed out the way—to the Garden of Eden. Won't you go and see ? It's like that old game we used to play when we were kids—shut your eyes and open your mouth, and see what the gods will send you.'

Suave and bland as ever, he again flung out the pointing finger, and this time Myles let him go, watching the three men march away until the pillars of the forest cut them off from his view. For a long time, as a matter of fact, he remained there, a prey to a cloud of suspicion, peering ahead and behind and all around, looking ever for the blow of a hidden hand. But nothing happened. There was nothing there but himself, the trees, a tremendous silence, and the memory of the words that Cass had spoken : Garden of Eden—luck—fortune. Also, there was the forward track, narrow, but clearly trodden out, inviting his advance.

'I'll go on with it,' he decided. 'Life nearly always lies in front. I can't see that I've anything to gain by going back—perhaps everything to lose.'

A quarter of a mile had Cass given him for his pilgrimage to the enchanted gates ; but the distance seemed much longer, for now that he was alone, without guide, he had of necessity to watch more closely the way of his going, and he advanced with extreme caution. This not because of any greater difficulty of the path, but chiefly because of the spectre which kept him company, and whispered its baleful suggestions of potential peril in his ear. He was more than half-convinced that this was merely a hideous device, born in the corrupt brain of Martin Cass, to accomplish his end. The Garden of Eden,

indeed ! Rather the Valley of Death. Perhaps— But now he sharply halted, conscious of a change in the jungle. All about him was the matted undergrowth, overhead the close webbing of the trees, but ahead there was a positive thinning. The trunks were softly bathed in light. And then he remembered that clearing through which he had already passed, and by its key interpreted the signs.

A few steps more and he discovered the house, its form broken up by the intervening screen of trunk and branch, but a house for all that. No building of native grass, this, but a frame-dwelling such as the planters make, a long, low bungalow, roomy and comfortable-looking, its front outflanked by a deep veranda, and the whole structure raised well above the level of the ground. With cautious tread he advanced a little farther, and the picture became enlarged, definite—the sun-washed clearing, the house boldly projected against the forest background, the outlines and then the details of the veranda. A few more steps, and all these things were swept out of his ken ; or, rather, it should be said that everything merged in one single fact, to himself the most momentous fact in the universe—Ruth !

She was seated far back, away from the scorching rays of the sun, her face veiled in the shadows ; but he had no doubt. It was Ruth—she for whom he had searched from the hills of Cumberland to the isles of Greece, from the Bay of Naples to the black shores of the Gulf of Finland. With a burning glance he enveloped her, everything—the white dress ; the broad-brimmed hat ; the old familiar poise of the head, which alone, he believed, would have proclaimed her to him anywhere and in any throng ; the hands loosely clasped on her book. She was seated in a deck-chair, her book lying neglected in her lap, busy with dreamy thought ; but whether the thought was pleasant or unkindly she was too closely screened for him to judge. And so he stood there and gave his eyes a feast, Martin Cass and all his machinations forgotten. He had entered a world which had no room for Cass, no room for any one except Ruth Barbon and himself.

Forgetting the need for caution, the surprise, the shock, that his appearance there in this island solitude must cause, he suddenly crashed out into the open with impetuous eagerness, his eyes never forsaking her face, and as he broke from the cover he saw her start forward in her chair, her hands tightly clenching its arms. But he was too far away to hear the catch in her breath, to see how her cheeks flushed and then grew pitifully white, how her lips twitched and her hands trembled like the leaves of the forest shaken by the wind. All that he could swear to was that she, Ruth herself, was looking upon him ; that she had risen, and was standing on the edge of the steps shading her eyes with her

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hands; that now she was down in the clearing, running across its sun-washed patch to meet him. And so he cast all reservation to the winds. He had never breathed a word of his love to her, and never had she called him by his name; but many great things had happened since that night of their parting. Through wild adventure and great peril they both had passed, so that convention was now only a thing for the towns, and make-believe a trifle for less serious folks.

'Myles!' she half-whispered as they met; and for the rest eyes became far more eloquent than any form of speech.

'Ruth!' he said, in the one word lying all the story that now seemed to call for no other telling. And there and then she would have given herself to him. He knew it, read the willingness in her face, in every movement. The joy of possession was already his. But it was only offered to be snatched away. Inconceivable, tremendous, was the change; but there it was—the swift quenching of the joy-light, that wave of fear which he first beheld in the deep cleft of Borrowdale, and afterwards a trembling, scared offer of her hand and her broken greeting. He heard the uneven tones of her voice running in a confused murmur. No rapture now, but the convention of the town. This was a great surprise—she would never have thought to see him there—but she was very glad—and wouldn't he come in and rest, and have a cup of tea? Her father would be home soon. And that was all.

#### CHAPTER XV.—WHAT RUTH SAW IN THE JUNGLE.

AS he crossed the rest of the clearing with Ruth by his side Myles was in all respects like the mariner who has lost his bearings. Again he had parted with his grip of everything; once more he was conscious of nothing except a fact, one solid fact. Here in the heart of an island jungle he had found Ruth Barbon. That, and nothing beyond it. Soon, however, he added the conviction that the girl was playing a part. But what part? Not a glimmer of reason for it could he perceive. Her conduct had become as inscrutable as that of Martin Cass. Up to a certain point she played it well, but he was not deceived; by half-a-dozen tricks of manner and speech she betrayed the fluttering of her nerves, the strain, and the hard striving. He detected it even in the way in which she indicated the place for him to sit, her call for tea given to the sleek Chinese servant who silently shuffled into their presence in response to the clapping of her hands, the limp fashion in which she dropped into a chair on the far side of the little table, and her vague request for—his impressions of the island.

Impressions! This by itself was grotesque. Not a word about his journey, his object, his landing, the length of his stay. Only 'What  
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do you think of the island?' Of all the rest, the things she must be yearning to be told, there was nothing said to show that she was even interested. She talked quickly, too, as though intent on monopolising the time, giving him just sufficient opportunity to answer her questions; and once, when he caught her glance full square, he was sure that she was imploring him to something—what it might be he had no means of interpreting.

She was manifestly relieved when at last her father joined them; but Myles could see that Barbon was quite as much disturbed as his daughter. Entering the clearing by the path along which Myles himself had come, he advanced slowly, staring steadily ahead from under the vast brim of his sun-hat; whereupon Ruth stood up by the rail and besought him to hasten his laggard steps.

'Come along, dad. Here's an old friend of yours come to see you. You'll never guess who it is. Somebody Captain Cass has brought all the way from England.'

But instead of quickening his pace Barbon stopped, remained standing there in statuesque rigidity; except for the widening of his eyes, he might have been a figure carved in stone. When he did move, it was only his head at first, twisting it about, glancing to right and left as though looking for some one, and then resting on his daughter a strained, pitying sort of look. But at last he pulled himself together, mounted the veranda, and held out his hand.

For the moment Myles had forgotten the crimes of which the man was accused, that the hand was stained with blood; though remembrance would have made no difference then. Barbon was Ruth's father, and that was enough to be going on with. He was struck, moreover, by the intensity of the grasp when their hands met; his own held as in a vice, a vice that burned and was reluctant to let go. The face might betray distraction, but the hand declared a real welcome. He could see, also, that Barbon was changed, enormously changed, since that night of his flight from Rosthwaite. He threw off a new atmosphere, spoke in a low, constrained tone, like a man suffering from extreme mental depression, and yet was keyed up to a high pitch of alertness, every nerve drawn taut, himself keen and watchful. That beyond everything else—watchfulness. He seemed to be ever on the look-out for something, not merely with eyes and ears, but with his whole body, his soul. Scarcely hazarding a word, he listened while Myles briefly sketched the circumstances which had led him to the island, and at the end was just as loath as Ruth had been to offer any comment.

A queer fish, Cass—always had been. You could never tell what prank he would be up to next. That was about as far as Barbon seemed disposed to go. Indeed, he brushed the whole

story aside with an offer of the hospitality of his house; and when Myles reluctantly suggested that he ought not to stay the night, but should make his way back to the ship, Barbon broke into rapid protest, demonstrating with a few broad strokes the impossibility of the idea. The night was now almost upon them. In a very short time the forest would be impenetrable, its blackness that of the pit. Even a native would refuse to risk its paths, or certain stretches of them. And so Mr Hayton must at least stay the night. There was no help for it. Besides, if Cass had expected his return, he would surely have come for him or sent one of his men to act as guide.

As if this settled the question, Barbon begged Ruth to see about a room for their guest; and the moment they were alone he leaned over, and, laying a hand on Myles's arm, assured him impressively that there must be no thought about his going back to the ship that night. Apart from the perils of the jungle, there was Cass to consider. Why hadn't he shown himself? Wasn't that fact alone conclusive? And he was a dangerous man, one who would not be crossed. Only, if Myles did stay—and that, of course, was settled—he would need to be—careful.

But here Ruth came back again, and Barbon dropped his talk and drew his chair away. That chair, indeed, seemed to have a magnetic attraction for him. He never left it, apparently had no desire to leave it, but wallowed well back in its depths, puffing with almost desperate energy at his pipe. Never left it, one ought to have said, until he exchanged it for another in the sitting-room within, and for that chair also he manifested an affection equally strong.

Once Myles begged Ruth to show him the clearing by moonlight, whereupon Barbon jumped up and volunteered to take her place, murmuring something about night-air in these parts being bad for girls. And twice after that, when Ruth carried Myles off to show him some of the curiosities of her home, Barbon accompanied them, convoying them from room to room, and doing most of the conversation. The trick was, of course, obvious. He was interposing himself between them, securing that they should not be left alone together for a single moment. It was another of the incomprehensibles to be added to the growing list, and was all the more perplexing because it differed so from his conduct in England. Even when Ruth left them for the night, and Myles opened the door for her, Barbon also rose from his chair and stood there on guard until the girl had vanished and the door closed again.

Left to themselves, silence settled upon the two men. For speech they seemed to have no use; thought and their pipes engrossed them. And yet Myles strongly suspected that Barbon had something to say, if he could only discover

the way. Now and again he shifted uneasily, took his pipe from his lips, held it in the air, and then replaced it, as though he found the task beyond him. In fact, it was not until Myles hinted at bed that he succeeded in breaking through his indecision.

'Bed?' he repeated. Yes, he supposed it was time, though he himself was terribly given to robbing the hours of sleep. Still—but before they turned in he wanted to say something. He felt he ought to speak a word of warning. He hoped Mr Hayton would not take it amiss. It was for his own good. Perhaps they would all benefit by caution. If they could only get to know what was lying at the back of Cass's mind, only see what devilry he was up to, it might be different. But so long as they were in the dark it was simply a matter of common-sense to be careful. So he hoped that Mr Hayton would be very discreet where Ruth was concerned—not be too friendly with her, just treat her as an acquaintance whom he would forget as soon as ever he went back to civilisation. That was to say, if ever—

Here he broke off, and shook his head mournfully. Better not say anything more about that. It was no good crossing bridges until you got to them. But, all the same, they must be discreet. He repeated the word, and while he lingered over it Myles snapped at the chance, the opportunity, for which he had been waiting ever since their meeting. Discreet! Yes. But why? And a torrent of questions broke their bounds. There was that tangled skein which stretched from his home in Borrowdale right across the Atlantic and round Cape Horn to this Pacific isle. Why? Why? What did it all mean? Barbon held the key to the secret; let him unlock the door.

But Barbon, swinging swiftly towards him, over the arm of his chair begged him in a suppressed voice to be careful. Had he not that very moment implored him to be discreet? Did he not know that walls had ears? Eyes as well? And not walls only, but the jungle. All about them the place swarmed with Cass's spies. Even now Cass himself was at work, his eyes wide open, ears keen enough to catch the beat of a butterfly's wing. That very afternoon he was posted in the jungle, just on the other side there, opposite the house, when Myles stepped out of the path into the clearing. There was no doubt about it. Ruth saw him—saw him in time. That was why she was so—discreet in her welcome. This was one of the few mistakes that could be chalked up against Cass—his over-eagerness had ruined his plan, whatever it might be. It was a lucky combination of circumstances, Ruth's watchfulness and Cass's blunder; otherwise his design might have matured by now, possibly at a terrible cost to all of them. But then, Ruth realised the peril, and she could be trusted. If only Mr Hayton

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would endeavour to be as cautious, if he would strive his best to be careful, he might prove a very useful ally. If not, then he might turn out to be their worst enemy—perhaps Ruth's worst enemy.

There was no mistaking the man's earnestness. Ruffian he might be, arch-hypocrite into the bargain, but his distress was genuine enough; there was no make-believe in the break of his voice over his daughter's name. And so Myles ventured another question, and at last received a reply which brushed away a big cloud of the mist, or rather, let it be said, confirmed one of his suspicions. Also, had he not been so engrossed by the matter to the neglect of the man it might have aroused another, a suspicion based on certain tricks of speech, intonations, and mannerisms, which, oddly enough, were also shared by Cass.

Yes, Barbon confessed, Ruth was at the bottom of the mystery. That adventure of the *Cleopatra* really resolved itself into the abduction of the girl. Cass wanted her, wanted to marry her, and there was no doubt that he was madly in love with her. But—marriage with Cass—impossible! Ruth's dislike of him, repugnance, was quite sufficient; and even if she had cared, the thing would still have remained out of the question. His life alone raised a barrier that could not be broken down.

Now he himself—Barbon broke on the statement, his eyes drooped, beads of clammy moisture clustered on his temples—he himself had not been all that a man ought to be—a bad lot, some people would call him—but that was his own affair, and all he would say was that he knew too much to have his girl running any risks. He couldn't stand seeing her the wife of such a man as Martin Cass. Luckily he had been saved all trouble on that score. Ruth herself had turned Cass down, first at Singapore, where they used to live; then aboard the *Coquette*; and again on the island. In the end she had done more than reject; she had defied him to do his worst. It was after that last rebuff that Cass had disappeared, setting out, no doubt, to entrap Mr Hayton. Though what he hoped to gain by that move was a secret held as yet only by himself.

It was an astute move, Barbon went on to explain, and fairly safe. The island was out of the track of ships; no natives ever landed on it now, for the place was taboo, one of the accursed isles; and, of course, when Cass went away he left a strong garrison behind him, well armed. These men were jailers really, and this house a prison, hidden away from the sight of any chance callers at the island. From the day Cass left, neither Ruth nor he had been allowed to approach within sight of the sea. Every step was dogged. If only they had had powder and shot! But they hadn't even a revolver between them, not a weapon of any kind. Trust Cass

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to do a thing thoroughly. For a moment Barbon flamed up with passion. 'He's a clever devil!' he exclaimed, forgetting his own counsel of caution. 'Clever as Beelzebub himself.' And then, 'I'll guarantee that he's covered up every one of your tracks. There's not a shadow of a chance of your being followed here.'

Dolefully Myles agreed with the suggestion. 'No,' he said; 'I've looked at the thing all round, from the moment I left Liverpool to my being switched aside to Lisbon, and then brought on here, and I can't see a single loophole. The only precaution I took was ruined by that Lisbon episode. But for that I might have had a glimmer of hope. Mind you, even at the best it would have been only a glimmer, a spark. But I'm not worrying. I'm jolly glad I'm here; wouldn't be out of this for worlds.' Then he again held out his hand. 'And, look here, I'm standing by. We'll see this thing through together—for Ruth's sake.'

So, for Ruth's sake, the merchant prince and the buccaneer gripped each other by the hand and pledged their very lives.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—IN WHICH DISCRETION SUSTAINS DEFEAT.

THANKS to the restoring power of sleep and the buoyancy of youth, Myles was able to meet the new day with a smile and the conviction that he 'wasn't going to hand in his checks just yet.' As for Ruth, in spite of his promise of discretion the night before, he ventured to meet her with a look which brought a flush of colour to her cheeks and a very happy sort of smile to her lips, whereupon Myles felt on better terms with the world than ever. His satisfaction was not lessened either by the complete effacement of Martin Cass, of whom not a trace had been seen since his rout by the watchful eyes of Ruth. But in this matter contentment had a very short life, for the three of them had just sat down to breakfast when Myles was jovially greeted by the voice he had learned to know so well and to hate so deeply.

'Hallo, Hayton! you seem to be making yourself at home. And I can see that Barbon is doing you well.'

Without betraying his approach, Cass had passed through the tiny hall, and now stood framed in the doorway of the living-room, as spruce and collected as ever, and, if anything, a trifle more supercilious. Tossing a nod to Myles and another to Barbon, he turned to Ruth with a look for which Myles would willingly have strangled him, and begged her to include him in the party. As he took his seat facing her he rallied her on his new exploit. He hoped she had not taken his sudden departure amiss, or looked upon his prolonged absence as a matter of everlasting desertion, but he had

really felt the party to be incomplete without Mr Hayton, their old Lake Country friend, and that was the reason he had slipped away. To fetch Mr Hayton to the island.

Though he must have known that the whole of his audacious *coup* had been disclosed, he completely ignored it, nor did he drop the slightest hint about the motive; and presently he went away on the best of terms with himself, and with a free and easy assumption of friendship for all of them.

But they were not permitted to forget that they were captives, as much prisoners as though encircled by stone walls and iron bars. Making a pretence at hesitation, Cass wondered whether Barbon could do with his friend Hayton for a week or two—only till he had got the *Coquette* ship-shape again—capping this with an expression of the hope that 'Hayton would find the middle part of the island to his liking,' and significantly adding that 'the beach was a most unhealthy spot,' and therefore to be avoided. That afternoon Myles tested the warning, when, a quarter of a mile from the house, he found the jungle pathway to the coast blocked by an armed sailor.

Under the conditions thus established a couple of weeks went by, and even in spite of the limit placed upon his freedom Myles might have been lulled into a sense of security if Barbon had not been there to warn him. 'No; he's only biding his time. He'll strike sure and hard enough when he thinks the right moment has arrived. That's one thing about Cass—the power to wait. I believe he'd wait for ages if he was assured of getting his own way in the end. So don't make any mistake. Caution is still the word.'

It fell out, however, that, captive though he must consider himself, in spite, too, of the hidden peril and the constant strain of watching, Myles found the days charged with delight. For Ruth was there all the time, and though there were occasions when he experienced the torments of Tantalus, he had many compensations—a shy glance, a frank smile, a caressing inflection in her speech, and always her presence under the same roof. Often, too, her companionship amid the unaccustomed beauties of the jungle, even though they had to put up with the escort of John Barbon, who was always standing by to see that love's impetuosity did not precipitate disaster. On the surface it seemed to be a needless precaution. From Cass, to their unspeakable relief, they received no molestation. Regarded as a lover, the man was singularly cavalier in his conduct. Not only did he make no attempt to force his attentions on Ruth, but his avoidance of her suggested that he had been brought to recognise the hopelessness of his suit, and was prepared to regard it as a dream impossible of fulfilment.

And then he abandoned them—sprang what for the moment ranked as the greatest of all his

manifold surprises—simply left them marooned there on the island, and sailed away with his ship and his men. This was in the third week, and Barbon, dashing pell-mell through the forest, brought them the news. Before he joined them, both Ruth and Myles knew that life had made another of its startling moves, for, while he was yet hidden among the trees, they heard the clamour of his voice calling their names, 'Ruth—Myles—Ruth—Myles;' saw him stagger across the clearing, and halt a few feet below them in front of the veranda, all a-tremble, panting, bathed in perspiration. Cass had gone. That was the news he brought. Cleared off, bag and baggage. Not a man left on the island. They had the place to themselves.

He climbed the steps and dropped into a chair, mopping his streaming temples. 'Oh yes, it's gospel,' he assured them. 'He told me he was going, and I watched him go. You remember Craggs bringing me a message this morning? Well, Cass wanted me down at the beach. I didn't say anything to you—no use bothering till I knew what he was up to. I fancied it might be mischief, but never had a notion of the real thing. And you may guess my surprise when I found them loading up—all their dunnage. Cass said he had had enough—couldn't stand it any longer. He made out that things hadn't worked as he'd counted, and so he'd decided to give it up. He said some things about you, Hayton, and—and Ruth; but he talked like a man who'd found out a mistake. He seemed a bit cast down. Not that I set much store by that—not with him; too much of an actor. All I know for certain is that he made out he was beaten. He sent his best respects to you'—nodding to Myles—'and—and talked some silly stuff about Ruth's wedding-day and sending her a present.'

As he grew calmer Barbon told how he had begged Cass to take them all with him and restore them to the life they wished to live, and it was here that his brutality had had another fling. With an oath Cass had declared that they might perish before he would lift his little finger to save them, and then—well, then he sailed away. There was no mistake about that. Barbon had watched them go; saw them sail out of the bay; never left the beach till the ship was hull down. Still, it might only be a trick—probably was. They must go on being as discreet as ever—this with a significant glance at Myles. Cass was almost certain to return; might pop down on them at any time. The best thing was to go on as usual for a while, and then, if nothing happened, they would flit to the beach and watch for the passing of ships.

At first Myles was all for immediate action, an instant transfer to the shores of the bay. Why, he argued, at that very moment they might be missing an opportunity of escape that would never be presented again, or at best not

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for a long time. But none of his pleading made the slightest impression on Barbon, and in this matter Ruth was solidly with her father. Out of the ascendancy which Cass had acquired over them, his terrorism, his cunning, there had been born an overmastering fear. Enclosed within all the mystery of this new move they beheld the possibility of a trap, a lure to draw them to the very place they wished to go to, the sea-washed front of the isle. Of course, taking everything into account, it was improbable—they admitted that; but it was Martin Cass they had to deal with. You could never be sure of what he had at the back of his brain. Better miss half-a-dozen rescue-ships than play into his hands. And so, seeing how it lay with them, Myles submitted to their fears. At any rate, there was the presence of Ruth, and the sense of greater freedom, to reconcile him.

The first day and the second bore heavily upon them, their doubt about Cass, the dread that he might at any moment pounce from the most unlikely hiding-place, haunting them through all the hours, and completely dwarfing the content that his flight ought to have produced. Little by little, however, the spectre lost its terror. Ruth recovered her song, which had for so long been silent; even Barbon parted with some of his gloom; and although they were still castaways, cut off from the world for which they longed, the joy of liberty began to flood their hearts.

A new bond was also established by the change in their domestic round, and from the cramping sensation of captivity they passed to the healthier manner of a family party sharing the household tasks. One of the circumstances tending to this end was the discovery that Whang Ho, the Chinese servant, had been taken with the rest of Cass's crew. Thus Ruth had to become in all reality the mistress of the house, while Myles installed himself in the office of 'head cook and bottle-washer,' a combination of duties which he turned to most excellent account. For your real lover is a splendidly versatile fellow, and even in the peeling of potatoes and the washing of dirty dishes he finds it quite possible to give romance an opportunity of expression. There is reason to fear that as the week drew to a close the discretion which Barbon had enjoined sustained some damaging jars.

Thus we come to the end of the probation, to the transfer from the house in the clearing to that other house by the beach, and also to that memorable day when discretion was left to look after itself, and in the solitude of the island bay, its waters softly crooning at their feet, Myles Hayton told his love-story, and listened with joy to Ruth's confession: 'I think—I seem—to have loved you all the time.'

She lifted her head as she spoke, and if speech left anything unsaid, her eyes surely completed the tale of her surrender. After the manner 1918.]

of lovers, Myles drew her to him, held her in his arms, their tongues silenced by joy; held her thus for a moment, a mere pin-point of time—a fragment of stupendous contrast, for suddenly the light of the sun went out, for both of them the hour of the dawn became the blackest hour of the night. Not all the counsels of discretion could save them now. The thicket close beside them, the seaside selvedge of the forest, became articulate, its branches crashed, and a run of mocking laughter fell upon their ears.

'Martin Cass!'

It was Myles who spoke, his voice explosive, his tone a blend of astonishment and wrath. Ruth also uttered the name, but terror kept her voice so low that neither of them heard it, though Myles felt her hand tighten on his arm.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—CASS LAYS DOWN HIS CARDS.

IT was no illusion. Framed amid the loose branches of the forest fringe, the man stood there, leering sardonically, then stepped out on to the shingle and raised his hat.

'Sorry to interrupt such an idyllic scene,' he sneered, 'but there was really no other way;' and then, addressing himself, with an assumption of hilarity, to Myles, 'Pon my word, Hayton, but I must say that you've disappointed me. You're not half so wide awake as I gave you credit for being. Surely you didn't actually think that I'd present you with an open field? You didn't really suppose that I was going to leave you two on the island alone? My folly doesn't run to that.'

'Do you mean'—

'I mean,' Cass cut in, 'that I've been here all the time. I only sailed out over the edge of the sea, and came back by dark in the launch. And, what's more, you see that island'—and he flung out a pointing finger towards the gap in the cliffs—'over yonder in the east, like a cloud-bank. Well, the *Coquette* has been playing hide-and-seek over there ever since I gave you the slip. Fine lagoon and a grand anchorage. There's only one thing I've got to grumble about—you've given me a most uncomfortable time. Lying doggo in the jungle isn't good for health or temper. But it has had its reward. Got my own back now, and a bit over. Knew I should see what I was waiting to see if only I waited long enough. And, of course,' with a glance which rested on Ruth, 'the prize was worth it all.'

Perhaps it was the look that did it; perhaps it may have been that word 'prize' and its obvious meaning. Probably it was both. Anyhow, they fanned the fire of wrath flaring in the heart of Myles Hayton into the fire of madness and of hate. For the first time in his life he saw red, knew the lust of death, was eager to slay. There was Cass in front of him. They were alone, man to man. The *Coquette* and her

crew of ruffians were far enough away. Here, he worked it out, so far as he could be said to reason at all—here was surely the time to settle the long account. There was a risk—even in his fury he saw that; but adapting that brutal phrase to the occasion, the prize was worth it. And so he measured the distance, keyed up thew and sinew and every ounce of will for the supreme blow, and launched himself upon that insolent plotter there in front of him—and failed. He knew it as he made his spring. First there was Ruth's arresting cry—anguish, terror, entreaty in the call of his name, 'Myles! Myles!'—and then the impact as the girl flung herself upon him and twined her arms about his neck. But above all there was the glint of sun on steel, and Cass still standing there, grim and triumphant, the barrel of a revolver outstretched, and his finger on the trigger.

Along the barrel they silently challenged each other, a long unflinching gaze, both men declaring their hatred, the one equipped with power, the other conscious of nothing so much as impotence and the presence and the dearness of the girl who still clung to him, as though believing that her hold was the only thing that could save. It was Cass who broke the silence.

'You see, Hayton,' he said dryly, 'you still have a few things to learn.' And then, 'I think we'd better go and look for Barbon, and I'll let you into the great secret, tell you why I brought you here and what I mean to do. He'll have to hear it, and I don't want to spin the yarn twice. Though I shouldn't be surprised if he's made a pretty fair shot at my trump card. So, if you two will kindly lead the way, I'll follow. I'd go in front myself; only, I can't take any risks, you know. Sorry to have to trouble you, but we'll have the *Coquette* back to-night, and after that you'll be relieved of any further temptation to rebellion.'

They found Barbon seated on the beach hard by the landing-place, his back propped against the trunk of a palm, his vision apparently focused on the open sea. If the appearance of Cass occasioned him any surprise, he betrayed none, not even by the lifting of an eyebrow. Indeed, he declared the event as merely fulfilling his expectation. 'Guessed you'd turn up again,' he said in level tones, and that was all.

'Ay, but I didn't show myself too soon,' Cass returned, and no one could have said whether malice or triumph predominated with him. 'I waited my time. I've got all I wanted. Our friend Hayton has been very obliging. If only Ruth had owned to her fancy for him when I put it to her, she might have saved him and all of us a peck of trouble.'

Still Barbon betrayed no feeling, simply stood there impassively just as he had risen, his hands dug deeply into his pockets, sailor fashion, philosophically recognising the futility

of words and his own unarmed helplessness. So Cass began again, offering a pointed reminder of his dominance, his revolvers, and the crew whom he would presently recall.

'And then,' Myles stormily demanded, 'when you have got your ruffians here again at your beck and call, what do you propose? What is the game you are playing? For goodness' sake, man, make an end of all this stage business, and tell us what you are up to. Let us know the worst.'

'Or the best,' Cass flippantly retorted. 'There doesn't need to be any worst if you'll only be reasonable, all of you. Barbon knows what I want. And so does Ruth. They've known for years. I've never cloaked it. I want Ruth. That's the whole thing—the beginning and the end. I want Ruth, and I mean to have her. As for you—this to Myles—'you are nothing to me once these other two haul down their silly flag. You're a tool, that's all—my tool, a pawn in the game, a thing that I'm using for my own ends. Though now, when I come to think of it, even that's going a bit too far. I'm not the one who counts; it's Ruth and not myself who has your destiny in hand.'

His fate in the hands of Ruth! Well, that did not tell Myles very much, but at least it was good news. His destiny could not be in better hands, and if it was true, he rejoiced in it; but most of all did he rejoice that the blinding veil of uncertainty was at last about to be lifted.

Now Cass was speaking again, though clearly with less confidence in himself, his speech jerky, his words suggestive of confusion. Myles was almost inclined to give him some credit for being ashamed of his conduct. At first there was a long, laboured effort at justification—his love for Ruth. He made the girl his shield. They all knew—at least Barbon and Ruth did—how she had captivated him, how his life had been centred in her ever since he saw her growing up. Suppose he had done wrong, no one could accuse him of selfishness; he had never given a thought to himself. Such the speciousness of his reasoning. He had sinned for Ruth; he had lived for Ruth; he was willing to die for her. She was the symbol of all his hope and ambition. In fact, it had been Ruth first, everywhere, and in everything. Why couldn't they be reasonable and see his conduct in its proper light, its true proportions? Even now it was not too late for them to fall in with his plans. But he was absolutely determined to have his own way. Let there be no mistake on that score. They might as well decide to make the best of it and meet him with a good grace. It would come to that in the end. They knew what manner of man he was. What he said had to go, or somebody would suffer. That was why he had dragged Hayton in. He believed, honestly, that if he had been left an open course he could have convinced Ruth that

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his love for her was worth having, but there was that unlooked-for meeting at Rosthwaite, and the mischief was done.

'You know what happened.' Here he began to ignore the others and address himself only to the girl. 'I suspected the fellow all along; was pretty sure that he had queered the pitch for me, but you wouldn't hear of it. You screened him even at the expense of truth. Swore that he was nothing to you; that even if there was no Myles Hayton you would never marry me. You carried it off well—I'll give you that crumb of satisfaction—but you weren't smart enough. I saw through the whole caboodle. Saw that you were only throwing dust in my eyes; that you feared for him, were afraid of me. But I also saw that a new weapon had been thrust into my hands. Yes, a fine new weapon; and now I'm going to use it. You know what I mean, don't you? Why I've brought Hayton here? To trap you. To wring out the truth. I was dead sure that if I could only get you two together you were bound to betray yourselves; that I'd only to be patient to have you both under my thumb. And I've got you there now, Hayton and you, and I'm giving you your choice. It's to be Hayton or me. With this difference between us, that if it's Hayton he'll have to pay. That's another thing I brought him here for—to make him pay. So now, I ask you again, will you marry me? If you won't—then Hayton will pay—with his life.'

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—RUTH MAKES HER CHOICE.

IT was a wonderful night of stars, a dome of cobalt embroidered with gems, a myriad lights, and all different, dancing, flashing, never at rest; and as Myles looked upon their glory, framed in the circle of the port-hole, it seemed almost impossible that misery such as his could exist in a world of so much radiance. He was back again, now, in the prison of Cass's ship; more a prison than ever, with the door fast bolted and iron shackles on his limbs. His scheme completely exposed, Cass had acted with the thoroughness which somehow seemed to accompany all his movements. Few words did he waste after his fell declaration, only sufficient to drive home to the three whom he had made his prey the facts of their own powerlessness and his unshakable will, and then he sped away in a motor-launch, cunningly concealed in one of the island caves, to rejoin his crew. Before sundown he was again conning the *Coquette* to her old anchorage in the bay, and by nightfall he had struck his first blow—what he jocularly described as 'the arrest of Mr Hayton.' This was effected by an armed guard, by whom Myles was at once cast into his old cabin on the yacht, the gyves of a seafaring criminal fitted to his ankles and wrists.

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'You see, Hayton,' Cass explained, 'I'm taking no risks now. I've had to take too many as it is. You are a quixotic fool who'd cut off your nose to spite my face. If you thought you could prevent Ruth Barbon becoming Mrs Martin Cass, you'd take your own life as cheerfully as I shall take it myself, supposing that Mistress Ruth drives me to that regrettable extremity. You might easily argue that if you were out of the way I should lose my weapon, my means of bringing pressure to bear, and so the young lady might go free. Though, by the way, you'd be mistaken. I've not exhausted my armoury. It happens that Ruth knows nothing of the source of her father's wealth. We've kept that from her, the secret of the partnership, the fact that he's a sea-rover, and that I'm ditto. So you see that even if I hadn't got you to play with, I still have that equally persuasive circumstance. A threat to expose her father and give him up to justice would probably do the trick. However, as you will see, I'd also have to let her know a few things about myself, and therefore I'm sticking to you as long as I can. I'll promise you I'll not detain you too long. I've given Ruth forty-eight hours to make up her mind in. If she says "Yes," we'll sail away to Sydney, leaving you here with a pleasant little party to keep you company; and when we've got spliced, we'll make a honeymoon trip of it back to the island to set you free. I dare say that some of your Liverpool friends will be thinking it time you returned from—your holiday jaunt to the Mediterranean.'

Now that he had time for reflection, and with all the facts laid bare, Myles was amazed by the completeness of the design which had woven its coils around them, the calculating depth of its conception, and the audacity which had carried it through. However much he might rage and threaten, however hopefully he might plan, he realised that he was beaten, that there was no intervention which could save either Ruth or himself.

A thing hitherto of shreds and patches, the plot had now grown into a well-knitted web, some of its fragments having been disclosed by Ruth in the brief space left to them by Cass after the launching of his thunder-bolt, other blanks filled in by Barbon, and the rest supplied by his own knowledge and a not very difficult course of deduction.

His blood boiled when he comprehended the extent of the persecution to which Ruth had been subjected. His first approaches spurned at Singapore when Barbon decided to retire from his infamous trade, Cass had pursued the girl and her father from port to port, from one continent to another, the girl flying from a hateful lover, the man from the *Nemesis* of exposure. Unbounded conceit, a sure belief in the power of his own personality, had led

Cass on to that supreme *coup*, the abduction of the two on the high seas, assured in his own mind that the prospect of imprisonment on the island would break down the girl's resistance; and finally, when this hope failed him, he had resorted to the entrapping of Myles.

Here, however, he was not quite so sure of his ground. He recognised the futility of threatening Myles without proof of Ruth's interest in him. Hence that stealthy landing on the island, his device of throwing his rival unannounced into the presence of the girl, so that he could watch from his hiding-place the manner of their meeting, and thus secure the evidence for which he had dared so much. Hence also his first check, brought about partly by his own over-eagerness, and partly by Ruth's watchful eyes.

Here, then, was the situation which Myles was compelled to face, and as he lay in his bunk and watched the revolving stars he passed through three distinct phases of emotion. First of all he writhed in bitter rebellion against the fate which had overtaken him; but this speedily passed, and he became possessed by a spirit of complete resignation, of profound calm, a sort of fatalism which nerved him to meet his impending doom. Even if that doom were death, he was convinced that he would not lift his little finger to avert it. And finally he soared on the wings of exaltation, rejoicing in the joy of service, the hope that by the sacrifice of his life he might be able to save the girl who had become more precious to him than life itself—save her from a fate worse than death. Rather would he die a thousand times over than see her the wife of Martin Cass. And so consoled, he fell asleep.

He was awakened soon after sunrise by the rumble of the anchor-chain, but he had by now become almost inured to the attack of the unexpected, and so he lay quietly listening to the raucous rasp of the winch doing its work. On the stroke of the third bell, making known that the hook was clear of the ground, the ship shivered to the thrust of the engines, the grind of the propeller-shaft; and soon, watching through the port-hole, he saw the shores of the bay slip slowly by. All sorts of theories to account for this unlooked-for move danced through his brain, but none did he find acceptable; and in the midst of his conjecturing the door opened and Cass entered the cabin, mingling a derisive grin with a brutal joke about Myles's bracelets. 'Never mind,' he went on; 'you'll soon get rid of them. We're on our way now to—the place of execution, shall I say?—and you won't want 'em any more.'

He laughed again when he saw the start that Myles was unable to suppress, and broke into a run of banter about the celerity with which Ruth had made up her mind. 'Wiping you off her list pretty slick, eh?' he demanded; and

then, 'Though, mark you, she'll find it no go. She's got to give in. I've still got that other card to play when we get rid of you; so it'll all come to the same in the end. I've got her in a clove hitch.' Whereupon, with a promise to send for him as soon as he had 'got the fixin's ready,' Cass left him.

So this was the end—his end. He was almost finished with life. Ruth had refused to wreck her future, and Cass was taking him out to sea for the foul deed. He was glad of that—glad to be spared the agony of having Ruth a spectator of the crime. He would be glad, also, to have the sea, which he had loved so well, for his shroud. He felt magnificently calm about it. He had always looked on death as one of the universal laws against which a man would be a fool to fight, and although he longed for life, and longed for it desperately, even without Ruth, he was not going to whine. But Ruth! His limbs were shackled now—no longer could he protect; all that was left to him was to lie there like a log, to lie and breathe her name. This was the irony of it. He was beaten, and she was not saved. It was even as Cass had said. Her ordeal was not yet over. One choice taken, there was still another to be made. She had finished with himself, and now she was to be placed in the scales against her father. And Cass was right—the end would be all the same. There was nothing before her except surrender, unless she chose those twin-sisters, sorrow and shame, for her companions, to stalk by her side right to the end.

His sense stunned and crushed by the realisation of his defeat, of all that it involved, Myles failed at first to note the change in the ship, and not for several minutes did he grasp the fact that the engines had slowed down. All on deck, however, seemed singularly silent; he could detect no sound of movement. So, for a spell, the ship forged ahead under easy steam, her speed just enough for steerage-way. And then the uneasy quietude was broken. There was the hasty patter of feet, that soft tread which shoeless sailors make upon the planks of a wooden deck, and afterwards the approach to his cabin, his cell, and the opening of the door. It was not Cass this time—he was thankful for that—but a couple of the crew, who struck off his irons and helped him to his feet. He required their help, too, for he was cramped by his long confinement, and with one supporting him on each side, he passed up the companion to the outer world.

A glance at the sea and the sun, and he found himself wondering what manner of death they meant to give him. A bullet, a rope, or the sea itself? He was not at all concerned—was, indeed, rather interested in the fact of his own detachment; his attitude was chiefly that of curiosity, of speculation. And while he was still wondering they led him aft, along the alley,

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clear of the deck-houses, right to the open deck, where he could see—everything. Not that he did see everything. All that his amazed vision encompassed was a group of three awaiting him hard by the deck binnacle—Jacobs, and Cass, and—Ruth!

Ruth, with a face like chalk, tearful, shrinking, the very embodiment of humiliation and despair. Once more Myles was overwhelmed by a fact. His brain refused to work. He could grasp nothing but Ruth's presence—nothing at all until the shock had passed; and then he read into the circumstance another evidence of Cass's malevolence, and believed that the girl had been brought there merely to see him die. He had ceased his advance, pulled up right on the spot by the astonishing spectacle, and Cass gave him time to take it all in before he called to the men to 'help him along.' Whereupon they urged him forward, straight up to the shrinking girl and the swaggering man by her side, who held out his hand.

'Won't you shake?' he said. 'I thought you'd like to congratulate me. I haven't allowed any one else to do it yet. Thought you might want to be the first. So here's your chance. And allow me to present you to my wife—Mrs Martin Cass.'

'Your—wife!'

'Bit of a surprise?' Cass chuckled. 'Sort of taken your breath away. But it's all O.K. This is the execution I spoke of—mine. My wedding-day. It's the bachelor who's been executed. You jump to conclusions too readily, Hayton, and you don't make allowance for the wonderful range of words. Well, won't you wish us much happiness?'

'But—how'—

'Really, Hayton'—this with a pretence of impatience—'for a man of shipping affairs you are terribly dense. Have you forgotten the law of the sea, the marriage law—the three-mile limit? Don't you know that out on the deep the captain is everything, Jack-of-all-trades, even down to being a parson? And as Jacobs, here, holds an extra-master's ticket, he has been able to add to his experience by conducting a marriage ceremony. It's all Ruth's doing. She was too impatient to wait till we got to Sydney. She wanted to make sure of me—and—I rather think she wanted to see the last of you.'

But here Ruth thrust herself in before the jeering man whose name she had just taken. 'Oh Myles, my dear, my dear,' she cried, 'I couldn't let you be sacrificed to save me. And I was afraid of delay—afraid for you. Every moment seemed to be a moment of danger—for you—in his power. I wouldn't have done it, but I could see no other way. And'—

There was no need for her to finish. Myles clearly read the message, the promise in the anguished eyes which frankly met his own, an assurance that he would always hold the first

place in her life. It steadied him, too; braced him for the harsh ordeal. In defiance of the vows the girl had just uttered in pledge to this other man by his elbow, he took both her hands in his own. 'I know,' he said gently. 'But you mustn't talk to me of sacrifice. I would have counted it the richest service, for myself an abundant reward.' Then he snatched at a straw. 'But I'll save her yet,' he declared, turning to Cass. 'There isn't a country in the world, not any bench of judges, that would recognise this marriage—a marriage of compulsion.'

Cass shrugged his shoulders. 'You forget,' he said, 'that I still have a shot left in my locker. You'd better not force me to fire it. You know what I told you down below there? Whatever happens I win, and if you play any pranks it's Ruth you'll hurt.' He walked away a few paces, and then came back. 'Ruth,' he commanded, 'take your hands away, and remember that I'm your husband now, that you're done with that fellow for ever.' Then to Myles, 'And this is where you and I part. I've finished with you. I'm going to land my wife on the island again. She's going back with her father to their old home for a few days till we get our stores on board and the ship trimmed, ready for sea. Then we'll away to Sydney; and if she wants to make sure, she can have the ceremony over again in a church, with a sky-pilot of her own choosing. As for you, I propose to get rid of you on the way. Norfolk Island lies handy for a call, and there you can pick up a ship for Brisbane. Unless you prefer to set up as Robinson Crusoe out here in the Garden of Eden?'

#### CHAPTER XIX.—A PASSING CALL FROM CAPTAIN RUSH.

AS the *Coquette* swung once more to an anchor in the shelter of the bay the accommodation ladder was dropped over the side, and the launch steamed out from the pier to carry Ruth ashore for the last time. A bride forlorn and desolate, she moved forward to the rail, escorted by her husband, but for any notice she took of him the man might not have been there at all. Then suddenly she broke away, and running aft to where Myles was standing, held out her hand.

'Good-bye, my dear,' she cried, though in truth her voice scarcely rose above a whisper. 'I—I'— Again her lips refused to help her; she had to leave the rest of the promise to her eyes.

With a scowl Cass watched them, and his face still wore its ugliest look as Ruth swept past him and was carried ashore.

From this moment the ship became the scene of feverish activity. Even before the launch had reached her haven the crew had been turned to, for Cass was all impatience to be gone, and the condition of the ship after her long cruise

demanding as thorough an overhaul as could be given to her in such a place. In a dull fashion Myles watched the work, barely conscious of what the men were doing. He felt ill and supremely wretched, and all his interest in life had vanished. His only consolation lay in the fact that now Cass showed a disposition to leave him entirely alone.

Not yet, however, had he bid farewell to adventure. About noon on the following day he was brooding in one of the deck-chairs, when Cass, passing forward, stopped sharply in front of him with his face turned to the sea, rapped out one of his coarsest maledictions, and remained rooted there. About his attitude there was such a measure of intense concentration that Myles was moved to sift the cause. On rising, he was surprised to discover a three-masted schooner with auxiliary steam heading straight for the gap in the cliffs. A week ago—nay, even a couple of days ago—he would have hailed the new-comer with rapture, looked upon her as a deliverer; but now she was too late to help, and so he found her interesting only because she offered a fresh incident in the round of life, and because of the dexterity with which the men on board were handling her. But with Cass it was different. His hand was still against the world, and the world's against him. In everything that floated he beheld a potential enemy, or at the very least something that might interfere with his plans, and his face now gloomed with sullen wrath.

Having little more than steerage-way upon her, the schooner, whose name-board declared her to be the *Cavalier* of San Francisco, passed the yacht with barely a biscuit-throw between them, and her skipper, a toughly built and hirsute being, wearing a pea-jacket which had braved the winds of much travel, and a cap with a battered neb, stepped over to the rail. His face pronounced a smiling benediction, while his hand wagged a vociferous salute. From the smile and the gesticulation, to say nothing of the lurching accompaniment, it was safe to argue that the *Cavalier* of San Francisco carried something stronger than cold water among her stores. It was at this moment that Cass discovered the presence of Myles by his side, but he waited until the ship had found an anchorage well out of earshot before he turned on him with fury, demanding to know why he had not kept out of sight.

'This is what comes of giving you your liberty,' he went on; 'but, mark me, you've nothing to gain by dragging that fellow into a business which doesn't concern him. And here's a solid chunk of advice. Don't meddle, and don't invite him to meddle either. You know what sort of toys we carry down there,' and he nodded towards the fo'c'sle-head, where the guns were concealed. 'That old fool's almost certain to come aboard. His sort

always does go poking round where it isn't wanted; and if you speak one word to give the show away I'll have him hove overboard to the sharks, and I'll blow his old tub out of the water. So, remember, the lives of that lot are in your hands.'

His expectations of a visit were soon realised. Within half-an-hour of the anchor being put down a gig-boat was hoisted over the schooner's side, and the skipper scrambled into it. Without making any request for permission—'Like his impudence,' as Cass put it—he mounted the ladder to the deck of the *Coquette*, and, with easy familiarity and a bibulous smile, held out his hand to Martin Cass.

'Simeon Rush, at your service, sir,' he announced himself; and then by a single word he stated his business—'Copra.'

By this time Cass had seen the wisdom of dissimulation, and all his ill-humour was pushed away out of sight.

'Copra!' he laughed. 'You'll find it very lean picking here, skipper. There isn't a nigger on the blooming rock. Something wrong with the island, I expect. One of those places the Kanakas fight shy of. Not a bad place for a Sunday-school picnic, but nothing to offer to men with a nose for trade, such as I'm told all you copra-hunters have been born with.'

To this Captain Rush responded with a picturesque sample of sea-talk, anathematising himself for his folly in wasting time. 'It was seeing you lying snug in here that brought me in,' he explained. 'I thought that where there was a ship, there was bound to be folks, and it was worth while paying a call. Anyhow, it's no use crying over what's done. So I'll get back again and work along to Honolulu.'

Now, it was here that Cass made his slip. He was again playing a part, intent on throwing dust in the eyes of this man who had made such an inopportune appearance, so that when he reached the Sandwich Isles he should have no suspicious tale to tell. But he overdid it, carried his play-acting a little too far. What was the hurry? he demanded. An hour more or less—what did it matter? He was very glad to see Captain Rush, and he was sure that his friend, Mr Sanderson, was as pleased as himself—Sanderson being the name he picked up at random and bestowed on Myles. They hadn't seen any civilised folks for a blue moon, and they would be delighted if the skipper would stay and have a snack with them. Sorry he hadn't anything special to offer, but, of course, Captain Rush would understand. When you were nearing the end of a long cruise, you couldn't act Delmonico, but so far as pot-luck went he was welcome to whatever they had aboard.

Simeon Rush beamed his pleasure. Now, he took that real kindly, he declared. It wasn't often that yachtsmen were so square—stand-offish lot as a rule—seemed to think themselves

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gods afloat and everybody else had to clear out of their way. He would like to stay—honest truth, he would; and he emphasised his affirmation by a violent swaying of his body and another expansive smile. Honest truth, he meant it; but then duty to owners, you know. A trading-skipper hadn't any right to dawdle. He hadn't got any rights at all. An hour spent over the table here might mean the loss of a market somewhere else. And he thought he had better sheer off.

This, of course, was exactly what Cass desired; but, as has been said, he overplayed his part, failed to see where to stop. To the refusal of his invitation he replied by linking his arm in that of the skipper and urging him towards the companion.

'Oh, bother your scruples, man! Let your owners wait. I'll be bound you've got your holds half-full of copra as it is. So come along. Have a bite and a drink, and spin us one of those yarns you've got stowed away under hatches.'

He expected another refusal—that much is certain; but, to his chagrin, Rush surrendered, and out of the surrender there befell that gathering of such tremendous meaning in the *Coquette's* saloon, with Cass and Rush exchanging their tales of the sea, and Myles sitting by in wondering dread, fearing all the time some new act of treachery, a tragic end to the encounter which he was powerless to avert. Over the roast and the dessert the talk was impersonal enough, and dealt chiefly with the ways of the sea and the manners and customs of the traders; but when the whisky was brought out a new turn was given to it by Cass, who launched into a run of chaff suggestive of the rich return which Rush had wrested from the islands.

And Simeon Rush, whose drinking had not yet laid a bar upon his tongue, sprawled his arms over the table, closed one eye in a prodigious wink, and waggishly shook his head. 'Oh, I've done nothing to crack about yet,' he protested; 'but, between friends now, I don't mind letting on that I may be in for a decent thing. You talk about copra! Ugh! There's something richer than copra in these waters, if you're only lucky enough to drop across it.'

'And that?' Cass queried.

Rush put his hand to his lips. 'Pearls,' he whispered, and again screwed up his left eye. 'Mind'—and now he drew himself back into his chair—'I daren't talk like this anywhere, but of course I can pick my men. I know decent folk when I meet 'em, and I can see I'm all right here—must be. You two—gentlemen—yachtsmen—not like a pack of hungry traders on the prowl for whatever they can lay their dirty fingers on. So I don't mind telling. I've had a bit of luck—though it's nothing I can get a scrap of credit out of. Chance—sheer chance. A man may go cruisin' round

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among pearls till he piles up on the scrap-heap, and never see anything bigger than a rifle-shot. But sometimes—luck, you know—he tumbles against a treasure, and I fancy I've hit it. That's one reason I was in such a hurry. I want to get back to Europe—Amsterdam—get the thing tested. It's a case for experts, is this; nobody else any use. It may only be worth the price of a bit of shell; though I've good hope.'

Cass held out his hand, and they shook across the table. 'I'm delighted,' he said, geniality itself. 'Always pleased to hear of another man's good fortune. Only, you'd better keep your tongue between your teeth. Safe enough here, but'—The break was filled with warning. And then, quite carelessly, he asked, 'Got it with you?'

Rush jerked his thumb across his shoulder. The gem was over there, aboard his own ship. Then he glanced roguishly from Cass to Myles and back again. 'Say,' he blurted, 'would you like t' see it? Speak the word, an' we'll go aboard that packet o' mine, and I'll let you have a look at it for yourselves. It's worth seeing.'

Filling up his glass again, Cass thanked him for his confidence, the trust he had so nicely expressed; but there was no need to put him to so much trouble. They would take his word. A renewal of the invitation he also parried, though with less force; and then a third. With each rejection Rush became more insistent. He wanted them to see the thing. He would like to have somebody else's opinion. And they might take his word for it, it was worth seeing. Whether it was all he hoped it to be, or a mere bit of worthless shell, it was a beauty. So let them come along, both of them. They were rattling good sorts, and they'd make a night of it. He had some prime fizz in his locker, stuff that wouldn't disgrace a yacht, and a few boxes of grand cigars. As for duty to owners—well, the owners'd have t' wait. He'd already given them more of his time and his life than they'd ever pay him for.

Though Cass still made a show of resistance to the pleading, Myles was quite certain that he meant to go, and if the pearl should prove to be a thing of price, he had no doubt about the end of the episode. Already he counted the captain of the schooner as good as dead, his crew butchered, his ship blown to pieces by the guns or else destroyed by fire. Raising his eyes, he saw that Cass was reading his thoughts, mocking him with his smile, deriding the helplessness which oppressed him, and he made up his mind that he would give his own life, if it were possible by so doing to frustrate the contemplated deed. But action here and now was out of the question, would merely hasten and complete the disaster. He must go through to the end, watching his chance.

And so, when Cass at length laughingly fell in with the invitation, Myles also rose and prepared to accompany them.

On deck, while they waited for the coming of the schooner's gig, Cass called for Jacobs, and informed him that he was 'going to return Captain Rush's visit,' but he would not be away long—half-an-hour perhaps; whereupon Rush clapped the mate on the shoulder, and jovially advised him to expect the boss when he saw him.

'We're goin' t' make a night of it, my son,' he went on. 'I've got a few cases of jolly good fizz aboard that li'l' hooker o' mine, and the gen'elmen are goin' t' help me t' sample it.' Here a new thought seemed to strike him. 'Say, Mister Cass,' he said, 'what d'ye say if I send a small bar'l o' rum aboard and let these lads o' yours splice the mainbrace? Just for luck, you know. Let 'em drink t' my luck.' Behind his hand he hoarsely whispered, 'The luck o' the pearl. I'd like t' stand 'em a drink apiece—finest set o' lads I've ever hailed—just one drink apiece.'

For a moment Cass hesitated. Something akin to suspicion gloomed in the glance he turned on the other man; but the moon-face of Simeon Rush was wreathed in a complaisant, beery smile, the very picture of guileless good-nature.

'All right,' he said. 'For luck.' And then to the mate, 'See to it, Jacobs; one drink apiece—not more—to the luck of Captain Rush.'

So the three of them were presently rowed across the bay and transferred to the untidy deck of the *Cavalier*. A few minutes they lingered in the waist while Rush gave his orders about the rum for the crew of the *Coquette*, and then they moved aft and down the cabin-companion, Rush leading the way, with Myles in his wake, and Cass coming last of all. Off the ladder they stepped into a gloomy vestibule, one of the ordinary dens of a small trading-ship. On the left-hand side there was a small signal-locker, its compartments filled up with bunting; on the right a pantry, in which Myles snatched a brief impression of a man whom he took to be the cook or a cabin-boy bending over a small table. It was only a glimpse, a matter of seconds, for he followed close on the captain's heels, and twisting to the left round the bulkhead which acted as a screen, entered the tiny cabin, an ill-lighted room with a table in the centre and lockers running round three sides.

All this he took in at the first hasty glance. It was all for which he had time; for suddenly Cass cannoned into him from behind, striking him full in the back, and he pitched headlong forward, landing somehow in the arms of Captain Rush, who held him up and cried out something with a reassuring ring in a voice from which all trace of drunkenness had vanished.

And then, as he wrenched himself free, another sound fell on his ears, and, spinning round, he beheld Martin Cass in the grip of another man, a heavy cloth dragged down over his head—a slim little man, lithe and sure; one who held his captive in an iron clutch, and in the short, sharp struggle was never once at fault. About the figure there was something strangely familiar. Only one man in all the world did he know like this man, but—that was impossible!

Then Cass went down like a log. The light falling through the deck-scuttle did the rest. The impossible became a fact—the man was Daniel Wise!

#### CHAPTER XX.—ONLY A FLY ON THE WALL.

'**D**ONE it, Simeon, me boy; done it. Al at Scotland Yard.' And Captain Wise hit the skipper of the *Cavalier* a resounding thwack between the shoulders, after which he literally hurled himself upon Myles, gripping him with both hands and beaming upon him with eyes that had the shine of stars.

'Barring the day my girl said, "Yes," this is the best of my life,' he declared, a blend of exultation and thanksgiving in the tone. 'Spiffing! Best I've ever known! Man alive! I feared the beggar had done you in, and we'd never set eyes on you again. But we've overhauled you in time. Here you are, and there is Mister Martin Cass, or whatever his name may be, and he'll never go kidnappin' or piratin' any more. Look at him. Not much of the bold buccaneer about him now. What?'

In truth, a more wretchedly undignified figure than that of Martin Cass at this moment it would be difficult to conceive. Arms and legs securely trussed, his tongue muted by a cunning gag, he lay stretched out at length on one of the lockers, the heaving of his chest and the glare of his eyes alone saving him from the semblance of death. He was powerless enough now, but his eyes refused all sign of surrender. They glowed with malignant passion, supreme hatred; and if looks could have killed, all three of them would surely then have bade good-bye to life. He was, moreover, inspired by hope of rescue, for there was his own ship lying but the length of a few cables away, with her guns and her men, and not yet had he learned the manner of the two mariners into whose trap he had so blindly delivered himself.

As Myles looked upon his fallen enemy a satisfying spirit of elation took possession of him. Though the real measure of his emancipation was not yet revealed, though the days looming ahead might again bind the chains about him, and bind them for ever, the joy of freedom was at least his for the moment. But a thousand questions were tumbling about in his brain, and as he turned away from Cass to his half-a-dozen of them burst out; whereupon

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Wise laid a hand upon his shoulder and counsellor patience.

'I've a big yarn to spin you,' he said, 'and I'll warrant you've one of your own to match it; but we've got all the way back to England to spend on them, and there's a mighty lump of tidying-up to be done before we get to the cackle. For the present I'll just tell you that it was a crumb of news I picked up in the captains' parlour at Dougal's—you know the place, Dougal's chandlery in Silver Alley, at Liverpool—that set me on your track. First of all I heard from your housekeeper that you'd gone off to Marseilles with a new pal called Martin Cass, and finely disappointed I was to miss you by only half a day. Though I wasn't the only one that was upset. That partner of yours, Mister Nicholson, was in a tearing rage—said you'd have the business going to the dogs if you carried on much longer. However, one day, in the captains' parlour, Bill Dennis of the *Trojan* got me in a corner, and after beating about the bush, let out that he'd seen you with my nibs here, and he was a double-Dutchman if the rightful name of Martin Cass didn't happen t'be Watson Grice. Well, sir, I don't mind saying that that bowled me over, for the names of Grice and Vaughan—or Barbon, if you like it better—had come to have a fearful ugly sound among the East Indie skippers, without anybody being able to prove anything against them; and it seemed to me that, what with the Barbons first of all, then the *Cleopatra*, and now Cass, you'd got yourself mixed up with a mighty dangerous lot.'

At this point the second mate slipped into the cabin with the news that the crew of the *Coquette* were at that moment assembled on the deck, drinking somebody's health; whereupon Captain Rush suggested with a chuckle that it was very kind of the gentlemen, and he hoped they would find the grog to their liking. The man having withdrawn, Wise plunged hastily into his story, merely splashing in a few broad, free lines, and leaving the details for a more convenient occasion. Knowing more about Barbon and Cass than appeared on the surface—as Myles would hear later on—he told how from the very first he had suspected the Marseilles arrangement as part of a plot, and so, acting entirely on his own initiative, had summoned to his aid a man he knew; 'one with a keener nose for mysteries than all the detectives put together—a nose that could smell a secret a hundred leagues away.' Besides, he was sure that Myles 'would not want the business boosting in the newspapers,' and if it got into the hands of the ordinary 'tocs, there was no telling what sort of a dust might be raised. And that was the beginning of the hunt. It was a long trail the pair struck, and they strayed away from it more than once; but at last they ran the end of it to the harbour-front at Lisbon.

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Here again all those ugly rumours of Barbon and Cass, part of the everyday gossip of the Eastern seas—rumours that were so solid, and yet backed by the flimsiest of facts—came in useful, and at once the guiding finger pointed to an unknown island in the Pacific as a possible rendezvous. On the face of it any search for such an indefinite goal as 'an island in the Pacific' might seem like hunting for a needle in a haystack, but now and again the pirate partners had been a bit too daring, their movements had set many suspicious tongues a-wagging, and by putting two and two together Wise was not long in getting a fairly accurate bearing. It was chiefly a matter of weighing up what he knew with what he was able to guess, and then hazarding a plunge.

So back again he rushed as fast as train and boat would take him to Liverpool, where he laid all that he had found out, and much more that he surmised, before James Nicholson, and, after a hard contest, was given a liberal bank-draft and a free hand.

'Mind, I found him desperately awkward to handle. He wanted everything doing ship-shape and Bristol fashion, but I fought him. Great Scott, how I stuck to him! I knew what it all meant—Governments—red tape, miles of it—inquiries—weeks, perhaps months. Then mebbe a gunboat or a destroyer, something that would scare old Cass here as soon as he raised the smoke-stack. Most likely if he still had you with him he'd knock you out, heave you overboard with a weight tied to your legs, and swear he'd never either seen or heard of you. And even if all went well, there'd be trials and newspaper reports, and a lot of the fuss you'd never want. Anyhow, as luck would have it, I managed t'get Nicholson t'see it through my eyes, and a week after that I set sail for New York aboard the *Umbria*, bound for 'Frisco. Likewise, my old friend Simeon, here, was on the same boat, and also a hefty crew of young fellows, fifty of 'em, who were hungering and thirsting for a scrap, and could be trusted t'keep their tongues between their teeth. Course they weren't travelling like a Cook's special conducted party. They were all booked separate, and not seeming to be even on nodding terms with each other till we'd been at sea for a few days.'

'Fifty!' Myles interrupted. 'I don't understand. What did you want with fifty men? And where are they now?'

Before he answered the question, Wise crossed to the locker on which Cass was lying, and removed the gag from his mouth. 'Think we can risk it by this time,' he said, and then picked up the thread of his yarn. 'Those fifty happen to be our copra,' he said. 'When you came aboard, most of 'em were stowed away snug in the hold where our cargo's s'posed t'be. We made the hold nice and cosy for 'em—first-class

saloon—a place to hide 'em in if we happened t' fall in with any pirates or kidnappers that we didn't want to scare till we'd had a bit of a talk with them. Oh yes, they're very comfortable and content down there, and they happen to have shooters and cutlasses and a couple of Maxim-guns if anybody wants a bit of dance-music. Oh, I tell you, we've worked it bee-u-ti-ful. Don't you think we're entitled to swagger a bit? An innocent little schooner cruising about looking for whatever it can pick up—Cap'n Simeon Rush three sheets in the wind—a tale of a great big pearl—a nice little barrel o' rum for the crew of a gentleman's yacht—and Cap'n Daniel Wise a-hiding in the pantry with a night-cap to put on the head of a buccaneer, clever and bold.'

'You'd better say your prayers instead of preaching so much,' Cass savagely interrupted. 'My boat carries some nice little guns as well as yours. Hayton knows. He's heard them bark and seen them bite, and my crew'll blow your old tub out of the water before the sun goes down. Your fifty swashbucklers with it, and the guns as well.'

But even as he spoke his confidence died within him. Under the cool, steady gaze of Daniel Wise his eyes blinked and drooped. It seemed as though he read therein a dread pronouncement of doom, and they saw his cheeks grow gray.

'Do you take me for a child, Cass,' the skipper quietly asked—'a child—to carry the thing this far and risk the end? Man, by now your crew is more helpless than you are. That drink we sent for them was doctored. I've only been filling up the time with talk t' give them a chance of goin' t' sleep. But now—he straightened his shoulders, and his voice rang free—'now we'll have done with talk for a spell, and get to business. If that lot on your boat is how I reckon them to be, all that's left for us to do is to tie them up. Then we'll settle what's to be done with 'em, and after that—hey for England, home, and beauty!'

Along with Rush he was moving to the companion, when Myles cried out to know what was to be done about Ruth.

Round Wise came again with a swing. 'Ruth!' he echoed. 'D'ye mean Ruth Barbon? What's she got t' do with it?'

'She's here on the island—with her father,' Myles told him; and out there tumbled a fluttering record of the part the girl had played in the great adventure.

It was all hurriedly done, a mere rushing jumble of the bigger happenings, but Wise readily picked out the essential facts, and pondered over them deeply for a moment. Then, throwing up his head in that quick, decisive way of his, he said, 'Bit more than I bargained for, is this.' Myles was sure that he could detect a regretful note in his voice, but

ere he finished Wise had recovered his smile. 'Never fear,' continued the skipper; 'we'll pull the young lady through as well as you. First of all we'll board that hooker outside, and make sure of the men, and then we'll attend to Mister Cass's shore party. A boat's crew and one of the guns should soon make that lot put up their hands. Then we'll talk about getting Miss Ruth aboard. As for Barbon—well, I don't know. I'll think about it.'

That night, when most of the work of what Daniel Wise called the 'cleaning up' had been completed, Myles and the little skipper drifted to a coil of rope in the stern of the *Cavalier*, and there, under the glory of the starlight, they talked of the strange adventure into which they had been dragged, though now and again they fell upon silence, and simply drank in the bewitching scene which Nature seemed to have put there for their eyes alone.

Once Wise flung out his hand, pointing to the misty outlines of the shore. 'Seems t' me,' he said, 'that the poetry man was right. "Only man is vile." Just look at the island, the bay, the stars—don't they sort of fill you up with—goodness? And then think a bit. There's that *Coquette* yonder, always a floating horror—worse a vast sight more by your telling than I or any other skipper had ever suspected—every man-jack of her crew in irons, and every one with blood on his hands. And here's the schooner with that pestiferous pirate swab turning her cabin into a condemned cell. And ashore yonder, at the back of the trees, there's Barbon, who ought t' be dangling at the end of a gibbet, and his girl that I suspected so badly, her life blasted. A bird-o'-Paradise among carrion, that's what she is.' Then he smiled. 'Anyhow, sir, there's a grand chance for you to make it all up to her. Here it's Paradise Lost; and when you get her all to yourself in Borrowdale again, it'll be Paradise Regained. Why, what's the matter now?'

For Myles was begging him to be silent. 'This is rank folly you are talking, Daniel Wise,' he cried. 'How can any spot in the world be Paradise for either Ruth or me? You forget the man down below—her husband.'

'Not a bit of it,' Wise retorted. 'Not a bit of it. He's only a fly on the wall, and presently we'll brush him off. This is more than a relief expedition; it's a voyage of vengeance. There's a tremendous score t' be wiped out. This party's going t' turn itself into a judge and jury and a lord high executioner. Oh yes, Mister Cass is going t' pay.'

'Folly again,' Myles sadly returned. 'I'll say nothing about your right to act as his executioner, but if you do what you seem to have planned you won't clear the way for me. For one thing, Ruth won't give the deed the name of execution; she'll call it murder. She will have to, unless she is told the whole story;

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and I'm sorely afraid that she may include me in her blame, thinking that I have consented to the crime in order to set her free and win her for myself. On the other hand, you've to remember that she knows Cass only as her father's partner, and by revealing him to her as the monster that he is, we shall denounce her father as well.'

A long, low whistle from Wise punctuated the point, and this was followed by a prolonged reverie, from which the skipper was only aroused when Myles suggested that they had better be turning in.

'Right you are, sir;' and, by his voice, he seemed as chirpy as ever. 'We'll have forty winks. We'll need 'em, for there's a lot of extra-special business to be gone through to-morrow.' And then, twinkling brightly up into the solemn face that searched his own, he added, 'Mind, I'm not promising anything, so don't you go building any more castles in Spain, but if I was in your shoes I wouldn't give up hope yet awhile. He's a most unreasonable swab, is Mister Martin Cass, but we mustn't forget a couple o' facts. One is that we've got him in irons, and the other that he's rather fond of being alive. Anyhow, we'll get Miss Ruth aboard in the morning, and then—— You made me think I'd come too late, but now I'm not so sure.'

#### CHAPTER XXI.—THE TRUTH, AND THE WHOLE TRUTH.

WITH the first touch of the dawn-light in the east Myles was up and away to the house in the heart of the island, where he told to Ruth and her father the story of what had befallen, and long before noon he was back again and handing Ruth up the ladder on to the schooner's deck. Hat in hand, the two skippers received her at the gangway with courtly grace, bestowing upon her all the deference they would have given to a queen; and for her sake also they treated Barbon as a man fashioned as cleanly as themselves. Without any waste of time Wise led the way towards the cabin, though at first Ruth hung back, and begged to know if it was absolutely necessary that she should go below, meaning, of course, had she no choice left her but to meet her husband? Whereupon Wise besought her to be brave, if not for her own sake, at least for that of Myles and her father; and so she yielded, and followed them to the cabin, where Cass was darkly brooding over his hopeless plight. Having been completely disarmed, he had now been restored to freedom so far as his hands and arms were concerned, but his ankle-irons still kept him a prisoner. He sat at the far end of the locker, his head tilted back into the angle. Except that his scowl became more deeply graved, he paid no heed to the entry of

Wise; but the coming of Ruth worked a complete transformation in the man. It seemed as though every mean and malicious element in his nature sprang to the surface and there ran riot.

Grinning an evil grin which ought to have warned them of impending mischief, he bade her come, like the loving wife that she was, and greet her affectionate husband. In a voice vibrant with mockery he assured her of his longing for her company, his undying devotion; and in the same loose fashion he vowed that now, with his dear wife restored to his arms, he cared nothing at all about what happened to him. He was sorry he could not rise and receive her as a newly married husband should, but these gentlemen appeared to be rather afraid of him; though, seeing how he and she had always understood each other so perfectly, he was sure she would have no false ideas about his apparent lack of gallantry. A strange picture they made, the man leering across the cabin, the girl wan and trembling, her eyes ringed by deep black lines, yet bearing herself with an impressive grace. Only did she shrink when, his mood changing, a tempest of wrath swept over him and he burst into a torrent of abuse, a torrent which embraced Myles as well as herself, and also her father and the two men who had so adroitly turned his schemes to nothing.

And then the catastrophe came. Utterly without mercy himself, he failed entirely to appreciate the quality in others. Also, he was confronted by men whose reprobation was reflected in the stern cast of their faces, and, clever though he was, he misread the signs. He knew nothing of the plan that Wise had formed, of the freedom which was about to be offered in exchange for the liberation of Ruth. He believed that all of them were prepared to act as he himself would have done if invested with the power of choice and deed. His outlook limited, he was capable of perceiving nothing but the certainty that his life would soon pay forfeit for his crimes, and the equal certainty that Ruth would then become Myles Hayton's wife. It was this, even more than the loss of life, that galled him, and he believed that it was still within his power to sunder them for ever. Even in the height of his passion he was crafty enough to grasp the importance of a swift blow. But it must be subtle as well as swift. And he made no mistake. An avalanche of words—blighting, searching, paralysing—volleyed through the cabin, and in a trice he had stripped the mask from Barbon's life and exposed to his child the man he had really been.

At once, before the denunciation was complete, as soon as the fell purpose was revealed, Myles flung himself across the table, and gripping his enemy by the throat, strangled the end of his speech; while Simeon Rush thrust

his hand through Ruth's arm and would have led her from the cabin. 'Come away, missy; come away,' the skipper pleaded. 'The man's gone clean daft. He doesn't know what he's saying. Come away; this is no place for you.'

But Ruth wrenched herself free, and her clear, girlish voice rang above all the tumult. 'Myles!' she cried, and she beat upon the table with her hands. 'Myles!' And her lover recognised the completeness of their defeat; Barbon dropped upon a locker, burying his face in his hands; and Cass straightened himself out, breathless, but smiling and triumphant. The change wrought in the cabin was tremendous. It was like one of those pauses made by Nature in her hour of tempest, when the rolling diapason of the thunder suddenly fails, when the roar of the wind sinks to a great calm. All that was heard now was the soft lapping of the water against the hull. And there stood the girl, erect and imperious, her gaze straight and unflinching, challenging the insolent figure at the other end of the table.

'Tell me,' she commanded, addressing herself to Cass—'everything. I've waited a long time. I've been kept in the dark all my life. Sometimes—often—I've feared—something—I could never say what—and always I've put fear from me. But now you must tell me. Everything. No more lies. The truth now.'

Cass picked the word from her lips and turned it over reflectively, as though a new thought had come to him. 'Gad!' he said, 'I believe I will. Only meant to give you a bit, but you shall have the lot. You deserve it—for your pluck. So I'll tell you all. And the first bit of the truth is that you're no wife of mine. See? I give you your liberty, set you free. You can go to Hayton now—if you like—and if he'll have you.' He paused on the words for a matter of seconds, and from under his lowered lids shot a covert glance at Myles. 'That wedding was all humbug, as your precious lover might have found out for himself if he'd only stopped to think. Jacobs's papers, his master's ticket—not worth tuppence! Besides, even if they had been, I didn't waste steam on the three-mile limit. We weren't more than half a league from the shore. Got that?'

She accepted the confession with a nod, a movement so slight that it might have passed without notice. To the four who watched the action carried its own interpretation. She was not thinking of herself, but of the man bowed over there among the shadows. Her marriage, her freedom, she treated as trifles. Even Cass was disconcerted, and when he spoke again he had shed some of his truculent effrontery.

'There, that's done with,' he growled. 'As for the rest, I've not got much to say. When you were a kiddie, living in that big house at Singapore, did they never scare you with tales of the Flying Pirate? Threaten you with him if you

weren't as good as they thought you ought to be? The man who ranged the seas, looting ships, sinking them, and trading in the lives of men? Some said he was a Britisher who'd gone mad; some put him down for a Dago, but more for a heathen Chink. Of course you heard. All the kids knew about him—he was their bogey-man. Only, you were different from the rest. You thought you knew like the others, no less and no more; but your knowledge went deeper than that. You didn't only know about the man; you knew the man himself, lived under the same roof when he was ashore, fed on his bread and cake, and dressed yourself in the fine clothes he earned for you by the sweat of his brow—not to mention his guns and his looting. It's what I told you at the beginning—your bogey-man was your own father. And that's all. If you don't believe me, he's there—ask him. He's no better than Watson Grice—that's me, his partner, the man you despised, who wasn't good enough to be your husband. All the devilry I've ever done he taught me.'

As the voice of Cass trailed away, Ruth turned to that other corner with its tragic figure of a man. 'Dad!' she said; but now her speech had a hollow ring and sounded far away. 'Dad! Don't speak. Just look at me. Do you hear? Look at me.'

Her call was irresistible. Slowly Barbon raised his head and met her gaze, such a look as that with which she had confronted Cass—searching, compelling; and in his harrowed, anguished eyes she read the confession she feared. Slowly she faced about to the other men—to Myles, to Wise, and Rush; and Myles, feeling that now the time for all the support which he could give had come, ranged himself by her side, and offered her the comfort of a string of words.

'It's all right, little girl,' he told her. 'Never mind. There's only you and me now, and you'll find me standing by through thick and thin. I knew all about it, and it makes no difference.'

Gently she pushed him away from her. 'It makes all the difference in the world,' she said. 'Didn't you hear him—what he said I was—the thing he called me?' And breaking away, she passed from their midst.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE LAST NIGHT AT THE ISLAND.

ONE of the queer things about it was that no one recognised it for the last night—that is to say, not until the affair of Cass had been so strangely settled; until, in short, Ruth had twisted all these men round her little finger and made them do her bidding. Up to that time it had looked as though the *Coquette* and the *Cavalier* might lie side by side until they rotted and their people were either dead or bald and toothless; and then suddenly Ruth won her way, and the schooner glided through the

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cleft in the cliffs, away from the island which they had all come to look upon as an accursed spot. This was a full week after that meeting in the cabin when Cass tore the screen from the lamp of truth. For this was one of those cases, not so rare as may at first sight appear, when the clear light is more bewildering than the darkness. Instead of making plain the way, it blinded them. All the tangle and confusion only became worse confounded.

For hours after Ruth left the cabin she sat in the stern of the ship, stunned, crushed, looking through eyes of misery into the ruined débris of life; not her own life, but life itself. Thought had been stricken at the nerve-centre, was stagnant. For the time Myles had passed beyond her ken; her father also, Cass, herself—not one of them did her outlook envisage. All she was conscious of was a great cataclysm, an earthquake, a something which had swept the ground from beneath her feet and the sky from overhead. She was lost.

They had wisdom enough to leave her to herself; not, perhaps, because they deemed that the best course, but because she was so unapproachable, and they so helpless.

'We could do with a woman here,' said Daniel Wise. 'A good woman—her mother.'

They left it at that—left the girl to fight her own battle, because none of them could fight it for her, and themselves drifted apart. On deck Wise and Rush paced up and down, talking in low tones, arguing, planning, the main and fore masts marking the bounds of their beat. A few yards farther forward Myles held counsel with himself, a sense of defeat leavened by the belief that, while this was the hour of Ruth's greatest trial, it was also the last, and that soon he would have the joyous task of banishing the final fragment of horror. Down in the cabin Cass triumphed over his stroke, and yet had sufficient grace left to be ashamed of what he had done. Over against him in the corner sat Barbon, shattered, all the designs of his life, dreams, ambitions, overthrown. And up above on deck there crouched the broken girl.

A couple of hours they passed in this way, and then the cook, sent by Wise, carried Ruth a cup of tea and a round of toast. But now thought had again begun to work, and the tea she left half-drunk and the toast only nibbled at. It was a strange road, too, on which thought had set her steps. Again she herself was barred out, and Myles also. For the present her world was filled by her father and Cass. What it was she was not quite sure—there was a queer, strained sense of something wrong, but it was elusive, intangible, evanescent. It was like grasping at a ghost. And then suddenly she saw it; the shadow became real, solid, definite. Martin Cass was to die. That was it. These men who had captured him would presently turn executioners. They meant to kill him. Not a  
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word of their intent had they breathed, but she sensed it, was as sure as if she had heard them swear to it. They were going to kill Martin Cass, and let her father go free. About that second fact she was equally certain. And she clearly foresaw the reason. Her father they likewise hated and despised and recoiled from, but he was not John Barbon so much as Ruth Barbon's father, and it was for her sake that he would have mercy showered upon him. For her sake!

It gave her no joy, no relief. It added a deeper impression of shame. Her father was no better than Cass; in fact, he was the greater villain of the two. His had been the master-mind, he the pioneer, he the founder of the infamous firm. He it was who had shown Cass the way. Somehow she felt that justice was about to receive an affront at her hands. It was true that Cass had always filled her with loathing, but after all justice was justice. Its supremacy over all personal considerations was the secret of its beauty and its strength. If these men made themselves the instruments of vengeance and put both the offenders to death she could not complain, though it might be a heart-break; but to spare her father and take the life of Cass—this was not justice, but murder, a travesty of a magnificent principle, justice half-satisfied, and therefore insulted.

Here, then, was the problem with which she presently confounded her friends, talking to the three of them calmly, dispassionately, a new Portia come to judgment, with a detachment that none of them could understand.

Mistaking her meaning at first, Wise cried out against her, 'For shame, missy, and Barbon your own father! Even if he is what he is, you can't get away from that. He's your father.'

She met his attack with a sad smile. 'It isn't that,' she said, and very patiently she again presented her case. 'You do mean to kill Cass, don't you?' she demanded, and after a troubled pause Wise admitted the intent.

'Not that I've any fancy for the job,' he explained. 'Killing a man—I'd give anything to get out of it. But Cass isn't a man; he's a dog—a mad dog—and I'd treat him like one. A pirate—and Rush and me mean him to have a pirate's end; not shooting, but a length of rope strung from the yard-arm.'

'And my father?' By driving strength of will she compelled her lips to frame the question, but not without a betrayal of the inward struggle; and by this they divined something of the price she was paying for her honesty, the hurt and the anguish. Also, they began to realise and respect her bravery. 'And my father? If you spare one, you should spare both. And I want you to spare him. You understand me, don't you? I'm begging for my father's life.'

This, as I have said, was the problem she presented to them, one which ran entirely

counter to their own conception of what the situation demanded, and yet one to which they completely failed to find an answer. Even the argument that Barbon had retired from the wretched business, while Cass, if spared, would probably go on adding to his infamies, left her unmoved. 'We have nothing to do with consequences.' And then, as Wise phrased it, she left them with their sails all aback. By way of pressing his case he reminded her of her own future, the life that awaited her in England, her marriage with Myles, and the secure shelter that wifehood would give; but she shook her head and turned away, so that Myles should not see her face.

'There can be no happy future, captain,' she said. 'I'm afraid that I've said farewell to happiness now. You see, I cannot get away from one thing. Though I changed my name, I should still be the daughter of—John Barbon. Myles must seek a wife with a clean name.'

Behind her she heard the muffled cry of a man sorely stricken, felt the movement he made to reach her side, and her resolution nearly failed, but not quite. Quickly she placed Daniel Wise between her lover and herself, and, laying her hand on the skipper's arm, she pleaded for his help. 'Captain Wise,' she begged, 'I'm terribly alone. I've no one—no mother, no father, no one at all. Won't you help me? Tell Myles that I'm doing the right thing. Help me, and be my friend.'

Daniel Wise capitulated at once. 'Cheer up, missy,' he answered, throwing all the lightness possible into the entreaty. 'You're not alone any more. Dan'l Wise is standing by. And for the present I'm thinking this meeting o' parliament had better be adjourned. I meant to unload the *Coquette* on the beach, and turn her crew adrift to fend for themselves. I meant to set your father free, to hang Martin Cass, and then clear out. But now I think the old tub had better keep her mud-hook down a bit longer. I'll send Cass over to his own boat and cut his lashings. It'll be too crool t' keep him triced up much longer. So we'll lock him up in the cabin he brought Myles away in, and your father and you had better go back to another short spell of housekeeping ashore. S'pose you take over that little pirate shanty on the beach, and then you'll be handy for a call. After which I'll put my thinking-cap on.'

From this moment it seemed as though all action became centred in Ruth and Daniel Wise. Rush was quite content to leave the solution of the problem to his colleague, and Myles slipped back into the despondency which fell upon him in the hour of the mock marriage, seeing before him nothing in life that he wanted.

But even if Wise had been willing to do all that Ruth demanded, he was not entirely free. 'You see, my dear,' he told her, 'it isn't as if it was just the four of us. We've got fifty-odd

tongues to silence. It's these lads we brought along to rescue Myles and do a bit o' fighting, if fighting there had to be. They're simply thirsting for Cass's life, dead set on having it. They don't know about your father; and if I let Cass go there'll be trouble. Besides, when we got back to 'Frisco they'd talk, and I'm doubting that Rush and Myles and me would find ourselves up against a stiff proposition, as the Yanks would say. Anyhow, you keep your pecker up. We're not through with it yet.'

So the skipper kept his thinking-cap on a bit longer, and detecting no likelihood of strong opposition to one part of his scheme, he had a large portion of the stores aboard the yacht broken out and taken ashore for the use of the pirate crew when he abandoned them to their own devices. 'We can't butcher the lot,' he explained to his band of adventurers. 'It's too big a job, and too much like a massacre of Glencoe t' be nice. Besides, when we've settled Mister Cass and his ship we'll have smashed the gang. They'll have had enough of pirating to satisfy them in this world.'

A reluctant consent being given to this course, Wise again donned that thinking-cap, and went about wearing it until the grumbling of mutinous voices reached his ears, and he was bluntly asked if he was going to keep them there for ever. It was an outbreak he found it impossible to ignore, and this was the factor which led so suddenly to that last night at the island.

Wise prefaced it by asking Ruth a question. 'Say, missy, wouldn't you like to have a word with Martin Cass?'

'With Martin Cass?' she repeated, her eyes widening in wonder. 'Why, Captain Wise, he is the last man in the world I want to speak to. Whatever put such a notion as that into your head?'

'Oh, nothing, Miss Ruth; nothing. Only, I got t' thinking that mebbe you might have something uncommon important to ask him, something you don't want any one else to hear. And it struck me that if that was so, and you asked me very nice, I wouldn't mind taking you aboard the yacht on the strict q.t., and letting you have the key of the cabin. Of course, you'd have t' be very careful t' lock the door when you came out. If you weren't careful, and there happened t' be a rope hanging over the stern with a boat at the end of it, he would get away. And the rope still being there in the morning would make the boys fancy that he'd trusted himself t' the bay and the sharks.'

In spite of her burden of trouble Ruth was unable to resist a smile, though it vanished at once as the skipper proceeded in his roundabout way to make his meaning plain. 'Course, if you were t' make a mistake with the key, the boys'd be very much upset; but, you being a lady, they'd be too polite to say anything to

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you about it. They'd keep it bottled up till they got by themselves; while, if I had t'make such a bungle of it, there's no telling where the thing'd end. But then'—and his eyes twinkled—'you know how to lock a door after you.'

She was silent for a moment, but the end was exactly what the skipper had foreseen. 'Thank you, Captain Wise,' she said, the light of a great resolution in her eyes. 'I believe I would like to say something to him, something very important, and I shall be glad if you will let me have the key of the cabin.'

Afterwards for a while the time dragged by on leaden feet, and after that it seemed to fly; but when the men afloat and ashore had given themselves up to sleep, a boat propelled by muffled oars slipped away from the jetty, with another towing astern. When it reached the yacht Wise mounted to the deck, holding a painter in his hand, the other end being made fast to the empty boat. After a few words of explanation to the man who was keeping the anchor watch, the skipper proceeded to rouse Cass from his slumber, and by-and-by he left Ruth with him to say the thing that no one else must hear.

But the rest of the enterprise was not quite as Daniel Wise had planned. All in good time Ruth was rowed back to the island, and a few minutes later Cass stole from the cabin, tiptoed through the deck shadows to the stern, where he felt for the painter, and then scrambled down to the boat. But, instead of taking to the oars in the way that Wise had fixed for him, he pulled out the plug in the bottom, cast off the rope, and shinned up it sailor fashion to the ship. Slowly the boat drifted away on the ebb, sinking deeper and deeper as she went, and at last, with a lurch, shot down to rest and rot in the seaweed forest tossing on the bed of the bay.

Long before this fate befell the craft, however, Martin Cass, groping through the darkness, had with little difficulty discovered a new hiding-place in the heart of his ship. And when the sun once more flashed his revealing light on the island and the yacht, all that remained to remind one of her buccaneer commander was an empty cabin, and a rope swinging loosely over the counter.

About the fury of the men when they found that Cass had escaped their vengeance; the black looks they cast on Ruth when her back was turned; their mutterings about the folly of women being permitted to meddle; the search they made of the island, but at last abandoned; and their clamour again for departure—with all these this chronicle need not concern itself. Rather does the end of the adventure belong to the man who conceived it and worked it out.

After a troubled sleep in the safe seclusion of the lazaret, Cass awoke, and having made a meal of sorts out of such stores as had been left 1918.]

behind, he settled down to the task of waiting. And while he waited he began to build anew the shattered fabric of his life. Of gratitude for its sparing he felt not a shred. All was bitterness, derision, contempt, a consuming passion for vengeance. He had learned from Ruth that his old table-mates, Jacobs and Dr Hohner, and his crew were being marooned on the island. He concluded that the ship would be regarded as a prize too valuable to be thrown away, would be sailed back to some port or other and sold for her salvage price, and on this he staked everything. He would play the stow-away, no matter what hardship it imposed or how long the voyage lasted, and then he would go back to his piracy. He would track Barbon down, would set the tongues of gossip and of rumour wagging, and with the same deadly weapons he would blast the lives of the Liverpool shipowner and of Ruth Hayton, his wife.

So planning his plans of villainy, Cass again fell asleep—and woke once more, but this time to terror, blind unreasoning panic, and the menace of death. His first sensation was that of weight—a crushing weight that held him down. By a mighty effort he thrust it off, raised himself on his elbow, stared blankly into the unresponsive vacuity. He felt that he was being suffocated. There was something horrible in his throat, something that made it difficult for him to breathe, and seemed to burn his eyelids. Thought was paralysed also, his brain numbed, his mind a blank. But suddenly all the past came back; the present too. He was in the lazaret, and he was hiding, waiting for the ship to sail. Again, hunched on his knees, he glared into the void, and now his brain played him a trick. All the blackness thinned, and, thrusting out his hands, he clawed at an encircling mass of yellowish cloud. Then, with a gurgling cry, he staggered to his feet, felt this way and that and all around him, pawed frantically again at the acrid mystery, and blundered to the ladder. Luck was with him in this, for he had lost all sense of direction, and it was pure accident that led him to the trap-door. Bracing his shoulders for the thrust, he heaved the thing clear and scrambled through. But he was now, if anything, in worse case than before, for here the fumes were even more dense, and behind them he detected a red flicker. He was free, however—that was something gained; and so he fought his way through to the deck, and plunged into the flood-light of the setting sun and the life-restoring air. Here for a moment he clung to one of the stanchions, battling for breath, and then as strength was reborn he dashed to the bridge and looked around.

Through the seaward gap he saw the schooner, a full league away, the sunlight turning her sails into webs of gold. On the shore his crew were ranged, helpless, a savage, howling mob of defeated men. And the *Coquette* was on fire,

the ship of countless infamies, thick smoke bursting through all her seams, the smoke not of wood, but of oil, with which her destroyers had soaked her so that no power should save. Aft of the funnel she was a roaring furnace, the flames leaping in mountainous gouts and flashes; and forward, hard by the fo'c'sle entrance, through which he had just emerged, a crimson glare was showing. Again panic seized him, and he rushed to the boats; but he was alone; and even if others had been there to help in launching them, the end would have been the same, for every boat had been stove in. Shrieking a malediction on the men who had faithfully copied so much of his own thoroughness in destruction, he flung himself over to the rail, and shook an impotent fist at the far-off *Cavalier*, then fell a-wondering whether he should trust himself to the water and the sharks, adjured himself to be cool, decided that he still had time to make some sort of raft, and in that same moment remembered a stupendous fact. The flames had an ally—the magazine!

Now verily bereft of hope, and almost of reason, he ranged about the deck, passing, like a wild beast caged, from rail to rail, from end to end of the space, penned in by the narrowing boundary of the flames. This paroxysm past, he plunged into a search for something to which he could trust his life, something that would float—anything. But not even a grating offered him a chance. And so he again dashed back to the bridge in pursuit of his quest. He might as well have scoured the bottom of the sea. Utterly baffled, he glared around again, at the schooner, at the shore, at the sun—that sun which was so prophetically setting. And then—

Upon the silence there burst a thunder-roar; the ship broke in two; her decks flew aloft in fragments; out of the heart of the bay there rose a monstrous sheet of flame and smoke. And that was all. The echoes ceased, the sea again trilled its laughter, and there was nothing else save the island, a schooner far away, the setting sun, a canopy of smoke.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—BARBON PAYS THE PRICE.

'**STRIKES** me,' said Simeon Rush, 'that this is uncommonly like a funeral procession. We ought t'be out on the ocean sailing, with the band playing the jolliest of moosic all the time, and the ship dressed rainbow fashion; instead of which, we can't raise a sparrow's chirp among us. It's been a proper story-book cruise. Sometimes I lie in my bunk and wonder whether I'm not a chapter in a novel instead of a case-hardened old shell-back. We've beat the villain, and rescued the fair maid and her feeancee, and by rights all they've got t'do is

t'git married and live happy for ever and ever, amen. But instead o' that, just look at them.'

He jerked his thumb towards the poop, where Ruth was seated in a deck-chair with an open book in her lap, and never a word of it read; while Myles leaned against the rail, affecting an air of detachment, but obviously conscious of nothing else on sea or land except the girl who had drifted so stormily into his life, and was going so stormily out. As for Barbon, they knew that he was brooding by himself down in the cabin, a lonely and desolate creature, one who seemed almost to fear the light of day, and shrank from all human contact.

'Ay, it's a pity,' Wise confessed after a sharp glance at the couple. 'It's what comes of being born with fine feelings and a conscience with a keen edge—things I was never worried with myself. I've seen too much of the awkwardness of them in other folks. Here's Miss Ruth argufying that if she marries Myles she'll make him miserable for ever and ever, and Myles is just as sure that he's doomed t'misery if she don't marry him, and there you are—the fact being that she's going t'wreck his life for him, without doing a scrap o' good to herself or old man Barbon either.'

'Why doesn't the old boy 'op it?' Rush querulously inquired. 'Sitting there like a blooming death's-head, with his think, think, thinking. He'll kill that girl before he's done. He's killed her life as it is.'

'He's got some reason t'think,' Rush looked up in amazement. He could have sworn that Wise was chuckling. 'He and me had a rare old teet-a-teet the other night, and I gave him a bit extra t'put in his pipe. He's been smoking at it ever since.'

At this moment a check was applied to the conversation by a cry of 'Land-ho!' from the look-out; and Wise, going forward, presently returned with the information that the Sandwich Islands were showing up ahead, and they'd be in Honolulu before nightfall.

'So I'll give Barbon a hail,' he added.

'You'll what?' Rush demanded.

'Exactly what I said, my son,' Wise blithely retorted. 'The gentleman dropped me a hint that he'd like t'have a squint at the island when we sighted it. Shouldn't wonder if he wants to revive some happy memories of his pirating days. Anyhow, we'll see; and in the meantime you might take a stroll for'ard and tell that crew of adventure-hunters to sling their duds together. This packet's far too crowded, now that we've got a lady aboard. So we'll drop the pick of them, and they can work their way home promiscuous like, and save us having to answer a pack of questions. We've still got to keep this out of the papers.'

Mystified by his comrade's manner rather than by his speech, Rush passed away forward to carry out his behest, and Wise vanished down the

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companion. But presently he poked his head round the corner of the shoot and called to Ruth that her father wanted her. To Myles he added, 'You'd better come along as well.' To them also his conduct savoured of mystery, but they obeyed the summons, and descending to the cabin, they discovered Barbon seated at the table, a box of papers lying open in front of him. By the dim light percolating through the scuttle they saw that, even within the two hours since they met last, his face had grown more haggard than ever; his eyes had no life left in them; his cheeks looked woefully pinched and gray. Whereupon Ruth, who had counted her affection for him as slain beyond hope of resurrection, was moved by compassion to do the thing she had vowed to herself never to do again. Bending low, she slipped her arm around his neck and kissed him, begging him to let her share his trouble. But Barbon gently thrust her away, refused all response; not a word, not even a look—nothing but a jerk of the hand towards the other end of the table; and obeying the implied command, she took her stand there by the side of Myles.

Whatever it might be, Barbon seemed to have great difficulty with words. More than once he opened his lips, but without making any sound; and even when at last he did master his speech, there was nothing better than a distracting jumble, a string of sounds without any link of meaning. And then all at once a new note was struck; the chaos became charged with intelligence. The new-born fear died out of Ruth's eyes, and a new-born wonder, stupendous, almost too vast for belief, flamed into being.

Cass had told only part of the story. That was the first clear fact they grasped. Only part—no doubt for a purpose of his own. Then there followed something about the looting of a ship—a big ship—a woman on board—captain's wife—a woman who was killed—and a babe left behind in the cabin—a tiny girl, with eyes like Ruth's—and a fit of remorse. A man couldn't kill a baby—and so—

'And so?' Again Ruth moved swiftly to John Barbon's side, laid her hand on his shoulder, gripped it tight, and for the second time in her dealing with him commanded that he should look her in the face. 'You must,' she insisted. 'You've got to do it. Your lips have lied to me often enough, and I can't believe them now. But your eyes—they are different. So look at me—straight—so that I can judge. Now say it. *You are not my father.*'

Barbon raised his eyes to hers, met the challenge squarely. 'I took you home,' he mumbled thickly, 'to my wife. We learned to love you as our own child. But—you are not my daughter. . . . You can marry Myles without fear. You—are—not—my—daughter. Here is a marriage certificate I carried away from the ship. Your father and mother's, I expect.'

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He thrust the paper into her fingers, but her arms dropped limply, and she stood there before them as one turned to stone. Then, 'He—is—not—my—father,' she softly breathed, each word sharply cut. And again, '*He is not my father.*' It was a psalm of thanksgiving, the raptured benediction of a soul released from bondage. There was no tinge of extravagance in her attitude or utterance; nothing hysterical. As Daniel Wise put it a little later, when he told the story to Simeon Rush, 'She was all a bit of bonny peace after stormy seas, like running into port after a fearful hard voyage.' And this was the spirit in which by-and-by she turned to her lover.

'Did you hear him?' she asked, her eyes ashine. 'Myles, my dear love, did you hear? He is not my father!'

Myles took her in his arms. Daniel Wise tiptoed from the cabin. Barbon drooped forward, spread his arms upon the table, and buried his head in their fold.

When the schooner put out to sea again from Honolulu they left John Barbon behind, broken, the loneliest man on earth; left him to whatever shards of life there yet remained. On the poop Ruth and Myles stood hand-in-hand. They were not leaving an island of the Southern Seas; they were sailing away from a black past. On the shore a man, whom they prayed they would never meet again, and longed to wipe from the book of memory, stood hidden among the trees, and watched them glide out of his life, never to return; watched them till the ship was nothing but a speck, until her top-sails slipped down behind the horizon. Heavy beads clustered on his brow; his face was a mask of agony. In silence he watched them go. Only at the very end, as the ship canted over the slant of the world, he groaned, 'My child! my child! Everything for her—and everything lost!'

As for Myles and Ruth, before the ending of that day of deliverance they tried to tell Daniel Wise something of their gratitude for all that he had done. Myles declared that he should have the command of the finest ship the firm could offer him; but the skipper, with mock solemnity, announced that he had serious thoughts of giving up the sea.

'Whatever will you go in for next, then?' Myles demanded, accepting it as a joke.

And Wise, halting half-way down the poop-ladder, cried over his shoulder, 'Diplomatic service, sir. That's where I reckon I'd shine.'

Clear away from them, out of their hearing, he added, but now addressing himself alone, 'It's what I'm cut out for, dead sure. Diplomatic service. Clucking dust about in other folks' eyes, but doing it so that they never know they're blinded. A most diverting profession, and one with tree-mendous possibilities and a rare bunch of rewards. The things I could tell them if I

cared! About Cass, fr instance. Wouldn't they open their peepers if they knew how I'd helped to cook his goose? That was where diplomacy did its bit. Going off with Ruth in the boat, and then heading back t' the *Coquette* t' watch him tuck himself away in a safe hiding-place, only to have a grand blow-up at the end. Likewise, I might tell them about stoving-in the boats, an' so making sure that the beggar didn't have a chance of doing any more mischief. But the best stroke of all was putting old Barbon—which isn't his name at all, nor yet Vaughan either—up to that last grand wheeze. That was my master-touch, without a flaw—full attention to detail, down t' the wedding certificate which gave Ruth a new name t' be married by. And it's saved them from the rocks and given happiness the chance it ought t' have. But Barbon—what a price he's had t' pay! His own child—all he's lived for—sinned for, too—and at the end he's got t' give her up—with a lie. Like gaining the world and losing your soul. What a price—t' the uttermost farthing. Which I'm thinking, after all, is what happens t' most of the wrong-doers.'

He pulled out his pouch, and as he rammed the tobacco into his pipe he pronounced a benediction on another of the discoveries of his great adventure. 'The saints be praised! Barbon and Cass. I couldn't bide t' fancy that they were Britons. Myles little thinks that he's going t' marry a lassie who's half a foreigner. A good thing she takes after her English mother so well. My certes! but they're a grand pair of innocents. They little know—lots o' things.' And finally, with a satisfied chuckle, 'Old Rush was right—we're both of us like story-book chaps, and all because of that lonely little copper I chucked into the Mersey mud.'

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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